MASSES & MAINSTREAM

PABLO NERUDA

SONG OF NEW CHINA

John Howard Lawson

McCARTHYISM AND CULTURE

Samuel Sillen

THE LIVING EMERSON

Milton Howard

MORAL CHALLENGE OF THE ROSENBERGS

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The Word is PEACE

PEACE is in the air. Peace is the May Day flag in the hearts of hundreds of millions. The recent steps taken by the Soviet government, the Chinese People's Republic and the Democratic People's Republic of Korea to relax international tensions and end the fighting in Korea have sent a great wave of impassioned peace sentiment surging throughout the world.

Caught in this tide, Washington policy has floundered. All the well-laid plans for extending the war, for bestial atomic bombing, for lashing the so-called allies into still larger armaments expenditures, for brow-beating the French into a European "unity" pivoted on a renazified Germany, for launching a crusade to "liberate" the Jewish people in the only countries in which they are truly free and equal—all this has been upset. And Wall Street has been seized by the harrowing fear that peace "may break out" and that the king, minus the swollen war economy, may prove to be naked.

But the peoples everywhere insist on peace. Seymour Freidin, reporting on Europe in the New York *Post,* writes that "popularity of Soviet moves is rising to a point where it may soon compare with wartime enthusiasm for Russian defense against Hitler's armies." And the American people are no less eager for anything that means an end to the senseless fighting that has cost 135,000 official American casualties and billions in national wealth. The exchange of the sick and wounded war prisoners has begun. The generous Chinese and Korean proposals for all other prisoners have cut through the last remaining pretext for prolonging the war.

A Korean truce, now looming on the horizon, is only a beginning. An end of the cold war, a live and let live policy toward the socialist countries, trade with the Soviet Union and the people's democracies that can mean jobs for millions of Americans, a halting of the war-inspired witch-hunts, prosecutions and the McCarthy-McCarran psychological warfare against the American people, the improvement of living standards—all this is still to be won.

Remembering May Day, born in the United States out of the struggles of American workers, we look ahead confidently to those victories which, in Milton's words, are "no less renown'd than war"—the victories of peace.

Song of New China

By PABLO NERUDA

I

From the rugged stretches
of the North and Northwest I came flying
down to orange and green Peking.
Yenan was but a yellow crust
of mineral moon and space
beneath the wings of my flight.
The engines and the wind
and the aerial sun
greeted the sacred earth,
the caves from which
freedom gathered her powder.
Now the heroes were no longer
down in the scars of the earth;
their seed
was growing high and free,
scattered and reunited,
blazing on the dry parchment
of the Gobi Desert, the regions
of the lunar frontiers,
the sandy stretches
of your broad world, China;
till the descending flight
revealed the meadows,
the waters and the gardens,
and then you greeted me,
Peking ancient and new;
like a pure cup gathering
all the sounds of the water
you raised to me
the lives of your people,

the sounds of earth and wheat and the Spring,
steps on the roads,
streets peopled to the infinite,
the sharp sibilants,
the noises of steel,
rustlings of the sky and of silk.
I raised aloft in my cup
your manifold lives
and the ancient silence.
The gift you gave me was a strength
of antique stone which sings,
of the old river which fertilizes
the youthful Spring.
Of a sudden I saw
the old tree of the world
covered with flowers and fruits.
Of a sudden I heard
the river of life
stalwart and brimming
with crystal accents.
From your ancient cup I drank
the hard transparency
of the new day,
with the taste of stars and the earth
mingling in my mouth.
I saw your face among the other faces,
smiling mother,
ancient and young,
sowing the fields in your guerrilla dress
and protecting the wheat
and the peace of your people
with your armed smile
and your sweetness of steel.

II

The people marched
before Mao Tse-tung.
Not the hungry and ragged
who went into the arid valleys,
who lived in caves
and fed on roots,

and who came down
as a wind of steel,
a wind of steel from Yenan and the North.
Today
another people marched,
smiling and sure,
determined and gay,
treading with firm step
the liberated earth
of the broad Motherland.
So the proud youth went past
dressed in workers' blue,
and forty thousand textile mouths
smiling a cascade of snow.
Silk factories march and smile,
the new builders of engines,
the old artisans of ivory,
marching and marching
past Mao Tse-tung.
The whole vastness of China,
grain on grain of cereal iron,
and the scarlet silk beating the sky
like all the petals of the earthly rose
at last united, and the great drum
passed before Mao,
and a deep thunder
rose from it
to greet him.
It was the ancient voice of China,
a voice of leather,
a voice of buried time,
the old voice, the centuries
greeting him.
Then the children,
like a tree of sudden flowers,
greeted him in thousands,
the new fruits and the old earth,
time and the wheat,
the banners of man at last united;
there they were,
there they were, and Mao smiled
because this human river was born

on the thirsty heights of the North,
because from the severed heads of girls
beheaded in the public squares
by the North Americans
or by their lackey Chiang
this great life was born,
because from the Party's teachings
in badly-printed little books
had come forth this lesson for the world.
He smiled
thinking of the bitter years,
the land filled with foreigners,
famine in the humble huts,
and the Yang-Tse bearing on its mud
the armor-plated reptiles
of the imperialist invaders,
the Motherland despoiled;
and now, today,
the land is clean,
a vast clean China
trodden by her own,
the Motherland breathing her own free air,
the men with new boots
ringing on the ground
marching past Mao,
marching past
while the high wind played aloft
on the red banners,
and Mao Tse-tung smiled.

III

Morning in the village.
The children and the light greeted me.
The peasants showed me
all their conquered land,
the common harvest,
the granaries, the houses
of the former landlord.
They showed me the place
at which the poor mothers
dashed out their daughters' lives

or sold them, not so long ago,
oh not so long ago.
Now it seems an evil dream,
the plague and the hunger.
The Americans,
the Japanese, the bankers
of London and France,
all came to civilize China,
drawing her entrails for sale
on the stock markets of the world,
prostituting her in Shanghai,
seeking to make of her
a great cabaret for their troops,
a place of silk and hunger;
while along the river
the skeletons piled on high
and the villages wept
black smoke and pestilence.

"Oh, how easily they die,
those people in China,"
exclaimed the elegant lady
reading the paper,
while along the river
the dead
were mountains of ash,
famine walked the roads of China,
and in New York, Chiang Kai-shek
acquired buildings in company
with Eisenhower and Truman.
The ancient citadel of melancholy
stank of dung and opium,
the prisons too
were peopled with the dead,
students were beheaded
on the public squares
by American decree,
while *Life* magazine
was publishing photos
of Madame Chiang Kai-shek
more elegant than ever.
Away with the evil dream!

Building the Dam on the Huai River

Woodcut by Yen Han

Banish it from China!
Banish it from the world!
Come with me to the village!
I enter
and see the granaries,
the smile
of Liberated China.
The peasants
shared out the land.
Down from Yenan
came freedom,
barefoot or in broken shoes
of peasants and soldiers.
Oh, Chinese freedom,
you are my muse,
treading the dusty road
dressed in your workaday blue.
You've had no time to wash
or dry your bloodstains,
but you march and march
and the dark earth marches with you.
Forgotten Bolivia marches
for freedom, Chile marches,
and Iran marches with you.
They march with you
into the village,
with my muse,
my girl in warrior blue.
Muse of the winds,
of the free earth,
to you I sing,
to your leather belt and rifle,
to your dry mouth
I sing, my muse.
Come with fire and powder
to all the streets of the world,
come with your sweat and blood
and you shall find time to wash.
Now advance, advance, advance!
In the village I saw
all Liberated China.
No one told it to me.

The surging children
would not let me go.
I ate their rice, their fruits,
and drank their pale rice-wine,
and they showed me all
with that same pride
that I saw in Rumania,
that I saw in Poland,
that I saw in Hungary.
It is the new pride of the peasant
who in the morning light of the world
for the first time sees the flower,
for the first time looks upon the fruit,
for the first time sees the wheat grow,
and then shows you
new things older than the world,
the rice and the grapes,
the eggs from his hen,
and can find no words to speak.
All is his
for the first time,
all the rice,
all the land,
all of life.

How easy it is
when we have won happiness,
how simple it all is,
how simple to be happy, my love,
you and I, when we kiss.
But you forget the time
when you sought me
and could not find me,
how many times you turned aside
to fall exhausted,
and how you did not know
that I too was seeking you
and that my heart was straying
to bitterness
or emptiness.
We did not know
that if we marched right on,

forward, ever forward,
straight on, straight on,
for ever and ever,
that you would find me
and I would find you.
So it is, you see,
with the peoples,
they do not know,
they do not understand,
they may make mistakes,
but they go right on
until they find each other,
and then
it all appears so simple.
But it was not simple
to walk blindfold.
It meant learning from life,
from the enemy, from the darkness,
and there was Mao
teaching with his texts,
and there was the Party
with its sternness and its tenderness.
And now, you lads
of the Chinese countryside,
young muse,
we do not forget.
All seems as simple as water,
but it isn't true,
the struggle isn't water;
it's blood,
and flows from afar;
there are the dead,
our fallen brothers;
the long road
is lined with the dead
whom we shall not forget,
and the village is not simple,
the air is not simple;
it is filled with words,
it is filled with songs,
it is filled with faces,
it is filled with past days,

it is filled with prisons,
it is filled with walls
spattered with blood.
And now,
sweet is the village,
sweet is the victory;
we raise our glasses
to the muse,
to those we shall not forget
and those who are building,
to those who fell
and those who are still living,
everywhere,
for the earth is broad,
and the same blood has been shed,
everywhere,
our blood.

I enter the village
of the liberated land,
and the air is the sweetest ever,
and I breathe the life,
the earth, the victory.
Greetings! Where am I?
In China? Where?
If we place our hands
upon this earth
it is the same
here or in Patagonia
or on the islands of the sea,
the earth is ever the same.
And now,
entering the village,
the smell of bread,
the smell of smoke,
the smell of wheat,
the smell of water and wine
is of my earth
and of all earth,
so I salute with respect
the ancient land,
its beauty,

its universal cultivation,
its face of dust and dew,
the freedom shining
in its smile.
And I thought of my shores,
of my flag,
of my sand and my foam,
of all my stars.
Thus, that morning,
I went singing
into that village of China
because my heart
became a guitar,
and all the strings sang
in remembrance of my land,
sang in remembrance
of my Motherland,
my America.
Whenever I come
to the peoples' house
in free land
all will seem so simple,
as simple, my love,
as this kiss of ours.

IV

The strident Autumn
of the sonorous cicadas
filled the village morning.
I drew close to where the captives
in their little cages,
companions of the children,
were the countless cellos
of the little village,
the sound of China
and the movement of gold.
I could hardly see the prisoners
in their tiny cages
of fresh bamboo,
but when I came to leave
the peasants placed in my hands

the castle of cicadas.

I remember from my childhood
the laborers on the train
on which my father worked,
passionate sons of intemperance,
half-dressed in rags,
their faces wounded by rain or sand,
their brows furrowed
by bitter scars,
who brought me
gaily colored partridge eggs,
green beetles,
moon-colored flies;
and all those treasures
from their great suffering hands
to my childish hands,
all that
made me laugh and weep,
made me think and sing
there in the rainy woods
of my childhood.
Now,
these cicadas
in their castle of fragrant bamboo
from the depths of the Chinese earth,
scraping their golden note,
came to my hands
from hands baptized by the powder
that conquered freedom;
they came from the broad
liberated lands;
it was the hands of the people,
those mighty hands,
which left in my hands
their infinite treasure.
I remembered my childhood,
and how I went roaming
and singing across the land,
but nothing,
nothing like this,
this living treasure.

From that time
they went with me,
accompanying my China days.
In the morning, in my hotel room,
thirty cicadas
spoke my name
with the sharp sound
of green steel.
I gave them leaves to eat,
taking from their cages little masks
of painted warriors, and in the evening
when the sun went down
upon the wide-stretching earth
the people's freedom
was once more affirmed
across the Motherland,
and in my window
the cicadas sang
with one metallic voice.
They sang
to the fields,
to the children,
to other cicadas,
to the leaves and the harvests,
to the whole earth,
bidding the day farewell
from the shrill height of their song.
Thus, in my window,
a voice of the earth
greeted you, China,
day and night,
a voice given to me
by the hands of the people,
a multitude voice
which goes singing with me
along the roads.

V

China, for many years
they showed us your effigy,
especially painted for Westerners.

You were a wrinkled old woman,
infinitely poor,
with an empty rice-bowl
at the gate of the temple.
The soldiers of all lands
came and went,
blood spattered the walls,
and they sacked you like an ownerless house.
You gave to the world a strange aroma
of mingled ashes and tea,
while at the gate of the temple
you stood with your empty plate
and fixed on us your ancient gaze.

They sold your portrait in Buenos Aires,
specially painted for cultivated ladies,
and your magic syllables in the conference halls
arose like light entombed.

All knew something of the dynasties,
and pursed their lips to utter "Ming" or "porcelain"
as though tasting strawberries.
They wanted to present you to us
as a land without men, a country
in which the wind came into the empty temples
and went out singing alone to the mountains.

They wanted us to believe
that you were asleep,
that you would sleep eternally,
calling you "the mysterious,"
"the strange," "the enigma,"
a beggar-mother in silken rags,
while from your ports
sailed ships laden with treasure,
and the adventurers quarreled over your birthright,
your minerals and marbles,
planning how, after they had drained your blood,
they would load a fine ship with your bones.

But something happened in the world.
Your portrait did not content us.

Your poor majesty was beautiful,
but it did not suffice.
The Soviet flag, kissed by powder,
waved in the hearts of men.
We awaited you, China, and across the sea
we heard that the voice of the wind
no longer sang alone on your broad roads.

Mao came forward,
and across the broad Chinese earth,
through the welter of suffering,
we saw her men arise
wrapped in the sunrise.

From far-off America, on whose shore
my people listened to every surge of the sea,
we saw your calm head uplifted
and your feet marching towards the North.
Your mighty movement surged
in its dusty dress towards Yenan,
and we saw that the naked earth of China
had brought forth men,
little men, wrinkled old men
and youthful smiles.
We saw life.
The old earth was not alone.
It was not the moon of water
filled with spectral archaeology.
From every stone a man,
a new heart with a rifle,
and we saw you, China, peopled by your soldiers,
by your own at last, eating grass,
without bread, without water,
marching through the long day
to bring in the dawn.

You were no mystery or celestial jade,
you were like us, a pure people,
and when the bare feet and the shoes
of peasants and soldiers marched in the distance
defending your integrity
we saw the face and the hands

of the ironmolder, our hands.
Down the long road we heard the names
of your people, and they were our names
with a different sound, for beneath
the sharp accents were the names of all the peoples,
they were the faces and the steps
which marched with Mao
across the desert and the snow
to preserve the seed
of our own Spring.
Tall was the giant, measuring step by step
his rice, his bread, his land, his home,
and the peoples of the world recognized him.
"How quickly you have grown, brother!"
But the enemy also saw him,
and from the gray banks of New York and the City
the brokers who feed on blood
said to each other in fear, "Who is that?"

The calm giant made no reply.
He gazed at the broad hard earth of China,
gathered in one hand all the affliction
and misery, and in the other
he held out the red wheat of the morrow,
all the bounty of the earth,
and upon his face there grew and spread
a smile which streamed upon the wind,
a smile like the ripe grain,
a smile like a golden star
shining over all the spilt blood;
and thus your banners were raised.

Now the peoples saw you cleanse your vast land,
unity, a hurricane filled with warning,
a hammer beating against evil, a conquering light
shining victorious over the old enemy.

Your Republic stretched wide its mighty arms
and founded your destiny of peace.
The plunderers from beyond the seas
encountered their just reception
and flew to enchained Taiwan

to feed the nest of scorpions.
Then they carried into Korea
their customary cargo
of blood, sorrow and destruction,
empty walls and women's corpses.
And then one day arose
the rampart of your Volunteers
to fulfill the sacred fraternity of man.
From sea to sea, from land to snow,
all men look to you, China, and say:
"What a mighty young brother is born to us!"

The man of the Americas, bending over his furrow,
ringed by the metal of his fiery machine,
the poor of the tropics, the brave miner
of Bolivia, the broad worker
of deep Brazil, the shepherd
of infinite Patagonia,
look to you, People's China,
salute you, and join with me
to place this kiss upon your brow.
To us you are not what they desired,
the image of the blind beggar-woman at the temple-gate,
but a strong and sweet mother-captain of your people,
with your victorious arms still held in one hand,
a growing shoot of green corn upon your breast,
and upon your head
the star of all the peoples.

(*Translated from the Spanish by George Leeson*

McCarthyism and Culture

By JOHN HOWARD LAWSON

N THE few months since Eisen- hower became President, we ve seen the rapid intensification d extension of the drive to regi- ent every area of culture. Senator cCarthy has been able to increase s prestige and power. McCarthy- n casts a threatening shadow across e land.

At the same time the seriousness the threat to intellectual freedom s aroused growing resistance. Op- sition to thought-control has been iced by organizations with large d influential memberships, espe- lly in the fields of education and igion. Leaders in these fields ve spoken out against the witch- nt with increasing clarity and vig-

These developments indicate that e cultural struggle in the United tes—the clash between the ene- es of freedom and the defenders the traditional rights of con- ence, speech and communication has entered a new phase. The eater sharpness and scope of the nflict reflects the general political uation and the contradictions ich plague the Eisenhower admin- ration.

Eisenhower came to the Presidency with promises that he would seek a peaceful solution of world prob- lems—and immediately undertook measures which were obviously de- signed to spread the war. How- ever, the peace forces of the world have taken the initiative away from Wall Street and Washington. The hope of peace—or at least, a lessen- ing of present international tensions —suggests the possibility of develop- ing a powerful coalition movement for the defense of culture and the Bill of Rights.

The movement will be directed against McCarthy and his follow- ers who represent the advance guard of the fascist drive. However, the aggressive war policies of the ad- ministration, which have not been abandoned, are linked with the re- pressive domestic policies most openly and blatantly expressed by McCarthy, who could never have attained his present eminence with- out official assistance. Although the President has ventured to disagree with the Senator on certain matters, such as the Bohlen appointment, McCarthy is able to conduct diplo- matic negotiations outside the au-

thority of the State Department, and to force an apology from Harold Stassen, one of Eisenhower's close advisers, for criticizing his scandalous conduct. The differences between McCarthy and the administration are of an incidental and tactical character. But mass pressure on the President and Congress can force the curbing of the assault on democratic liberties.

Each day reveals the inescapable logic of the witch-hunt—the course which was foreseen and denounced by those of us who had the honor of being its first victims is unveiled. I recall the words spoken by my colleagues and myself when we stood before the Un-American Committee in Washington in 1947. We pointed out that the thought-control drive would not be content with ten, or a hundred, or a thousand, victims, that its aim was the subversion of the Constitution, the destruction of democracy. Many people, even many who supported the Hollywood Ten, felt that we overestimated the danger. I remember the angry reproof from the Committee and the disbelief of spectators when I said that the churches would be invaded by the heresy-hunters.

Six years later the unhappy prophecy is fulfilled.

THE burning of books, foreshadowed in the course of the thought-control drive since the first attack on film writers in 1947, is brought closer in McCarthy's current probe of books and authors. In calling writers to Washington to questio them about their writing, the Sen tor is establishing an official gover mental blacklist. Exclusion fro overseas libraries is a first step; will be followed by an attempt eliminate these works from all braries in the United States. Pu lishers will be forced to abandon t publication of anything by the pr scribed authors. And the excor munication of living authors w lead, we can be sure, to similar tion against the dead. The honor names in our nation's literature w be judged and condemned.

Why is it that publishers have far remained silent in the face this arrogant attack on the right publish? We cannot suppose th they are unaware of the dang It may rather be assumed that th are intimidated, fearing that any p test against the witch-hunt will le to their being branded as witch However, the inquisition is movi so fast that there is no longer refuge in silence. We can hope t publishers will soon join the gro ing resistance of those whose rig are so directly imperiled that th cannot remain silent.

The actual extinction of creat works is proposed in the field of and architecture as well as in realm of books. Early in March, R Scudder introduced a joint resolut calling on the House and Senate to der the "prompt removal" of the ton Refrigier murals on the w of the Rincon Annex Post Office San Francisco. "Removal" of cou

eans the destruction of the paint-gs.

The rage for investigations and earings has resulted in disorderly ompetition among the investiga-rs. Jenner's Senate Un-Americans known as the Senate Internal Se-urity Sub-Committee) duplicate the ork of their rivals in the House. ther Congressional groups, with a st network of state and local Un-merican committees, search franti-lly for "dangerous thoughts" and eretical" associations.

They have no difficulty in finding hat they seek—because it is any anifestation of democratic thought, y faith in human progress and uality, any activity designed to im-ove life, to limit exploitation, to uild a better future. The witch-nters no longer make much effort maintain the fiction that they are terested only in Communists or ose "sympathizers" with Commu-sm. Their catalogue of "subversives" cludes all supporters of the New eal, all "sympathizers" with the eral and progressive traditions of e Roosevelt period. But it goes en beyond these broad limits. For ample, Bohlen was under fire, de-ite the fact that he was the personal oice of Eisenhower and endorsed Dulles, solely because he had rved under FDR. Representative lde's attack on Mrs. Agnes E. eyer, wife of the publisher of the ashington *Post,* a Republican news-per, shows how far the inquisitors e now prepared to go.

Mrs. Meyer made a blistering attack on thought control at the 79th annual convention of the American Association of School Administrators. Thereupon Velde accused her of having written a letter in 1947 expressing "admiration" for the Russian people. It turned out that the letter — an admirable one — was written by someone else, but Velde refused to retract. Mrs. Meyer sent a telegram to the School administrators: "As I warned you Tuesday, your profession is about to be attacked by a man who is conscienceless enough to say a deliberate lie and brazen enough to decline a retraction when confronted with the truth."

MRS. MEYER'S dispute with Velde is part of a whole series of occurrences which have demonstrated the seriousness of the threat to civil liberties in the United States. The Rosenberg case has stirred the conscience of the world, arousing a movement of protest so broad that it required papal recognition. There has been growing opposition to the Smith Act, the McCarran Internal Security Act, and the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act.

In order to obstruct this opposition, the various Congressional investigating committees have extended the inquisition with feverish haste. Velde's announcement that he intended to "investigate" the churches evoked a storm of angry protest. Rev. Charles A. Hill of Detroit said: "Representative Velde's suggestion of a probe is ridiculous. The only trouble

is that if you live up to the teachings of Christ, they label you a Communist." Rev. Henry Hitt Crane, also of Detroit, went to the root of the matter in pointing out that politicians use the "probe technique" to conceal their own corruption. "Who shall investigate the investigators is the pertinent question to raise."

Among the powerful religious groups which have expressed strong opposition to the methods of investigating committees are the National Council of Churches of Christ, the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs (representing 17,000,000 church-goers, and the Commission on Justice and Peace of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

This is the background of the resolution introduced in Congress by Rep. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., calling for the removal of Velde from the chairmanship of the Un-Americans. The resolution was blocked in Committee. But it is most significant that the Republicans did not dare bring it to a vote in the House, because it seemed apparent that it would have received 50 to 75 votes, which would have constituted, as the New York *Times* pointed out, a serious repudiation of Velde.

The drive to put education in a totalitarian straitjacket, conducted chiefly by Jenner's Senate Internal Security Committee, has served to emphasize the urgency of the fascist danger and has aroused unprecedented protest. Especially noteworthy is the action taken by the American Association of University Professors. At its 39th annual meeting, the organization, representing 43,000 teachers at approximately 1,000 colleges and universities, attacked Congressional interference with education, loyalty oaths and censorship of textbooks, and decried "the suppression of dissent, the banning and censorship of books . . . the boycotting of the creative mind. . . ."

Four thousand members of the Texas State Teachers Association cheered when Dr. John L. Bracken told them that "The time has come to investigate the investigators. There is no place for a Ku Klux Klan in America, even on the Congressional level." In New York, 2,000 members of the Teachers Union turned their seventeenth annual conference into a militant challenge to the enemies of educational freedom.

The fiftieth annual convention of the National Catholic Educational Association, meeting in Atlantic City early in April and attended by 8,000 educators connected with Catholic schools and colleges, condemned the "unfair" methods of Congressional Committees.

A number of college presidents including Mrs. Millicent C. McIntosh, president of Barnard, and Everett Case, president of Colgate University, have spoken out. President George Shuster of Hunter College also made a statement, which, in spite of certain negative features, called for an investigation of McCarthy.

A MORE dramatic defiance of political interference was the statement by Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, that he will no longer give records of students and graduates to government agents. In an article in the bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Ackerman declared that "Students are 'tried' secretly without an opportunity of explaining or defending their records. . . . If we have reached the stage in our democracy when fear of investigation becomes universal and the loyalty of college students must be investigated, we will be erecting an iron curtain of our own."

Many prominent Negro leaders have attacked the attempt to suppress thought and speech, and have noted its relationship to the oppression of the Negro people. The proponents of thought control are, necessarily and always, the most rabid racists, the champions of Jim Crow and "Anglo-Saxon superiority." Walter White, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, has denounced McCarthy, but he is chiefly disturbed by McCarthy's insistence on equating the fight for Negro rights with Communism.

But other Negro leaders have been more forthright. Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University, has denounced the fascist offensive and has indicated its connection with the drive to war. Bishop William J. Walls, of the A.M.E. Zion Church, responded fearlessly when he was attacked by the witch-hunters. In a recent issue of the Baltimore *Afro-American,* the newspaper protests McCarthy's ban on the works of Howard Fast and publishes a letter from Fast defending his position. The editors speak of him as a man who has made a great contribution to interracial understanding.

The CIO, A. F. of L. and Railroad Brotherhoods have been slow to recognize that the attack on freedom of speech and association threatens the very existence of trade unions. But it is encouraging to note recent statements from the United Automobile Workers and the United Packing House Workers, condemning political repression. An editorial in the March 15 issue of *The Black Worker,* organ of the A. F. of L. Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, attacks McCarthyism as "a symptom of fascism."

There have been similar pronouncements from important figures in the labor movement. But these leaders seem to have failed to heed their own warnings, and have made no effort to build a mass campaign against the danger which they describe. One wonders, for example, if there will be any action by trade unions and people's organizations in support of former U.S. Attorney General Francis Biddle's demand for a Justice Department investigation of McCarthy's financial transactions. The reluctance of many leaders of labor to act decisively on this and similar issues must be attributed to their acceptance of Wall Street's war pro-

gram and the Red-baiting lies which are its main propaganda weapon.

THE same basic weakness is to be found in the statements of many cultural leaders which we have cited. While the witch-hunt is roundly condemned, the premises on which the witch-hunters operate are conceded: "the threat of Communism" is deplored; the "unfitness of Communist teachers" is taken for granted.

To some extent these may be regarded as "escape clauses," designed to assure the witch-hunters that their opponents are not, in fact, "Communists." The assurance is unnecessary and tends to cloud the real issues in the struggle for freedom of thought, speech and association, which must be waged on the basis of the broadest agreement for defense of the democratic heritage and protection of existent rights and immunities. Most of the members of such a coalition and most of its leaders will certainly not be Communists, and many of them will be strongly opposed to Communism. But they do not come together for a debate on Marxism; they have every right to any views they please on the subject.

But a coalition which opposes regimentation cannot be based on the demand that participants be regimented in opposition to Communism. Red-baiting endangers the broad struggle for democracy and the Constitution, because it introduces a false equation. The McCarthys and Veldes flourish and grow fat on the Big Lie that Communists are "subversive conspirators," engaged—for unexplained reasons—in dark plots against the nation's welfare. It is hard to understand how anyone with even a casual knowledge of Marxism or the actual activities of Communists can believe this nonsense. But the Big Lie has so poisoned the intellectual life of our country that it permits the witch-hunters to undermine all intellectual freedom with the excuse that they are hunting for a non-existent "Communist conspiracy."

At the recent hearings of the Un-American Committee in Los Angeles, a defendant (officially called an "unfriendly witness") spoke of the witchcraft trials in colonial Massachusetts. Velde used the customary argument that there were no witches in seventeenth century New England, while there are real Communists in the present-day United States.* Velde's position illustrates the false premises on which the anti-Communist hysteria is based. There are no persons in the United States today—or anywhere else in the world — who bear the slightest resemblance to Velde's definition of a "Communist." The "Communists" for whom these gentlemen pretend to be searching are as improbable as the persons who were accused by Cotton Mather of riding on broomsticks and spitting blue flames.

Real people were tortured and

* Brooks Atkinson used the same argument in his New York *Times* review of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*. Atkinson probably despises Velde, but his acceptance of the idiocies of Red-baiting forces him to speak Velde's language.

killed in Massachusetts in the seventeenth century. And real people are persecuted and condemned in our country today. Their "guilt" is their love of democracy, their demand for peace, their faith in human brotherhood and progress.

The assumption that Communists need "investigation" tends to limit the force and effectiveness of the attack on Congressional committees. Thus, there is a great deal of confusion concerning the Fifth Amendment. Since recent decisions of the Supreme Court have seriously weakened the rights guaranteed under the First Amendment, the Fifth becomes the remaining shield against the fascist onslaught on rights which have been won through centuries of struggle. The right to refuse to answer incriminating questions has its origin in the resistance to the Inquisition in the 13th century and in the fight against the Star Chamber in Elizabethan and Stuart England. Leonard B. Boudin notes that inquisitorial procedure rested on enforced testimony against oneself. "The heart of the confession," writes Boudin, "was the oath required of the accused: to support the mandates of the church, to answer truly all questions, to betray all heretics, and to perform all penance imposed." ("The Constitutional Privilege in Operation," *Lawyers' Guild Review,* Summer, 1952.)

The attempt to destroy the Fifth Amendment seeks to turn back the clock of history; it is linked to the revival of the loyalty oath, which is historically an instrument of tyranny and has never served any other purpose.

A PRAISEWORTHY attempt to give legal safeguards to persons called before Congressional committees is contained in a resolution recently introduced in Congress by Senators Morse and Lehman. The resolution proposes to give witnesses the assistance of an attorney, the right to know the accusations against them, to file objections, to cross-examine and call other witnesses.

However, as *The Nation* points out (March 28):

> "The best rules cannot correct evils which flow not from the manner but from the nature of the inquiry. If Congress is investigating a matter entirely beyond the wide area of its legitimate concerns, fair codes of inquiry will not protect constitutional relations from the resultant damage. Not to recognize this is a process of trial and punishment is to betray an amazing blindness to social reality."

The well-intentioned, but limited, resolution sponsored by Morse and Lehman, seems to have little chance of adoption. The witch-hunters are proceeding with frenzied haste to enlarge the range of their activity. The counsel for the California State Senate Un-American Committee boasts that more than 100 teachers have been removed from the state's schools and colleges for alleged "Communist" activity or affiliation since last June. This is subversion of education on a grand scale. But William

Jansen, New York City superintendent of schools, seems determined to beat California's record. Appearing before the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, he said he planned to reopen the cases of 180 teachers, with alleged "subversive" tendencies, and estimated that there were 1,000 "Communists" teaching in the New York area.

While the search for heretics widens and the book-burners prepare the torches, a group of writers and actors seeks to defend McCarthy as an "author." Twenty-seven individuals signed a statement on April 5, accusing literary critics of "prejudice" for failing to review McCarthy's imitation of Hitler's *Mein Kampf*—a book entitled *McCarthyism—The Fight for America.* These earnest defenders of literature include Adolph Menjou, Fulton Lewis, Jr., Eugene Lyons and Morrie Ryskind.

The list of names is important because it is so unimpressive, consisting only of persons whose ultra-reactionary sympathies are well known. It is also important because it shows that the McCarthyites are on the defensive and need the appearance of "cultural" support—even when it comes from such unsavory camp followers.

No writer of standing or moral integrity can be found to endorse McCarthy. But where are the writers who should be speaking out *against* McCarthy? Where are the men and women who spoke so vigorously for democracy in Spain, and against the threat of fascism in the days before World War II? Is democracy in the United States less precious? Would fascism in our own country be any less brutal and murderous than it was in Europe?

MANY writers, educators, scientists have answered this question with magnificent patriotism and courage in defying the Un-Americans and refusing to cooperate with these illegal investigations. But many, including the most eminent and world-renowned novelists, dramatists and artists, have not yet spoken. They will undoubtedly break their silence as the movement against thought control develops. The forces that are potentially available in the fight for democracy and the Constitution are as broad as our land. The issues are immense and simple—peace, freedom, progress, reason, the right of conscience and belief.

The urgency of the issue is indicated, both in the attack on free culture, and in the brutalizing and corrupt "culture" which is being offered by the proponents of war and fascism. The impact of the cult of violence and nihilism is suggested in the words of a young man, a Marine, arrested for murdering five people during a single week-end. The killer, McManus, is reported to have talked like a Hollywood "hero," explaining that "Conscience doesn't bother me, because there is no such thing as conscience. It's just a feeling of fear that people have."

McManus had probably not read Richard Wright's new novel, *The*

Outsider. But his philosophy is identical with the "intellectual" justification of murder in Wright's book—which is so persuasive to Granville Hicks that Hicks, reviewing the novel in the New York *Times,* assures us that "There is not a murder in the book that the reader, at the moment of reading about it, does not feel that he would have committed under the same circumstances." (*Times Book Review,* March 22.)

We, who are not murderers, who are patriots and people of conscience, must act to defend the conscience of mankind from the enemies of Man.

Herbert Biberman has charged Congressman Jackson with direct responsibility for the arson and violence that broke out in the neighborhood of Silver City, New Mexico, as a result of Jackson's attack on a film being produced there. Biberman, the director of *Salt of the Earth,* says: "All these illegal and violent attempts to interfere with freedom of expression came after a speech in Congress, February 24, by Representative Donald Jackson. Every effort to whip up the vigilante spirit that resulted in violence was based upon quotations from Representative Jackson's speech."

It may also be noted that a lying anti-Communist film, *The Hoaxters,* made by M-G-M under the supervision of Dory Schary, was given special showings for a whole day in Silver City in order to whip up a lynch spirit. Thus the erstwhile liberal, Schary, joins the witch-hunting politician in incitement to murder.

Surely, there is a basis for broad action by the vast majority of Americans. Certainly the vast majority of members of the arts, sciences and professions believe in the conscience of man, in human rights, in the tradition of reason and democratic progress.

The present frenzy of the witch-hunt is not a sign of strength. McCarthy is strong only to the degree that he is not opposed. But the weakness of his position is demonstrated in his desperate attempts to whip the people into submission through Red scares and phony investigations.

Internationally, the forces of peace are stronger than the forces of war. The importance of international action has been demonstrated in the Rosenberg case. It is time for writers and artists and scientists, for all the forces of labor and all men and women of good will, to speak out against murder. This is the only patriotic course which serves our country and the conscience of mankind.

THE LIVING EMERSON

By SAMUEL SILLEN

THE 150th anniversary of Ralph Waldo Emerson's birth — May 25, 1803—will be honored in many lands this year, thanks to the initiative of the World Peace Council. Last year the anniversaries of Hugo, Gogol, Avicenna, and Leonardo da Vinci were internationally observed. For 1953 the World Peace Council has suggested Van Gogh, Rabelais, Copernicus, José Marti, Chu Yuan, and Emerson.

These cultural celebrations have great value in furthering the cause of peace. They help build understanding and respect among nations. They dramatize the fact that the distinct contribution of each people is part of the common treasure of mankind. And in this regard the choice of Emerson, who taught us to "multiply our relations," is especially fortunate.

For he was a life-long critic of national narrowness and provincialism. The writer of Concord worshipped Goethe, corresponded with Carlyle, dined with Turgenev and Taine in Paris, paid homage at the tomb of Galileo in Florence. The quotations in his *Journals* range from the classics of ancient China and India to the writings of Renan and Marx. In his *Representative Men* and *English Traits,* in his lecture tours from Boston to the frontier towns beyond the Mississippi, he brought to his countrymen "the contributions of men who have perished to add their point of light to our sky."

And, in turn, his contemporaries abroad hailed Emerson for adding his own point of light. Tolstoy found his essays "profound, bold," though he added with much justice that they were "often capricious and muddled." The great national poet of Poland, Adam Mickiewicz, greeted Emerson as "a kind of American Socrates" in 1843, and the French historian Jules Michelet used his democratic teachings in the Revolution of 1848. The Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes, inviting Emerson to England, pledged that they would "hail with delight the great transatlantic essayist and our lecture halls would be crowded with men who have already learned to love and now only wait to see the American poet."

Thus Emerson symbolizes the friendly and fruitful relationships of world culture. At the same time

he was the leading spokesman in the young American republic of an authentic, self-confident national literature. His oration on *The American Scholar* at Harvard in 1837 was "our intellectual Declaration of Independence," said Oliver Wendell Holmes. In an impassioned call to end the long colonial apprenticeship in culture, Emerson prodded "the sluggard intellect" of the country, urging it to "look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill." The millions rushing into life around us, he said, cannot forever be fed "on the sere remains of foreign harvests."

And he proved indeed to be the central figure of a literary renaissance that produced Whitman, Thoreau, Melville, Douglass, Harriet Stowe and Hawthorne. Many writers of the period might say with Walt Whitman: "I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil." In his best work he reflected the upsurge of Jacksonian democracy and the moral intensities of the fight against slavery. The critical prophet of an expanding period of capitalist development, he expresses the optimism and as yet unspoiled individualism of the Jeffersonian tradition.

EMERSON, like his neighbor Thoreau, has been shorn of what is most progressive in his outlook by interpreters who fasten on what is least enduring. In the academies, for which he himself had so little use, he is catalogued as a bloodless Olympian who providently kept aloof from political concerns—this Abolitionist who blasted the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave Act, and the killers of John Brown, saying "It is impossible to extricate oneself from the questions in which our age is involved." In the mansions of Boston's Back Bay he is esteemed as a Brahmin scornful of the masses—this rebel who pilloried the "well-dressed, well-bred fellows," the "class of privileged thieves," and who taught in *The Young American* that "All this beneficent socialism is a friendly omen, and the swelling cry of voices for the education of the people indicates that Government has other offices than that of banker and executioner."

True, he lends himself to contrary interpretations. A foolish consistency, he said, is the hobgoblin of little minds, but his own inconsistencies were not the fruit of wisdom. The deep-dyed subjective idealism of his thought encouraged the rhetoric of mysticism. Believing that "the whole of Nature is a metaphor or image of the human Mind," his star was not the objective world or the real history of real men, but the "Over-Soul," which could be a vast receptacle of confusion. He considered intuition superior to logic. His Transcendentalism is a heady mixture of Kant, Schelling, Coleridge, Swedenborg, and the Puritanism of his forebears. Emersonian scripture, so often exasperating in its contra-

dictions, has been one-sidedly lifted and cited for their various purposes by Friedrich Nietzsche, Mary Baker Eddy, and Herbert Hoover.

But is he legitimately, then, all things to all men? Only if his work is torn out of the fabric of history. The essential truth is that Emerson defended and enriched the democratic heritage of the American people. Even his Transcendentalism, which rejected the Calvinist division of men into the damned and the elect, affirmed his basic democratic faith. He was a humanistic critic of the bigotries and oppressions of his time in America. And when the chips were down he was true, despite all hesitations, to his own precept that the man of letters must with all his force oppose every form of tyranny: "A scholar defending the cause of slavery, of arbitrary government, of monopoly, of the oppressor, is a traitor to his profession. He has ceased to be a scholar. He is not company for clean people."

Emerson's rebellions, which began early, outraged the conservatives of his age. As a youngster at Harvard, where he had to earn his keep, he was censured for roaming the library instead of conforming to the stale curriculum. Not a few were scandalized when he left the ministry because, seeking "a religion not recorded in a book," he would no longer celebrate traditional rituals like the Lord's Supper. The doors of Harvard were officially closed to him for thirty years after his unorthodox Divinity School address in 1838, for which the gowned authorities publicly apologized. His was to be "the ministry of truth," and he would not quit his belief that "a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom."

TURNING from the pulpit to the popular Lyceum platform, he was to develop other heresies which have more significance for our own troubled time in the United States. For he was keenly conscious of the gulf between the ideals of the American Revolution, in which his grandfather had preached to the minutemen, and the reality of Negro oppression, ruthless expansionism, money-grubbing, and organized know-nothingism. In his Ode of July 4, 1857, Emerson wrote:

United States! the ages plead—
Present and Past in under-song—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

First and last, Emerson was a critic of the great discrepancy. He was for a generation the conscience of America, as Parrington observed, "a pricker of inflated balloons, a gauger of the national brag and cant and humbug." And his judgments of men and events seem extraordinarily canny in the perspective of time.

Did he not, for example, radically oppose the jingoism of that "Manifest Destiny" which has today been resurrected as "the American Century"? When the United States un-

der the pro-slavery President Polk launched the unjust war against Mexico in 1846, Emerson, like Lincoln and Douglass and Lowell, lampooned the official pretension of enlarging "the area of freedom." "They call it attar of rose and lavender," he said, "I call it bilge-water." In his *Ode* to W. H. Channing during the war he wrote bitterly:

But who is he that prates
Of the culture of mankind,
Of better arts and life?
Go, blindworm, go,
Behold the famous States
Harrying Mexico
With rifle and with knife!

He saw a "village squabble and rapacity" dominating the country, with cotton thread uniting John C. Calhoun of South Carolina and Abbott Lawrence of Massachusetts. He wrote:

"It seems to be settled that no act of honor or benevolence or justice is to be expected from the American government, but only this, that they will be wicked as they dare. No man now can have any sort of success in politics without a streak of infamy crossing his name. Things have another order in these men's eyes. Heavy is hollow, and good is evil. A Western man in Congress the other day spoke of the opponents of the Texan and Mexican plunder as 'every light character in the House,' and our good friend in State Street speaks of 'the solid portion of the community,' meaning, of course, the sharpers."

He saw, more clearly than some of his later admirers were willing to grant, that there was a deepening conflict between democracy and the dog-eat-dog profit system:

"When I speak of the democratic element, I do not mean that ill thing, vain and loud, which writes lying newspapers, spouts at caucuses, and sells its lies for gold; but that spirit of love for the general good whose name this assumes. There is nothing of the true democratic element in what is called Democracy; it must fall, being wholly commercial."

Yet he still felt that his own opposition was perhaps futile and that politics was a distraction from his mission as a scholar. "Better mind your lamp and pen as man of letters," he wrote, "interfering not with Politics, but knowing and naming them justly, than to inculpate yourself in the Federal crime without power to redress the State, and to debilitate yourself by the miscellany and distraction for your proper task." It was in this spirit that Emerson in the 1840's was critical of the Abolitionists, though he shared their hatred of slavery. He resented their pressing him to take a more active part in the struggle. He had his own slaves, his imprisoned thoughts, to free, Emerson rationalized.

BUT slavery came to his own doorstep with the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850. By this law the government could now force him, on penalty of jail, to take an active part in apprehending escaped slaves and returning them to the South. His best friends in Concord,

Henry Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, had helped many a Negro escape on the Underground Railway. Emerson himself, who recognized the genius of Frederick Douglass, had contributed money, feeling that "a man who has escaped from slavery to the soil of Massachusetts has done more for freedom than ten thousand orations." And now this law, supported in Congress by the Daniel Webster he once admired, had been passed. "This filthy enactment was made in the nineteenth century, by people who could read and write," exclaimed Emerson. "I will not obey it, by God."

He not only disobeyed the odious statute, but put all his energy and eloquence into combating it. From then until the day of Emancipation he was passionately committed to digging away "this accursed mountain of sorrow once and forever out of the world." He called for political action, organization. He told the citizens of Concord in a fiery speech of May 3, 1851: "The last year has forced us all into politics, and made it a paramount duty to seek what it is often a duty to shun. We do not breathe well. There is infamy in the air." He was furious at those writers, professors, clergymen who had "maintained morals only when they were in fashion" and who were now in "one hot haste of terror," deserting the standard of freedom:

> "Not an unpleasing sentiment, not a liberal recollection, not so much as a snatch of an old song for freedom, dares intrude on their passive obedience. The panic has paralyzed the journals, with the fewest exceptions, so that one cannot open a newspaper without being disgusted by new records of shame."

In language that has urgent meaning for us today he cried:

> "What is the use of admirable lawforms, and political forms, if a hurricane of party feeling and a combination of monied interests can beat them to the ground? What is the use of courts, if judges only quote authorities, and no judge exerts original jurisdiction, or recurs to first principles? What is the use of a Federal Bench, if its opinions are the political breath of the hour? And what is the use of constitutions, if all the guaranties provided by the jealousy of ages for the protection of liberty are made of no effect, when a bad act of Congress finds a willing commissioner?"

And as for the renegade Mr. Webster, "All the drops of his blood have eyes that look downward." Let him for decency's sake stop talking about liberty: "Pho! . . . The word *liberty* in the mouth of Mr. Webster sounds like the word *love* in the mouth of a courtesan." Thus spoke the Emerson whose "serenity" we have been taught by our schoolbooks to admire as a model of innocuous dullness.

The deepening crisis of the 1850's urged him into even more strenuous protest. He was aroused by the physical assault on his friend Charles Sumner at his desk in the Senate chamber. "I think we must get rid of slavery, or we must get rid of freedom," he warned. In another speech on the affairs in Kansas, where freedom-loving men had been set upon by

organized pro-slavery ruffians, he pled that clothes, bread, arms and men be sent, not as charity but as a national need:

> "We must learn to do with less, live in a smaller tenement, sell our apple-trees, our acres, our pleasant houses. I know people who are making haste to reduce their expenses and pay their debts, not with a view to new accumulations, but in preparation to save and earn for the benefit of the Kansan emigrants."

THE noblest of these Kansan emigrants, John Brown, twice visited Emerson at Concord and found in him a warm supporter. Emerson contributed funds to Brown's militant cause. When Brown and his valiant men were seized at Harper's Ferry, Emerson made several speeches in behalf of "The Saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the Gallows as glorious as the Cross." Together with Thoreau, whose *A Plea for Captain John Brown* is one of the masterpieces of our literature, Emerson boldly and passionately celebrated the true patriotism of Brown, "happily a representative of the American Republic." How far he was from the Hawthorne who said that "Nobody was more justly hanged," a verdict which the bourgeois historians are busily preaching today!

The news of Lincoln's election, Emerson said, was "sublime, the pronunciation of the masses of America against Slavery." Emerson had opposed the unjust war against Mexico, but he now fully supported the liberating Civil War. He was disappointed in Lincoln's slowness to enlist Negro troops and proclaim emancipation. But he saw in this plain man of the people "a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch," a deliverer who had lived long enough to keep "the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow men—the practical abolition of slavery."

Emerson was a powerful spokesman of humanity's yearning for peace. He did not clearly understand the material causes of war, but that it was an abomination belonging to the past of mankind he had no doubt. He knew that "The cause of peace is not the cause of cowardice," but requires the moral heroism of those who "do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved from such dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep." In his essay on *War* he declared that "The proposition of the Congress of Nations is undoubtedly that at which the present fabric of our society and the present course of events do point."

He argued against those who claimed war was inherent in human nature and therefore inevitable. Science, he hoped, would not always "be abused to make guns," and "The poet shall bring out the blazing truth that he who kills his brother commits suicide." And though he said that a wise man will not impawn his future action beforehand, his ideal is unmistakable:

"Whenever we see the doctrine of peace embraced by a nation, we may be assured it will not be one that invites injury; but one, on the contrary, which has a friend in the bottom of the heart of every man, even of the violent and the base; one against which no weapon can prosper; one which is looked upon as the asylum of the human race and has the tears and the blessings of mankind."

EMERSON'S democratic force is especially felt in his approach to culture. He called on American writers to explore and "poetize" the life storming around them, to "convert the vivid energies acting at this hour in New York and Chicago and San Francisco, into universal symbols." He called attention to the warm currents of life flowing from the shops and fields, the ballad in the street, the literature of the poor. "I ask not," he said, "for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provencal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low."

The foe of the artificial, the esoteric, the merely refined, Emerson was the first to greet Walt Whitman on the appearance of *Leaves of Grass* in 1855. Whitman's poetry, he saw at once, was the greatest America had contributed, and it had "the best merits, namely, of fortifying and encouraging." It was of the people. It had the sweep of the frontier. And did it not live up to Emerson's belief, expressed in a lecture on *Art and Criticism,* that the writer should "convey his meaning in terms as short and strong as the smith and the drover use to convey theirs"? Culture, he said, teaches us to say "the greatest things in the simplest way."

He had a lofty conception of the mission of art which places him in sharp conflict with the "art for art's sake" decadents of our day. Scorning those who would separate art from life, Emerson said: "Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not."

A magnificent passage in his essay on *The Man of Letters* states his credo:

"It is not enough that the work should show a skilful hand, ingenious contrivance and admirable polish and finish; it should have a commanding motive in the time and condition in which it was made. We should see in it the great belief of the artist, which caused him to make it so as he did, and not otherwise; nothing frivolous, nothing that he might do or not do, as he chose. . . . There is always the previous question, How came you on that side? You are a very elegant writer, but you can't write up what gravitates down."

There have always been two parties, Emerson said on more than one occasion, the Party of the Past and the Party of the Future. Is it not clear to which of these parties he essentially belongs, despite the cross-currents in his thought? Does he teach us to surrender America to McCarthyism? Does he teach us to acquiesce in "one hot haste of terror" while the advocates of peace and in-

tellectual freedom and Negro liberation are thrown into Federal prisons? Does he teach us to cheer on a government which extends "the area of freedom" by robbing and murdering people who aspire to national independence?

The living Emerson spurs us to more resolute defense of the tradition to which he so amply contributed. He is for us a conscience as he was for another generation of Americans. We are faced in a new way with the perfidies that aroused his wrath, and with the possibilities of our people that nourished his hope. His pages stir us with an enlarged sense of our responsibilities. From the best of Emerson we gather new strength to rescue our land from "the class of privileged thieves" now threatening its destruction.

Masses & Mainstream is proud to announce it will publish on May 15 a folio of six drawings by Charles White, distinguished Negro artist. The drawings have been reproduced by a special process and are suitable for framing. Rockwell Kent has written a special introduction for the folio. It will sell for $3.

Among the drawings is the stunning "Dawn of a New Tomorrow," which was reproduced on the cover of the February issue of *M&M* and evoked widespread enthusiastic comment. Another drawing is a new portrait of Abraham Lincoln.

In his article in our February issue, *Charles White's Humanist Art,* Sidney Finkelstein wrote that "no artist up to now in our country has painted the working people with the depth, richness, love and understanding found in these works of Charles White." Finkelstein described the drawings reproduced in the forthcoming folio as follows:

"Done with a combination of charcoal and carbon pencil, they have such a wealth of fine detail, a variety of tones and finesse of drawing, that they can be called not drawings, but 'paintings' in black and white."

Thoughts for Our Time

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The lesson of these days is the vulgarity of wealth. . . . Wealth will vote for rum, will vote for tyranny, will vote for slavery, will vote against the ballot, will vote against international copyright, will vote against schools, colleges, or any high direction to public money.

Journals, 1854

Theology, Medicine, Law, Politics, Parties, Trades, have their meetings and assembly rooms; Literature has none. See how magnificently the Merchants meet in State Street. Every Bank and Insurance Office is a palace, and Literature has not a poor Café, not a corner even in Mrs. Haven's shop in which to celebrate its unions. By a little alliance with some of the rising parties of the time, as the Socialists, and the Abolitionists, and the Artists, we might accumulate a sufficient patronage to establish a good room in Boston. As Ellery Channing says, there is not a chair in Boston where I can sit down.

Journals, 1847

The way to make our rhetoric and our rites and badges sublime is to make them real. Our flag is not good because it does not represent the population of the United States, but the Baltimore Caucus. Not union and sentiment, but selfishness and cunning. If we never put on the liberty-cap until we were freeman by love and self-denial, the liberty-cap would mean something. . . . I may well ask when men wanted their bard and prophet as now? They have a Quixotic gallery of old romances and mythologies, Norse, Greek, Persian, Jewish, and Indian, but nothing that will fit them, and they go without music or symbol to their day labor. Channing proposed that there should be a magnified dollar, say as big as a barrel-head, made of silver or gold, in each village, and Colonel Shattuck or other priest appointed to take care of it and not let it be stolen; then we should be provided with a local deity, and could bring it baked beans, or other offerings and rites, as pleased us.

Journals, 1847

Far be from us, Sir, any tone of patronage; we ought rather to ask yours. We know the austere condition of liberty—that it must be reconquered over and over again; yea, day by day; that it is a state of war; that it is always slipping from those who boast it to those who fight for it; and you, the foremost soldier of freedom in this age—it is for us

to crave your judgment; who are we that we should dictate to you? This country of workingmen greets in you a worker. This republic greets in you a republican.

Sir, whatever obstruction from selfishness, indifference, or from property (which always sympathizes with possession) you may encounter, we congratulate you that you have known how to convert calamities into powers, exile into a campaign, present defeat into lasting victory. For this new crusade which you preach to willing and unwilling ears in America is a seed of armed men. You have got your story told in every palace and log hut and prairie camp throughout this continent. And, as the shores of Europe and America approach every month, and their politics will one day mingle, when the crisis arrives it will find us all instructed beforehand in the rights and wrongs of Hungary, and parties already to her freedom.

Address to Louis Kossuth
at Concord, May 11, 1852

Language has lost its meaning in the universal cant. *Representative Government* is really misrepresentative; Union is a conspiracy against the Northern States which the Northern States are to have the privilege of paying for; *the adding of Cuba and Central America* to the slave marts is *enlarging the area of Freedom. Manifest Destiny, Democracy, Freedom,* fine names for an ugly thing. They call it attar of rose and lavender—I call it bilge-water. They call it Chivalry and Freedom: I call it the stealing all the earnings of a poor man and the earnings of his little girl and boy, and the earnings of all that shall come from him, his children's children forever.

But this is Union, and this is Democracy; and our poor people, led by the nose by these fine words, dance and sing, ring bells and fire cannon, with every new link of the chain which is forged for their limbs by the plotters in the Capitol. . . .

A harder task will the new revolution of the nineteenth century be than was the revolution of the eighteenth century. I think the American Revolution bought its glory cheap. If the problem was new, it was simple. If there were few people, they were united, and the enemy three thousand miles off. But now, vast property, gigantic interests, family connections, webs of party, cover the land with a network that immensely multiplies the dangers of war.

Fellow citizens, in these times full of the fate of the Republic, I think the towns should hold meetings, and resolve themselves into Committees of Safety, go into permanent sessions, adjourning from week to week, month to month. I wish we could send the sergeant-at-arms to stop every American who is about to leave the country. Send home every one who is abroad, lest they should find no country to return to. Come home and stay at home, while there is a country to save. When it is lost it will be

time enough then for any who are luckless enough to remain alive to gather up their clothes and depart to some land where freedom exists.

Speech on Affairs in Kansas, 1856

I am not a little surprised at the easy effrontery with which political gentlemen, in and out of Congress, take it upon them to say that there are not a thousand men in the North who sympathize with John Brown. It would be far safer and nearer the truth to say that all people, in proportion to their sensibility and self-respect, sympathize with him. For it is impossible to see courage, and disinterestedness, and the love that casts out fear, without sympathy. . . .

Nothing is more absurd than to complain of this sympathy, or to complain of a party of men united in opposition to slavery. As well complain of gravity, or the ebb of the tide. Who makes the abolitionist? The slave-holder. The sentiment of mercy is the natural recoil which the laws of the universe provide us to protect mankind from destruction by savage passions. And our blind statesmen go up and down—with committees of vigilance and safety, hunting for the origin of this new heresy. They will need a very vigilant committee indeed to find its birthplace, and a very strong force to root it out. For the arch-abolitionist, older than Brown, and older than the Shenandoah Mountains, is Love, whose other name is Justice, which was before Alfred, before Lycurgus, before slavery, and will be after it.

Speech on John Brown at Salem, January 6, 1860

In hours when it seemed only to need one just word from a man of honor to have vindicated the rights of millions, and to have given a true direction to the first steps of a nation, we have seen the best understandings of New England, the trusted leaders of her counsels, constituting a snivelling and despised opposition, clapped on the back by comfortable capitalists from all sections, and persuaded to say, We are too old to stand for what is called a New England sentiment any longer. Rely on us for commercial representatives, but for question of ethics—who knows what markets may be opened? We are not well, we are not in our seats, when justice and humanity are to be spoken for. We have a bad war (the Mexican War), many victories, each of which converts the country into an immense chanticleer; and a very insincere political opposition. The country needs to be extricated from its delirium at once. Public affairs are chained in the same law with private; the retributions of armed states are not less sure and signal than those which come to private felons.

Editor's Address, *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, Dec., 1847

MAY DAY
in the Warsaw Ghetto

By BER MARK

ON THE eve of May 1 it was clear to the leaders of the uprising that the situation was very difficult. In fact, practically hopeless. And yet, despair did not overwhelm them and faith in a better and more beautiful tomorrow surged deeply in the hearts of the fighting youth. When the day of the international proletariat, the holiday of labor, arrived, the ghetto fighters celebrated it in their bunkers despite their desperate situation. It was an extraordinary demonstration —for many the last before their inescapable death—of their deep ties with the world of freedom and of their awareness that they were not alone. Even though the handful of fighters were separated from the rest of the world by raging flames and a sea of inhuman suffering, they knew that the day of liberation and vengeance would come.

May Day was celebrated in virtually all sectors of the underground front. It was observed not only with speeches. It was a day of mobilization and of vigorous attacks on the enemy. Mendel Borg relates that in the Tebens sector, where our people were already exhausted, several groups tied rags around their feet and during the night of April 30-May 1 attacked German patrols in the sector of 76 Leszno-69 Novolipiye Streets. Several comrades paid with their lives. After carrying out this task, the fighters gathered early in the morning in the large bunker at 74 Leszno Street and held a spirited May Day meeting. But let Borg himself tell the story:

"Eight o'clock in the morning. We turn on the radio and get Moscow. We hear about the May Day parade on the Red Square. We hear the tramp of the heroic Red Army which is sowing ruin and desolation in the ranks of the Hitler armies. We hear the May 1 order of the day, issued by the great Stalin, the liberator of peoples to whom turn not only the surviving Jewish ghetto fighters, but the whole of progressive humanity. We hear about the tremendous shattering defeat of the German army at Stalingrad, about the over 300,000 prisoners, about hundreds of cities and thousands of villages that have been liberated from the Hitler invaders. It is clear that Stalingrad was the beginning of the end of the Hitlerite tyranny.

"We had scheduled our May 1

MORDECAI ANILEVICH, *commander of the uprising.*

meeting for 10 o'clock. All of us were wearing red flowers in our lapels. We were seventeen—twelve men and five women.

"'Comrades,' Shachno begins as silence fills the bunker. In his large, deep-set eyes there is immeasurable pain and suffering, but no weakness, no resignation. With exceptional clarity he explains the meaning of May Day and gives an estimate of our situation. 'Our struggle will undoubtedly have great historic significance not only for the Jewish people, but also for the entire European resistance movement that is fighting against Hitlerism.'

"Under the weight of the heavy air in the underground room the flickering candle bent over and drops of tallow fell swiftly like the tears of a weeping child. It was as if everything was against us: even the candle was hastening to snatch our light away. But in our hearts there burnt another flame.

"The speech gave everyone new courage and strengthened our conviction that sooner or later Hitlerism would be destroyed. It is easier to die when one is certain of the inevitable downfall of the enemy.

"Standing, arms in hand, the sounds rise soft but firm: *'Tis the final conflict.'*

"Except for two of us, myself and Mietek Goldshtein, it was the final conflict. Singing the *International,* we all felt that the end was drawing near."

It was in this tragic mood that May Day was celebrated in the last bunkers on Leszno Street.

THE second survivor, Tevya Boz-shikovsky, describes the spirit of the fighting youth in the central ghetto on the eve of May Day.

"It was the end of April, 1943. The ghetto uprising had reached its peak. The flames had already wiped out every sign of the former houses and streets. The earth was completely plowed up by the incessant bomb explosions. Death and desolation everywhere went arm in arm with the Jewish fighters who, in the midst of the smoking ruins and the blood, had forgotten that somewhere life was different.

"Suddenly the secret radio station

Shvit, reminded us during the night of April 23-24 that the international labor holiday, May Day, would soon be here. To us it seemed like a distant, strange anachronism in our dying world. The idea of a holiday of freedom and human brotherhood was like a bitter dissonance in this horrible reality. Nevertheless, for a while we were filled with a sense of exaltation and our thoughts rushed back to those years when we took part in the great May Day demonstrations.

"Before our eyes we saw again thousands marching in a sea of red flags, their faces shining as they sang their faith in the red tomorrow. And the happier these memories were, the greater was the bitterness pressing on our hearts, a bitterness which did not let us forget the bloody here and now.

"After we had withdrawn from 29 Mila Street, losing our only contact with the outside world—our radio set—we sought means of celebrating in our own way, under our own conditions, the labor holiday. An order came from our leadership to launch an attack on the enemy on May 1.

"After a prolonged period of limiting ourselves to night attacks on the Germans we for the first time undertook an assault by daylight on May Day. It was a difficult operation. For many hours we stood in an open space among the ruins of buildings without any wall to protect us. All around us the Germans buzzed among the ruins like angry flies. Our steel helmets and guns caused the murderers to think that we were Germans. They also never dreamed that Jewish fighters would be above ground during the day. Their error enabled us to carry out our planned attack.

"At the proper moment our bullets informed the Germans who we were. Three of them fell. The others, astonished by the unexpected attack, at first were taken aback. Then they started to chase us from all sides. Winding among the ruins, we made our way toward our base at 18 Mila Street. It was a long and difficult return. Because of the hurricane of bullets we had to wander all day among the ruins till night fell.

"On the way we met in the ruins of a building a couple of Jews who were hunting for food. When they saw us and heard us speak Yiddish, they thought it was German and began to run in panic. All our efforts to reassure them failed. The more we ran after them and sought to persuade them that we were Jewish, the more they distrusted and suspected us. Finally, Merdek (Mordecai Grovas) took one of them aside and gave him proof of his Jewishness. . . . The man gave a sigh of relief and his face filled with joy.

"In the evening our fighting group returned without mishap to 18 Mila Street. We were happy that we had celebrated May Day in a manner worthy of Jewish fighters."

A SIMILAR mingling of tragedy and militancy is contained in the story which Marek Edelman tells of

what happened in his sector on May Day. In his book *The Ghetto Fights,* Edelman writes:

"Our command decided to carry out a special holiday action the first of May. Several units were assigned the task of putting away as many Germans as possible. In the evening a May Day meeting took place with a short speech and the singing of the *International.* The entire world was celebrating this holiday. All over the earth at this same minute brief, strong words were being spoken. But never before had the *International* been sung under such strange, tragic conditions and in a place where a people was being destroyed. The words and the song echo among the charred ruins, emphasizing that in the ghetto a socialist youth is fighting, a youth which even in the face of death does not forget the meaning of this day."

With death staring them in the face the heroic youth sang the *International.* Are any words needed to emphasize the spiritual heights scaled by the last ghetto fighters?

According to the already cited testimony of Tevya Bozshikovsky, it appears that the celebration of May Day developed spontaneously: by chance the Ghetto fighters listened to a secret Polish radio station and this awoke a response, an intimate memory in the minds and hearts of the youth. But as is evident from the testimony of all the other survivors, the high command did not forget May Day and, together with the leading people of various political groupings, gave the impulse for celebrating this day with military actions.

It is significant that in his report on the mopping up action on May 1 General Von Stroop emphasizes the exceptional stubbornness of the resistance of the Jews, both above ground and in the camouflaged bunkers, on that day. According to Von Stroop, not a single bunker voluntarily surrendered on May 1. Everywhere the Jews had to be dragged out by force. Even in the *Umschlagplatz** this day was different from all others. One Jew, who was standing in the middle of a cattle-car that was ready to leave, pulled out a revolver and shot a police lieutenant three times. At the exit of a canal Stroop's sappers had put a charge of dynamite and placed the fuse next to it. Suddenly a Jew came out of the canal, pushed the fuse away, picked up the charge of dynamite and disappeared into the canal to the great astonishment of the Germans. Von Stroop assured his superior, General Grieger, that he later caught this "Jewish thief."

Thus everywhere the ideals of freedom associated with the fighting day of the international working class gave wings to the ghetto insurrectionists at this tragic turning point of their final battle.

(Translated from the Yiddish by A. B. Magil.)

* Literally, exchange place; the German name of the place where Jews were gathered for shipment in cattle-cars to extermination camps.

RiGhT FaCe

Caution to the Winds

"*Golden Earth* is a superior travel book. Mr. Lewis is an expert photographer, a skillful writer and a superb traveler. . . . And as a traveler he was magnificently reckless—sleeping in Chinese inns and native bamboo huts, eating native dishes. . . ." *Orville Prescott in review of* Golden Earth: Travels in Burma *in the New York* Times.

Burying the Dead

"*Withdrawing its course in ethics, the philosophy department* [of Mt. Holyoke College] *will offer a critical study of current tendencies, with special emphasis on the present decade. Tentative plans for the course . . . include consideration of selected figures representing existentialism, neo-scholasticism, analysis, logical positivism, and pragmatism.*"—From the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican.*

Higher Mathematics

"FRANKFURT, Germany.—Six anti-Communists, who escaped from Communist-ruled Czechoslovakia by having seized a Czechoslovak airliner in flight, said today 95 percent of all Czechoslovaks would choose freedom if they could. . . .

"Twenty-three other occupants of the plane—three crew members and twenty passengers—rejected a chance to remain here and asked to be returned."—*From an Associated Press dispatch.*

Jackpot

"Camino Real *is one of those rare pieces of experimental theatre. It will infuriate many and fascinate others, but the important thing is that Tennessee Williams and Elia Kazan have achieved a piece of original literary creation. Perhaps it is unintelligible, but it's the most valuable thing done this year.*"—Creighton Peet in the Los Angeles *Daily News.*

We invite readers' contributions to this department. Original clippings are requested.

Elegy

By SHIRLE CHAPPER

Deep South,
eroded soil is pressed by Gulf Stream winds
to yield the weed and weeping tree,
he is dead beneath the mourning sky.

O hush a cry, hush a cry,
O hush a cry, my baby.

Deep South,
beneath the flight of frightened birds
and calendar of grass, he's dead.
No more the counted dawn and twilight.

His night, once Rosalee, is stone.

O Willie, you did not strain your mortal hour
alone. We caged each breath within a year
and made of fear a second, but could not halt
your midnight.

O Willie, they set your heart and veins on fire
but could not burn your noble silence;
then, as now in death, your message clear
and valiant.

Here is the dust
of the slave of Thomas Prosser;
insurgent Gabriel
was hanged in 1800.

Swing low, Spring night,
crushed in memories
and brimming with tomorrow.

Deep South,
the blood flower feasts upon a day of death
in bloodhound lips, within the strangled vine;
bold in the flame of the burning loss,
it eats the blood of black men.

But know, the blood flower bloomed and burst
the instant they killed McGee.

There, the town of Laurel, Mississippi,
hushed between tobacco sky and cotton earth,
where straw hats hang from hooks near rakes
and loaves of bread in the corner store.

The gray cat suns.
The graveyard waits.

> Nat Turner,
> you will be hung
> by the neck
> until dead! dead!
> dead!

And Negro women choose their meals:
The meager flour, canned milk,
intestines from the hog.

Alive in this colony of terror
they feed their young.

> Hush a cry, my baby.
> This, Willie's last day of life,
> is lake-blue clear.
> The fingers of the winds
> strum the willows for him.
> The high noon sun is cradled
> bright and warm for him.
> The fields and gardens scent
> this time of air for him.
> The people of the world
> will forever mourn for him.

His good wife, Rosalee,
so deep in love with him. . . .

"Willie never raped that woman.
He was a worker and a family man."

O hush a cry, my baby,
Willie wants your strength instead.

A group of white men, dressed in overalls,
sit on the steps of the corner store
and watch the passing chrome-bright cars,
the Cadillacs and Fords.

"That boy's gonna get dead midnight
sure as Hell . . . should've lynched him
years ago . . . he ate our food in jail."

"The law, when proper, goes mighty slow. . . ."

"But Willie's got at last, and when it does
I'll scream the Rebel yell!"

White men, workers in a plant, discuss
the temperature of the ebbing day,
and the no-good lazy cat.

Then other questions rise:

The speed-up on the line,
dissension in the union hall
as to the reason, why?
The low wage scale for black men
holding back the wage scale
for the white,
And why those Yankee bankers,
though big news for the South,
should pick on Mississippi
to plumb their factories down. . . .

Deep South,
white workers sit on steps and curbs
and watch the sun go down
like shame inside their eyes.
And deep inside
the crocheted minds of women,
unraveled question asked at dusk:

"Now whom—whom shall we blame?"

They pin paper flowers in their hair
and then prepare the round steak ground,
alert to their children outside at play
with bits of innocence.

Again a question asked at dusk:

"Now who—who is defamed?"

When Greed came
to speculate on cotton gold,
he wore the attire
of a gentleman
with Ivanhoe butchery
inside his heart,
and the slave code
was his sermon.

The sun is heaving, falling, gasping,
tearing poplar leaves;
it marks the end of life
for Willie McGee.

O hush a cry, hush a cry,
O hush a cry, my baby.

That night
the blood flower bloomed
on Mississippi's
portable electric chair.

That night,
filled with the elegies
of whippoorwills,
the blood flower burst
and stained all colored peoples
of the earth,
and dare it bloom again?

O weep for him
O mourn for him
O sing for him
O fight for him.

May 8 marks the second anniversary of the legal lynching of Willie McGee.—*Ed*

Design for Murder

By MILTON HOWARD

ONE of America's foremost authorities on atomic questions, Dr. Ralph Lapp of the war-time Manhattan Project, was speaking over a national radio hookup on March 2. He was asked pointblank:

"Incidentally, while we are on the subject of atom bombs and atom spies, do you think that whatever information the Russians might have gotten from the Rosenbergs or other people that have come lately into the news, do you think that the information might have appreciably hastened the development of the Russian A-bomb? I am asking you to talk personally, in your own personal opinion, Dr. Lapp."

Dr. Lapp: ". . . My answer to that one is going to be sort of categorical. I would say this, that an atomic secret is a very hard thing to give away, very difficult."

Question: "It can't be written on a piece of paper?"

Dr. Lapp: "It can't be written on a piece of paper, or on a ton of paper."

But two years before, down at Foley Square courthouse—scene of so many frame-ups—a chunky Army sergeant who had been unable to pass a single one of nine courses of high school level physics and mathematics showed an awe-struck jury how he "drew the secret of the atom bomb" on a piece of paper 8 x 10 inches and "gave it to Julius Rosenberg" to "give to the Russians."

Because of that absurd "piece of paper" which the solemn-faced judge and prosecutor placed in evidence, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg face legal murder at Sing Sing prison, New York.

Something went wrong in the Rosenberg case. To be more precise, it was Ethel and Julius Rosenberg who "spoiled things" in the Rosenberg case. For it was all so very clear from the beginning — the plan to manufacture for the United States a political sensation in which the deep restlessness and bafflement of the American people would find a target for hatred, which would appear to them as the "solution" of the crisis of the nation. Ruling classes in the past have been adept at this sort of thing. The tactic of the diversion is not new.

The diversion always has a political thesis behind it. In Tsarist Russia, the thesis was that "the Jews" were in some way responsible for the unbearable social conditions of feudal squalor and hunger. Hence, the cry,

"Kill the Jews!" The framing of the San Francisco labor leader, Tom Mooney, was calculated to combine the idea that "bomb-throwing" labor leaders were opposed to "preparedness." The essence here was to brand with the criminality of "bomb-throwing" any political opposition to the Washington diplomacy which was rushing the United States into world war to protect the British loans of the House of Morgan. In the Sacco-Vanzetti frame-up, it was necessary to spread fear of "alien criminal anarchism" in order to balk the threat of American trade union organization in the heavy industry centers.

In the Rosenberg case, a number of new elements were combined. It was necessary to break down resistance to the hated Korean War, which had just been launched. It was necessary to find a myth that would "explain" why it was that the United States, five years after World War II, was disoriented, uneasy, seeking confusedly for the post-war "normalcy" which had been so confidently expected after Franklin Roosevelt and Stalin had outlined its main elements in the Yalta agreements. Why was there no peace with the Soviet Union? Why did the world tremble on the brink of a new catastrophe so soon after the holocaust brought on by the fascist Axis? Why did America face a universal militarization, the prospect of an endless "cold war," and a permanent disfigurement of its democratic national heritage in the name of "security"?

A cabal in the Department of Justice was busy fabricating the "answer." It was the demonology that would bring forth the devils and witches on whom the national anger could vent its vengeance.

THE elements here were as follows: "America had the world's most terrible weapon. It had it first. It alone had it. With this weapon, it could dictate to the rest of the world. This dictation would mean peace, a Pax Americana, an American Century, since no nation could resist our object. But Russia stole this weapon. That is why Russia told North Korea to attack South Korea. That is why the noble leaders in Washington had no choice but to hurl American manpower into Korea. So if you Americans want to know why your sons are dying in Korea, why you must surrender your liberties, why you must accept a new era in American life, an era of universal military training and a gag on political liberty in the name of security, you must look for the villains, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg are Communists. They are also Jews. The Jewish Communists destroyed America's peace and security by giving Russia the atom bomb. Who told the Rosenbergs to destroy America's tranquillity and prosperity? It was the Communists in the United States. It was the Communist Party! Open the jails, smash the Communists, electrocute the Communists, kill, kill, kill!"

This was all the more "plausible" in that it dealt deliberately with

gue, mysterious things. It dealt h "atomic secrets," something ich the people had no way of judg- by the light of reason or their perience. It merged at the same ie with the overriding myth of ich rampant McCarthyism is now evil fruit.

For what is this McCarthyism, ich was bred in the loins of the es Committee and in the fevered dies made by Father Coughlin of techniques of Goebbels? It is the tile, though dangerous, delusion at America since the 1929-32 sis has been led astray by "Com- nism" and "Communist infiltra- n." It is the effort to find an ir- ionally rational key to the enigma the growing crisis of the Ameri- n nation which finds itself strangled its productive strength, stifled by e synthetic contradiction between erty and security, and bewildered the growing failure of our alleged world leadership" to find meek ac- ptance among the darker peoples the globe and among the tradition- allies of Europe.

McCarthyism, like its brother- azism in Germany in the 1930's, ags the American nation away from ality. It fills its soul with the myth the "communist" devil who "infil- ated" into the government, and hose cousels explain why there was victorious Chinese Revolution, hy Asia balks at American "leader- ip," and why there is "the mess in Vashington."

Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were cked to be the victims who would "confess" to the United States that McCarthyism was indeed the truthful key to the enigma of the national crisis. The Rosenbergs were picked by the political police to act out the prepared script which had on its face all the earmarks of sure success.

For while in such frame-ups as the Haymarket, Mooney, Sacco-Vanzetti, Scottsboro, and other judicial crimes there was the initial difficulty that a *corpus delicti,* a tangible reality, had to be produced to make it believable, in the newly prepared myth there was absolutely nothing tangible required. The key words "Communist," "atom bomb," "spy" were sheer mythology, completely unavailable to any realistic test, and already filled with nameless fears carefully pounded into the national consciousness by the experts in "psychological warfare."

The stage was all set. It was only necessary to find pliant tools who could be made to "talk" on pain of direst punishment.

THE political police found two such instruments. One was Max Elitcher, combed out of the several hundred fellow-students of Julius Rosenberg at City College. Elitcher was ideal for this assignment, for he had committed perjury on a government loyalty statement; the FBI had him. The other instrument was David Greenglass, an obscure Army sergeant, implicated somehow in actions which gave the FBI a terrible power to blackmail him. What made Greenglass ideal for the script, in the eyes of the political police, was not his

own personality alone, but the fact that his sister and brother-in-law were what the FBI could build up as "Communists." That is, they had openly favored the anti-Franco forces in Spain, had clamored for a second front against Hitler, and had rejoiced in the Soviet victory over the Nazis at Stalingrad.

The plan, then, was this: Greenglass would recite his lines implicating the Rosenbergs, and the Rosenbergs would be told to "confess" or face death in the electric chair. The nature of the "confession" demanded of them was what gave the show away. It was not merely a Mea Culpa. No. What was demanded of them was blatantly transmitted to Julius and Ethel Rosenberg via the New York *Times* by W. L. White in a letter which he knew the Rosenbergs would read in their cells. Writing for a certain clique in the American Civil Liberties Union (which had publicly boasted in reply to an attack by Senator McCarran that it held "consultations" with the Department of Justice), White defined the price for their lives as follows:

"If at this late hour . . . they make what the Federal Bureau of Investigation would recognize as a full and complete confession, then we would have a different situation." (*Times,* January 22.)

What was wanted, in short, was a political indictment of American Marxism, of the Communist Party of the U.S.A. as a center of criminal espionage, a confirmation of the Hitler-Klaus Fuchs-Whittaker Chambers-Van der Lubbe-Elizabeth Bentle Louis Budenz fraud that a Marxist, cialist world outlook precondition one for "Soviet espionage."

With this kind of "confessio the pro-fascist McCarthy forces wo be ready for that qualitative le which would bring America to brink of police-state terrorism on bigger scale than anything ever se in this country, and to the edge that world-wide military adventuri which the American nation clea would not accept unless it w drugged and deranged with a Ros berg "confession" providing the m al justification for an atomic atta on the socialist states. They st our bomb; well, then we must stroy them, or they will destroy Forward to hell!

But the Rosenbergs spoiled it. H toric accident had intervened. W in the Department of Justice co have guessed that in the depths New York's Lower East Side chosen victims — obscure, ordina parents of two small children—wo turn out to be so "uncooperativ even in the face of the torture-dea of the electric chair?

After all, there had been string of prior successes. The sci tist, Klaus Fuchs, whose name British found in the files of the G tapo as a "communist" (Gesta files are highly prized in London a Washington "free world" circle had conveniently provided the f "confession," remarkably like writings of the professional pro-M Carthyite, Rebecca West. Her bo

e Meaning of Treason, had been nped on to the "Western world" h the poison propaganda about e intellectual traitors" whose eason" was rooted in their naive ision that "free world capitalism" s morally inferior to socialism. r these "traitors" there was offered profitable market in "disillusion." e Fuchs trash was officially de-unced by the Soviet government, unusual step since governments not comment on their espionage vices. The Soviet comment makes certain that Fuchs' confessions ere prepared political instruments the order of the Zinoviev Letter the Protocols of Zion or the pro-oering testimony of Van der Lubbe. It was the Fuchs mythology which ve the political police here their couragement, leading to the fanci-l services of a Harry Gold, an Eliza-th Bentley, and other specialists the creation of the "Soviet espion-e ring" hoax. The hoax was that viet intelligence was responsible r the "loss of China" through such illains as Alger Hiss and Owen Lat-more, that there was a presumed merican monopoly in atomic hievement which was "stolen" and given away" to the Soviet Union, us tragically altering the history of he world against the noble peace ims of the China Lobby, the Du onts and the banking firm of Dil-on Read.

THE ROSENBERGS would not "play ball." They would not read he script written for them by the cabal which had rigged this crime. The plotters had collided with two persons in whom still burned the belief in truth, a belief so strong that they were ready to die for it.

That is why the cabal which framed them says they must die. Their charred bodies have become a necessity to the manufacturers of the McCarthyite myth of the "Communist" devil with which the fomenters of world war and the destroyers of the American Constitution hope to derail the United States into the abyss.

The trial was sheer farce, brutal, unbelievable, over which could be heard at all times the witches' laughter of insanity and fear. From the beginning, the government had, of course, nothing—literally nothing—with which to connect the Rosenbergs to any espionage or act of espionage. That is why the indictment was careful not to charge any actual deed of espionage, any actual transmission of anything whatsoever. The charge was "conspiracy to commit espionage to the advantage of a foreign power." The indictment did not even dare to charge, for hopeless lack of proof, that the Rosenbergs aimed at "injuring the United States," as the Espionage Law under which they were tried says.

The government loudly promised to bring to the stand 123 witnesses, including two atomic experts, Dr. Harold E. Urey and Professor Robert Oppenheimer, both high in the atomic machinery of the country. Actually it brought into the court neither Dr.

Urey nor Oppenheimer, nor a single authority who could testify that there was an "atomic secret," or that a semi-literate, untutored half-mechanic like Greenglass could have "copied it down."

The world gradually found out why the government did not dare to call its own atomic experts, Urey and Oppenheimer, to the stand. For Urey (and with him Dr. Albert Einstein) later was to reveal that he found the statements of the Greenglasses less believable than those of the Rosenbergs, and even went so far as to imply that with the kind of case the prosecution had he too could be charged: "Could not Miss Bentley's informer have said 'This is Harold' instead of 'This is Julius' and then might I not be on trial?" As for Dr. Oppenheimer, he had disqualified himself, not as an atomic expert but as a witness by stating in public (January, 1951): "There are no unpublished secrets concerning atomic weapons, and no secret laws of nature available to a few."

BUT the whole case against the Rosenbergs, the whole illiterate, ugly myth with which the political pogrom-makers were drenching America about the loss of our postwar happiness, rested on the necessary fraud which was now being sanctified with the prepared sacrifice of the blood of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

Of the promised 123 witnesses, only 22 were called. Of these, only three dared to state that they knew anything about the alleged espiona activities of the Rosenbergs. The "I guns" in the trade of testifying to "; viet espionage," Harry Gold and E abeth Bentley, did not dare to that they knew the Rosenbergs had ever heard of them. Their co tribution was to provide the sin ter atmosphere for the jury, w utterly uncorroborated testimo which neatly fitted what the gove ment required.

There remained only David Gree glass himself. On his word alo the entire structure rests. He had witnesses. He had no documer He had nothing whatever but script. It was sheer, crude, shoc fantasy. How did Greenglass la on to the alleged "secret" in 19 when few people in the world w aware of the existence of an ato ic weapon? He sat there, and blinkingly told the country that learned the "secret" by overheari conversations of scientists passi through his machine shop! He th "put it down" on a piece of pa in two hours. In the fear-thicker air of that Foley Square court no c burst into laughter.

One gets the tableau at Los A mos as at a wax-works. There the atomic scientists rushing throu Greenglass's machine shop wh ten other mechanics labor bes him. Our hero cocks his ear overhear their conversations. careless scientist drops the secret passant to the door. Greengl catches it. He rushes home and p it down on paper, and then arri

ne FBI character actor Harry Gold earing "half of a Jello box" and alks off with the secret to give to ussia, and that, gibber Judge Kaufman and the Prosecutor Sayol, is how America got into the war n Korea.

And with this machinery of grosque forgery, the Rosenbergs must lie and America must be dishonored nd shamed so that the blood myth an be confirmed.

We do not know the full truth of this unbelievable crime which caught our nation unaware, frightened, bemused and fearful of the government's "lists." Mocking shadows beckon to us through the Macbethian murk. It seems that the cabal had more than one sacrifice prepared. Out in California, an FBI police agent carefully worked up another "atom spy" myth involving Steve Nelson, Communist leader in Pittsburgh. This was the roaring "Scientist X" hoax blazoned in the press, and officially embalmed as truth in the government's publication, *Soviet Atomic Espionage.* But the hoax collapsed amazingly, as even a Washington-terrorized jury could not convict the "Scientist X" and Steve Nelson on nothing at all. The sponsor of this fraud was the present Representative Velde, head of the House Un-American Committee. Other shadows beckon. The same Judge McGranery, for example, who accepted the "confession" of Harry Gold as an atom spy turned out to be the Attorney General McGranery who suppressed the official message of Pope Pius on clemency and made sure that there would not be a Department of Justice record that the Pope had intervened.

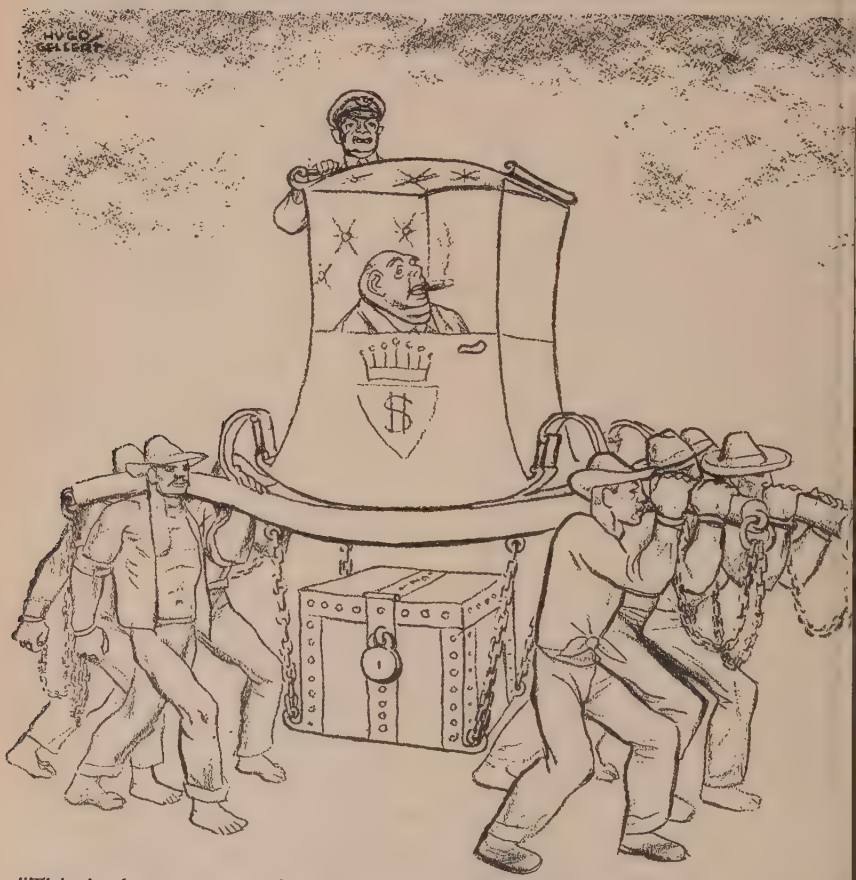
WE HEAR tinkling music of a certain kind as we learn that Greenglass at first denied the FBI's charges, but soon changed his mind and decided to "cooperate" once he made connections with O. John Rogge, former FBI lawyer and Tito agent in the United States. We wonder as we discover that Max Elitcher, cowering and frightened witness, just happened to pick on the same law firm of O. John Rogge without knowing, he told the court, that his lawyer, chosen at random, was part of the Rogge firm to which Greenglass too had gone. As we look back at the trial courtroom we see the FBI at the last minute in the case smuggling into the courtroom a newly-found "witness" whom they are rehearsing for his witness-stand appearance the next day. It is the photographer, Ben Schneider, who mumbles his prepared "identification," as carefully gone over illegally the day before. Apprised of this, Judge Kaufman airily indulges the prosecution and opines that this is a bagetelle over which the defense should not be too bothered.

What will the full truth of this shoddy, but enormously fateful case, reveal to us when we finally get it?

The Rosenbergs did indeed, with their heroic refusal, so different from the vileness of this Koestler-McCarthy Age of the Toad, salvage the nation. They saved us all, whoever we are, from the axe which had been

prepared for America. Even if their executioners have their way now at this hour, the moral victory can no longer be theirs. The cabal which plotted the Rosenberg frame-up faces a world very different from that at the time they seized the two innocents for their bonfire. Europe knows. The world knows. But does America?

If we are to avert the cancerou taint which will destroy the mo al fibre of our nation unless we cha lenge it, we can no longer be silen Where is the answer to Ethel an Julius Rosenberg as they beseech th souls and intelligence of their cour trymen from their Sing Sing deat cells?



"This is the true way of the Americas—the free way—by which people ar bound together for the common good."—President Eisenhower, address a the Pan-American Union.

To the Continental Congress of Culture

The following message of greetings was sent to the Continental Congress of Culture, which met in Santiago, Chile, from April 26 to May 2:

WE—THE undersigned North American writers, scientists, artists, and professionals—heartily endorse the objectives of the Continental Congress of Culture. We do so out of our belief in a fundamental truth expressed in the call to this Congress, namely, that: "The anxieties and anguish of universal conscience, as well as the problems affecting the American Continent, are urging men of good faith to join their effort for a life together based on understanding and trust."

The peoples of the world need many things: bread, shelter, medical care, education, and the peaceful construction that alone can guarantee human advancement. They need also mutual understanding, a knowledge of one another's cultures, traditions, problems and aspirations.

We, who work in the arts, sciences and intellectual professions, know that no problems exist in our fields that cannot be met, dealt with, and advanced, by friendly discussion carried on with mutual respect. There is no problem in painting, in biology, in psychology, in sociology, that will not yield ultimately to study, discussion or scientific test—or that need be settled by dictate, inquisition or force of arms. Indeed, the latter means are always the instruments of those who stand both for cultural reaction and for the retardation of scientific thought.

As North Americans we are particularly conscious of our need to understand better the culture and life of Latin America. Any school boy in the United States knows that he drinks the coffee of Mexico and Brazil, eats the bananas of Guatemala, rides in an automobile that contains the copper of Chile and is powered by the oil of Venezuela. This, however, is scarcely the sum of true cultural understanding; indeed, knowing no more than this about one's neighbors most often results in an arrogance that is only the intellectual counterpart of commercial exploitation and dollar imperialism.

What of the rich history of the nations of Latin America? Of its poets and liberators, its social struggles and needs and aspirations, its literature,

philosophy and scientific contribution to world advancement? Of these, n only are the school boys of North America largely ignorant—but so are m intellectuals. Imperialism feeds on ignorance and indifference.

We say this in honesty and in humility. We say it further out of earnest desire to bridge this appalling and unnecessary separation. If there a any who might profit from this Congress, and from future Congresses li it, it is ourselves.

Unfortunately, we who need cultural exchange the most of all are nc the least able to enjoy it. At this time in the history of our nation, our ov government does not look with favor upon the free exchange of ideas. Ma cultural workers have been prevented from attending international congress such as yours by the government's refusal to grant them passports becau they disagreed, or were charged with present or past association with po sons or organizations that disagreed, with United States foreign policy.

For this reason many who would wish deeply to be present at the Cc tinental Congress will not be present in person. Most certainly, howev we will be present in spirit, in intellectual collaboration, in our appro of your aims.

With hearty greetings,

Herbert Aptheker, Elmer Bendiner, Phillip Bonosky, Phoebe Brand, Llo L. Brown, Mary Davenport, W.E.B. Du Bois, Laura Duncan, Howard Fa Sidney Finkelstein, Hugo Gellert, Barbara Giles, Michael Gold, Lloyd Gou Shirley Graham, Yvonne Gregory, Robert Gwathmey, Milton Howard, Char Humboldt, V. J. Jerome, Millard Lampell, John Howard Lawson, A. B. Mag Albert Maltz, Arnold Manoff, Martha Millet, Sam Moore, Karen Morl Steve Nelson, Joseph North, Paul Robeson, Earl Robinson, Waldo Sa Betty Sanders, Samuel Sillen, Jessica Smith, Alexander Trachtenberg, Dalt Trumbo, Ira Wallach, Charles White, Henry Wright.

'Monday's Children'

THE truism that the most vital American theatre must be sought off Broadway is once more illustrated by the latest production of the Greenwich Mews Theatre, a group which has converted the basement of a church into a temple of living drama with a small "d". *Monday's Children,* written by Les Pine in collaboration with Michael Lewin, tells a simple tale of a Jewish working-class family in postwar U.S.A., which defies the dogmas of a ruthless profit system that puts a price-tag on everything, and affirms that its honor, its dignity, its dreams are not for sale.

It all happens on a hot Sunday in Chicago. There is Mel, the young war veteran, trying to write that novel —a novel on a peace theme—while waging a losing battle to earn a livelihood by selling dresses, with his mother's living room serving as both literary workroom and business place. His stenographer wife, Sylvia, is oh so weary of this shabby debt-ridden life, without a home of her own, without the privacy that young love craves, without escape from the endless treadmill of the poor. "If you were living in a different kind of world," Mel's younger brother Robbie, who is working his way through law school, tells him, "you could write and make a living at it."

The center of this little universe of hopelessness, and the core of its strength is Ma, the woman who left her on-the-make, selfish, predatory husband twenty years earlier and went to work in a fur shop to bring up her three sons. The oldest, Stanley, later went off to Los Angeles to work for his father who has made a fortune buying up wrecked cars and reselling them at a handsome profit.

On this particular Sunday Stanley, his wife and child come to Chicago to visit their folks and bring with them Harry, the father. Flaunting his money, preaching the capitalist jungle gospel, Harry seeks to lure Mel and Sylvia nearly succumb. But to lift the whole family out of the pit of poverty if only they will surrender their souls and live in the gilded cage he will build for them. Mey and Sylvia nearly succumb. But the drama unfolds as a conflict between Ma and Harry—between working-class honor and capitalist corruption. In the victory of Ma the author affirms his faith in human values, in the fundamental decencies and aspirations that are the embryo of a different kind of world.

The play has salt and humor and is freshly acted by a group of talented men and women who obviously believe the words they speak and convey that belief to the audience. For

most of the parts two acors, who alternate, have been cast. On the night I saw the play Ken Harvey, Elie Pine, Hilda Haynes, Terry Carter, Robert Ellenstein, Eli Rill, and Joy Saunders gave particularly fine performances. In conformity with the interracial principles of the Greenwich Mews group, two of the roles, those of Ma and Robbie, were played by Negroes, Miss Haynes and Mr. Carter. Their presence as members of a Jewish family, far from seeming out of place, lent warmth and vigor to the production as a whole.

The play's chief weakness is that Mel's struggle to write in a society which despises honest writing is depicted as a lone battle, and similarly the entire family is pitted in lonely isolation against the forces of capitalist evil and greed represented by Harry. Though these people have progressive ideas, they have no connection with organized progressive activity; in the case of Ma, for example, who works in a fur shop there is no mention of a union or of fellow-workers. This shunning of more explicit social content tends to dilute reality and make the central conflict appear a bit contrived.

This weakness is related to the excessive naturalism of the writing and direction. By focusing too literally on a particular Sunday in the life of a particular family, grappling with a particular and all too private set of problems, the play does not adequately project that which is typical in American life. Realistic depth is sacrificed for a flat photographic verisimilitude.

Yet despite shortcomings, *Monday's Children* is a gratifying oasis in the parched earth of the American drama. And Les Pine is a fresh talent who will no doubt be heard from again.

A. B. MAGIL

books in review

Sinclair Lewis

THE MAN FROM MAIN STREET: A Sinclair Lewis Reader. Edited by Henry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane. *Random House.* $3.75.

SINCLAIR LEWIS died in 1951 without having apologized to Senator Babbitt for Mr. Babbitt. He never shouted a *mea culpa* for the premature anti-fascism of *It Can't Happen Here.* He never even intimated that the concept of free enterprise is firmly rooted in Scripture. He must have been rather proud of his best novels, and justly so.

These selected essays and notes, covering a period from 1904 to 1950, confirm the impression of Sinclair Lewis as a man of passion and principle. The book includes some Red-baiting, yet it would be a great mistake to assign the importance to this Red-baiting which the editors are so anxious to give it. In fact, the proof of Sinclair Lewis's stature may be seen in the abject notes in which the editors attempt to emasculate him, doubtless in the belief that integrity is a rather quaint and archaic virtue. Thus, in reprinting an anti-Nazi speech which Sinclair Lewis delivered in 1944 the editors, fearful for our souls and for Lewis's place in McCarthy's heaven, ask us "to read it today in the context of the present Communist threat to free nations."

That Sinclair Lewis should be subjected posthumously to such mendacity is a new literary low. In this and other examples the "editors" become grave-robbers as they attempt to steal Sinclair Lewis's intellectual dignity. Surely if Lewis ever indicated any desire to repudiate his past, the editors would have recorded it.

Why the fear on the part of the editors? Sinclair Lewis was essentially an honest and perceptive middle-class American. He could perceive the hypocrisy and cruelty of capital, but he never identified himself with the working class or envisioned the ultimate triumph of labor in socialism. He had his weak moments, too, when he echoed canards against the political and literary Left. But in

these notes and essays he remains primarily a man who hated cant and hypocrisy. He was no endorser of commercial products or political bromides.

This book has no definite pattern. In it are Sinclair Lewis's notes on the origin of some of his novels, examinations of Vermont and Minnesota, childhood reminiscences, social observations, comments on the writer's profession, his estimate of many American authors, and varied polemics. He emerges as a man who was impatient with talk about writing, but infinitely patient with writing itself. He loved writing, and he approached it painstakingly, like a true craftsman.

In a brief discussion of obscenity and obscurity in literature he showed his contempt for authors who use gamey words as a literary crutch. "I was shocked," he wrote, "not by the immorality but by the clumsiness of two current authors, who, trying to make clear the woes of Southern Negroes, could show their squalor only by having characters use That Word or its kinsmen. They do not know their business as missionaries. They slap the very ears they are trying to cajole. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Karl Marx knew their job better."

Of the obscurities he remarks, simply, "If one truly refuses to communicate, then he should keep his manuscripts in the mother-of-pearl desk at home."

Sinclair Lewis's contempt for the prefabricated mind shows in every page. But here, as in his novels, is a genuine affection for men and women, workers and writers and doctors and farmers, Negro and white. These essays remind us again that *Babbitt* was not a cynical attack on people, but an attack on that which Babbittry was doing to people.

The book's conclusion is its climax: a piece of reportage, written in 1929, called *Cheap and Contented Labor*. It is a passionate denunciation of a Southern mill town, Marion, North Carolina, and it is by far the most absorbing piece in the book. Reportage, yes, but partisan reportage in which he takes his side and fights for it because he knows it is right.

Sinclair Lewis has his confusions, but they were honest confusions honestly arrived at. The book, erratic as it is, gives us a fair picture of the man in his own words. As valiantly as the editors try to smudge that picture, they do not quite succeed, which may be accounted another measure of their incapacity.

The Man From Main Street is a good companion volume to the many fine novels by an American author who was not afraid to be real.

IRA WALLACH

Outside and Low

THE OUTSIDER, by Richard Wright. *Harper & Brothers.* $3.95

DISCUSSING *The Outsider* in the *Saturday Review,* Arna Bontemps says that Richard Wright "has

a roll in the hay with the existialism of Sartre, and apparently liked it." But hay never smelled this.

The commercial reviewers find the or exhilarating, of course, even ile wrinkling their noses at the re literary flaws they find in this ok. ("Improbable coincidences... eal characters . . . unbelievable incredible reading... incoherent." Granville Hicks and Orville Prest in the New York *Times*.)

It seems that the author's "fictional lure is compensated for to some ent by the interest of Mr. Wright's as."

Mr. Wright's ideas or "angles," as ey are known in the trade, are mple and salable: homicide and ti-Communism. His hero, a sensie, tortured soul, begins by desertg his wife and children and his egnant mistress, then struggles rough the book killing other peoe, confounding the Communists no threaten his spiritual integrity, d spouting great gobs of the thor's deep philosophy in soul-toul conversations with New York's istrict Attorney.

Hay nonny nonny! For the conmplative we have here a "book out modern man"; for lovers of tion we advertise "a novel of vionce." (Wright's hero commits four urders: one skull is cracked with whiskey bottle; two skulls are ttered with a table leg; the fourth ctim is put away with philosophical tachment—he is shot.)

Renegade Hicks, who is deeply stirred by it all, compares Renegade Wright's anti-Communism pitch with that of Renegade Chambers: "Like Whittaker Chambers in *Witness*, Mr. Wright feels that communism is a logical outcome of the whole development of rationalism in the Western World. . . ."

So what? Even the incredible reviewers of incredible books must suspect that reason and its results cannot be bludgeoned out of existence no matter how many skulls are crushed in the season's best-sellers.

Irrationality, irresponsibility and homicidal hatred of mankind may be glorified on the front pages of the Sunday literary supplements, but a better day is coming and its tokens get the daily headlines: Peace Offensive!

"Stupid," said Richard Wright of Jean-Paul Sartre who climbed out of the barnyard pile and went to the Vienna Peace Congress. "That was a stupid move."

Yes, it's truly wonderful how many people there are who are too stupid to believe that "life is an incomprehensible disaster." And one of these fools here recalls an old time song of his people, whom Richard Wright has long since deserted:

You better mind how you lie,
You better mind what you're lying about,
'Cause you got to give an account in the Judg-a-ment,
You better mind!

LLOYD L. BROWN