MASSES & MAINSTREAM

Book Burning: Then and Now

HERBERT APTHEKER

A Trap for Intellectuals

ANGUS CAMERON

AUGUST, 1953 — 35 cents

Vol. 6, No. 8

MASSES & *Mainstream*

MASSES & MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate $4 a year; foreign and Canada, $4.50 a year. Single copies 35c; outside the U.S.A., 50c. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

August, 1953

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

BOOK BURNING: *Yesterday and Today*

By HERBERT APTHEKER

EVEN before the printing of books, fearful despots were burning them. Twenty-four hundred years ago, Anaxagoras, teacher of Pericles and Euripides, was exiled and his writings burned, for it was charged that his researches in mathematics, physics, and astronomy were derogatory to the gods. His great contemporary, Protagoras, pioneering grammarian and philosopher, and avowed agnostic, who insisted that "Man is the measure of all things," likewise suffered exile and his works too were put to the torch.

In the books of the Maccabees it is recorded that the Emperor, warring upon the Jews, in the second century before Christ, caused the Books of the Law to be gathered up and burned; five hundred years later, Diocletian, persecuting the Christians, gave their subversive Bible to the flames.

Through fire and sword did the feudal lords seek to retain power. And thus were burned the writings of Galileo and Servetus, Huss and Luther, Calvin and Knox, Erasmus and Roger Williams, Voltaire and Walter Raleigh. John Milton's prose did not escape the ordeal by fire, and Daniel Defoe's ironic *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,* offending the Tories, was burned by "the common hangman."

Indeed, Defoe's un-English writing brought him to jail and the pillory from which he was quickly released only because other un-English Englishmen insisted on pelting the seditious penman with flowers rather than the customary garbage. It is no wonder that the creations of Milton and Defoe were burned, for the King's censor urged in particular the suppression of the writings of the "great Masters of the Popular Stile," because they "strike home to the Capacity and Humour of the Multitude."

In our own country lashes awaited the Negro slave who dared solve the mighty mystery of the written word, and jail threatened the free person who would help him. Bonfires were heaped with the writings of Garrison, Douglass, Stowe and Helper in Atlanta and in Charleston.

In the seventeenth century John Bunyan excoriated the lustful rich who, grown fat on the labor of others, still strove, "by swearing, lying, cozening, stealing, covetousness, extortion, oppression, forgery, bribery, flattery or any other way to get more. . . ." Yes, all these, and suppression, too. That is why Bunyan's own *Pilgrim's Progress* was written in jail, and that is why books have been destroyed.

To the degree the rich find their rule challenged will their ruthlessness rise. To the degree a social system becomes parasitic will its masters become inhuman. Therefore, all that is noble or beautiful or inspiring or instructive becomes anathema to such masters. All that speaks of enhancing life enrages these partisans of decay.

Imperialism moves to the annihilation of elementary democratic rights, as it moves to the annihilation of man and his distinctive attribute—his culture. The embodiment of this negation of humanity is fascism—and so, characteristic of fascism is its contempt for culture, its hatred of reason, its scorn for science.

This is why, in our time, fascists and only fascists put books to the torch. So fierce is their hatred of "the Multitude," and so desperate are they, that the normal apparatus of censorship in a capitalist society—prohibitive costs of publishing and distribution, impoverishment of "unpopular" writers, silence of the commercial press, etc.—is not enough. No, the ideas, the thinkers, the organizers, the very paper and ink must be annihilated. First, the bonfire, then, if they have their way, the crematoria.

BEFORE the burnings by McCarthy and Dulles came those by Goebbels and Hitler. It is instructive these days to look back upon the spring of 1933 when thousands of books were publicly burned in the cities of Germany.

Said Hitler ten years before the book-burnings: "We suffer today from an excess of culture. Only knowledge is valued. . . . What we need is instinct and will." Later justifying the book-burnings: "The so-called Age of Reason, stamped with its characteristic liberal outlook, with its half-knowledge and half-culture, was in a fair way to breed a thoroughly unfit generation."

At the scene of the burning itself in Berlin, one of the "Youth Leaders" said: "The world of rationalism liberalism, humanism is dying," and Goebbels shouted: "Jewish intellectualism is dead."

The burnings, said the Nazi leaders, would eliminate "the insidious poison that threatens the very roots of Germandom." The poison was, of course, Communism. And this Communism, Goebbels insisted, was "the most acute and deadly peril" that ever faced "the whole civilization of the West." Therefore, he said, its elimination was not a political question at all, but rather a police question—*i.e.*, in Sidney Hook's streamlined phraseology, "Heresy, Yes

Conspiracy, No." Goebbels' exact words, uttered at the 7th Nazi Party Congress, in Nuremberg, were:

"There is no longer any political question at issue. This thing cannot be judged or estimated by political rules or principles. It is iniquity under a political mask. It is not something to be brought before the bar of world history but rather something that has to be dealt with by the judicial administration of each country. It must be met with the same ruthless and even brutal means with which it strives to usurp power or hold power in its hands."

It is to be observed that Goebbels called this Communism not only a poison, but an insidious poison. Its insidiousness lay in its disguises. That is, it was not only in the guise of Marxism-Leninism that the poison appeared, but also in all that was—to use Goebbels' list—pacifist, internationalist, anti-religious, un-German, un-Nordic, liberal-democratic, Darwinian. If anything consequential is left out of that list one may add that Goebbels also reported that the poison was "hidden under the cloak of science and humanity."

Wherefore joining Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin in the Nazi-made bonfires were writings of Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, Zola, Proust, Helen Keller, Morris Hillquit, H. G. Wells, G. B. Shaw, Thomas Mann, Arnold Zweig, Franz Boas.

THE response of the dominant press here to this book-burning was hostile, but not really illuminating. The Big Business-dominated media of communications in our country deliberately camouflaged the nature of fascism. They called it a revolution of the middle-class, an uprising of gangster elements, an insane spasm of a psychotic people, a hypnotic hold of a mad Leader, a thrashing about of a nation wronged by Versailles. They called it everything but what it was—and is—the naked dictatorship of the most brutal, aggressive, chauvinistic and reactionary sections of the monopoly bourgeoisie.

In the same way, and as part of the same policy, the book-burning, said the *New York Times* correspondent in Berlin, "savored strongly of the childish." He wrote, too, of "the ripples of amusement that went through the outside world over the first rush of student enthusiasm." Henry Seidel Canby, then editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature,* commented that the book-burnings were "an absurd performance," while Walter Lippmann concluded: "In the long history of a people they are the mood of a moment, a mood of world despair brought to its peak by the intense agitation of the revolution through which Germany is passing."

The burning of the books was not childish and not the mood of a moment and not expressive of a revolution. The burning of the books, as the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism correctly pointed out at the time, blazoned forth the fact that the Nazis intended "not only to extirpate physically the most courageous and self-sacrificing

anti-fascists, but also to destroy everything of any vitality and worth and even anything that was at all progressive."

The burning of the books was part of fascism's policy of terror to secure the home front before launching aggressive war abroad. It was part of the policy, as Thomas Mann saw and wrote by 1937, "to put the German people in readiness for the 'coming war' by ruthless repression, elimination, extirpation of every stirring of opposition, to make them an instrument of war, infinitely compliant, without a single critical thought, driven by a blind and fanatical ignorance."

AND now it is the United States which burns books. Let there be no mistake as to the meaning this time. The book-burners are fascists, and the book-burnings symbolize the effort of U.S. imperialists to put the American people in readiness for the "coming war." And the rest of Thomas Mann's words, written in 1937, apply here and now without a syllable's change.

True, there are differences and very important differences. Unlike Germany, there was no mass participation in the burnings this time. Unlike Germany, the Government leadership did not openly sponsor the burnings. Unlike Germany, sufficient freedom of expression exists and sufficient articulate opposition came forth to force from the Government an official repudiation of book-burnings as such.

Yet, the similarities require em phasis. Books were burned and burned ostensibly in order to extir pate the "insidious poison" o Communism. And the "insidious ness" of Communism displays itsel in the United States in 1953 as i Germany in 1933—*i.e.*, it allegedl cloaks itself behind science and hu manity, so that Jack London an Thomas Paine are little more accep able than William Z. Foster and J seph Stalin.

Moreover, while the vigorous e pression of the widest kind of opp sition forced some backtracking the forces of reaction, the very stat ment repudiating book-burning affirmed censorship. And the re-a firmation was in the language Goebbels. "Controversial book said Dr. Robert L. Johnson, for t State Department on July 8, "are course acceptable," but "it goes wit out saying that we must not confu honest controversy with consp acy."

No, we must not confuse hone with dishonesty. We must not co fuse censorship—by burning, or b ring, or whatever—with freedom expression, with freedom to wr and to read.

The New York *Times* hails "solution" of the State Departm saying that, of course, one must confuse "controversial books w conspiratorial or subversive on And the N. Y. *Herald Tribune* joices editorially at the "comm sense approach," while its n columns report that "the State

partment has now banned 110 books."

So—only 110! It is an ancient trick to ask $50 for something worth $5, agree to sell for $25 and, cheating the buyer of only $20, rather than $45, send him off happy! But here what is involved is freedom, not dollars; and freedom once divided is murdered.

It is important that the Administration has been forced to repudiate book-burning, and it is important that it has been forced to put back on the shelves about two hundred books, *but it is also important that the Administration officially acts to ban books,* even if only (!) 110! This is no victory for freedom; but the victory can be won. Having forced the repudiation of book-burning and the restoration of some books, the same broad forces can, by insistent demand, end the government policy of book censorship. If this is not accomplished, McCarthyism will have achieved a significant bridgehead on the cultural front which, one may be sure, it will not fail to use in order to launch further assaults upon the freedom to write and to read what one pleases.

THERE was a Roman Emperor who considered destroying the writings of Homer and Virgil and Livy. Homer, he said, was an uninspired versifier, Virgil of no talent and little learning, and Livy a verbose and careless historian. Posterity's verdict is somewhat different from that of the Mad Caligula. And it is possible that books distasteful to the erudite Joe McCarthy, and even the distinguished New York *Times,* as "conspiratorial and subversive" will likewise find different evaluations in the future, as, indeed, they already have from not a few contemporaries.

Centuries ago Tacitus, commenting on the burning of books in ancient Rome, denounced the tyrants who sought thereby "to wipe out the conscience of humanity," but succeeded only "in bringing disgrace upon themselves." We are all guardians of the conscience of humanity and above all of the conscience of our own people. We must stand firm; we must fight back. We must preserve our cultural heritage, our books, our treasures, and not bring disgrace upon ourselves and calamity to the world.

A Trap for Intellectuals

By ANGUS CAMERON

WHEN a well-known labor leader and a group of prominent intellectuals sat down recently to discuss civil rights, witch hunts and book burnings, they were mutually surprised to learn that there was a profound difference between their respective approaches toward this question. The labor leader was surprised to learn that his hosts did not look upon witch hunting with an economic eye. The intellectuals, on the other hand, were surprised to find that their guest looked beneath the legal, moral and constitutional aspects of the question to the underlying consideration of bread and butter—pork chops, in the current labor terminology.

It was the old matter, in a way, of which came first, the hen or the egg. Or, perhaps better put, which was the prime motivation of the witch hunters: to change the ideology of our traditions under the guise of defending them, or to impose greater material burdens on the American people.

In the hushed, austere atmosphere of Senator Joseph McCarthy's committee room, as one listens to the testimony of writers called by the book burner, one might think that civil rights were a matter of ideas only. The facade of the inquisition is that of investigating "subversion" in the United States, the searching out of "dangerous ideas" and "bad thoughts." When one watches and listens to the soft-spoken, television-conscious bachelor Senator, flanked by his two well-dressed protegés, the ever-so-young Cohn and Schine, one might be lulled into forgetting the basic purpose of the proceedings. Such men are gathered together not just to persecute writers who dare to think for themselves, serious enough as that is, but actually to prepare the way for a further assault on the living standards, the peace, and the security of the people. Beneath the surface there is a close connection between the Goldwater-Rhodes Bill, the Butler Bill, the Korean War, the Atlantic Pact and the doings of these agents of Big Business in the Senate.

There is a meaningful symbol of the real purpose of the proceedings. The last prop brought into the committee room is the American flag, that proud banner of freedom which means so much to true Americans. It is carried into the inquisitorial chambers, closely furled, in the hands of a uniformed policeman!

The McCarthy Committee, now

truncated by the resignation of the three Democratic members, is a police body dedicated to the task of completely shaping the material conditions of life in America in the interests of a Big Business minority. Book burning is a central technique in the process of making America a place where "what is good for General Motors is good for the country."

At this point the reader might say with some justification that these are truisms. He might say with good cause that intellectuals in the United States *do* understand the true nature of the witch hunt, *do* know that the purpose of the committee lies beneath its surface operation. However, for a variety of reasons which will be discussed later, American intellectuals have fallen into a trap prepared for them, and for other enemies of McCarthyism, by the witch hunters themselves.

FOR the first time, almost, in a society dominated by anti-cultural forces, namely, the profit-grabbing, war-mongering forces behind the Cold War and the witch hunt, the American intellectual has had his "day in court." Though this is a bitterly ironical figure of speech in a time when the right to cross-examine one's accusers and call one's own witnesses is denied, it is true that the middle class intellectual has been called upon to face his real role in these days of terrible adversity.

He has met it in varying ways. Usually, until recently, he has acted with more emphasis on his middle class origins than on his intellectual pretensions. There have been far more apostates than fighters among those whom this critical period has called upon to take a courageous stand against the enemies of the people. On many fronts the retreat of American intelligentsia has been a rout. More have turned tail after firing an initial hypothetical volley than have stood long enough to see the whites of their enemies' eyes.

But this article is not directed at those intellectual apostates who have cravenly funked their role. It is directed at those intellectuals who have thus far, even when they have bravely resisted, only partly accepted their role. The danger seems to be that many of us have aided and abetted the inquisitors by a kind of psychological acceptance of a role of semi-martyrdom. A group who have been largely ignored and scorned in the anti-cultural pressures of our society have, in the glare of new-found importance, in the spotlight of attention, been apt to put on a kind of private hairshirt of personal opposition to be worn while they wait patiently and bravely for their coming martyrdom.

The plain fact is, or the danger is, that American intellectuals are falling into the trap set by their main enemy, who has made it look as if book burning were an end in itself. It is not my intention, of course, to mitigate the horror and evil of book burning. The burning of books is not merely the destruction of words on paper; it is the deliberate

wiping out of the repositories of man's best thoughts, hopes, plans, and culture. And it serves not only to kill ideas—it also aims at terrifying future creators of culture. But the techniques of the bookburners should not blind intellectuals to the real nature of the struggle of which they are only a part. Many American intellectuals, even at the moments of their highest resistance, have taken upon themselves the whole task of opposition, and in doing so have isolated their fight.

The fact is that the first and the most savage attack of the witch hunters has been on labor. Indeed, the basic reason of the whole witch hunt has been to emasculate the chief enemies of these neo-fascists, namely, organized labor. The fact that the heavy fire of the inquisitors on labor has not received the publicity which is being given to the book burning practices is the underlying point of this article. The fantastic fraud of the "threat of Communism" has all along been the cloak behind which the Chamber of Commerce and its representatives in Congress have put over the Taft-Hartley law, have created a sell-out front of labor leadership, and have put FDR's "economic royalists" in the highest places in government.

Book burning is part and parcel of the wider attack on the American people through their chief defenders, organized labor. The trap lies in accepting that book burning is a practice which can be opposed only by intellectuals, a role which intellectuals too readily embrace in their new-found importance and a role which organized labor, in dire danger from other flanks, too easily shifts to the "long hairs." And there is a corollary too. Organized labor has too often accepted the myth that book burning has nothing or little to do with the strategy of labor's enemies in putting over the Goldwater-Rhodes Bill or some equally heinous substitute.

The tactic of divide and rule has been one which the McCarthyites and the Trumans and the Dulleses have practiced with great skill. Limit the fight of the intellectuals to book burning, of the unions to the right of collective bargaining, of the Negro people to racism, of the peace forces to the war danger, and you have splintered the opposition to McCarthyism. This article is a call for intellectuals and their natural allies to extricate themselves from this neatly laid trap. Let us remember that the enemy moves with all his power on *all* fronts to the destruction of the very basis of democracy, to the setting up of fascism in the United States of America.

IT MAY be useful to come back to the scene described in the opening paragraph of this article. The meeting of the labor leader and the progressive writers and artists described there reflected an effort too seldom undertaken. On the side of the intellectuals there is not only the old tradition of individualism, but there is also a kind of self-consciousness, especially among progressive intellectuals who,

sensing that the main fight has been made by labor, have underestimated their role in labor's fight. Also they have been too concerned with the problems of their own crafts, too little concerned with the relationship of their own struggles with the more basic struggle around them.

The intellectual must not sulk in his tent like an Achilles but must step forth openly into the ranks of his allies. He must recognize that he cannot act alone; he must recognize that his is not even the major role in this citizens' resistance. He must accept the fact that the working people of the country are not only his natural allies but, along with the Negro people, must provide the true source of leadership in the mutual fight. He must accept democratically his role as minority sector of the opposition and he must make that sector as strong as he can. If he believes that organized labor has isolated itself in its pursuit of "pork chops only," in its Gompers-like weakness for isolated economic action instead of united political action, he must say so. If he thinks that a blind and narrow adherence to "collective bargaining only" is a form of collaboration with the forces of the enemy, he must say so too.

On the side of labor there have been other faults too. The very exclusiveness of their fight has been imposed upon them by every propaganda technique known to Big Business. The public, that myth perpetrated by the powers that be, has been set aside from labor as an opposing force. The old unity of the New Deal is no more. Additionally, organized labor has always been suspicious of cultural figures, partly out of knowledge of their vacillations in the past, and partly from having accepted the Philistine notion that intellectuals are impractical, too prone to talk, too loath to act (a too often justified opinion, alas). In addition there is a kind of tough guy tradition in organized labor that creates a dangerous sense of scorn for intellectuals.

The underlying fact is that the interests of the working people are such that they alone in our society can afford the truth in art. A real critical, creative art, whether it be in books or in the theatre or in any part of the graphic arts, can only thrive while reflecting the realities in the world. Those realities, those truths about the world, are the truths of a more, not a less democratic society. American labor represents the hope of that kind of society.

What can be done about it all? It is obviously easier to pose the question and discuss the difficulties than it is to make a useful and viable recommendation. But it seems to the writer that the time has come for labor to organize conferences involving both workers and intellectuals in a common program of resistance to book burning and labor baiting, those twins of reaction. I suspect that organized labor would be surprised to discover that a lot of valiant Achilles' would come out of their tents and join the fight.

Banned Branded Burned

Following is a partial list of writers and artists whose works have been banned, branded or burned in the recent period by federal, state and local officials in the United States. The list has been compiled from press reports, which in some instances mention only the writer's name and in others specify titles.

Louis Adamic

James S. Allen: *Reconstruction, The Battle for Democracy; The Negro Question in the United States; World Monopoly and Peace; Atomic Imperialism.*

Paul B. Anderson

Bert Andrews: *Washington Witch Hunt*

Herbert Aptheker: *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States; To Be Free; American Negro Slave Revolts; Essays in the History of the Negro People*

Alan Barth: *The Loyalty of Free Men*

Thomas A. Bisson: *America's Far East Policy*

Richard O. Boyer: *The Dark Ship*

Millen Brand: *The Outward Room; The Heroes*

Edwin Berry Burgum: *The Novel and the World's Dilemma*

Geoffrey Chaucer: *The Canterbury Tales,* illustrated by Rockwell Kent

Erskine Caldwell: *God's Little Acre*

Norman Corwin

Joseph E. Davies: *Mission to Moscow*

Vera Micheles Dean

Theodore Dreiser

Foster Rhea Dulles: *The Road to Teheran*

Walter Duranty and Mary Loos: *Return to the Vineyard*

Arnaud D'Usseau: *Deep Are the Roots; Tomorrow the World*

Ilya Ehrenburg

Albert Einstein: *Theory of Relativity*

James T. Farrell: *Studs Lonigan*

Howard Fast: *Citizen Tom Paine; Freedom Road; Haym Solomon; Son of Liberty; The American; Patrick Henry and the Frigate; Keel; The Last Frontier; The Selected Works of Tom Paine; The Unvanquished*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher: *Fables for Parents; Understood Betsy*

Philip S. Foner: *Jews in America; History,* 1654-1865; *Life and Writings of Frederick Douglass; History of the Labor Movement in the United States; Complete Writings of Thomas Paine; Jack London: American Rebel*

William Z. Foster

Sigmund Freud: *Introduction to Psychoanalysis*

Maxim Gorky

Shirley Graham: *There Was Once a Slave; Your Most Humble Servant*

William Gropper

Books of 40 Authors Banned By U.S. in Overseas Libraries

By MILTON BRACKER

Several hundred books by more than forty authors have been removed from the shelves of United States libraries abroad in connection with at least six confidential State Department directives between Feb. 19 and June 21, according to interviews with twenty capital correspondents of THE NEW YORK TIMES.

No single speci... covered all the w... sixteen authors who... listed by Washingt... to a common fact... be refusal to tell F... gators about Comm... tion.

Other works—w... were not mentione...

BRANDING OF BOOKS STIRS TEXAS BATTLE

San Antonio Aroused at Move to Link Library Volumes to Testimony on Authors

...EW YORK TIMES.

...O, Tex., June 6—...ived in a contro... ...er to put identi... ...t public library ... persons accused ...h subversive or...

...il meeting three ...Jack White sug... ...ouncil "consider ...mmunist-written ...rary as such." ...en acting City ... since been re... ...er. He said ...uld be burned. ...ught vigorous ...city's fifteen... ...Board, which ...en out of of... ...ut which has ... After making ...rd adopted a ...tude "to see ...city Manager ... confront the ...orders to de... ...ooks in the

...Persists

...ars satisfied ...his proposal ...bate on the ...ty, however. ...i, its incep... ...G. Hance.

Mark Twain Is 'Cleared' by U. S. In Memo to Library in The Hague

Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Henry James Also Approved in 'Portable' Editions— Six Books Removed in Denmark

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

THE HAGUE, the Netherlands, ... that the works of ... then wrote to a colleague in Germany requesting the State Department list. The colleague wrote back that he did not have the list, ... that United States offi... ...ry had made up a ...m that the service ... to use.

...States spokesman ...e, said that books ...o had claimed im... ...the Fifth Amend... ...removed from the ...He added that a ...ent directive had set ...ate for judging liter... ...r. 1917, the date of ...t revolution in Rus...

...Amendment to the ...states that a witness ...e self-incriminatory

Fearful Teachers Shunning Controversy, Survey Finds

By BENJAMIN FINE

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MIAMI BEACH, June 28—American school teachers are reluctant to consider controversial questions in the classroom, according to a study of 522 school systems covering every section of the United States. The report ...

...drawn from the infor...

...ers "will ...

LIBRARY IN FLORIDA OUSTS SOME BOOKS

High School History Students Uncover Some Pamphlets and Volumes Held 'Un-American'

U.C.L.A. Cancels Exhibit of Orozco's Works After Dispute on Artist's Left-Wing Leanings

By GLADWIN HILL

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES

LOS ANGELES, July 8—A... scheduled exhibit of the works of ... the Mexican paint...

...at the university, an article headlined "Mexican Communism and Artist Diego Rivera."

The article said in part: "Some ... of the foreign confusion of Mexico's political coloration arose because the great artists Rivera, Siqueiros and the now deceased José Clemente Orozco ...

Authors Disapproved

The sixteen authors named specifically in one of the confidential State Department directives, which called for the banning of their works in libraries abroad regardless of the title of the individual work, were:

ALLEN, James S. (Sol Auerbach), a former foreign editor of The Daily Worker, who last March refused to tell a Senate subcommittee if he had ever been a Communist. He previously had been identified as one by Louis Budenz.

Titles Taken Off Shelves

Following is a partial list of titles of books removed from one or more libraries of the United States Information Service abroad in connection with one or more of five confidential State Department directives between February and May:

"Mission to Moscow" by Joseph E. Davies.

"Not Without Laughter," by Langston Hughes

"Patrick Henry and the Frigate's Keel," by Howard Fast.

"Pivot of Asia," by ...

Dashiell Hammett: *The Dain Curse; The Glass Key; The Thin Man; The Maltese Falcon*
Louis Harap: *Social Roots of the Arts*
Thomas Heggen: *Mister Roberts*
Lillian Hellman: *The Children's Hour; Watch on the Rhine; The Little Foxes; Another Part of the Forest*
Ernest Hemingway
Donald Henderson
Stefan Heym: *The Crusaders; The Hostages*
Julius H. Hlavaty: *Review Digest in Solid Geometry*
Laura Z. Hobson: *Gentlemen's Agreement*
Langston Hughes: *Fields of Wonder; Not Without Laughter*
MacKinlay Kantor
Helen Kay: *Applie Pie for Lewis*
Rockwell Kent
Alfred Kreymborg: *Anthology of American Poetry*
Corliss Lamont: *Soviet Civilization; The Independent Mind*
Owen Lattimore: *Pivot of Asia; The Situation in Asia*
Kenneth Scott Latourette: *The American Record in the Far East, 1945-1951*
Richard E. Lauterbach: *These Are the Russians*
Allan Lomax: *American Folk Songs*
Robert S. and Helen M. Lynd: *Middletown*
Trofim Lysenko
Charles A. Madison: *Critics and Crusaders*
Frank A. Magruder: *American Government*
Albert Maltz: *The Cross and th Arrow*
William M. Mandel: *A Guide to th Soviet Union; The Soviet Far Ea*
Thomas Mann: *Joseph in Egypt; E says of Three Decades; The Mag Mountain*
Somerset Maugham: *Of Huma Bondage; Cakes and Ale*
Guy de Maupassant
Herman Melville: *Moby Dick,* illu trated by Rockwell Kent
Arthur Miller: *Focus*
Harvey O'Connor: *Mellon's Million The Astors; Steel Dictator; Th Guggenheims*
José Clemente Orozco
Dorothy Parker
John Reed: *Ten Days That Shoo the World*
Eslanda Goode Robeson: *Africa Journey*
Anna Rochester
Lawrence K. Rosinger: *China's C sis; China's Wartime Politics; I dia and the United States: Politi and Economic Relations*
Jean-Paul Sartre
Morris U. Schappes: *A Documente History of the Jews in the Uni States, 1654-1875*
Budd Schulberg: *What Ma Sammy Run*
Edwin Seaver: *A Pageant of Am ican Humor*
Harlow Shapley
Upton Sinclair: *Dragon's Teeth*
Agnes Smedley: *Battle Hymn of Republic*
Lillian Smith: *Strange Fruit*
Edgar Snow: *Red Star Over Chi*

John Steinbeck: *The Grapes of Wrath*
Bernhard J. Stern: *American Medical Practice; Medicine in Industry*
Clarence K. Streit: *Union Now*
Mark Twain: *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*
Louis Untermeyer: *Treasury of American and British Poetry*
Mark Van Doren
Harold M. Vinacke: *The United States and the Far East,* 1945-1951
Ethel Waters: *His Eye is on the Sparrow*
Gene Weltfish: *The Races of Mankind*
Theodore White and Annalee Jacoby: *Thunder Out of China*
Walter White: *A Rising Wind*
Norbert Wiener: *Cybernetics*
Doxey A. Wilkerson: *Special Problems of Negro Education*
Richard Wright: *Black Boy*
Emile Zola: *Nana*

The Freedom to Read

The following manifesto was issued on June 25 *by the American Library Association, with a membership of* 21,000, *together with the American Book Publishers Council. The manifesto, which has been endorsed by leading figures in the literary and educational fields, will be submitted to citizens' groups throughout the country for endorsement. We publish this document as a momentous public expression of the will to defend the Bill of Rights against thought-controllers and book-burners. A sound statement of the finest traditions of the American people, this provides a platform on which all who resist McCarthyism can effectively unite.*—The Editors.

THE freedom to read is essential to our democracy. It is under attack. Private groups and public authorities in various parts of the country are working to remove books from sale, to censor textbooks, to label "controversial" books, to distribute lists of "objectionable" books or authors, and to purge libraries.

These actions apparently rise from a view that our national tradition of free expression is no longer valid; that censorship and suppression are needed to avoid the subversion of politics and the corruption of morals. We, as citizens devoted to the use of books and as librarians and publishers responsible for disseminating them, wish to assert the public interest in the preservation of the freedom to read.

We are deeply concerned about these attempts at suppression. Most such attempts rest on a denial of the fundamental premise of democracy: that the ordinary citizen, by

exercising his critical judgment, will accept the good and reject the bad. The censors, public and private, assume that they should determine what is good and what is bad for their fellow citizens.

We trust Americans to recognize propaganda, and to reject obscenity. We do not believe they need the help of censors to assist them in this task. We do not believe they are prepared to sacrifice their heritage of a free press in order to be "protected" against what others think may be bad for them. We believe they still favor free enterprise in ideas and expression.

WE ARE aware, of course, that books are not alone in being subjected to efforts at suppression. We are aware that these efforts are related to a larger pattern of pressures being brought against education, the press, films, radio and television. The problem is not only one of actual censorship. The shadow of fear cast by these pressures leads, we suspect, to an even larger voluntary curtailment of expression by those who seek to avoid controversy.

Such pressure toward conformity is perhaps natural to a time of uneasy change and pervading fear. Especially when so many of our apprehensions are directed against an ideology, the expression of a dissident idea becomes a thing feared in itself, and we tend to move against it as against a hostile deed, with suppression.

And yet suppression is never more dangerous than in such a time of social tension. Freedom has given the United States the elasticity to endure strain. Freedom keeps open the path of novel and creative solutions, and enables change to come by choice. Every silencing of a heresy, every enforcement of an orthodoxy, diminishes the toughness and resiliency of our society and leaves it the less able to deal with stress.

Now as always in our history, books are among our greatest instruments of freedom. They are almost the only means for making generally available ideas or manners of expression that can initially command only a small audience. They are the natural medium for the new idea and the untried voice, from which come the original contributions to social growth. They are essential to the extended discussion which serious thought requires, and to the accumulation of knowledge and ideas into organized collections.

We believe that free communication is essential to the preservation of a free society and a creative culture. We believe that these pressures toward conformity present the danger of limiting the range and variety of inquiry and expression on which our democracy and our culture depend. We believe that every American community must jealously guard the freedom to publish and to circulate, in order to preserve its own freedom to read.

We believe that publishers and librarians have a profound responsibility to give validity to that free

dom to read by making it possible for the reading public to choose freely from a variety of offerings.

The freedom to read is guaranteed by the Constitution. Those with faith in free men will stand on these constitutional guarantees of essential rights and will exercise the responsibilities that accompany these rights.

We therefore affirm these propositions:

(1)

IT IS in the public interest for publishers and librarians to make available the widest diversity of views and expressions, including those which are unorthodox or unpopular with the majority. Creative thought is by definition new, and what is new is different. The bearer of every new idea is a rebel until his idea is refined and tested.

Totalitarian systems attempt to maintain themselves in power by the ruthless suppression of any concept which challenges the established orthodoxy. The power of a democratic system to adapt to change is vastly strengthened by the freedom of its citizens to choose widely from among conflicting opinions offered freely to them.

To stifle every nonconformist idea at birth would mark the end of the democratic process. Furthermore, only through the constant activity of weighing and selecting can the democratic mind attain the strength demanded by times like these. We need to know not only what we believe but why we believe it.

(2)

PUBLISHERS and librarians do not need to endorse every idea or presentation contained in the books they make available. It would conflict with the public interest for them to establish their own political, moral or esthetic views as the sole standard for determining what books should be published or circulated.

Publishers and librarians serve the educational process by helping to make available knowledge and ideas required for the growth of the mind and the increase of learning. They do not foster education by imposing as mentors the patterns of their own thought.

The people should have the freedom to read and consider a broader range of ideas than those that may be held by any single librarian or publisher or government or church. It is wrong that what one man can read should be confined to what another thinks proper.

(3)

IT IS contrary to the public interest for publishers or librarians to determine the acceptability of a book solely on the basis of the personal history or political affiliations of the author.

A book should be judged as a book. No art or literature can flourish if it is to be measured by the political views or private lives of its creators. No society of free men can flourish which draws up lists of writers to whom it will not listen, whatever they may have to say.

(4)

THE present laws dealing with obscenity should be vigorously enforced. Beyond that, there is no place in our society for extra-legal efforts to coerce the taste of others, to confine adults to the reading matter deemed suitable for adolescents, or to inhibit the efforts of writers to achieve artistic expression.

To some, much of modern literature is shocking. But is not much of life itself shocking? We cut off literature at the source if we prevent serious artists from dealing with the stuff of life.

Parents and teachers have a responsibility to prepare the young to meet the diversity of experiences in life to which they will be exposed, as they have a responsibility to help them learn to think critically for themselves. These are affirmative responsibilties, not discharged simply by preventing them from reading works for which they are not yet prepared.

In these matters taste differs, and taste cannot be legislated; nor can machinery be devised which will suit the demands of one group without limiting the freedom of others. We deplore the catering to the immature, the retarded or the maladjusted taste. But those concerned with freedom have the responsibilty of seeing to it that each individual book or publication, whatever its contents, price, or method of distribution, is dealt with in accordance with due process of law.

(5)

IT IS not in the public interest to force a reader to accept with any book the prejudgment of a label characterizing the book or author as subversive or dangerous.

The idea of labeling supposes the existence of individuals or groups with wisdom to determine by authority what is good or bad for the citizen. It supposes that each individual must be directed in making up his mind about the ideas he examines. But Americans do not need others to do their thinking for them.

(6)

IT IS the responsibilty of publishers and librarians, as guardians of the people's freedom to read, to contest encroachments upon that freedom by individuals or groups seeking to impose their own standards or tastes upon the community at large.

It is inevitable in the give and take of the democratic process that the political, the moral, or the esthetic concepts of an individual or group will occasionally collide with those of another individual or group. In a free society each individual is free to determine for himself what he wishes to read, and each group is free to determine what it will recommend to its freely associated members.

But no group has the right to take the law into its own hands, and to impose its own concepts of politics or morality upon other members of a democratic society. Freedom is no freedom if it is accorded only

to the accepted and the inoffensive.

(7)

IT IS the responsibility of publishers and librarians to give full meaning to the freedom to read by providing books that enrich the quality of thought and expression. By the exercise of this affirmative responsibilty, bookmen can demonstrate that the answer to a bad book is a good one. The answer to a bad idea is a good idea.

The freedom to read is of little consequence when expended on the trivial; it is frustrated when the reader cannot obtain matter fit for his purpose. What is needed is not only the absence of restraint, but the positive provision of opportunity for the people to read the best that has been thought and said.

Books are the major channel by which the intellectual inheritance is handed down, and the principal means of its testing and growth. The defense of their freedom and integrity. and the enlargement of their service to society, requires of all bookmen the utmost of their faculties, and deserves of all citizens the fullest of their support.

WE STATE these propositions neither lightly nor as easy generalizations. We here stake out a lofty claim for the value of books. We do so because we believe that they are good, possessed of enormous variety and usefulness, worthy of cherishing and keeping free.

We realize that the application of these propositions may mean the dissemination of ideas and manners of expression that are repugnant to many persons. We do not state these propositions in the comfortable belief that what people read is unimportant. We believe rather that what people read is deeply important; that ideas can be dangerous; but that the suppression of ideas is fatal to a democratic society. Freedom itself is a dangerous way of life, but it is ours.

News of the death of Vsevolod Pudovkin has filled with grief millions throughout the world, who knew him as one of the greatest of all film directors. Such films as *Mother, The End of St. Petersburg, Storm Over Asia, Suvorov,* and *Admiral Nakhimov* belong with the foremost achievements of the cinema art. Pudovkin the artist and Pudovkin the citizen were a single whole, and it was therefore natural that he should have been an active member of the Soviet Peace Committee, chairman of the Moscow Peace Committee, and a frequent delegate to international peace congresses.

In an early issue *M & M* plans to publish an article on Pudovkin and his work.

KING BRADLEY
and the Sons of Daniel Boone

By JOSEPH NORTH

Clay, W. Va.

YOU are rounding the dizzy curves of Buffalo Ridge 4,500 feet above the muddy Elk River that twists through these wild mountains in country that is much as it was when Daniel Boone lived here, as the road map tells you. A young State Trooper in a broad-rimmed hat steps out of the foliage. "Where you headed?" he demands, jotting down the number on the license plate in a notebook. "What do you want up here?"

You ask what's up and he says they are searching all cars for weapons and without asking your leave he steps behind your car and opens the car trunk. He is evidently satisfied that the pair of old shoes and the tire pump he finds there are not lethal and he waves us on. "We got it quiet down there," he says, nodding toward the miners' town of Widen that straggles around the tipple, a mile down the valley. "We aim to keep it quiet."

A mile on, at the juncture of Widen Hill and State Road 11, you come upon the pickets. They are squatting on the side of the concrete highway, and they rise slowly to their full height with that leisure that is a compound of weariness and experience. Young men, in the main, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, and they are very silent.

We explain that we are New York newspapermen and that we have just been to the food kitchen at Ivydale and we were told by Daryl Douglas down there to come see Dewey Triplett at the food kitchen near Dille. The pickets look us over soberly, for they have had their experience with newspapermen and they have not had a fair break. We say that we want to tell their side of the story which no newspaper in New York has told as yet.

"It's high time," a tall, lean man of thirty says with a small ironic smile, and he steps aside. "Food kitchen's a piece down, on Eleven straight ahead." They stand, the dozen or so of them, in the middle of the road beneath the ancient trees on this mountaintop, and they watch our car as we move ahead. Their faces are unsmiling: you can read the

doubt in their eyes and you understand it.

THEY'VE been out since last September, these young men who wear the aging remnants of uniforms they wore when they fought a war to end what they're getting down here, at home, in the magnificent valleys and mountains where they were born and bred. I look back at them through the mirror in the car and I know that some among these were rounded up by the 250 deputies with the high powered rifles, the State Police and the local constabulary a month or so ago and herded into the jail, at Clay, the county seat, sixteen miles off. I had already learned in Charleston, the state capital where the government mansion is topped by a gold dome, that the prison was built to accommodate a dozen prisoners. Fifty miners were jammed in here, plus twenty-three prisoners already there, standing shoulder to shoulder, face to face, no room to lie down in, forced to sleep as they stand, all day and all night. There was no patch of earth for them to lie down in in this country of wide valleys and mountains that reach to the sky.

They were in that jail when their mothers, wives, sweethearts and daughters came down from the heights to the county seat to clamor for their freedom. And they knew that the deputies had trained their shotguns on the women and told them not to move one step further. The authorities had held fifty strikers on murder charges after the caravan of cars carrying deputies fired a hundred shots into their food kitchen at 4:20 A.M., May 7. When the shooting was over one of the deputies named Charley Frame had a bullet in his brain which the miners insist came from the gun of one of the deputies, all of whom were liquored up. Some of the gun-thugs, as they call the company's army of 250 deputies, threw their empty whiskey bottles at the walls of the food kitchen during the fusillade.

After eight days in prison, here and in Charleston where some of them were transferred after the hubbub the mountain women created outside the prison at Clay, all were released on bond. Three were later indicted by a Clay County grand jury on charges of murder.

At Ivydale we had learned from the strike leader Daryl Douglas that the men of Widen couldn't take Old Man Gandy's stuff anymore. Harry Gandy, the big-wig of the Elk River Coal and Lumber Company, runs the 120 square miles of company territory as though he were a medieval emperor. The miners call him Prince Gandy and they call the mine owner, J. G. Bradley, a man from New Jersey with big money connections in Boston, King Bradley.

You twist down the road which is the boundary line of King Bradley's domain and you see the miners' cabins in the clearing: little wooden houses one story high, the pumps and immemorial wooden privies outside and as often as not there is a

patch of green corn that they till off to a side. For many of these strikers also farm the land. Suddenly you are at the food kitchen, a one story building of cement block whose broken windows are jagged where the bullets of the deputies came through.

Life is bustling inside the little bullet-pocked building as the mountain women fix the food for some forty pickets and their families. You see elderly women prepare the dishes and bake the pies over coal stoves while younger women in trim calico carry the dishes to the men and children around the long boards that make up the table. You have covered many a strike and it is a familiar sight.

THEY survey you warily at first and go for Dewey Triplett and when he extends his hand to shake yours they thaw out and an air of jollity rises. You feel their respect for Dewey Triplett, whom they call Mr. Triplett: he is a strike leader who was chosen to head this kitchen which had been attacked and is still, in fact, a beleaguered strike outpost. Mr. Triplett looks at you through clear gray eyes that are almost benign in their calm. His handshake is firm. He is a stocky man of fifty-five and talks in a low husky voice that must come from the miner's asthma so many of the older men have. You have passed through Gaulley's Bridge, a few miles from here, which so many of us remember from the Thirties when scores of miners there died from silicosis caused by the company's refusal to cope with the dust that eats men's lungs.

You learn that Triplett's family like those of most of the strikers, i as old as Daniel Boone's. We ha passed the signpost some miles bac named Triplett's Ridge after his sire who had chopped the trees and mad a livelihood here for a century o more, pounding it out of the moun tain soil and later out of the ric bituminous veins of coal that fa through these slopes. He stands ther a man of enduring patience an courage, for this is the spot wher the bullets flew once and can an time again, and here three charge of dynamite have exploded unde the windows of his home, shatterin most of them. His home next doo is a neat, two-story cottage painte white and trimmed with crimso This is his property, and the garag is his too, for he is respected as on of the most skilled of all the miner a veteran of thirty-five years of labo He had promptly turned his proper over to the strikers so they wou have a place to cook and eat the meals.

He asks courteously if we ha eaten and we are invited to join the around the long table. A big plate bacon is passed around, there a heaps of mashed potatoes, spaghe in tomato sauce, grits, peas, whi bread and each man gets a sli of freshly baked raspberry pie. Th turn around on the long bench smile at the little old woman wh stands over the hot coal stove f

hours to turn out these luscious pies and they praise her pie. She is pleased at the tribute and twists her apron shyly.

Mr. Triplett tells you the United Mine Workers union has been generous and none of the families of the 550 men who walked out last September is hungry now. Food is served three times a day here and back down at Ivydale there is a grocery store full of viands—flour, canned goods, bacon and even some medicines, "aspereen tablets and all," which the miners' wives get every Tuesday to do them for the week. Mr. Triplett points out the scars in the building where the bullets struck: here on the cement floor, there on the wall, and he introduces us to the aging miner whose coffee cup was shot out of his hands that morning.

The whole story is told artlessly, with the simple direct statement of the mountaineer. Nobody strives for eloquence or prominence, nobody raises his voice above the conversational: the fact is all they deal with and the fact is a saga of hardship and of heroism.

A wiry young man of thirty comes forward and Mister Triplett introduces him to you. "This is Virgil Nelson," he says, and then, as though it were laurel he was placing on the young man's brow, "he is a good striker." Virgil, the father of three children, tells you what happened to him after he was locked up in Clay County jail with the fifty.

"They took me out of the cell, these two State Troopers, and two of them took their coats off and kept asking me questions. They stomped around heavy on the floor, stuck their thumbs in their belts. One of them kept saying, 'Come on now, daddy up, you bastard, daddy up'." He explains that daddy-up must mean confess, but he had never heard the word before, these state troopers must have come from some other part of the country. He wouldn't daddy up. "Everything I said seemed to get them madder and madder so after a while I just set there and didn't say nothing. 'Why you yellow god-damn bastard,' they said, 'you know you was a ringleader in this. You know you killed Charles Frame.' Nothing I said could quiet them down so I took to saying nothing at all. After nine hours of this they sent me back to the cell."

Mr. Triplett listened quietly and then said, "When they grilled me they did the same." And he told of the grim day preceding the shooting. The company had gathered all its forces and a caravan of a hundred cars loaded with deputies and scabs nosed down Highway 11 before the food-kitchen, and the faces of the gun-thugs were twisted with hate as they screamed, "Wait till four o'clock. Remember four o'clock." The strikers knew what that meant. They got in touch with William Blizzard who is the head of District 17 of the UMW and whose offices are in Charleston, forty miles south. They sent delegations to see Governor Marland in the state capital and

Judge Duffield in Clay.

"We told them the gun thugs was out to kill us pickets at 4 A.M.," and the authorities promised the strikers they would be protected by the law. Mr. Blizzard said the strikers had been swept off their picketing spot at the top of Widen hill where Widen Road meets Route 11 the day before the shooting because the gun thugs came, over 250 strong, armed with their high-powered rifles, and rode on tractors, advancing like a tank corps against the handful of thirty pickets. The thugs threw the horseshoe quoits the pickets had played with over the mountain and they smashed the little shack the pickets had built here where they had taken their stand ten months ago, tractored the stuff off Highway 11 which does not belong to the company but to the state. Then the pickets had gathered in the food kitchen that night in readiness to return to the picket stand at dawn May 7 and it was a few hours before that—at 4:20 A.M.—that the raid took place.

"At four A.M." one of the strikers said, stepping forward, "we was breathin' easy cause nothing happened and we figgered the law had got to the company." But twenty minutes later the moonless night was lit up by the headlights and a caravan of ten cars came down the road and the shooting began.

A LARGE mountain woman with clear blue eyes stepped forward and said that the menfolk here were falsely charged with killing Charley Frame, the deputy. They couldn't have killed him, she said, and here is why. First of all somebody come and told the sister of a striker that the right side of Charley Frame's head was blowed off. Now the food kitchen was on his left so the bullet couldn't have come from here. That's number one. Now number two: the car he himself was drivin' crashed against the side of a bridge 560 feet down the road from here. Now how could a man drive down that windin' road 560 feet if he was shot right here by the food kitchen? You just know a corpse couldn't a done that. Charley Frame was drunk and he was shot by one of his drunk gun-thug friends.

Everybody agreed that that was so but no newspaper had said that was so. The newspapers only give the company's side of the story. "We asked the reporters who wrote it was an ambush we set up, why it is they only give the company side of the story and not our side. And the reporters said it is because when they telephone from the newspaper office for news they can only get the company's office but they can never get the strikers on the phone." The men and women of Widen looked hard at us and you suddenly felt shamed for your profession knowing the way the wheels turn in the commercial newspaper offices and you are silent for there is nothing you can say, no way to convince them until they see what you write.

WHEN you are through talking with the miners you have a pretty vivid picture of the whole setup. There is Harry Gandy and you can see and taste him. He is about six foot three, a man in his late sixties, who stomps around in shirt sleeves exuding his air of heavy authority. He was once a congressman from North Dakota and he had come here to fix some company railroad problems for J. G. Bradley, the president of the Elk River Coal and Lumber Company. Bradley liked him so much he kept him on as chief of operations and now Gandy is a vice-president of the company.

Gandy pretends that he is a law-abidin, God-fearing man but he is not above any and every kind of trickery or brutality to do the company's job. He set up the company union called the Employees' League of Widen Miners. Come to it with a grievance, like working up to your hips in water or getting your hand smashed because the timber is rotten, and in ten minutes it's back to Gandy and you're back where you started. So last September the miners chose a committee of seven to supersede the company union as their spokesman and Gandy, who claims God is on his side, called in two miners, big, brawny men, named Tony George and Buck Carte, and closed the doors and told them to pretend to be with the new committee of seven but to "get in there and break it up." He would pretend to fire them—along with the seven men—but he would pay George and Carte $20 a day while fired and give them a job back when the thing blew over. And if things got tough he would give them $40 a day.

This is all in the record of West Virginia's legislature, which held hearings on the Widen strike last March. One of the miners here ran home and brought a copy of the proceedings which the state printed and it was all there in black and white. You read Tony George's testimony describing this conspiracy hatched by Prince Gandy and you see the battleground men's souls became before Clay County itself became a battlefield where an army of armed deputies declared war on unarmed miners and their families.

Tony George is on the stand and the examiner for the commission of inquiry asks him:

"Well, now, Mr. George, this is a personal question. Of course you can refuse to answer if you wish, but what caused you to have a change of heart? Why didn't you go through with that plan?

"*A*: Well, I needed the money all right. I thought of the money angle. I had just come back to work there and had been off around six months and then I—in fact, I didn't give him no definite answer. I told him I would let him know about it, and I went home and I couldn't sleep that night and I kept thinking how I would bust up this bunch, and then I kept wrestling with myself, and my wife even asked me what was wrong and I didn't want to tell her because I didn't—so the next day a bunch of the—you see, this group of seven men they voted, voted to work, so we went back to work, and during that two weeks I doubled over a few shifts

and during that week a bunch of the men said to me, 'We hear—' somebody let the cat out of the bag, you see, and they kept asking me, 'I hear you are going to bust up these men, you and Buck Carte' and I denied it. I didn't want to own to it, because I knew if I owned up to it, why, I knew they would throw me out, so I said, 'Why, you know I wouldn't do anything like that.' "

Yes, you see the turmoil in the man's soul and then he tells how he came to a decision. If he went in as an agent provocateur against his fellow workers "that is just like being stabbed in the back, and everybody was at unrest about it, and then I couldn't face these older men that had been there at Widen for years and I had worked with a lot of them, and I just couldn't do that. I am not made out to do that."

This is the sort of proposition Harry Gandy made to hundreds of men, for he has an army of 250 gun thugs now, scraped together from the poolrooms of Clay County, from the dives all over the state and from Ohio. They are all like Buck Carte, who took the offer and is now one of the most notorious of the scabs. You see what the others are like from Tony George's words:

"*Q*: To your knowledge, have the guards been doing anything to provoke and to aggravate the situation up there?

"*A*: Yes, sir. This Buck Carte has been already given six months and a fifty dollar fine for having a gun on a person —on a man and his wife, trying to stop them from going to their home, and they had a trial and he was given a fifty dollar fine and six months, and they appealed the case and it goes to another court or grand jury. And the same Buck Carte drawed a high-powered rifle on a bunch of us and he went under bond again, and he is still guarding for the company, and last month, on the 26th, on a Sunday he shot among the pickets up here five shots and there was a warrant for his arrest, and he is still out thugging for the company. . . ."

Mr. Triplett said there was so much dynamite in the transcript of the hearing that the company had moved heaven and earth to keep it from becoming public property. The state's newspapers had done nothing much more than mention it, and he hoped that I would help make the document known. If it was known it would help the strikers and it would help the three men who are indicted for murder.

I TOLD Mr. Triplett that I would like to talk with a family of one of the three men who were indicted and he said he would take me to the home of one of them, Jennings Roscoe Bail, who farms some four miles down a hollow from here. We climbed into the car and proceeded down the road till we came to a long low farmhouse where we met his mother, Mrs. Ella Mae Bail, a short, bright-eyed woman of fifty. She came out of the kitchen wiping her hands on her apron. She knew Mr. Triplett of course and welcomed him, and she welcomed us after he introduced us as men who want to tell the truth about Widen.

We sat on the porch while rain-

clouds gathered at the mountain top and a lightning storm broke. Mrs. Bail's son, indicted for murder but out on bond as West Virginia law allows, was up the other side of the mountain with his father haying in the field. Mrs. Bail told us of the company's thievery, her voice rising a bit when she spoke of the welfare plan whereby the company deducts $3.70 a month for medical care, hospital and death benefits but "nobody gets nothing from the company when they need it." She had lost two daughters, one a baby, one sixteen years old, in recent years, because they did not get the medical care they paid for. Her husband had paid into the fund for seventeen years and in all the years they didn't get more than $125 in sick benefits. When their children died the company even haggled over the expenses for the hearse and the miner had to pay for it.

After a while she went in the house and brought out a large picture of a younger son; it was a tinted picture and you saw a round-faced, apple-cheeked mountaineer in a Marine uniform. He was twenty and he was just drafted a few months ago and he has already gotten honors down at the training camp as a sharpshooter. "One boy up for murder," she said, "and one in the army."

She asked Mr. Triplett what he thought of the impending murder trial, what the chances were. "They could never get a jury to convict," he said, looking away at the pasture where the rain was whipping the trees and beating them to the ground. He repeated what I had heard in Charleston: that the citizens of Clay County had switched to the side of the strikers after the gun thugs had shot up the food kitchen. Men and women whom the miners had never known came forward from every part of the county with cash, bonds and certificates of property and raised the $120,000 bail for the forty-eight (the authorities had released two of the fifty because they were fourteen years old.) "And we coulda got $500,000 if we needed it," Mr. Triplett concluded with a shade of pride in his voice.

I HAD learned that one of the pickets, Delbert Nicholas, a Navy veteran of World War II, had been shot through the heart June 7 when he went to water his cow in his pasture. Mr. Triplett told us how to find his home where his widow Elsie Mabel still lived. She was sitting on the porch of her wooden cabin overlooking a magnificent valley and she was rocking her little tow-headed grandchild Greta Sue. She told us last February unknown persons burned down their barn and killed their cow. It was a warning but her husband continued to go down and picket. Two months later they were thrown out of bed by a dynamite explosion and he ran outside into his meadow to find his brand new tractor he was so proud of lying in pieces. But he continued to go down to Widen Hill and picket.

He was there the morning the fifty

men were locked up after the shooting and when he came out on bail he went down to the picket-line and he took his turn. He was always talking about the United Mine Workers and how the men of Widen had ought to belong to it and he used to say that a long time, months and years before the strike and everybody knew he was for the UMW.

"Then this Sunday morning June 3 before we went to church he said it was awful dry today and maybe he better go out and water the stock instead of going to church. I come out on the porch here with Greta Sue getting ready to go to Sunday school. He said bye to Greta Sue, he was crazy about that one and he went off to water the stock. He stopped at the gate down there and he waved back at Sue. When we come back from church my sixteen year old boy Orda said, 'Ma, is daddy come back?' I said, 'No, we must go out and look for him.' My boy found him at 11 o'clock that night. He come back screamin' and cryin.' My brother was here by then and he went out with Orda. My man was layin' dead there over by the brook."

"I wanted to see him so bad," she said, looking down the valley, "but they said I shouldn't see what he looked like. His ma came and she wanted to see him but the boys wouldn't let her. She felt terrible about him laying out there in the field dead all by hisself all that time in the sun and in the dark."

A neighboring farmer named John Johnson, who is father of two scabs, confessed to the shooting later. "Bu everybody knows there was more t it than that. He was mighty stron for union."

She said the union gave him a bi funeral, there was a wonderful lot o flowers and the union men have bee mighty good, paid all the expense "We get all the food we need. Th strikers been awful good too comin out to the farm, cutting the grass an doing the chores. People has bee awful good to me," the widow sai stroking the silky hair of her grand child. "I'm gonna stay here, in thi home," she said. "He loved it an these ninety-one acres. He'd loo over the ground every day and he ha a chance to sell but he wouldn't se he thought so much of the place

She said he lies buried down i the valley there and she can see h grave and all the flowers the unio sent from up here on the porch. "Th union honored him," she conclude saying it as though it were an epita summing up her man's life.

WHEN we left, our car climb a sharp incline and suddenly low, red racer appeared behind and the horn honked insistently. looked back and Mr. Triplett look back. The road was narrow and c driver stepped on the gas. Mr. Tri lett said quietly, "That's Charlie D bert, the mine engineer. He's he of the gun thugs. Better give h the road, get him in front." We p led over and as the car sped by caught the hard, haughty face o young man at the wheel. He glan

at us briefly, slowed down and stayed about a hundred yards ahead.

We looked back and a second car, a black sedan, appeared. It did not try to pass. "Another," Mr. Triplett said. We proceeded up the mountainside boxed in by the two deputies. Mr. Triplett sat lóoking ahead and he said, "Jes' keep going. The gun thugs won't do nothing to you in daylight."

We came to a dirt road that cut off to the left and we turned off on it but the black sedan went on. Mr. Triplett looked at us and said, "They just want you to know they got their eye on you. But they won't do nothing in broad daylight." But he warńed us not to be around after dusk. We dropped him off at the food kitchen. He shook hands and said, in parting, "I think you boys might as well go on back to Charleston."

On our way out the state trooper we had met going in stepped out of his thicket again. He checked us once more and then he stepped off and looked at us. "All quiet in there, isn't it?" he said heartily. "We got it quiet now."

Jefferson vs. McCarthyism

"Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold, and what we may buy? Whose foot is to be the measure to which ours are all to be cut and stretched? Is a priest to be our inquisitor, or shall a layman, simple as ourselves, set up his reason as the rule for what we are to read, and what we must believe? It is an insult to our citizens to question whether they are rational beings or not. If M. de Becourt's book be false in its facts, disprove them; if false in its reasoning, refute it. But, for God's sake, let us freely hear both sides, if we choose. Every man in the United States will think it a duty to buy a copy, in vindication of his right to buy, and to read what he pleases." From a letter of Thomas Jefferson, dated April 19, 1814, protesting the attempted suppression of De Becourt's book (in French), *Sur la Création du Monde, un Systeme d'Organisation Primitive.*

The Rosenbergs: 3 Poems

In Memoriam

At four o'clock in the afternoon
The merry-go-round came by.
Children flocked for a ride.
It was not strains of music
To which they carouseled.
Their horses pranced to the voice
Of a news announcer saying
In the bright spring afternoon
"Rosenberg couple to die
At sundown."

On such a street you were born,
You ran and played and went to school,
Knowing tenements, privation, dearth,
And in you was born,
And out of your hearts there grew
A heart of love for the people, a heart
That beat and flushed with shining futures.

You too have laughed on the merry-go-round,
And your children.
How many times, smiling, you gave
The pennies into those hands
Impatient to grip the bridles
Of dancing, of make-believe steeds.

At four o'clock in the afternoon,
My children at play on the hot street,
The merry-go-round came
With its macabre background
To a ride of joy,
With its casual announcement
Of crime done boldly
In the face of a recoiling world,

With its sustained notes
Of murder done coldly
On the flesh and the spirit of man,
On the seed of woman.

They have then not hesitated
To declare war
On all men.

Ethel, girl-faced, diminutive.
Julius, young man one might meet
On any New York street,
How giants issued from you;
How in your four so ordinary hands
The souls of millions expanded with your glory,
Courage poured into us,
You, lovers, before whom
The earth bows with burden of tenderness,
Like breasts too full with milk,
Poured yourselves into our veins, to be our life.

Pure as the mountain stream
At which all men at the last
Slake their desert thirst
That is of this world,
Were your souls of crystal strength
And balm.
How many babes you assuage
With your hands of love.
How many crusts and sores of fear
Do you strip from the breasts of men
With your assured, throbbing eyes.

They are gloating, the fiends of earth,
In their throne rooms,
That their talons in haste and fury
Thrust you to death.
But they shrink as you never shrank
As if not you, but they
Went on to doom.
They shriek
But they do not fail to note

How "oddly confident" you were,
Your "serene calm" as you confronted them
In the chamber of death.

At eight o'clock in the evening
The crime was done.
At eight o'clock in the evening,
For no blood must be spilled on the Sabbath.
(Did Jesus, the Nazarene, know that
As the sun sank over Golgotha;
Did our six million brothers and sisters
And their little ones know,
Crammed in the death vans,
Rolled into the burning ovens
Of the nether sun?)
And our eyes, turning, saw
A blood-red sun,
A swollen, a monstrous sun
Going down with its weight of horror.

We are an avalanche of tears.
We, from the tall, the topmost Andes,
In strongholds built against the "conquerors";
We from the new villages and looms of China
Avenging rape, dishonor, ruinous yesterdays;
We in the swamp-homes of freedom
On ocean-circled islands,
And in the seething capitals of Europe;
We from Africa, stupendous against chains;
We with your song of freedom on our lips
We in American places where the crime
Was done, and where you lifted up our heads,
Who speak, or work, or shriek for Liberty,
We come, an avalanche of tears.

For you, our lost lovers,
For your example, for your hearts
More enormous than the universe,
For your children, ravaged of their childhood,
For our children, for ourselves
Shorn of your life,
We weep.

Weep, weep also, America, for your soul!

And yet, I know,
It is not tears you'd want,
Not tears you'd ask,
But to transmute our tears and all our being
Into manhood like yours, Julius,
Into womanhood like yours, Ethel.

Our delegations and vigils,
Petitions, names, cries,
The outrage, demands and pleadings
Of every people of the world
Was not enough, was not enough.
The napalm-killers set their teeth
To hurry you to the hour of death
A shield and sacrifice
To their desperate, waning powers.

They have then declared war
On life, on all the world's peoples.

We have not won; but you
Are greater than our defeat.

At the moment the masters
Sent volts of agony through you
Your blood passed into us.

Never again shall we be
The men, the women we were.

Ethel and Julius, your lives
And your children's lives were for us.

If there is resurrection beyond the grave,
It must be in us.
If there is immortality
It must be of us.

For all time you speak to us

And through us you must triumph.
Although you will not see it,
Your tomorrows must flower.
Our children shall know your greater parentage.

MARTHA MILLET

Epitaph

they were very gentle, beautiful people,
lovers and young,
theirs was a courage and beauty few in the world could bear.

they have burned their sweet lovers' nerves to ashes,
alone, alone, alone,
with the rasp of the fire and the dark.

a strange and terrible mating this.

the long dying now is over,
the tortured bodies rest
cold in the earth
turning as the earth turns
wheeling across the silent face of the sun,
void through the void,
a still journey.

you cannot touch them now,
you can torture them no more,
the earth has triumphed in its own,
gathered its own,
the curtain of time has fallen.

(how do you feel this morning, murderers?
is the taste of blood good in your mouths?)

you think you have ended this
with a little sheathing of earth?
you think the conscience of man is buried so lightly?
you think the tramping of the feet will stop?
you think the winds grinding your today into the dust of yesterday
will cease tomorrow?

you have given us our dead,
you have given us our dead,
but gentleness, and courage, and beauty, and love,
these do not die.
these are seeding things.
these grow from graves.
this light will grow over the curving of the earth.

you think these graves will be forgotten?
you think this courage and this beauty will be forgotten?

murderers, this is not so.
these graves will be green
when you are remembered only as a curse on the lips of men,
the spittle of history.

parents and children and lovers unborn
will keep these graves green with their love
will drink this courage and beauty burning here,
forge a new earth
from the fountains of this fire.

and we who died with them
and clawed back choking to the earth of life
to find the mild sky still fertile with rain
and a smoldering flame in the sudden
emptiness of our hearts,
we shall visit these graves in our minds
every day, every day, and draw
steel from them.

murderers, you cannot
pull the switch on history.

J. BRANDRETH

Elegy for Two Forever Living

The wind blows softly
over two hearts beating under the earth
(heart of the world beating, beating).
Roots tremble and rocks vibrate

to the heart-sound rising, running,
filling the earth:
sound that is light
light that is their name:
ROSENBERG.

II

We stood the thousands in Seventeenth Street and wept,
holding our brother Julie, our sister Ethel in a last embrace:
touching your agony as they drove the nails of fire into your flesh.
We held you in our arms of love,
folding you in our tenderness of steel,
folding into our hearts this last indelible pain
as the hands of the death-clock strangled the minutes
and the Sabbath of murder shut out sun and sky.

We stood the thousands in Seventeenth Street and wept
for your unlived years
for your ravaged children
for the strength we did not have—
for our country.

III

They came with mercy on their lips,
three men who spoke of God and peace,
seeking the heart of the five-star President.
They found cold metal
barbed-wire eyes
a hard mouth spraying bullet words:
Experience in the army taught me
executions teach lessons. . . .

Let bygones be bygones, he had said to the ape-men.
Forgive and forget Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Dachau
the acres of corpses
the wilderness of pain.
Let bygones be bygones.
Ilse Koch lives
but Ethel Rosenberg must die.
Schacht, Guderian, Kesselring live
but Julius Rosenberg must die.
Truth must die (give it a billion volts)
That war and greed and tyranny may live.

But what of the millions who do not forgive or forget—
neither the old crimes
nor the new?

IV

Lift up your voice, O pious judge, rejoice.
Embrace the holy Sabbath bride that wears
the perfume of the grave.
Give thanks, sing praise unto the Lord.
And God spake . . . saying . . .
Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.
You have remembered, honorary Aryan, you have remembered.
(The Sabbath holiness reeks of blood.)
And now lift up your voice and bless
the candles extinguished
the wine spilt
the Sabbath loaves:
two fresh corpses. . . .
Remember the Sabbath, to keep it holy.

V

Out of your death, brother and sister,
we draw life.
Out of your courage
we harvest steel.
In us immortal your pure hearts beat on.
Your locked eyes give sight to millions.
Your love is bread for all mankind.

You are dead now.
The wind blows softly over the earth that holds you.
The Hudson flows past the stones scarred with your grief.
You are dead now
and forever living
forever light and glory.

A. B. Magil

CHARLES WHITE:
Beauty and Strength

By PHILIP EVERGOOD

THE folio of Six Drawings by Charles White, issued by *Masses and Mainstream,* is a happy event not only for the many people who will gain beauty and inspiration from these tender and human documents shining out from the walls of their homes, but for an art world satiated by the myriads of meaningless and tiresome experiments in how to paint or sculpt something which reminds one of nothing.

Rockwell Kent's sensitive and searching introduction is a worthy adjunct to the six very faithfully rendered reproductions of the original black and white drawings, made by the comparatively modern process of offset lithography. Kent pays high tribute to Charles White for the humanism and for the artistically successful execution of these monumentally conceived drawings of people.

The problem of getting art to the people has been a subject of serious thought on the part of progressive artists, educators, trade-unionists. Paintings, except for murals in buildings where the broad public has a chance to see them, are in general too expensive for the average worker. Painters in countries where little or no government support for the artist exists, such as our country today, are obliged to rely in the main for sale of their work on rich collectors and middle class buyers in the higher income brackets. Artists have been separated from the audience which could and should be their great source of strength and energy. This source of creative power is living, functioning humanity of which art has to be a part to attain greatness.

By bringing out this portfolio of six large ready-to-frame prints at $3.00, *Masses and Mainstream* is showing the way to a practical realization of the artists' and the people's desires. And in choosing White the magazine has chosen a Negro people's artist who not only can draw human beings with the dignity they deserve but who gives us a penetrating and symbolic rendering of the beauty of the Negro people.

We are fortunate that modern technology has been able to help in this effort at mass distribution of art, available to the people. And because of this fact I believe that it is proper for us to review briefly some of the significant factors which have contributed to or restricted the

Let's Walk Together

growth of a graphic art in reproduction, for the people. This seems to be necessary in order to place White's effort historically and will lead logically into a more detailed discussion of the individual prints in the portfolio.

I PRESUME that the development of wood engraving and etching on copper plates was primarily a result of the first European type-printed books and the consequent demand for reproduction in them. Albrecht Dürer's wood engravings and etchings were produced in very limited numbers; so were Rembrandt's at a later date. Some editions of a plate were limited to five prints to make them rarer and more valuable as collectors' items!

The unhappy practice of destroying a plate after a limited number of impressions, has been common among etchers and engravers right up to present times. This is the same type of financial operation as dumping ship loads of bananas and destroying the potato crop to keep the price of the commodity up in disregard of the empty stomachs of the poor. People can use more art as they can use more bananas.

Goya's powerful graphic art was not as readily available to large masses of people as it should have been—nor was the work of the great English satirist Thomas Rowlandson, for the etching plate was their principal medium of reproducing draw-

ings. The average etching print which is printed singly by hand, takes twenty minutes to produce and unless the copper is reinforced by a steel facing (which some claim detracts from the sensitiveness of the line) a mere fifty to 100 prints can be the normal expectancy of one copper engraved plate. Daumier is perhaps the great usher-inner of the lithograph age and of a people's graphic art of near mass proportions. His hundreds of biting comments on the rottenness of the law courts, political intrigue and the supreme beauty of simple people gave an inkling of the eventual mass production of an art for the people which our technology a hundred years later could accomplish if the powers that be were as sensitive to the need for an art within the range of people as are the initiators of Charles White's portfolio.

Daumier's drawings reached thousands of people because, mainly, he did so many of them. He reached his largest audience through newspapers, pamphlets and other publications, as in our country and in our time did Art Young, Boardman, Robinson, Bob Minor, Hugo Gellert and William Gropper, to mention a few of the great names. The era of the litho was an advance in mass distribution probably climaxed in France by the amazingly beautiful colored lithos of Toulouse-Lautrec, often used in a most popular form—theatre billboards and music hall ads.

On account of poor technical facilities during and preceding the people's revolution in Mexico, artists who made powerful cartoons for pamphlets and one-sheet newspapers cut their designs on boards and printed them one by one as block prints. The incisive work of Posada, one of the best of the Mexican people's artists, was done in this medium. His work inclines towards the macabre—parched earth, skeletons, his people sombre and suffering. But his vigorous line stirred up the action of self-preservation in his people, the down-trodden Indian peasants.

Posada sees man starkly and not often as a handsome embodiment of perfection. He must have shared the belief of Millet, the great painter of the French worker of the soil, who said: "Beauty does not dwell in the face; it radiates forth from the whole figure and appears in the suitableness of the action to the subject. Your pretty peasants would be ill-suited for the picking up of wood, for gleaning in the fields in August, for drawing water from a well."

Posada's work is beautiful because it functioned for the purpose and the time in which it was done. He was followed by many powerful graphic artists in Mexico, culminating in a wonderful, active group of artists called the Taller de Grafica Popular, who are today as always bringing art to the people of Mexico.

Another example of a people's art conquering restricted conditions and limited techniques is to be seen in the beautiful printed posters done by the combined three-man Soviet team

calling themselves Kukriniksky. These works, very powerful and moving, were done under battle conditions behind the front lines during Hitler's invasion; they are similar as people's art to the work of the Mexicans and aesthetically can be compared to Toulouse-Lautrec. These were done on wood blocks. They were printed in small sections which were stuck together to make large posters in color. Printing was done by rubbing spoons over the back of the paper which had been applied to the inked wood block. How limited the quantity production of these works done under fire, compared to today's mass production methods now becoming available to the artist wishing to reach the people—witness this portfolio which Charles White has given us!

CHARLES White sees human beings in a much more handsome light than did Posada and much nearer to the embodiment of physical perfection than Toulouse-Lautrec. His technique is of the smoothest perfection, his forms are often like polished marble. In this respect and in the social message his work has an affinity to Kent's. White sees people rock-like in their physical calmness and strength—within, they may be deeply moved by emotion like "The Mother," which to me is the one where White has most successfully (in the words of Rockwell Kent) "Transcended as only true art can—the stone, the crayon, black and white of which they are contrived."

The "Lincoln" print could be the most popular or have the most general appeal. In its sculptural massiveness there is a genuine depth of sympathy shining out. The girl with hands raised to the dove in "Dawn of Life" is very much alive in the tender uplift of her beautiful face. All the faces Charles White draws have beauty—there are no imperfections here. White is giving us a world which he wants to come—which he has faith *will* come. He sweeps aside the pernicious vapors of inequality, cruelty and death which do exist here and now.

The happy, hopeful faces in "Let's Walk Together" make you feel that these drawings really do function for the purpose and time in which they are done—a time when the hope for Mankind must be asserted daily to counteract the fears, the uncertainty which are to be seen in so many faces everywhere around us today.

My favorite print of all in the portfolio is "Ye Shall Inherit the Earth"—possibly because to me it seems to live more in its movement outside of the beauty of the faces. There is a ruggedness and an earthy asymmetry about the figure carrying the beautiful little child which expresses power. The words of the peasant painter, Millet, voiced 100 years ago, seem to express better than I could, the beauty of Charles White's "Ye Shall Inherit the Earth." He said: "When I paint a mother I shall strive to represent her beauty solely in the look she gives her child. Beauty is Expression."

In Praise of History

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

The sages of the old regime
Dipt their feather pens in cream
And by the light of towns on fire
Wrote history to their hearts' desire.

The savants of the status quo
Recounted conflicts blow by blow
As fought by neither fowl nor fish
To grant some lacy whore's wish.

But now the truth breaks out of bounds,
The hares have turned upon the hounds,
The comic gawk and lout and clown
Are shaking history upside down.

What is there left to teach when facts
Replace the glamorous battle-axe,
And people think it was *their* kind
That coaxed the stone and carved the mind,

Presuming now to know the laws
For waging life instead of wars
And what science makes a bomb
Return to its magnetic womb?

How can the stainless queens compare
And all the Louis', Fat or Fair,
To that new heroine who grows
The multi-budded thornless rose?

Or fiery saints whose fame resounds
Over their self-inflicted wounds
To the calm giant by whose will
Peace grows in fields, is forged in mills?

And so our subject has become
To bourgeois sense a skeleton
Racked by the echoes of a cough,
Its insides out, its outsides off,

A grave where cause has no effect
And tangibles get no respect,
Though wormy kings still hoard their gleam
As darkened lights in a dark dream.

But we who lack the grace to whine
The glorious tyrants of all time
Take slave and worker's hands to free
Man for a different destiny.

As all the stars together sang
So men shall sing when once they hang
The magic mask, with whips and tongs,
In the museum of past wrongs,

Powerful at last to blight
The immemorial parasite
Whose clawing death shall leave no trace
On the unfettered human face.

The Living Lorca

By GEORGE LEESON

DURING recent years Western Europe and North America have been flooded with Spanish singers, ballet companies, folk-dancing ensembles. This is part of a very clever "normalizing" process which is taking place with the aim of grooming the Franco regime for an alliance with the Western powers.

This "normalizing" process is, however, faced with the difficult task of laying the ghost that haunts the Franco regime—the ghost of the young Spanish poet and playwright Federico García Lorca, murdered by the Falangists in 1936. Nevertheless, efforts are being made in this direction which, if allowed to pass unchallenged, may succeed in deceiving quite a number of well-meaning people.

We have been treated to translations of his works by people who fought on Franco's side during the Spanish war and by active supporters of Franco, and to articles and radio broadcasts which never once mention the circumstances of Lorca's death. There are also the self-styled friends and admirers of Lorca who take great pains to stress the fact that he was "completely non-political."

Three years ago, José-María P
mán, one of the principal litera
figures of Franco Spain, wrote an a
ticle in a leading Madrid newspap
in which he extolled Lorca, claim
that he had been killed by unknow
and irresponsible persons, and co
demned the killing as a crime agai
Spain.

True friends of Lorca, who a
acquainted with his life and wo
will not allow themselves to be ta
en in by this weak-kneed and apol
getic attitude, which plays rig
into the hands of those who prai
Franco as a "gallant Christian gent
man." It would thus be well to
tablish two points clearly—the ava
able facts on Lorca's death and t
real content of his work.

It was known that shortly befo
the outbreak of the fascist insurr
tion Lorca had gone to spend t
summer in his native Granada.
soon as it became known that G
nada had fallen to the fascists on t
first day of the rebellion, friends
the poet in many countries began
make anxious inquiries about hi
and to initiate a campaign to sa
his life, which they knew to be
danger from Franco's supporters.

There were rumors that he h

been shot, that he was in prison or that he was being held as a hostage. Then, after a few weeks, came authentic news that he had been shot, though no actual details were revealed of the reason for his death nor of his place of burial.

Few political murders in recent times have caused such deep and widespread repercussions, and it was clear that the Spanish fascists were completely taken aback by the scale of the protest movement which this crime awakened. This was probably the reason why they erected such a wall of silence on the whole affair. Now, hoping that memories are as short as they are reputed to be, they have begun a process intended to divert the world renown of this great anti-fascist poet into an instrument for making Franco respectable. Some of them are already going so far as to suggest that had Lorca lived he would have been an ardent supporter of the present regime.

Though it is unquestionable that many innocent people were butchered in Franco Spain by unknown and irresponsible people, there seems to be no doubt at all that the execution of Lorca was a deliberate act, carried out on the official instructions of the leading Falangist authorities in Granada.

Corroboration is provided by the evidence of the British writer, Gerald Brenan, who is anything but Left politically, and who actually favors the restoration of the Spanish monarchy. He visited Spain in 1950, and gives an account of this visit in his book *The Face of Spain.* While in Granada, he made extensive inquiries to try to establish the actual circumstances of Lorca's death and his place of burial. He was led firmly to the conviction that Lorca was arrested on orders of the leading Falangist authorities in Granada, taken by car one night to the Falangist "Brown House" at Víznar, where he was shot and buried alongside hundreds of his fellow-victims in the pits of the Víznar ravine, after having been forced to dig his own grave.

Nor is it difficult to find the reasons for the crime. The friends who had been campaigning to save Lorca's life knew full well that he was a marked man as far as Spanish reaction was concerned. When they shot Lorca, the Spanish fascists were carrying out a political act as deliberate and calculated as those carried out by the German fascists when they systematically murdered intellectuals in Germany, Poland, France and the Soviet Union.

LORCA was not a politician. He was a poet, an artist. But he was no ivory tower intellectual. He was essentially a man of the people, living among them, writing for them, acutely aware of their joys and sorrows, their hopes and aspirations. He was, in fact, the very antithesis of everything that fascism and reaction stand for.

His feeling for the persecuted and downtrodden has made him known and loved by millions of ordinary

people in all the Spanish-speaking countries. This is the reason why his poems are on the lips of millions who cannot read or write. This is why he has become so much a part of Spanish folklore that his verses are known to millions who recite them without necessarily knowing the name of the author.

Lorca set out to do for Spanish poetry what his friend and teacher Manuel de Falla did for Spanish music. He wanted to rescue it from the drawing room and the stuffed shirt, to give it life and to take it out to the people, who are the source of its life. He found that this meant finding the forms which were traditional and acceptable to the people.

He revived, in a new and modern form, the traditional form of Spanish folk poetry, the "Romance" or ballad, which originated with the *juglares* and *troveres.* He filled it with the wild imagery and beauty of sound which flows so effortlessly from the lips of the peasants and gypsies of his Andalusia. He was not interested in publication, and during his years at the "Residencia de los Estudiantes" in Madrid he held gatherings of his fellow-students in his room which often lasted till three in the morning, and in which he kept his audiences enthralled by readings of his poems and by poetic and dramatic improvisations.

These poems were memorized by his listeners, and were spread by word of mouth throughout Spain. Thus, long before his *Romancero Gitano* was published in 1928, many of its ballads were already known by scores of thousands of people in towns and villages all over Spain and its young author was being acclaimed as the poet of the century.

Part of the reason for this success was the sheer music and the wild colorful imagery, as in the introductory lines of his "Romance Sonnámbulo":

"Verde, que te quiero verde.
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.
El barco sobre la mar
y el caballo en la montaña.
Con la sombra en la cintura
ella sueña en su baranda,
verde carne, pelo verde,
con ojos de fría plata."

("Green, how I love you green.
Green wind. Green branches.
The boat upon the sea
and the horse on the mountain.
With the shadows around her
waist
she dreams on her verandah,
green flesh and hair of green,
with eyes of cold silver")

This wild Andalusian intoxication is, however, only part of the reason. The living and permanent essence of the "Romancero" is the deep and passionate expression of the feelings of the common people, the sufferings of the gypsies, outcasts of society, hunted and oppressed by the hated Civil Guard. This runs through all the poems, from the in-

ic fantasy of the story of the gypsy girl Preciosa, who imagines the wind to be obsessed with desire and runs for safety into the house of the English consul, through the nostalgia of the gypsy nun pining for the flowers and the mountain streams to the stark tragedy of the famous "Ballad of the Spanish Civil Guard."

Spanish reaction never forgave Lorca this latter poem. The Civil Guard, defenders of law and order, a special and select body of armed police, have remained as the watchdogs of the extreme Right through all changes of regime. When the peasants, tired of waiting for the Republic to give them the land which they had been promised, seized the land of absentee landlords, they were driven off by the rifles of the Civil Guard, and those same rifles were used again and again to fire on workers' strikes and demonstrations.

The people quickly took hold of Lorca's graphic description of their hated enemy:

"Black are the horses,
and black the horses' hooves.
Stains of ink and wax
gleam on the dark capes.
With their skulls of lead
they can shed no tears.
They ride the highway
with souls of patent leather.
Hunched and nocturnal,
bringing wherever they come
silences of dark rubber
and fears of fine-grained sand.
They pass where they will,
and hide within their heads
a vague astronomy
of threatening pistols."

The Church, also, could never forgive him this poem. The images of the Church are here associated, not with the privileged and the powerful, but with the weak and oppressed. The Virgin and Saint Joseph come to the gypsy town to look for their lost castanets, and join in the fiesta, and when the Civil Guard attack and ravage the town they take the side of the stricken gypsies, gathered at the "Gate of Bethlehem":

"Saint Joseph, heavy with wounds,
winds a maiden in a shroud.
The Virgin heals the children
with saliva balm of the stars."

Lorca also developed another traditional form of Spanish folk poetry, the "Cante Jondo" of Andalusia. This is an essentially popular form of folk song which is peculiar to Southern Spain, a feature of which is spontaneous improvisation in performance. Clearly Oriental in form, its origin is lost in the mists of time. Some claim that it was brought to Spain by wandering gypsy tribes, others trace it to the Moors, but the most likely explanation seems to be that it was brought from the Middle East by the Phoenicians. The origin of the name is also disputed. Some claim that "jondo" is really "hondo," and translate it literally as "deep song." A more likely explanation is that it derives from the man-

ner of singing in Jewish synagogues, "Cante Jom Tob," which it closely resembles.

Lorca's "Poema del Cante Jondo" was written more for performance than for publication, and though written in 1921 was not published until 1931. These poems are cameos of Andalusian life: the fertile gardens, the horsemen, the women washing clothes in the village streams, the lost villages, the tragedy of untimely death, and through them all the twang of the guitar.

IT IS not difficult to imagine the impact made on the folk poet of Andalusia by his sudden transition in 1929 to the bustling world of North America. He went to New York with his friend and former teacher Fernando de los Ríos, and this visit, which lasted for about a year, was a turning point in his life.

The sordid commercialism, the worship of artificial values, the crushing of humanity by the skyscraper offices shattered him, tore at the very roots of his being by day and turned his nights into torment. This was the "sleepless city," "New York of mud, New York of wires and of death."

It was impossible for him to express the life of this man-made jungle in the forms of Spanish folk rhythm. A new poetic form was needed, harsh, jangled, confused and shattering as was its impact upon him. He found this form, and the poems of this period, *Poeta en Nueva York,* the most devastating commentary on the New York of Wall Street and the millionaire trusts.

Many critics and writers pass hastily over this period of his life and work. They pretend to be puzzled by the new poetic forms, and say that the poems are "difficult," "surrealistic," "gruesome" or "nightmarish." Many people, however, if given the chance to read these poems, would no doubt find them very apt descriptions of the life they portray.

Nor would the ordinary reader find them particularly difficult, but would accept this picture of the skyscraper offices where scores of thousands of clerks and typists work for giant trusts whose commerce extends like an octopus across the world:

> "Beneath the multiplications
> is a drop of the blood of a duck.
> Beneath the divisions,
> a drop of a sailor's blood.
> Beneath the additions,
> a river of tender blood;
> a river which comes singing
> through the dormitory suburbs,
> and it is silver, cement or the
> breeze
> in the false dawn of New York.

Nor is there any extravagant surrealism in this picture of dawn in New York, a dawn built on "four columns of mud," in which:

> "Light is entombed by chain
> and by noise
> in an obscene maze of science
> without roots.

In the suburbs are people who
stagger in sleepwalk
as though just landed from a shipwreck of blood."

Thousands of ordinary men and women, with no pretensions to understanding the fine points of poetic structure, will feel akin to the poet who condemns the skyscraper prisons of Wall Street:

"I denounce all those people
who ignore the other half,
the irredeemible half
who raise up their mountains of cement."

And who cries out against the agony of a world in which:

"War passes by weeping with a million grey rats,
rich men give their mistresses
little illuminated moribundi,
and life is not noble, not good, nor sacred."

GARCIA Lorca's detestation of the harsh values of American commercialism did not, however, blind him to the positive elements of the land of Jefferson and Lincoln. He could understand and sympathize with the multitude which spills out from the crowded tenements of the East Side and the Bronx to Battery Place and Coney Island in search of fresh air and a rest from the frenzied race for the dollar.

He also made two great discoveries. One of these was the work of Walt Whitman, with his "beard full of butterflies and corduroy shoulders worn by the moon." In this great American people's poet he found strength and humanity and warmth, someone who could "dream that you were a river and sleep like a river." To him Whitman was the "perfect voice" that will pierce through the sham and the mockeries, the perversions and the psychological sickness of the millionaires to "tell the truth of the wheat."

It was perfectly natural that the champion of the poor and downtrodden should be irresistibly drawn to Harlem. Here it was that he made his second discovery—the Negroes of New York, set apart and persecuted because of the color of their skin. He expressed the tragedy underlying the seeming joyous abandon of the Harlem dance-halls:

"Ah, Harlem!
There is no anguish to compare with your oppressed eyes,
with your blood trembling within the dark eclipse,
with your garnet violence, mute in the darkness,
with your great king, imprisoned in the uniform of a janitor."

Lorca expressed not only the sorrows of the Negro people, but their hope and courage. He saw in them the embodiment of the life that would yet triumph over a moribund society beset with fear. They are unaffected by the canker which eats at the root of the society surrounding

them. He implores them to retain their own values, not to look for a cranny in the wall which has been built around them, not to seek to join the infinite masquerade, but to seek the great sun of the center.

It is no wonder that those who make such a point of the "non-political" character of Lorca and who wish to convert him into the object of a cult for literary drawing rooms and highbrow reviews would like to bury this vitally important New York period. Lorca's real friends, however, will be proud of the social consciousness revealed in his "Cry to Rome from the Tower of the Chrysler Building":

"The masters teach the children
of a marvelous light which flows
from the hills;
but all that flows is a merging of
sewers
where the dark nymphs of anger
shout.
The masters point with devotion
to the mighty perfumed domes;
but there is no love beneath the
statues,
there is no love beneath the eyes
of definitive crystal.
Love is to be found in flesh lacerated by thirst,
in the tiny cabin which fights
against the flood;
love is in the ditches where the
serpents of hunger fight,
in the sad sea which rocks the
corpses of the seagulls,
and in the dark pungent kiss beneath the pillows."

HE RETURNED to Spain in th
summer of 1930, and the e
tablishment of the Republic in Apr
of the following year gave him th
opportunity of being of service to h
people.

Fernando de los Ríos becam
Minister of Education, and went
work on the mighty task of ma
education of a people which w
hungry for culture and crying o
for learning of all kinds. As pa
of the task of meeting this insatiab
demand, the Minister decided
form a traveling theatrical compan
to take the great classics of Spani
drama to the remotest towns an
villages, and he entrusted Federi
with the organization and operatio
of this project.

This group, called "La Barraca
traveled the country playing in v
lage halls and in the open air to pea
ants and work people who had nev
before seen a theatrical performan
They presented the great classics
the Golden Age, particularly t
works of the great master Lope
Vega, in which the main protago
ist is the common people, who ta
into their own hands—as in *Fuen*
ovejuna—the punishment of tyran

Lorca was in his element with t
wide and eager audience. He
everything: producing, acting, wr
ing music for the old ballads,
signing and painting scenery, ada
ing old plays and writing plays
his own for production by the co
pany.

He was now able to fulfill
ambition to write for the stage.

twenty, his first publicly-presented play, a short poetic fantasy called *The Witchery of the Butterfly,* had been badly received. He tried again in 1927 with his first full-length play, *Mariana Pineda,* a tragedy in verse based on the martyrdom of a heroine of the Republican struggles of the early 19th century, which also was not well received by middle class audiences of the Spain of Alfonso and Primo de Rivera, though it has since been played with success in Latin America.

Shortly after his return to Spain, he wrote three farces. These plays were more successful, and *The Shoemaker's Wonderful Wife,* which is pure folk comedy, was a great favorite with the peasant audiences of "La Barraca."

These plays, however, were merely preliminary exercises for the launching of the great cycle of poetic tragedies with which he took the theatre of the Spanish-speaking world by storm.

The first of these was *Blood Wedding,* which opened in Madrid in 1933, and was an immediate and overwhelming success. It received an enthusiastic reception in Latin America, and Lorca was invited to go to the Argentine to produce the play. It has since been translated and performed in many countries, establishing itself as one of the classics of world drama.

Blood Wedding is a tragedy in the style of the great tradition of Lope de Vega. Its theme is the blood feud set against the system of arranged marriages of Catholic Spain. The feud and the marriage system, relics of the outworn past, hang over the present and destroy the efforts of the new generation to grasp the simple happiness which appears to be so naturally attainable. The central figure, the Mother, representative of the traditional cult of honor, becomes in the end the principal victim of the tragedy brought upon all by the ideas which she so steadfastly upholds.

The second great tragedy, *Yerma,* is in the tradition of Calderón de la Barca, with the entire tragic impact falling on the main protagonist, Yerma, the childless wife of a land-hungry farmer. Again the motive force is the arranged marriage. Yerma is denied the only compensation that would make her marriage bearable to her through her husband's inability to give her children, and the rigorous feudal code of Catholic Spain which prevents her from seeking her happiness elsewhere. Staged in 1935, with the main role played by Margarita Xirgu, the great Spanish actress who has since done so much in exile in South America to ensure the publication of Lorca's works in the original version, *Yerma* repeated the success of *Blood Wedding.*

The next play in the cycle, *Doña Rosita the Spinster,* is the tragedy of frustrated love, of the young girl longing for marriage and motherhood, condemned to lifelong spinsterhood by the narrow tenets of the middle-class society of Granada.

Rosita's aunt, who is also her guardian, prevents her engagement to her cousin, considering that the young man has insufficient means. Finally she allows the young couple to become engaged, but the young man must first go to Peru to make his fortune. The years pass, and he does not return. Rosita has to keep up the pretense in her middle-class world of being engaged to be married, while seeing the approach of middle age and knowing that she is condemned to be an "old maid" in a society which values woman only as the bearer of children.

When he was murdered, Lorca left in manuscript form the last of this cycle of tragedies, *The House of Bernarda Alba.* Though this is his only play written completely in prose, its rhythm is essentially poetic. The scene here is the hard, dry, inhospitable land of the Castillian plain, where Bernarda, widow of a farmer, wrings a living from the soil for herself and her five daughters. Again the theme is the frustration of natural love by the arranged marriage. Only Angustias, the 39-year-old eldest daughter has a dowry, so she is the only one for whom a marriage can be arranged which will be in keeping with the family's position in the village, though the daughters would be perfectly willing to marry any of the local laborers. She is to marry Pepe el Romano, "the finest young man for miles around." Pepe, however, is already the lover of the youngest daughter, 19-year-old Adela, but Bernarda narrow-mindedly insists on what is "right and respectable," and drives on to the tragic death of Adela.

These plays are variations on one theme: the frustration, tragedy and futile waste which arise from the feudal attitude to women, the worship of property, the caste system, the bigoted "code of honor" and the commercialized marriage market of Catholic Spain. Treated in Lorca's skillful manner, this theme is political dynamite in a country like Spain.

At the time of his death, Lorca had only five years of real experience as a dramatist. It is interesting to speculate on what he might have produced if this work had not been cut short by his own tragedy. The character and content of his few completed plays leave no doubt that his contribution to the theatre would have been one of the outstanding events of this century.

As it is, he has won a place in dramatic literature which is at least on a par with any of the playwrights of the first half of the twentieth century, and the playwrights and critics of the future will be well advised to pay attention to his work.

He stormed a theatre which had been fed for years on "naturalistic" drama and drawing-room comedies. In spite of his earlier rejection by audiences who had forgotten that it is a function of the drama to provoke thought, he brought social problems on to the stage and restored poetry to its place in the theatre.

The important thing is not that most of his plays contain sections written in verse, but that the whole rhythm and conception of his drama is poetic. The characters themselves take on the pattern of this poetic setting, while still being so completely real as to be readily identified with the members of his audience.

AS A poet, Lorca made a major contribution towards restoring poetry to its function as a popular art form. The proof of his success is his widespread acceptance by the millions for whom he wrote. This is of particular significance at a time when the aim of many poets seems to be to remove poetry from the life of the mass of the people so that nothing that they write goes beyond their own deliberately restricted coterie. Their contempt for the masses is only equaled by their isolation from them.

Lorca knew that poetry cannot live apart from those who have, in the past, provided its life-blood. He knew how to take it back to its source to be regenerated by that vigorous blood. He built on the best poetic tradition of his country, and helped to bring to fruition the work of the "Generation of '98" in rescuing Spanish poetry from slavish and puerile imitation of French poetry of the late 19th century.

His imagery, though often wild and exotic, can only appear strange to those who have allowed the machine to crush out of them all poetic feeling and expression. Such poetic imagery flows naturally from the lips of the Andalusian peasants and the gypsies in the caves of Granada. Above all, he never loses sight of the fact that poetry is meant to be spoken, and not read in cold print, and he has a keen sense of musical effect, to be expected in a man whom Manuel de Falla considered to be one of his most promising students, and who at one time thought of becoming a concert pianist.

He was also a great innovator, making continual bold experiments with new forms. Besides his songs, gypsy ballads, odes on subjects drawn from Spanish history and the stark impact of his New York poems, he went to the Arabic poets of Andalusia for the pattern of his volume *El Diván del Tamarit.* The most striking example of this quest for new forms is the elegy he wrote on the death of his friend Ignacio Sánchez Mejías, who, in addition to being one of Spain's best bullfighters, was also a poet who was accepted as an equal by men of letters.

The "Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías" is in four parts, forming an entity that can best be likened to a musical symphony. The four parts are completely varied in form, while fitting completely into the pattern of the work as a whole: the funeral chant of the first part, with its images of the bull-ring and the thoughtless crowd and the continuous repetition of the time of the death "at five in the afternoon," a section in the form of "Cante Jon-

do," the more orthodox quatrains of the third part, and the lyrical nobility of the final dedication, ending with what might well be a fitting epitaph for Lorca himself:

"Tardará mucho tiempo en nacer,
si es que nace,
un andaluz tan claro, tan rico de aventura.
Yo canto su elegancia con palabras que gimen
y recuerdo una brisa triste por los olivos."

("A long time will pass ere Andalusia shall bear
so fine a son, in adventure so rich.
I sing his nobility with sorrowing words
and remember a sad breeze through the olives.")

The poet whose work is filled with such passionate love for all that is best in his country and people was not the victim of a blind act by "unknown and irresponsible persons." He was as much a martyr to the cause of Spanish progress as his brother-in-law, Montesinas, the Socialist mayor of Granada, shot by the same Falangist gangs, and all the thousands of Spanish workers, peasants and intellectuals whose bodies lie with his in the tortured soil of Spain.

There is no place in the regime which has been shackled on to the Spanish people for Lorca's warm love and compassion for the oppressed Lorca will always be the propert of his people, and as much a pa of Spanish life as the irresistible wi to freedom which bursts forth ever so often, as in the glorious Barcelon movement of March 1951.

Lorca's patriotism was that of th "Generation of '98," not a narro chauvinism, but a love of countr that found expression in the mo outspoken criticism, in the deep d sire to see the land which the loved cleansed of those evil reli of the past which fester upon th present.

His was a nationalism which cou reach out in understanding an brotherly feeling to those in oth lands who are also filled with a lo of country and of humanity. H expressed this by his unfailing su port for the struggle of all tho in any land who were fighting f right and justice:

"I am a brother to all, and I d spise the man who sacrifices himse to an abstract nationalist idea mer ly to love his country blindfold

It is this love of all humani this true patriotism which cann live side by side with social wro and injustice, which has animat the countless thousands of Span men and women who have giv their lives in the struggle against t forces of darkness and reaction. F derico García Lorca has earned place of honor in this long a noble scroll of fame.

RiGhT FaCe

Inside Story

"Coffee en masse is merely a giving in to the communistic influence that is sweeping the world. International communism works in many ways to accomplish its nefarious ends, and this business of everybody knocking off work at a given time to drink coffee is a mistake, or even worse."—Washington *Star.*

Doubling In Brass

". . . 'Pickup on South Street' is an undistinguished but reasonably exciting slapdash of sex sadism, and of cops and crooks and Communist agents. . . . In the end love and patriotism triumph over a disorderly mixture of mayhem and murky waterfront scenes. And Thelma Ritter has a fine time posing as an eccentric peddler of second-hand neckties who also functions as a stoolpigeon."—Newsweek.

Back Pay

"FRANKFURT, Germany—Thousands of former Nazis staged two mass rallies in West Germany today to demand payment for the time they spent in Allied internment camps after World War II."—*Associated Press dispatch.*

Mercy Mission

". . . the greatest fraternity on the face of the earth are the people who wear wings. . . . You are not just jet jockeys. . . . Take up the broader duty of understanding and preaching the role of air power. . . . The people who won't face the truth . . . must be told repeatedly, earnestly, logically that air power will save the world from destruction."—From a speech of General Hoyt S. Vandenburg to graduates at Williams Air Force Base, Arizona.

books in review

Momentous Letters

LETTERS TO AMERICANS: 1848-1895, by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. *International Publishers*, $3.50.

THIS selection of 166 letters and fragments written by Marx and Engels to sixteen correspondents in the United States from 1848 to 1895 has enormous significance for our country today.

These letters deal with the most varied subjects—problems and tactics of the working class movement in many countries, revolutionary poetry, the frame-up of German Communist leaders in Cologne over a century ago, Edward Bellamy and George Bernard Shaw, personal hardships and joys, current studies and publications, Samuel Gompers and the Socialist Labor Party, the Irish Question, refugee Communards from France, and lots more. Yet, all are variations on a single theme—how socialist theory and practice can serve to hasten the inevitable triumph of the working class over its capitalist oppressors. And the main focus of these letters is on the "grandeur" and promise of the emerging proletarian movement in the United States.

Most of the letters are written to Joseph Weydemeyer, German em gré, pioneer American Marxist and commander of the Union forces the Civil War; Frederick Adol Sorge, also German-American, w became the leader of the U.S. secti of the International Workingme Association (First International and Florence Kelley (Mrs. Wisc newetzky), leading social reform and member of the Socialist Lab Party, who translated works of Ma and Engels and arranged for the publication in this country. Othe addressed in these letters inclu five native-born Americans — t Presidents (Lincoln and Johnson a minister, a journalist, and a tra union leader; together with eig immigrant Americans.

Alexander Trachtenberg's ve helpful "Editor's Preface" notes t 96 of the letters were taken fr the collection Sorge contributed the New York Public Library, a the others from more recent sourc and, further, that "this is not a finitive edition. Letters and portio of letters have been selected w a view to presenting a large cr section of the vital, rich and ext sive correspondence with Americ which, if published in full, wo have filled a volume double present size."

The organization and editing of this volume are excellent. Letters are arranged in convenient chronological order, with extensive footnote supplements and interpretations. There is an extremely helpful biographical and subject index, with identifications of persons mentioned in the letters. The appendices include, in addition to Engels' fragmentary "American Travel Notes," two solid and valuable theoretical essays—Lenin's preface to the Russian edition of *Letters to Sorge;* and Engels' "The Labor Movement in the United States," written as the preface to the English translation by Florence Kelley (1877) of his book *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844.*

The historical period covered by these letters includes the pre-Civil War decade of intensive struggle against slavery, the Civil War, Reconstruction Democracy, the counter-revolution brought on by the rise of U.S. monopoly—and, with it all, the rapid growth of the American labor movement and the emergence of its socialist sector. Even one who already appreciates the giant intellectual stature of Marx and Engels must be amazed at the detailed factual knowledge of and deep insight into current developments in the United States reflected in this correspondence. Moreover, their correlation of American developments with events in nearly a dozen other countries—with whose working class leaders they were also in continual correspondence—gives fuller meaning to this period of our history than can be obtained from almost any other source.

Of more importance to us today than the many concrete events and issues with which these letters deal, however, are the generalized theoretical and tactical lessons they teach on problems which still plague the working class movement of our country. Among them four questions emerge as major themes: the fallacy of "American exceptionalism," the struggle against sectarianism, confidence in the U.S. working class, and the indispensable role of theory as a guide to action.

The founders of scientific socialism often pointed out the specific peculiarities of capitalist development in the United States—lack of a feudal past, broader bourgeois democracy, the safety-valve of free land in the West, higher living standards, division among immigrant and Negro and native-born white workers, etc.; and they constantly polemized against the ever-recurring illusion that these secondary, temporarily operative features made U.S. capitalism immune from the basic laws of social development.

Thus, Marx points out in 1852 that the attempts of H. C. Carey, "the only American economist of importance," to disprove the inherent nature of the class struggle and establish the thesis that economic conditions are those of cooperation and harmony rather than conditions of struggle and antagonism really serve to prove only that Mr.

Carey "takes the 'undeveloped' social conditions in the United States to be 'normal' social conditions."

Marx and Engels knew, scientifically, that the *basic* features of capitalism must, in time, assert their dominance; and they never ceased urging the American working class to avoid exceptionalist illusions and tactical blunders by basing their policies on the laws of social development. As expressed by Engels in 1892:

"In such a country continually renewed waves of advance, followed by equally certain setbacks, are inevitable. Only the advances always become more powerful, the setbacks less paralyzing, and on the whole the cause does move forward. But this I consider certain: the purely bourgeois foundation, with no pre-bourgeois swindle back of it, the corresponding colossal energy of development, which is displayed even in the mad exaggeration of the present protective tariff system, will one day bring about a change that will astound the whole world. Once the Americans get started, it will be with an energy and impetuousness compared with which we in Europe shall be mere children."

Precisely because they understood that social development proceeds through stages, Marx and Engels were ever cautioning the German-American leaders of the U.S. socialist movement against sectarian "doctrinaire and dogmatic" practices leading to isolation from the developing mass proletarian movement. To illustrate from Engels:

"The development of socialist sectarianism and that of the real labor movement always stand in inverse ratio to each other. So long as the sects are justified (historically), the working class is not yet ripe for an independent historical movement. As soon as it has attained its maturity all sects are essentially reactionary." (Nov. 23, 1871)

And again:

"The great thing is to get the working class to move *as a class;* that once obtained, they will soon find the right direction, and all who resist . . . will be left out in the cold with small sects of their own. Therefore I think also the K[nights] of L[abor] a most important factor in the movement which ought not to be pooh-poohed from without but to be revolutionized from within, and consider that many of the Germans there have made a grievous mistake when they tried, in the face of a mighty and glorious movement not of their own creation, to make of their imported and not always understood theory a kind of *allein seligmachendes* [it alone bringing salvation] dogma, and to keep aloof from any movement that did not accept that dogma. Our theory is not a dogma but the exposition of a process of evolution, and that process involves successive phases. To expect that the Americans will start with the full consciousness of the theory worked out in older industrial countries is to expect the impossible. What the Germans ought to do is to act up to their own theory—if they understand it, as we did in 1845 and 1848—to go for any real general working-class movement, accept its *faktische* [actual] starting point as such and work it gradually up to the theoretical level by pointing out how every mistake made, every reverse suffered, was a necessary consequence of mistaken theoretical orders in the original program; they ought, in the words of the *Communist Manifesto: in der Gegenwart der Bewegung die Zukunft der Bewegung reprasentieren* [To rep

ent the future of the movement in the resent of the movement]." (Dec. 28, 886.)

The continuing struggle for effective united front tactics today can be considerably strengthened through study of these nineteenth century *Letters to Americans.*

If any one note is dominant in the whole body of these letters, especially those of Engels during the 1880's and 1890's, it is the unqualified certainty of the coming proletarian victory on a world scale, with special enthusiasm for and confidence in the young but fast-moving American working class. For example:

"But with all that the cause is moving ahead mightily in America. A real mass movement exists among the English-speaking workers for the first time. That it proceeds gropingly at first, clumsy, unclear, unknowing, is unavoidable. All that will be cleared up; the movement will and must develop through its own mistakes. Theoretical ignorance is a characteristic of all young peoples, but so is rapidity of practical development. As in England, all the preaching is of no use in America until the actual necessity exists. And this is present in America now, and they are becoming conscious of it. The entrance of masses of native-born workers into the movement in America is for me one of the greatest events of 1886." (April 29, 1886.)

It is well to recall that Engels' enthusiasm about impending developments in the United States was validated shortly after his death, by the formation of a mass Socialist Party at the turn of the century and the tremendous upswing of the whole movement between 1905 and 1914. Engels did not—and, of course, could not—foresee the coming betrayal of Social Democracy on a world scale, including our own country, with the advent of World War I. But had he witnessed this setback of the whole movement outside Russia, together with the ups and downs that have followed, we may be sure that he would still proclaim confidently, as in one of his last *Letters to Americans* (Jan. 1, 1895): ". . . once the workers know what they want, then the state, the land, the industries, everything will belong to them."

The fourth "major theme" of these letters—from which the Marxists of our country can also learn a great deal of value today—is the urgent necessity to *study,* to *master theory,* to *use theory as a guide to action.* Over and over again, Marx and Engels emphasized the great obstacles with which lack of theory—whose historic origins they well understood—confronts the American working class. Engels wrote in 1883: "If American energy and vitality were backed by European theoretical clarity, the thing would be finished over there in ten years. But that is impossible historically."

Moreover, the authors of these letters exemplified in their lives the decisive importance they attached to thorough scholarship and theoretical mastery. Thus, from Marx:

"I am usually at the British Museum from 9 o'clock in the morning to 7 o'clock at night. The material I am work-

ing on has so damned many ramifications that I won't be able to finish it for another six or eight weeks. . . ." (June 27, 1851.)

"Things have been going badly rather than well with me for the past two years. . . . But I must pursue my goal through thick and thin, and I must not allow bourgeois society to turn me into a money-making machine. . . . I hope to gain a scientific victory for our party." (Feb. 1, 1859.)

"Well, why didn't I answer you? Because I was constantly hovering at the edge of the grave. Hence I had to make use of EVERY moment when I was able to work to complete my book, to which I have sacrificed health, happiness, and family. . . . I should have really regarded myself as *impractical* if I had pegged out without completely finishing my book, at least in manuscript." (April 30, 1867.)

There is much more in this volume of tremendous current interest and value—analyses of the political and military aspects of the Civil War, polemics against a wide assortment of "philistines," trenchant observations on the late 19th century antecedents of today's Europe, the beautiful relations of these two great men with each other and with their families and friends.

There is at least one other very urgent and "practical" task in which we would do well to make full use of this book. Few things could more readily spike the Big Lie of the Marxist "world conspiracy"—based on a sinister "alien ideology" recently imported from behind the "Iron Curtain" — than for hundreds of thousands of our countrymen to re these 19th century *Letters to Ame cans.*

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

Loaded with Life

DEATH HOUSE LETTERS, by Julius Ethel Rosenberg. *Jero Publishing* $1.00.

In the beginning was the W and the Word was with God, the Word was God: Ethel Ros berg, mother, wife, sister, "sealed the grey walls" of Sing Sing's de house, yet knew she had the W The Word was indestructible. So the deathly silence of her tomb wrote words through which the w currents of her ebbing life flo out to all mankind.

On the other side of the thick w in his own barred cell, mild, obsc Julius Rosenberg, a "little man," words on paper. The prison w fall away and we behold a gian strength and wisdom and everlas dignity.

During the long, bitter travai this husband and wife, letters v the only means of genuine com nication. On the rare occasions w the condemned prisoners were lowed to see each other, each accompanied by guards. Not were the tips of their fingers allo to touch, for between them al was a thick, heavy wire mesh.

Ethel Rosenberg was sent to Sing's death house on April

1951, twelve days after Judge Irving Kaufman sentenced her to die. When, in May, Julius Rosenberg was successful in his efforts to be transferred to Sing Sing, they saw each other for the first time in six weeks. Afterwards the wife wrote:

"My own dear Sweetheart, How sad I was to leave you, and how reluctant my step as I approached my cell. . . . I see your pale drawn face, your pleading eyes, your slender, boyish body and your evident suffering. My dearest husband, what heaven and what hell to welcome you to monotonous days and joyless nights in Sing Sing—to endless desire and endless denial. And yet here, held fast by brick and concrete and steel, shall our love put forth gripping root and tender blossom; here shall we roar defiance, too, and give battle."

At the same time the husband was writing:

"My precious Ethel, It was so good to see you this afternoon. Honey, I sat so reserved looking at you through the screen and all the time I wanted to take you in my arms, smother you with kisses and tell you in more than words of my consuming love for you. . . ."

Strengthened and reassured, the young wife could reply:

"Can we ever forget the turbulence and struggle, the joy and beauty of the early years of our relationship when you courted me and I accepted you as my heart's dearest? Together we hunted down the answers to all the seemingly insoluble riddles a complex and callous society represented. It is because we did not hesitate to blazon forth those answers that we sit within the walls of Sing Sing. And yet, for the sake of these answers, for the sake of American democracy, justice and brotherhood, for the sake of peace and bread and roses, and children's laughter, we shall continue to sit here in dignity and pride—in the deep abiding knowledge of our innocence before God and man, until the truth becomes a clarion call to all decent humanity."

But the plight of their two small sons turned the mother upon a rack of pain—

"My heart cries aloud for the children. . . . I never had a chance to make arrangements for them. . . . My mind leaps ahead to frightening possibilities. I am sick for Michael; he is so young, so young, to know such savage cruelty."

Once in a while the condemned pair were granted a boon. After being allowed to attend the Jewish services Julius wrote:

"Heard your sweet voice and intelligent offering at services today and received a lovely message from you. We're people who practice what we believe, and that is, as the Rabbi put it, 'Do unto others as you want them to do unto you.' Many people can have different interpretations. To me, it is not a theoretical thing, but a living, practical philosophy which when put into effect signifies the real brotherhood of man."

With this idea of brotherhood deeply embedded in her heart Ethel Rosenberg finds companionship even in Sing Sing's death house. November 13, 1951 she writes:

"Just had a pleasant breakfast. It is

only 7:30 a.m. but already our laughter is resounding through the women's wing. It is so wonderful to wake up and find a sweet little lady on hand (one of the prison matrons—Ed.) with whom one is able to be entirely relaxed and natural and enjoy a humorous exchange."

Outside in the courts appeals are made and denied. The Supreme Court refuses to review the case. After a while even the high, thick walls of Sing Sing failed to shut out the rising clamor of the world as wave after wave of decent humanity took up the case of the Rosenbergs and sought to batter down the walls of hysteria, fear and ignorance which imprisoned them.

Friends outside sent them books, some of which reached the condemned pair:

"I am reading *Science and Politics in the Ancient World,* by Benjamin Farrington. He gives documentary proof that the enemy of scientific growth was superstition imposed on the people by the nobles of the state and heads of the church for the purpose of maintaining the status quo and their preferred class position. Dissemination of scientific knowledge to the mass of people was set up as the greatest crime, heresy. . . ."

Time now passed quickly. With the help of their attorney, Emanuel Bloch, they drew up an Appeal for Executive Clemency which was sent to the White House.

"It is important to our morale to participate actively in this fight for our lives that at the same time has such significance for the American people. We never were wall flowers and we intend to make our weight felt."

What more could they do? Th had no property, no money, no en nence, no ties with people in "hi places." Their only possessions we precious snapshots of the childr their letters to each other, an alrea yellowing sheet torn from the Ne York *Times* of July 4, 1951—a production of the Declaration of dependence — which Julius h pinned up on the wall of his cell.

The decision to give out th cherished letters for publication v an act of faith in and concern all the people fighting against t anny, world war and growing f cism. The letters were confided their trusted attorney. With th was a short poem entitled "If Die" which Ethel Rosenberg l written to her sons.

Death House Letters presents t poem as its Preface. A short hist of the case is found in the In duction. The appendix is made of excerpts from the Rosenbergs' tition for Executive Clemency from a few of the statements m in their behalf by outstanding i viduals and organizations in all p of the world.

Proceeds from the sale of the b will be used to establish a trust f for the Rosenberg children.

This is a throbbing, living rec of events which were in motion while the pages were being prin I hope that subsequent editions there will be many) will give u the words of Ethel and Julius Ro berg. In this time of our great

not one of these shining words can be spared.

The vibrant words of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg put contemporary American writers to shame. What will history say of those writers who turned their backs in betrayal of the glorious hertage of Paine, Emerson and Whitman? I accuse you writers, sans ideas, faith, loyalties or vision, with your stock-in-trade of banal stupidities, sure-fire formulas, "outside" and "invisible" men! Read these lines of passion, tenderness and strength, and crawl into your holes and hide!

We bow humbly before the passion, tenderness and strength of this slender volume. These letters are loaded with life flowing richly. The book is unfinished. But that is the job left for us.

SHIRLEY GRAHAM

Without Magnolias

THE COTTON KINGDOM, by Frederick Law Olmsted. A re-issue of a book first published in 1861. Edited, with an Introduction, by Arthur M. Schlesinger. *Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.75.

IN 1852, a well-to-do New York farmer engaged in heated discussions with Abolitionist friends; the farmer was inclined to scold Abolitionists and to seek excuses for slaveholders. At length, determined to make his own investigation, the farmer offered to the New York *Times* his services as roving correspondent in the slave states. Leaving with the paper an introductory article in which he declared: "I wish to see for myself," he began a series of leisurely trips through the South, by train, steamboat, stagecoach, and horseback.

He talked with slaveholders and slaves, with independent farmers, boat captains and deckhands, merchants, attorneys, laborers, and housewives. He learned and recorded the everyday lives of the Southern people, their income and expenditures, their food and shelter and clothing, their manners and human relationships, the status of their industries and the condition of their lands and crops.

In this way, Frederick Law Olmsted produced three of the eight or ten most important contemporaneous books on the American slave system, and one of the most damning indictments it has ever received. The three books, *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, A Journey Through Texas* and *A Journey in the Back Country* were later, in the first year of the Civil War, abridged and published as one volume, *The Cotton Kingdom,* now reprinted.

The Cotton Kingdom is a diary of travel, and in this simple, continuously interesting form, Olmsted, whose primary concern was the economics of slavery, leveled against the system the same indictments as did other competent investigators of the time.

Olmsted charged that slavery rav-

ished the soil and wasted all natural resources; that it blocked the development of industry and scientific agriculture, since slaves could not be used in either. He charged that slavery prevented any concentration of people sufficient to make worth while the building and upkeep of bridges, roads, and canals, of schools and libraries and hospitals. He charged also that the system caused the masses of poor whites to live in a condition only one degree removed from chattel slavery.

All of this Olmsted proved, stating his case convincingly, and in abundant, easily digestible detail. He tore the deceptive veil of romance from the ugly face of slavery. The notions then and now current, that the slaveholders lived graciously and well, that they were hospitable, that they used their leisure to enrich, or at any rate to patronize, art and science and literature—these myths Olmsted exploded a century ago.

Slaveholders' profits, in that highly competitive system, were invested in more land and more slaves; most of the slaveholders lived in discomfort and filth that would have horrified a Northerner with a seventh of the income (the fraction is Olmsted's). Knowing that slave cultivation would quickly ruin their lands and that they must then move West, slaveholders in general built for themselves only the rudest of homes. Their leisure they employed in gambling, drinking and cockfighting. They lived in the conditions of the frontier, because under slavery "the frontier condition of the South everywhere permanent." Slave benefited chiefly a few slaveholde of concentrated wealth; it strangl the South as a whole.

"Nine times out of ten," Olmst wrote in describing the homes slaveholders which he had hea highly recommended, "I slept in room with others, in a bed whi stank, supplied with but one she if with any; I found no garden, fruit, no tea, no cream, no sugar; curtains, no lifting windows (thr times out of four absolutely no wi dows). For all that, the hou swarmed with vermin." And aga still speaking of the homes of slav holders: "From the banks of t Mississippi to the banks of t James, I did not (that I remembe see, except perhaps in one or tw towns, a book of Shakespeare, no pianoforte or sheet of music; or engraving or copy of any kind of work of art of the slightest meri

The belief, prevalent then and no that slaves, because they were pro erty, were at least assured of f bellies and protected from cruelt that would lower their cash value this belief also Olmsted rejected. estimated the yearly cost of mainta ing a slave to be less than the mon ly cost of maintaining a laborer the North. He concluded that property, Negro life and vigor w generally much less carefully eco mized than I had always bef imagined them to be."

This he explained, correctly, by cruelties that must be practiced

eep a human being a chattel; by
ie competitiveness inherent in
merican cotton production for a
orld market (a point which Marx
epeatedly stressed); by the custom
f paying overseers according to the
umber of bales; and by the possi-
ility in a slave-trading society of
eplacing slaves by fresh purchases.
ence the whip, the lash, the pistol,
ie branding-iron, which Olmsted
ound everywhere. In the slave sys-
em was laid the foundation for the
iolence of today's white ruling class
nd its practice of genocide.

Olmsted's blind spot was the Ne-
ro people—a blind spot which sur-
ived even the magnificently organ-
zed slave insurrections and under-
round railroad, the Negro's genius
n the battlefields of the Civil War
nd in the legislative halls of the
econstruction era.

Olmsted was himself a hirer of la-
or on a large scale: his attitude was,
nevitably, that of an employer con-
erned with getting the most from
is workers. A few of his pages are
evealing in a way that Olmsted did
ot intend. Under the heading, "Loss
rom disability of the laborer," he
tated with satisfaction: "This to the
mployer of free labor need be noth-
ng." He pointed out that when he
ired a worker in New York, "if
e is sick, I simply charge against
im every half day of the time he is
ff work, and deduct it from his
vages. If he is careless, I discharge
im." By using free labor he could,
e assured us, give bonuses for fast-
r work, save on the costs of super-

vision, and lay off his "hands" when they were not needed. Emancipation in 1863 was, of course, but one step in the liberation of working people.

Yet *The Cotton Kingdom* remains a penetrating study. The present edition of this highly significant work is the first since 1862, for by the end of Reconstruction, the capitalist class, having itself become the beneficiary of Negro exploitation, turned to the pro-slavery apologetics which it has never abandoned.

ELIZABETH LAWSON

CORRECTION

Authorship of the play *A Medal for Willie* was incorrectly attributed to Ossie Davis in an article appearing in our last issue (page 49). *A Medal for Willie* was written by William Branch. Mr. Davis is the author of another outstanding drama, *The Big Deal.* We regret this error.—The Editors.