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Behind the Hiss Frameup

HERBERT APTHEKER

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Behind
THE HISS FRAMEUP

By HERBERT APTHEKER

"THE affair is only now beginning," wrote Zola years after Dreyfus was confined, "because only now is the situation clear."

So may one write today of the Hiss case, years after its principal disappeared behind the bars of the Federal Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa.

First, let us get the main facts straight: In August, 1948, Whittaker Chambers, senior editor of *Time* magazine, testifying under oath before the House Un-American Activities Committee, declared that Alger Hiss—and his wife, Priscilla, and his brother, Donald—had been members of the Communist Party, and, as such, had sought, not to further the interests of the U.S., but to damage them. Alger Hiss, then president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and previously a chief officer of the State Department under Presidents Roosevelt and Truman,* branded the testimony false and challenged Chambers to repeat it outside the privileged House hearing so that he might be subject to libel charges. Chambers did so, and in September, 1948, Hiss brought suit for $75,000 damages.

At a pre-trial examination, held in Baltimore, Chambers repeated that Hiss had been a Communist Party member and added—what he had hitherto denied under oath—that he had also been a spy. Moreover, said Chambers, Hiss had turned over to him—Chambers—confidential State Department documents, handwritten and typed, which he swore were given him by Hiss more than a decade earlier.

These documents, at the insistence of Hiss, were turned over to the Department of Justice. They proved to be, indeed, copies or condensations

* Hiss had been assistant to the State Department's Adviser on Political Relations; secretary of the American Delegation to the Dumbarton Oaks Conference; director of the State Department's Office of Special Political Affairs; adviser to President Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference; officer in charge of security at the founding of the United Nations at San Francisco; principal adviser to the U.S. Delegation to the first meeting of the U.N. Assembly.

of State Department documents, in Hiss' handwriting or in typing identifiable as coming from a typewriter at one time in the Hiss household.

The identification of the typing was made possible because the original typewriter was recovered. Quite remarkable was the fact that the F.B.I., which scoured the region seeking the machine, failed, but somehow the Hisses themselves were able to track it down. It was, then, Hiss who gave the authorities the machine which made possible the identification of the typed documents as coming from his former typewriter.

Haled before a grand jury, Hiss insisted that he had never been a member of the Communist Party and had not turned over any State Department documents or extracts from them to Chambers. Chambers said the opposite and in December, 1948, Alger Hiss was indicted for perjury. The specific charges were that Hiss lied in swearing that he had not, "in or about the months of February and March, 1938," transmitted the indicated documents to Chambers and that he lied when he testified that "he had not seen Chambers (known to him as George Crosley) after January 1, 1937."

He stood trial from May to July, 1949, but the jury was unable to reach a verdict. Hiss' second trial started in November, 1949, and ended in January, 1950. The jury found him guilty and on January 25, 1950 he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The Appeals Court rejected his plea, the Supreme Court—with the courage characteristic of i during the "Cold War" years—re fused to hear the case, and on Marc 22, 1951, Alger Hiss began servin his sentence. In January, 1952 Hiss attorneys moved for a new trial o the basis of newly discovered ev dence, but the motion was denie The prisoner's parole applicatio have been rejected, and he remai behind bars.

Chambers, admittedly guilty of re peated perjury and also avowing him self guilty of espionage, has suffere neither indictment nor imprisonmen On the contrary, he has received th encomium of the Justice Depar ment, a very handsome financial se tlement from Mr. Luce of *Time* (wh regretfully accepted his resignation and hundreds of thousands of dolla from the publication of his harrow ing accounts of the "Communi menace" to our country, to civiliz tion, and to morality.

CONCERNING the consequenc of Hiss' conviction, the Englis journalist, Alistair Cooke, who r ported both trials, wrote:

> "[It] brought back into favor the oc ous trade of the public informer. It ga the FBI an unparalleled power of inqui into private lives . . . it tended to ma conformity sheepish, and to limit intimidation . . . the curiosity and ide ism of the young. It helped therefore usher in a period when a high premiu would be put on the chameleon and t politically neutral slob."*

* *A Generation on Trial,* p. 340.

Mr. Cooke's list is perceptive and weighty; yet, it is incomplete. Probably of minor importance is the fact that Hiss' prosecutor, Thomas Murphy, Jr., was promoted in time to a federal judgeship, while his original inquisitor at the House hearing, Representative Richard M. Nixon of California, soon became a senator and later, of course, Vice-President.

But something of major significance is omitted by Mr. Cooke; indeed, he misses the most consequential result of the Hiss conviction. This was stated by Milton Howard, associate editor of the *Daily Worker,* when he wrote that the conviction of Hiss "is one of the main props for the McCarthy propaganda that the Roosevelt Administration was 'Communist-infiltrated' and that the New Deal attitudes—with relation to Labor, the Soviet Union, China, the Hitler Axis, Yalta, etc.—were the result of such 'infiltration'."

The Hiss conviction helped identify, in the minds of many Americans, "Communism" with espionage and treason and, further identifying "Communism" with the New Deal, helped besmirch all progressive and liberal thought and action, all anti-fascist and democratic objectives and activities. The most recent confirmation of this comes from the report of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee (the Jenner Committee), published in full in *U. S. News & World Report* (August 28), and the remarks by Attorney General Brownell on the "menace of Communism," published in the following issue of the same magazine. In both cases the Hiss conviction is a basic bulwark of the argument; in the Jenner Report, it is cited explicitly in connection with smearing the entire New Deal period. The conviction of Hiss made possible the execution of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg.

DOUBTS as to the guilt of Hiss appeared with the first accusations. Among those who knew that Chambers' picture of the Communist Party as an espionage agency whose members were liars, thieves and assassins in the service of the U.S.S.R., had absolutely nothing in common with truth, his specific accusations against Alger Hiss were regarded as threadbare lies.

And even among many who more or less accepted the Chambers (and Goebbels) version of "Communism," profound doubt persisted as to the actual guilt of Hiss. The villainous character of Chambers, his abnormal behavior—fears of assassination, attempts at suicide, sudden disappearances—naturally provoked doubts as to his story. On the other hand, the good personal character of Alger Hiss, attested by all who knew him, including two Justices of the Supreme Court, and particularly his reputation for honesty and integrity, made belief in Chambers' tale very difficult.

Moreover, the patent political motivations of the charges (launched a few months prior to the 1948 elections) and the ultra-reactionary character of Chambers and his closest as-

sociates (Isaac Don Levine and Alfred Kohlberg) provided clear, and very suspect, motivation for the charges. Adding to the incredible nature of the whole affair was the bizarre manner in which the evidence was brought forward: some documents in dumbwaiters for ten years, and others hidden in a pumpkin. Finally, there was the fact that Hiss had repeatedly and recently been investigated for "disloyalty" by the F.B.I. and been cleared.

The American judicial system spent five months weighing the evidence as between Chambers and Hiss. Its verdict—Hiss was "guilty beyond a reasonable doubt." That would appear to settle it—or would it?

MOST unsettling is the recently published volume, *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss,* by the Earl Jowitt.* The Earl Jowitt of Stevenage was until two years ago Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, a major judicial and cabinet post. The Earl Jowitt studied the voluminous record of the Hiss-Chambers proceedings from the appearances before the House Committee in 1948 through the conviction at the second trial. He read also the two other books on the case (by Alistair Cooke, already cited, and *Seeds of Treason* by Victor Lasky and Ralph de Toledano), and Chambers' own autobiographical concoction, *Witness.* Thus prepared and fortified, he produced in his volume a 380-page study of the evidence and decided that the case against Alger Hiss was not established, that his guilt was not proven. Therefore, though the Earl does not allow himself to say it in so many words, the finding of the Jury was faulty and the continued imprisonment of Alger Hiss represents an injustice.

The Earl reaches these conclusions despite his own profound opposition to Communism. He begins by stating: "I have no sympathy whatever with the Communist ideology so far as I understand it. . . ." It is clear from other passages that his understanding is most faulty, but this is not the place to argue this question. It is relevant, however, to point out that the Earl's misunderstanding of Communism is so complete that he generally accepts Chambers' version of it and feels that espionage, treason and murder are all part of its nature.

The Earl writes with the greatest urbanity. His language is always most respectful of the vested authorities and there is never a hint of unworthy motivations on their part. The most he can bring himself to write are phrases such as: "I feel quite certain that Mr. Murphy [the prosecutor] did not realize he was being unfair" or "I am bound to say that in my opinion it was a suggestion which should not have been made. . . ."

That such an author, preeminent in the field of law, close student of most of the relevant documents and ready to believe anything of Communists so long as it is evil, should find himself compelled to dis-

* Doubleday, $3.95.

sent from the verdict of an American court and the functioning of American judges in the Hiss case, represents a heavy blow to that judicial system—*i.e.,* to that begowned guardian of U.S. imperialism.

It is no wonder that the book's reception by the commercial press here was as a rule just short of outraged hysteria. *Newsweek* denounced its "evident bias" and the *Chicago Tribune* its "special pleading"—both themselves, of course, models of objectivity! *The New Leader* devoted one-third of an issue to a denunciation of the "new whitewash of Alger Hiss" from "an otherwise [!] distinguished jurist," the climactic "proof" of Hiss' guilt being the fact that he, Hiss, "was earnest, high-minded, conscientious and almost ascetic in his private life"! Merle Miller, in the *New Republic* dismissed the book as "silly and inconsequential," and affirmed his conviction that Hiss was "a perjurer and one-time espionage agent."

There were, however, a few exceptions. The Columbus, Ohio, *Citizen* found the book "scholarly and brilliant," while the Kansas City *Star* went somewhat further, remarking that this work, "as Shakespeare wrote about another tempest, 'gives one furiously to think'." More unequivocal, and really a remarkable tribute to the book's persuasiveness, was the response of Morris L. Ernst, a well-known attorney whose hostility to Communism has been notorious even in our country. Reviewing the book in *The Saturday Review* (August 1), Ernst reports that while he still believes Hiss lied in declaring that he did not see Chambers after 1937, on the most significant of the counts in the indictment he feels otherwise: "Now, on the basis of the accumulation of evidence offered in the book rather than on any particular points, I greatly doubt the correctness of the jury's verdict that Hiss lied when he denied that he had turned secret documents over to Chambers."

WHAT is it that the Earl Jowitt sees in the record and documents of the Hiss case that leads him to doubt the man's guilt? What is it that he brings forward which changes the mind of a Morris Ernst and leads him to reject the jury's verdict on the most substantive of the counts in Hiss' indictment?

Manifestly, one cannot here even summarize the mass of evidence marshaled in the book's nearly 400 pages and, as Ernst wrote, it is "the accumulation of evidence" which is most convincing. Bearing these severe limitations in mind, I shall briefly indicate some of the main points conclusively demonstrated in *The Strange Case of Alger Hiss.*

1) Chambers originally swore that he personally knew that Alger and Donald Hiss were Communists because for a period of three years they paid their party dues to him. On another occasion, Chambers altered this testimony, declaring that they paid dues to him two or three times. At the trials, however, hours were spent by the prosecution trying to

link Hiss ideologically, if not organizationally, to the Communist Party, but there was not a whisper of dues payment either in Chambers' testimony or in the government's examination of Alger and Donald Hiss. The presumption is overwhelming that Chambers lied about this whole matter and that the government, knowing it, decided to drop it.

2) Chambers swore that Hiss began to turn unauthorized, secret documents over to him in 1934, when Hiss was attached to the staff of the Nye Munitions Investigating Committee of the Senate. To substantiate this, he produced the alleged documents. Hiss replied that Chambers introduced himself as George Crosley, a free-lance writer desiring material on the Nye investigation, and that he, Hiss, gave him documents relating to the inquiry, as he was supposed to since his job was to handle the Committee's publicity—and that similar documents were dispensed to other writers. The defense established, as the Earl declares, that "the [Nye Committee] documents delivered to Chambers were not secret at all, but were just those documents which would have been delivered to any journalist who was sufficiently interested to ask for them." Thus, in one specific instance of alleged secret document transmission, Chambers was shown to have lied.

3) In 1948 Chambers swore that Hiss was not engaged in espionage. In 1949 he swore that he was. He certainly, then, lied once. And his first denial was not based on a desire to protect Hiss—as Chambers indicated in 1949—because when he testified that Hiss was not engaged in espionage, he added that his work was more "important" than that, for he was "messing up" U.S. foreign policy.

4) Chambers insisted that Hiss knew him as "Carl", not as George Crosley, as Hiss testified. Chambers admitted using many aliases, but said he could not remember using the name Crosley. Yet, as the defense showed, this would have meant that for several years Hiss knew this man only by a Christian name and introduced him this way to friends, hardly a likely situation. The matter is important, for if what Chambers says about the name is true, then the relationship between the two men from the start was most strange and irregular. The Earl Jowitt shows, from the record, that it is practically certain that in this regard too Chambers was lying.*

5) Documentary evidence was submitted by the defense to show that Alger Hiss at times recommended and supported policies in the State Department which were contrary to those then supported by the Communist Party. The prosecution dismissed this as deliberate camouflage on the part of Hiss! The Earl Jowitt finds this prosecution action far from convincing and thinks the defense

* There was independent evidence unknown to the Earl that Chambers used the name George Crosley; we will return to this later.

documents in this regard go far to refute Chambers' description of Hiss.

6) Practically all the specific and circumstantial testimony offered by Chambers, which physically could be checked (peculiarly much of it involved people out of the country, or dead, like Harry Dexter White), was shown to be false or highly dubious. This varied from alleged overnight stays at hotels, whose proprietors denied his presence, to markedly erroneous descriptions of apartments at which he swore he lodged, to conflicting testimony as to whether a so-called Colonel Bykov had one or two arms! In this connection, the Earl concludes: ". . . with Chambers the desire to embroider and embellish is so transcendent that I do not believe he knows when he is leaving the straight and narrow path of truth."

7) The famous documents produced by Chambers, the bulwark of the prosecution's case, passed through many hands in the State Department and could have been made available to Chambers by any number of other people.

8) The documents in Hiss' own handwriting, allegedly prepared for Chambers (what a careless spy!) were explained by Hiss as notes he prepared for his own guidance in day-to-day work and then threw into the waste-basket. These documents are abbreviated to the point of unintelligibility and contain nothing of a compromising nature. Hiss' explanation is logical, simple and complete.

9) The lengthy typed documents also are generally inconsequential in character and as a rule remarkably uninformative in terms of state "secrets."

10) The prosecution never explained why Hiss, or anyone else active in espionage, should have undertaken the tedious (and easily traceable) task of typing out lengthy documents when the work could have been done more accurately, and with less chance of implication, in the twinkling of a camera's shutter.

11) The Hiss typewriter, allegedly used to do the typing (this was agreed to during the trial by the defense) *could* have been used by other people—no special measures to safeguard it were taken.

12) The defense proved that Chambers was aware, and had been for years, of the tell-tale nature of typing and that he himself, therefore, had deliberately abandoned a typewriter in a public bus.

13) Two of the prosecution's most telling blows* against Hiss were "sprung" on him at the end of the trial when there was neither time nor opportunity for rebuttal. One was last-minute testimony of a domestic worker, who swore that she had worked for Chambers and that Hiss had visited his home—the *only* evidence of the allegedly close personal relations between Chambers and Hiss that the Government was able to produce. Another was Prosecutor Mur-

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* Both were demolished in post-trial evidence, but the Earl does not consider this; it will be referred to later.

phy's suggestion in his closing speech to the jury that the typing of the pertinent documents showed the same characteristics as the normal typing of Mrs. Hiss. There had been no testimony to this effect during the trial and its introduction in this manner was highly prejudicial, but it is clear that it weighed heavily with the jury. It was so flagrant a violation of proper procedure that it evokes mild words of criticism from the very restrained Earl.

BEFORE turning to the weaknesses and omissions of the volume, it is important to emphasize that its author does not assert his belief in Hiss' innocence. Rather he insists that his guilt was not proven. What is it that keeps the Earl from expressing a belief in Hiss' innocence? It is that which "stumped" both the defense counsel and the defendant himself; it is that which was most heavily emphasized by the prosecution in charging guilt, and by the Appeals Court in rejecting Hiss' plea.

Hiss, before being sentenced, said: "I am confident that in the future the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed." Stated in a neutral way by the Earl, the problem is this:

> "The information which he [Hiss] was said to have handed over consisted in part of documents which had been typed on his own typewriter. Who typed them? If, as the prosecution asserted, they had been typed by Hiss or his wife, then I see no escape from the conclusion that Hiss was guilty. The only other possible view is that in some way or other Whittaker Chambers or his agents got access to the typewriter and manufactured a case against Hiss by typing on that typewriter documents which had been previously stolen from the State Department."

The Circuit Court of Appeals, rejecting Hiss' plea, similarly saw either the guilt of Hiss or, as "the only possible alternative," a colossal frameup, engineered by Chambers, involving the extended use of "that particular typewriter . . . unbeknown to Mr. and Mrs. Hiss."

What is the failing? What is it that Hiss did not see, his defense counsel did not understand, the Court of Appeals ignored and the Earl Jowitt never poses? The answer is clear: *Hiss was not framed by Chambers.* Chambers was the vicious and willing tool, but *Hiss was framed by the ruling class of the United States and by its apparatus, most particularly by J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I.**

It was not Chambers versus Hiss. For once the technical jargon of the law approached reality; it was the U.S.A. versus Hiss, *i.e.,* the rulers of the U.S.A., and here, specifically, the Department of Justice. It was the Cold War F.B.I. bringing Hiss—symbolizing the New Deal—before Cold War Grand Juries to be indicted, before Cold War blue-ribbon juries to be convicted, and before Cold War

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* By the way, included in the British edition but cut out of the American edition of the Earl's volume was a sentence criticizing the "over-zealousness" of the F.B.I.

judges to be sentenced.

This explains Chambers' delay in publicly attacking Hiss; it explains Chambers' changing the basic accusation against Hiss; it explains how it happened that the F.B.I., with its scores of investigators "could not find" the supposed Hiss typewriter, while Hiss himself, through half a dozen inquiries, which "happened" to be fruitful, was himself able to find what he thought was his typewriter, sitting there all by itself in a Washington junk-yard, and so could himself give it to a "grateful" government!

The Earl Jowitt, with his ruling class approach, and his infinite care not to criticize any official's conduct,* and his political illiteracy which leads him to consider Communism a beard-and-bomb spectre, could not conceive of such an "alternative". Therefore, though in his volume he collates enough weaknesses in the government's case to convince himself and even Morris Ernst of the injustice of the verdict, he omits much more evidence that absolutely exposes the frameup of Alger Hiss by the so-called Department of Justice.

Most (not all) of this additional and conclusive evidence is in the motion for a new trial filed by Hiss' attorneys in January, 1952—and summarily rejected by the Court in February, 1952, and thoroughly concealed by the commercial press. This evidence, then, was printed five months prior to publication of Chambers' *Witness,* which the Earl Jowitt used, but not a word of the evidence or even of its existence is in the Earl's volume.

WHAT evidence of the frameup of Alger Hiss, in addition to that assembled by the Earl Jowitt and briefly catalogued above, exists today?

1) At least one person other than Mr. and Mrs. Hiss has declared that he knew Whittaker Chambers as George Crosley. This is one Samuel Roth, publisher of the Seven Sirens Press in New York, who declares that Crosley (Chambers) tried to get Roth to publish a group of his poems. The poems seem to have been pornographic, and Roth himself has been convicted four times for distributing salacious literature, which may account for the defense's failure to call him as one of its witnesses.*

2) Chambers swore that the incriminating documents had all been kept for over ten years in an envelope hidden in a dumbwaiter in a Brooklyn apartment. In a post-trial affidavit, however, a leading testing and analysis expert, Daniel P. Norman, states that the papers show such different

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* Sharp and specific criticism of the government's conduct of the Hiss trials will be found in the last chapter of Richard B. Morris' *Fair Trial,* published last year by Knopf.

* Mr. Roth's story appeared in the New York *Sun,* Aug. 27, 1948. It is summarized by R. B. Morris, cited work, p. 434.

characteristics of aging "that they cannot have been stored together for ten years in a single envelope," and further that the envelope offered by Chambers could not possibly have held *any* of the documents for such a length of time.

3) In a post-trial affidavit, an F.B.I. expert stated that in copying work such as that involved in the documents, it is not possible to identify the typist by peculiarities in typing (reported by C. A. Wright, in *The Nation,* July 18, 1953). Other experts swear that the documents were not typed by one person, thus knocking into a cocked hat the prosecution's suggestion to the jury that peculiarities in the typing showed Mrs. Hiss to have been the typist.

4) The testimony of the carefully rehearsed final witness, "sprung" by the prosecution, tending to show repeated social calls by the Hisses at the Chambers' home, was completely demolished by affidavits from two different people that the witness was not and could not have been employed where and when she testified.

5) Chambers first swore—before the House Committee—that he left the Communist Party in 1937. In his last appearance before the Committee he modified this and said he left in "1937 or the beginning of 1938." But at the second Hiss trial he changed his testimony again, now swearing that he left the Party on April 15, 1938. The necessity and significance of the shift becomes obvious when it is known that one of the documents allegedly turned over to Chambers by Hiss did not reach the State Department until April 1, 1938. Unfortunately for Chambers, having changed his story, he was moved to offer circumstantial details. He testified that one month after leaving the Party—that is, about mid-May, 1938—he was employed by Oxford University Press as a translator. The papers of that firm have now been examined. Correspondence discloses that Chambers did claim to have broken from the Party and to be in fear of assassination, but they also clearly show that Chambers, having left the Party, was employed as a translator by Oxford University Press *no later than the middle of March,* 1938, and so, by his own testimony could not have been given by Hiss a State Department document dated April 1, 1938.

6) Was it possible, if one had manuscripts typed on a particular typewriter, to produce another typewriter whose impressions would be identical, or nearly identical, so that an expert could not tell which typewriter produced which document? If that could be done, it would fatally undermine the certainty with which the government's expert had identified the alleged Hiss typewriter as the instrument which had done the typing of the State Department documents held by Chambers. Well, it was done and the man who did it is a typewriter expert, Martin K. Tytell.

Typing from his constructed typewriter was submitted, together with photostats of the trial documents, to Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, document

expert for the Boston Police and the Massachusetts State Police. She reported in an affidavit that the duplication was so close "that an expert in the field, however highly qualified, would find it difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between samples from the two machines." Therefore, she concluded, the testimony of the government's expert at the Hiss trial, identifying the Hiss typewriter as the only one that *could* have produced the trial documents, "is absolutely worthless." These findings were substantiated independently in an affidavit submitted by Mrs. Evelyn S. Ehrlich, another nationally recognized expert in the technical examination of prints and typography.

7) Mrs. Ehrlich also reported something else and put her findings in affidavit form. Defense counsel submitted to her personal letters unquestionably typed on the Hiss typewriter back in the thirties when the machine was still in his house, together with photostats of the trial documents allegedly typed on that same typewriter (a "fact" agreed to by the defense during the trial). Mrs. Ehrlich found substantial differences in these manuscripts and declared: "On the basis of this comparison, it is my opinion that it is entirely possible *that the so-called Hiss machine . . . is not the machine which was used to type the Hiss standard*" (i.e., the personal letters).

Further inquiry, reaching back a generation to the builder and distributor of the typewriters (plural, now!) involved, showed that the so-called Hiss machine—the exhibit at the trial—was almost certainly a fraud. This inquiry showed that its carriage was built in one year, its type face in another and then altered (even as Mr. Tytell had done, experimentally) to produce typing sufficiently like that of the genuine Hiss machine to easily fool an expert. At this point, however, affidavits were not forthcoming and that brings us to another stage in the Alger Hiss frameup.

THAT stage is open intimidation of defense counsel by the F.B.I. This is reported and spelled out in detail in the motion for a new trial submitted January 25, 1952 by Beer, Richards, Lane & Haller, attorneys for the defendant. There is not the space to quote in full the details and circumstances of this intimidation, but the defense attorneys reported that it became most intense as they concentrated on investigating the typewriter aspects of the deal. Here is their summary of this phase of their investigation:

> "We search for records—the F.B.I. has them—we ask questions—the F.B.I. will not let people talk to us. We request access to ordinary documents in corporate files—corporate officials fear the wrath of their stockholders. We ask people to certify information in files they have shown us—they must consult counsel, and we hear no more from them. . . .
>
> "And, even worse, honorable and patriotic citizens who have wanted to help have been deterred by the appearance—whether or not it is reality—of official surveillance and wiretapping, and others who have labored to gather information

for us in the interests of justice are afraid to come forward for fear of personal consequences which might result to them from public association with the defense of Alger Hiss."

One further comment on the typewriter angle. Wherever the defense went they found the F.B.I. had already been there. And when a defense investigator went to the old Woodstock Typewriter factory in Illinois seeking information on the type used in the Hiss typewriter, the factory manager remarked that his company "had helped the F.B.I. find the typewriter in the Hiss case." It will be remembered that a remarkable circumstance in the Hiss case, so far as the public knew, was that the F.B.I. could not find the typewriter, but that the defendant himself somehow managed to come upon it.

WOULD the F.B.I., would the Department of Justice commit so gross a frameup? One can answer: Yes, they would, because in the past they have. If one wishes to ignore the Rosenberg case as still "controversial," and all the Smith Act cases as also "controversial," and the Du Bois case as inconclusive since the defendants gained an acquittal, what shall he say of the Sacco-Vanzetti case? The same Department of Justice, the same F.B.I., indeed, the same Mr. Hoover. And in the Sacco-Vanzetti case did not two former F.B.I. men issue affidavits swearing that to their own personal knowledge the defendants "had nothing whatever to do with the South Braintree murder," and that "their conviction was the result of cooperation between the Boston agents of the Department of Justice and the District Attorney?"* For further tidbits on the frameups, brutalities and lawlessness of "your F.B.I." I urge a reading of Max Lowenthal's already-hard-to-get *The Federal Bureau of Investigation* (William Sloane, N. Y., 1950).

The fact is that the American police are notorious for frameups, especially where some political element is present—as with Negroes, strikers, labor leaders, Left-wingers. And the F.B.I. is king-pin of the American police. Moreover, this ruling class whose police has traditionally resorted to the frameup (an American word), today in its advanced imperialist stage finds itself compelled to resort to frameups more regularly than ever before.

And Chambers? Is Chambers capable of playing such a role? Says Merle Miller, who insists on Hiss' guilt and dismisses the Jowitt volume: "Of course, Chambers was a villain; he has not only confessed to that; he has publicly wallowed in his infamies" (*New Republic,* Aug. 3, 1953).

Somewhat later, Miller, defending his inane and cowardly review from the attacks of several *New Republic* readers, wrote: ". . . the sooner we stop trying to find excuses for him [Hiss], the sooner we can get down to our real business, one of the main aspects of which is, at the moment

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* Osmond K. Fraenkel, *The Sacco-Vanzetti Case* (N. Y., 1931) pp. 126-29.

to fight Joe McCarthy" (Aug. 24).

One speaks of a man falsely convicted, and Miller speaks of "finding excuses." Hiding injustices concocted by McCarthyism will not help defeat Joe McCarthy. The Hiss case is the major symbol of a key strategy of McCarthyism—to identify the liberalism and mild progressivism of the New Deal with "Communism".

The "Communism" in this fraudulent equation is itself a total lie, and the identification of such a monstrosity with the New Deal is also a complete lie. But scores of millions loved Roosevelt and that love remains a political force to be reckoned with. It is a love growing out of the masses' own rather idealized concept of Roosevelt and of the New Deal—of a man and a program that tried, and in considerable part succeeded, to give "the forgotten man"—the worker, the poor farmer, the Negro people, the masses—a "break".

Such images of humanism and decency, which move the masses to resist reaction, are anathema to McCarthyism. The frameup of Alger Hiss is one of the ways McCarthyism plans to wipe out these images and replace them with—fascism.

Exposure of the frameup of Alger Hiss is one of the last things McCarthy wants. It should be one of the main efforts of all who hate McCarthyism because such exposure rips to shreds the myth of the "Communist" New Deal, the whole tissue of Nazi-like lies and policies which is McCarthyism.

School Days in New China

By GLADYS TAYLER YANG

October 1 marks the fourth anniversary of one of the epoch-making events of our time: the establishment of the Chinese People's Republic. On this occasion we are pleased to present an article which vividly depicts the changes taking place in the schools of China. Mrs. Yang was born in Peking of British missionary parents. She is married to a Chinese and makes her home in Peking.

Peking

OUR DAUGHTER Ying is in the second grade of primary school, but since coming to Peking she has been able to attend school only in the mornings—in the afternoons the classrooms and teachers are needed for another class. Ying doesn't like this and neither do we, but we realize it is a sign of the great and rapid changes taking place in primary school education in China today. It is one of the temporary, makeshift arrangements on the road to free, universal education in China.

Before liberation there were 358 primary schools in Peking with 118,000 students; now there are 939 schools, of which 10 percent are private, the rest are all municipal. Attendance has more than doubled in this period. Only a fraction of China's children could attend school before, and shortly after liberation many school-age children did not attend. This was not because of the expense of schooling, as there were subsidies for the really poor; but the Kuomintang had left a vast unemployment problem, and to keep going many families needed the little their children could contribute by collecting firewood or searching through refuse heaps.

Child scavengers with their baskets and sticks were a common sight in '49 and '50. Now they have disappeared from the streets, and the schools are packed to overflowing. By next term, however, all Peking children will be having full-day schooling. As it is, only a minority are now on the half-day system.

Civil servants before liberation were forced to go around borrowing money when the time came to pay school fees, while workers and peasants could seldom afford to send

their children at all. But this term we paid approximately the equivalent of US$2 for Yeh in the fourth grade, and less than that for Ying. This included the cost of textbooks. In a year or two education will be entirely free. Already three-tenths of the primary school children in Peking pay nothing at all—not even the low fee for books. They are the children of government workers on the supply system or poorly-off peasants, army dependents, and so on.

Another big change has been the reform of the curriculum. Formerly children entered primary school early, at six, five or even four years old, to start learning difficult Chinese characters and study a diversity of subjects. Now more and more kindergartens for the five to seven-year-olds are being set up. A child must be at least seven to enter school, and the subjects for study have been reduced to Chinese, arithmetic, singing, handicrafts and games for the lower forms. Instead of six years, the course is now completed in five.

The greatest change of all, however, is in the aim of the new education. In semi-colonial, semi-feudal China, a rehash of Confucianism—the spurious morality of the New Life Movement—was dished out to the children to disguise the realities of the cruel, competitive society. But now they are being taught the skills and virtues needed by citizens of a future socialist China.

The great increases in school attendance and the changes in the curriculum have created endless problems for educational authorities all over China. And nobody would deny the unsatisfactory aspects of the present period: overcrowding, shortage of staff, overworked teachers, and a certain general confusion in the schools. But parents, while critical, are confident that the new direction of primary education is sound. It is only a matter of time before things are straightened out. And in China today everything takes less time than one expects.

IN CONTRAST to the bad old days, when the children of the rich usually attended private schools, and the Kuomintang paid little attention to state schools, except as a tool for the introduction of reactionary ideas, today the education of all Chinese children is of prime concern to the people's government. This is reflected by the great number of letters and articles in the newspapers, exposing and criticizing faults, reporting experiences of successful teachers, and discussing problems and new methods. The teachers, naturally, are one of the most important factors in educational reform. And the teachers, like all citizens in this new society, are changing. Life no longer means a raw deal, with the pupils as their helpless victims.

Ying and Chih sometimes play school with their dolls; from their play I notice that teachers are not as fierce as once they were. There is no cane used in these games, not even the naughtiest doll gets rapped over the knuckles, and Teacher does

not shower abuse on the students. Instead, whoever plays Teacher assumes a winning manner and sweetly persuasive tones, sometimes so overdone as to be comic. But significant, too.

And if teachers are sweet tempered, that is really something, because they are busier now than ever before in their lives. Since their status in society is improving and they are conscious of their responsibility and proud of their profession, they want to raise their professional level.

Recently a long article appeared in the *Kwangming Daily* on an interview with a model teacher in a Peking primary school. This teacher has 32 years of teaching experience. She has always loved children and teaching, but found little but frustration in her work under Chiang Kai-shek's government. Since liberation she has become busier with larger classes, systematic study, visits to schools elsewhere and to educational conferences. But she finds her work much more satisfying. She has been elected a people's representative of Peking, as many teachers all over China have been elected to the people's consultative councils. Are primary school teachers in the West such valued members of the community?

In the past the children sometimes complained that their exercises were not corrected promptly, and we had the impression that some teachers had not organized their work well, or were overworked or lazy. So last month I was most interested in a report of the efforts made by primary schools in Peking's Fourth District to eliminate still existing confusion. All the headmasters and headmistresses of the district had formed a study group to analyze their chief problems and try to solve them. They had agreed, among other things, that careful planning was essential to get rid of the happy-go-lucky methods of the past, which kept the standard of teaching low. There should be a definite time, not too long, for political and professional study.

Also, teachers must get enough rest. They should not have to attend meetings on Sundays. They should not, in their desire to be good citizens and take part in public affairs, involve themselves in too many outside activities at the expense of their work and health.

Now the teachers arrive at school about 7:30 a.m. empty-handed (where formerly many carried piles of uncorrected exercise books for last-minute marking). During the intervals between classes there is more laughter than before, but if any teachers have a free hour between classes they make proper use of it instead of frittering it away. During the lunch hour there are chess and pingpong games, singing or rest. There is definitely a new, confident atmosphere among teachers.

SINCE TWO of our children are in primary school, though they are not too vocal on the subject of school at home, we still get a picture of what goes on.

Their textbooks show some of the trends of the new education. Pride in China, patriotism and internationalism are the subjects of a number of lessons. Hygiene and the virtue of helping others are given prominence too. And peace, of course. Ying's textbook has a colorful picture of children releasing doves before Tien An Men, to be used as a basis of discussion.

That primary school children are highly peace-conscious was brought home to me on my last walk when

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Birthday Sonnet for New China

By JOHN MANIFOLD

"Mantlepiece-ornament, guaranteed antique,
Rare work of art, bargain, collector's prize,
Finer than all Egyptian work or Greek!"
Was it *The Dragon* they dared advertise?

The Dragon? hushed in bronze—the furious beak
Motionless, the great tail inert, the eyes
Lifelessly beautiful, the sculptured streak
Of mane at rest—till it was time to rise?

Look at him now! Four hundred working millions
Of manpower strong his muscles heave anew,
His flanks distend, his eyes revive in brilliance.

And, the first earnest of his wakening forces,
One blast of those rampageous nostrils blew
The wandering rivers back into their courses!

I noticed the characters Ho Ping (peace) chalked again and again in childish scrawl on the walls of several of Peking's lanes. Not that I approve of chalking on walls in general, but if children must chalk, PEACE is a good word to choose.

And then children learn to respect and love labor. They are learning respect for the peasant who grows things, the man who handles machines and makes things. My 10-year-old son blushed when he brought home his last report which stated that he did not love labor enough. He joined in the spring cleaning more energetically after that.

However, he can criticize other people. Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows* has been one of his favorite English books for some years. It describes the adventures of various animals, and he always thought one of the chief characters, Toad, a conceited but likable and harmless fellow. But when we read it again recently, Toad's boast about his position as one of the landed gentry evoked scornful laughter. "He's a landlord, don't you see, one of the exploiting class," Yeh explained to Ying. "Boasting about being lazy."

Later, when three-year-old Chih tried to wheedle them into waiting on her, I heard Brother and Sister rebuking her: "You're just a Toad." Badger came in for criticism too for issuing orders but not sharing in the work.

ANOTHER VERY good featu of their education is the stre on cooperative activity and mutu aid. Ying came first in her class la term, but was criticized for not hel ing other students more. When th term started and I urged her to wo hard and be first again, Yeh pr ceeded to put Mother's thinkin straight on the question. You shou not aim to come first: that is t road to individual heroism. Do t best you can, of course, and try help others, so the whole class c do well, and then you all becor more useful citizens later.

Many classes have pledged to pa *en masse* in all subjects. This mea the better students and teache must give the poorer students spec help. If all pass the examinati there is real satisfaction, but if o or two students still fail the wh class feels disgraced. This is qu different from the competitive spi in which we were brought up the West, and much superior, I thi

Again, education is no longer vorced from real life as when it w largely a ruling-class monopoly. T children learn not only from boo in classrooms; they are taken to vi farms and factories, to exhibitio and educational films. The childr learn too from the increasing nu ber of excellent children's boo published at low prices. Nearly ev primary school has a small library another innovation since liberati And there is a Children's Thea which puts on plays especially

children. Their needs are fully understood and are beginning to be met.

Of course, there is still a great deal to be desired. There is an urgent need for better buildings and equipment and more teachers, to say nothing of minor improvements we look forward to. Ying would like to learn to play the piano, but she has no opportunity at present. Yeh would like to join a holiday camp this summer, but he may not be one of the lucky ones. I would like to see more parent-teacher contact. But these are secondary considerations.

I believe that this education, improving every year, will fit the children for a full, richly satisfying life. I know they are going to have very happy lives. From time to time my mother, who is in England and doesn't understand the situation over here, wishes that the children could go home "to have a proper education." No, thank you. They are having one.

Reading Grandpa the News — *Chiang Chao-wu*

VAN WYCK BROOKS
and the Literary Crisi

By SAMUEL SILLEN

AFTER a long journey down the highways and grown-over trails of our literary past, Van Wyck Brooks has returned to take a fresh look at the contemporary scene. The homecoming has not been too happy. For the exuberant mood of the traveler in the younger Republic has been dampened by the current realities which Brooks deplores in his new book of essays, *The Writer in America.**

The dean of American criticism is understandably dismayed by the frittering away of that great democratic and humanistic heritage which he has chronicled in a number of volumes. What is there of Mark Twain or Theodore Dreiser in those self-pitying novelists whose characters, hell-bent for destruction, "are generally corrupt, often depraved, alcoholics, homosexuals, morons and incestuous children, like the monkeys, quacks and whores of Evelyn Waugh's novels that seem to embody a hatred of mankind?" And what is there of Freneau or Whitman in those poets who have borrowed T. S. Elio strongest emotion, his fear of t masses, and have obeyed John Cro Ransom's snobbish instruction write only for a "small company adept readers"?

Noting a marked "deteriorati of culture" in this country, Broo laments the fact that so many writ of "The Silent Generation" gravit to philosophies of defeat. Bereft militant beliefs and faith in m they respond to the dismal outlo of Joyce, Kafka, Henry Adams, El who have "repudiated liberalism r and branch." The place occupied f years ago by Balzac, Victor Hugo a Tolstoy has been taken by Dostoi sky, Baudelaire and Rimbaud. A the universities, where a Parring could once have influence, are ru by the sterile scholasticism of "New Critics," for whom literat is a leisure class adventure in pre osities.

No wonder Brooks concludes t the dominant literature of our da as far from equal to America's wo role "as the foreign policy of nation has proved to be." Readers other lands, like those at home,

* E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

scarcely exalted by the stubborn immaturities of so many American writers who tiresomely repeat "the role of the playboy, the tough guy, the groping adolescent." Nor, as Brooks also realizes, is the world inspired by the current mess of warmed-over mystical and anti-liberal creeds, such as Reinhold Niebuhr's "Original Sin," Peter Viereck's "Conservatism Revisited," Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s "Center Revitalized," and Lionel Trilling's "Damnation."

"Who speaks of the humanitarian, the liberal, the progressive . . . ?" asks Van Wyck Brooks. "Have they not become, universally, bywords, symbols of all that is beneath contempt in respectable critical circles both in America and England, as if there were some positive virtue in moving backward like the crab and averting one's eyes from the hopes and miseries of the world?"

In such passages we are reminded of the earlier Van Wyck Brooks, the co-worker of Randolph Bourne who in the World War I period prodded the literary conscience of America with unpopular truths. To many of us in the Twenties, Brooks' criticism was an invigorating challenge to remold America in the interests of a truly creative life—"On the economic plane," he wrote, "this implies socialism." He spoke against smugness, commercialism, provincialism. He was a healthy antidote to the cynical Menckens as well as to the bigoted professors (the "New Humanists" now triumphantly reincarnated in the "New Critics") who sneered at Whitman and tried to silence Dreiser.

And so it is today good to find Van Wyck Brooks still opposing the philistinism that would starve literature by cutting it off from life and the real interests of real people. Deeply attached to what is most valuable in our literary inheritance, he remains the enemy of those who despise clarity and warmth, who reject the idea of human progress, and for whom form, or rather its superficial appearance, is the be-all and end-all of art.

YET Brooks seems very much on the defensive, the stranger in a hostile land; and one senses something of the poignant loneliness and also the impulse to slide into the dominant modes of thinking which have done so much damage. To an extent he is the victim of the climate he condemns. The social power and prestige of the decadents has not left him unscathed, just as it has perhaps impelled some who are much further to the Left than Van Wyck Brooks to be a little timid and apologetic about their democratic literary views.

We find him, for example, making concessions to the obscurantists who have, heavens knows, never qualified their public scorn for him. Thus Brooks suggests that there is a kernel of good in the work of the "New Critics" and that serious writers "can all rejoice that they have made criticism a power in the literary world." But what kind of criticism and what kind of power? Brooks gives us a

fair idea. These pedants of the "autotelic" and the "ontological" welcome obscurity and intricacy for their own sake, he writes, "as a horseman looks for higher and higher hurdles." Under their blighting influence "countless young writers think first of their form and feel they must fit their material to a bed of Procrustes. Regardless of their own temperament and the visions of life that spring from these, they are positively terrorized into writing as if metaphysics, and the forms of metaphysical poets, were native to them." The New Critics constitute a "'pressure-group' with an almost despotic power in academic circles." They not only ignore "the vital questions of literary value" but "positively condition their readers' minds" against the great literature that fails to pass their narrow tests.

But if it is indeed true that "one might go on indefinitely to mention some of the ill effects" of critics like Eliot, Ransom, Cleanth Brooks, R. P. Blackmur, in what sense can one speak of their positive achievements? One has heard the arguments before. They have "disciplined the literary mind"; they have encouraged a "close reading" of texts; it is only their "over-concentration" on technical questions that is bad; let's not throw out the baby with the bath water, etc.

This is, I believe, an utterly false eclecticism that can only disarm writers in their struggle against the formalism that drains art of all human significance. The methodology of the formalists is inseparable from the reactionary character of their ideas which embrace irrationalism, racism, a glorification of such "stable" and "elite-ruled" societies as the Confederacy and Fascism. These specialists in what Ransom boastingly calls "desperate metaphysical manoeuvres" did not invent a concern for form which is of course essential to any sound criticism; on the contrary, their alleged concern for form is a fraud, for there cannot truly be such a concern that goes hand in hand with a contempt for the aspirations and struggles of humanity, the living heart of the creative.

Thirty years ago, in an essay on Randolph Bourne, Van Wyck Brooks wrote with profound truth:

> "If our literary criticism is always impelled sooner or later to become social criticism, it is certainly because the future of our literature and art depends upon the wholesale reconstruction of a social life all the elements of which are at united in a sort of conspiracy against the growth and freedom of the spirit... That is why Bourne, whose ultimate interest was always artistic, found himself guerilla fighter along the whole battle front of the social revolution."

The fact is, as Bourne clearly perceived, that literary criticism which is not at the same time and inseparably social criticism is empty. Moreover such a barren conception of literature can only serve, and usually intended to serve, the forces in our society that are united in conspiracy against both art and the welfare of the people.

IT IS the weakness of Brooks' own recent criticism that he discusses what is wrong with American writing today in a social vacuum. He notes the symptoms of the malady. He is genuinely alarmed, as anyone devoted to culture must be. But his diagnosis is so abstract that the affliction he reports seems a mysterious visitation. The material basis of the cultural crisis is dissolved in the concept that we live in a period of "lowered vitality" and that writers suffer from a "wound in the collective unconscious."

But the ailment is not primarily psychic: the crisis of culture in our land has its roots in the crisis of an outworn and increasingly inhuman social system whose rulers strive to crush any truthful and therefore critical and therefore "subversive" reflection of American reality. The "non-social" literary trends of our day do not in any real sense represent positions of social indifference or neutrality. The literature of cynicism and despair undermines confidence not only in "human nature" but in the ability of people to curb, let alone change, the robber system of oppression and war. That is why this literature is acclaimed—and paid for—by the Luces of this world.

We are not witnessing an altogether new phenomenon. Even in the pre-imperialist stage of capitalism Walt Whitman warned writers against the moral atrophy resulting from the "depravity of the business classes." And near the beginning of this century Maxim Gorky noted that cynicism and pessimism had developed like a leprosy in the organism of the bourgeoisie. Gorky sharply challenged those writers who were being herded to decadence under the false banner of pure art. And he showed how, by turning their backs to the great realistic and democratic traditions of their own literature, Russian writers were deserting the people and defending those who wielded the knout. Many years later, looking back from the vantage point of a socialist society on the dark period of post-1907 reaction when so many writers had succumbed, he spoke of this widespread betrayal as the most shameful period in Russian literature.

What is specifically new is the fact that American capitalism, in an advanced stage of decay despite all its power for evil, has trained all its guns to mow down every vestige of opposition and independent thought. We are threatened by fascism not on some overseas continent but here in America. McCarthyism, bookburning, the jailing of writers and editors, the hounding of men and women not only for their past and present but for their future thoughts—these, unfortunately, are not passing headlines of the hour; they express the design of the economic rulers to shatter the moral conscience of the American people, their capacity for defending democracy, and their ability to resist further and more monstrous wars of

aggression against peoples who do not choose to be satrapies of Wall Street.

WHAT this implies in terms of writers may be suggested by reference to Van Wyck Brooks' volumes describing the role of the best American writers of previous periods. In the most recent of these volumes, *The Confident Years, 1885-1915,* for example, Brooks describes the strong opposition of writers like Mark Twain and William Dean Howells to U.S. aggression in Cuba and the Philippines. "Virtually all the good writers of the country," he observes, "agreed that America had no right to hold subject states, or to crush a republic . . . A comparable list could be drawn up of the writers who, forty years later, protested against Franco's destruction of the Spanish republic. Here again the American writers were virtually unanimous." Or again:

> "What made 'Guernica' and 'Sacco-Vanzetti' such resounding symbols was the obvious fact that the American imagination had been on the side of the 'Left' since Jefferson's days, since the days when the fathers of American literature, Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, fell into the Jeffersonian way of thinking. Born conservatives, they all became partisans of Jackson, who was Jefferson's successor—as Melville and Whitman were presently Jacksonians too. . . ."

And was it not similarly true that the best American writers in the days when slavocracy was a power in the land sided with the Abolitionists? And in the time of the great depression of the 1930's when the grinning skull of capitalism was laid bare, what writer worthy of his salt was to be found singing the praises of Hoover? In all these great moments of our literature we find the noblest writers taking their stand, as Henry Thoreau took his stand for Captain John Brown and as John Reed took his stand for the October Revolution, against the enemies of freedom, whatever the personal risk of calumny or assault.

It is no mystery, then, why Big Business should today seek to erase this memory, as Allan Nevins exhorts writers to do "justice" at last to those whom we have ungenerously called the Robber Barons. The crisis in which we find ourselves has this distinctive feature: that so many of the most influential American writers have persuaded themselves, or rather been coerced into pretending, that they have no responsibility for all that; they will tend their own gardens and cultivate the religion of art; not theirs the fault if the Rosenbergs are murdered, or fellow-writers put under the ban, or teachers and clergymen bludgeoned by the modern Know-Nothings, or Communists thrown into jail because they protest against unjust and unnecessary wars, Jim-Crow, and indeed the defilement of American literature.

WHAT is truly appalling is the fact that so conscientious a writer as Van Wyck Brooks himself

not only avoids challenging the social forces ultimately responsible for the cultural crisis, but that he unwittingly lends fuel to their fire. Why, he asks, do the intellectuals have negative feelings about a genuine nationalism, a devotion to the cultural traditions of their own land? One reason, he says, is "the communist-mindedness that was so prevalent in the past and that sees in any defense of a nation an attempt to set up again an obsolete tribal pattern of outmoded feelings." This was Hitler's charge against the Communists of Germany, Petain's charge against the Communists of France, and it is today McCarthy's charge against the Communists of the United States.

When Brooks repeats this slander he provides no evidence whatsoever that he attempts to base it on any actual study of what the Communists really think and teach. He simply slides into an unexamined cliché, accepting the premise of those who are moving to destroy not only books by writers of the Left, but his own books. The fact that Brooks has deep differences with the Communists is scarcely news. But how are people of good will to defend democratic culture, in this time when truth about the Communists is literally a life-or-death matter for all of us, unless they at least look into the stock-in-trade assumptions that one can read in a T. S. Eliot without going to a Van Wyck Brooks?

Is it not a fact, supported by day in and day out evidence, that the Communists are fighting that national nihilism which not only tramples on our own heritage but seeks to obliterate the national independence of other countries, as the patriots of France and Britain and China and scores of other countries today realize? The Communists in this country, as in all other countries, are dedicated to the defense of their nation's best cultural traditions; it is not they but the State Department that "clears" Mark Twain; and if the 150th anniversary of Emerson's birth was this year ignored in Washington, it was celebrated by the Communists. I cannot believe that Van Wyck Brooks is aquainted with William Z. Foster's *Outline Political History of the Americas,* or that he has read the words of Joseph Stalin addressed to the leaders of fraternal parties who last October attended the 19th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union:

> "Formerly the bourgeoisie was considered the head of the nation, it championed the rights and independence of the nation, placing them 'above everything'. Now, not a trace remains of the 'national principle'. Now the bourgeoisie sells the rights and independence of the nation for dollars. The banner of national independence and national sovereignty has been thrown overboard. There is no doubt that you, representatives of the Communist and democratic Parties, will have to pick up this banner and carry it forward if you wish to become patriots of your country, if you wish to become the leading force of the nation. There is no one else to pick it up."

Does not this spirit of devotion to the interests and traditions of their

own nation inspire the Aragons and Nerudas and Fasts of our time? And is not this the chief reason why a non-Communist like Jean-Paul Sartre finds common cause with the Communist intellectuals of France in resisting the threat that comes from the ruling class of our country to the integrity and honor of his nation? Similarly, the leading writers of England, including those of the Left, have banded together in a powerful Authors For Peace movement in defense of their people. When Van Wyck Brooks speaks of the "debility" of Europe, he is singularly blind to the cultural upsurge led by the working-class parties with which the most vigorous and hopeful writers have identified themselves.

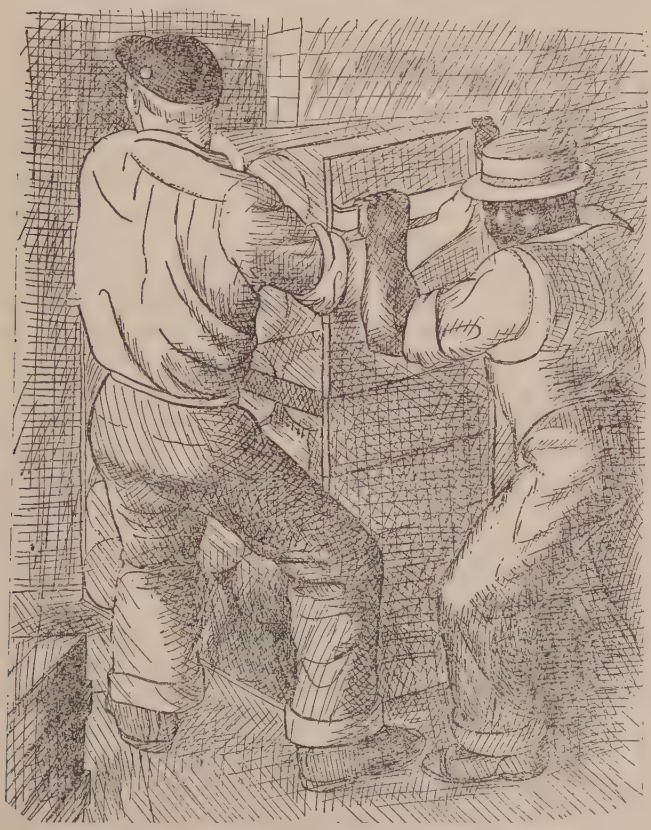
AND IT is disturbing that Brooks, in a study entitled *The Writer in America,* totally ignores those artists in our land who are battling the menace of McCarthyism. They have been blacklisted and jailed because of their dedication as artists and citizens to democratic values. Their books are being burned, and their manuscipts are being rejected automatically by publishers and editors, not because of a deficiency of literary quality, but because they have dared be critical of the prevailing political and cultural reaction. And when their work is published independently, as Whitman had to publish *Leaves of Grass* or as Dreiser had to turn to England for a pub lisher, it is smothered with silence i the same free press that hails ever decadent work as a masterpiece. H yielding in this respect, no doub without so wishing it, to the though control atmosphere, Van Wyc Brooks hurts those to whom he ma look most confidently for allies the struggle for a resurgent liter ture.

Certain it is that the reactionari know what they are doing when the deny citizenship to progressive i tellectuals. They know the strengt and the much greater potenti strength, of writers and artists whc democratic conscience has bee stirred. They need to crush the Zol in our land. They need to shatter th natural community of interest amo writers, whatever their other diff ences, who oppose the attempt rule of the Iron Heel against whi Jack London so prophetically warn

There are surely compelling re sons in our America for intellectu to be unitedly concerned about t fate of our literature. Mussolini on urged his cultured blackshirts: "I us create a new art, an art of c own, a fascist art." But the Duc spiritual henchmen, as an Americ observer reported at the time, co only whip a dead horse and call Pegasus. When D'Annunzio was vited to join Mussolini's Fas Academy, even this fascist sympa zer was offended, answering in gust: "A thoroughbred horse sho

not mix with jackasses. This is not an insult, but a eugenic-artistic fact."

We are witnessing a desperate attempt by Big Business reaction to convert American writers into shirted jackasses that will bray each morning before Joe McCarthy and be led by the nose each afternoon by J. Edgar Hoover and be bedded down each night with Roy Cohn and Gerald Schine. The hour is unutterably grave. The voice of a Van Wyck Brooks can help rouse writers from their apathies and fears and moral sloth. How palpable now is the truth uttered by Brooks that "when artists are 'above' politics they are apt to lend themselves to politics that first destroy their country and presently themselves." Brooks says this quietly, in a parenthesis. Does it not need to be proclaimed from the housetops?



Workers — *Ed Strickland*

SMOG

A story by PHILLIP BONOSKY

THE two other Open Hearth men, the Italian worker Dominick, and the Negro furnace-worker Harvey, crowded against Milo as he listened.

Cunningham's voice was husky with sleep, and dragged over a furry tongue, Milo could feel. "What are you down there—a bunch of Boy Scouts?"

"No, Mr. Cunningham," Milo answered, licking his lips and pressing them against the telephone receiver, clapping his other ear with his hand to keep out the Mill noises. "All we're asking is for you to come down and see for yourself—"

"Shut down *what?*" Even the others could hear the spitting crackle of the wire.

"I'm not saying you should, Mr. Cunningham," Milo's voice went on. "But if you'd come down and take a look, you'll see that the smoke from the zinc works is just hanging in the air. The smog's thick and starting to choke the men, Mr. Cunningham——"

"Tell him we'll shut it down ourselves," Harvey whispered against Milo's ear.

"You dragged me out of bed a three A.M.," Cunningham crie hoarsely.

"I'm sorry, sir, but the men a worried——"

The superintendent's voice groun over the long-distance wire—fro the suburbs in Sewickly, thir miles away. Milo hung on to th phone with the patient smile th had been on his face during th whole conversation, while the othe tilted their heads toward the receiv trying to hear.

They all heard the click.

Milo's face was pale, with th smile dying like a slap.

He turned to the other two, a said: "We should have waited t morning, like I said——"

"Morning, hell!"

Milo turned to Harvey. "If told him what *you* wanted, we'd be fired!"

He pulled his handkerchief ba over his nose, highwayman style, a when he spoke the cloth puffed and out. The Mill was saturated w a greenish-yellow air, which smell strongly of rotten eggs, and most

the men had pulled handkerchiefs over faces that were already masked with a black soot. But a slight breeze coming from the river made ventilation that carried some of the smog out and thinned it.

Milo rubbed his forehead, and glanced at the other two sideways. He could only see Dominick's nervous eyes shining mysteriously above his bandanna. He rubbed his forehead.

"I'll call him again——" he started, and looking at the men, did not finish. The cloth over his mouth puffed and turned dark with spit. He pulled it down and sniffed the air.

"You know, I think it's got a little thinner in the last hour——"

Dominick raised his face, and the muscles tensed so sharply the lines shone white in the smog, and suddenly he doubled up as though broken, and a profound, struggling cough tore through his body.

Milo watched him anxiously, as Harvey held him by the arms and patted him slightly on the back. There were hot tears covering the light in his eyes when he had recovered. He smiled weakly at them.

"Look, I'll call him up again in the morning!" Milo cried.

"We'll be dead by morning."

"Why do you say that?" Milo protested, turning on Harvey. "Nobody's dying. You act like you've never tasted smog before! You don't see the Company worried, do you? You think they wouldn't be worried if there was danger?"

Harvey fixed him with a look; he was still holding Dominick around the shoulders like a younger, frailer brother.

"Look—" Milo cried passionately. "Cunningham don't scare me! You know that! But what do you want me to do? Soon as you don't have responsibility, you lose your head—you want to go wild!"

"All we're asking," Harvey said, "is for you to talk it over with the men, and see how they feel about it. Find out what's happening uptown! Why do you think you can settle everything by a telephone call by yourself!"

Milo flushed. "You're not grievance man *now,* Harvey!" he cried. "And we're going to do it my way!"

They stood looking tensely at each other, and suddenly Harvey laughed and put his hand on Milo's shoulders.

"All I'm asking, Milo," he said, "is consult the men. Believe me, I don't want to tell you how to run things. If the men had still wanted me in the job, they'd re-elected me—but *you* got the job now. You're representing the men: but Jesus, represent the *men!*"

Milo turned away. "I'll represent the men all right!" he said. "And it won't be by calling a walkoff every time the atmosphere starts to stink either! I hate the bosses as much as you do—but you can still talk to them like a human being!"

HARVEY shrugged, narrowed his eyes and stooped for some reason to peer out of the mill-side as

though he could see under the thick muscular fog that covered the railroad track he knew was there, covered the thick concrete wall, the outer tracks, the streets, the city huddling underneath as if pressed down by a suffocating hand.

"Still," he said, squinting his eyes, "it wouldn't be a bad idea!" He looked down into Dominick's face and asked: "How you feel now?"

"I'm all right," Dominick replied. "Get a drink of water."

"I'm all right," the other protested. "I took a—" he stopped to breathe, "deep—breath—"

Harvey turned to Milo and spoke, almost in a fatherly tone. He was twice as old as young Milo; he stood tall above him. "Don't get to thinking I want your job," he said. "I want you to do a *good* job! I'll help you all I can."

"Sure, sure," Milo nodded, and Harvey laughed.

"I mean it, son. Don't believe everything they say about me!"

Milo shrugged, and Harvey shrugged also. "You're young, but you'll learn!" He pulled his red handkerchief down from his mouth and nose. He sipped the air thoughtfully, rolled a mouthful around in his mouth, carefully tasting it. "Soaked with sulphur," he said.

They began to walk the rest of the way into the yard, which, sunk beneath ground level, was like a deep smoky pit. The forms of men, working in their thick underwear, which was soaked sour and salty with sweat, moved in and out of the haze. The light burned red. They had tapped a furnace and the men were preparing the next heat. They walked before the open furnace door in a little circle shoveling in dolomite. Each time they swung in the shovel, the heat lit up their faces. The railroad tracks criss-crossed the Open Hearth floor like crazy scratches.

The air here was thick and hot. It was heavy and hung down on them, bending their shoulders like branches after a storm. The men moved in prolonged motions as though under water. Some had fallen against the wall, on the far end, with their faces turned toward the open door, their mouths sucking in the raw river air. The bones underneath their skin were visible shadows.

Standing at the head of the iron stairs above them, Milo hesitated. The other two went on ahead of him, their heavy shoes ringing hollowly on the iron steps.

The voice of Mr. Cunningham stung him still! It had been heavy and sharp with authority, indifferent to the fact that he, Milo, was trying to show Mr. Cunningham that the company and the new union leadership should try new ways of settling things! Harvey had been grievance man *before* . . . and the Company had refused to settle grievances with the Communist, Harvey. . . .

The iron sound of his shoes coming down the steps rang in his ears: he was dragging his feet. He stopped midway and glanced once again over the pithole, the hottest spot in the Mill, where Negro workers and

foreign-born worked; men like himself, who knew only furnace work, as his father straight from the Old Country had known only furnace work.

It was his idea to drag Cunningham out of bed, since Anderson, the turn foreman, refused to listen, and demand that the zinc works be shut down so that the chemicals from the works would be stopped from mixing into the fog. That was a mistake—he should have waited until morning when Cunningham would have appeared in person! "That's not your wagon you're talking about! That's mill property! There's investments sunk in there—you think I can shut down every time it gets cloudy!"

Still, the smell of rotten eggs clung to his nostrils, and going down into the Open Hearth was like lowering himself into a keen bath, a writhing heat that ran red splashes up and down his legs and around his neck and arms.

"Hey, Serb," one of the laborers called Bronco yelled at him as he passed. "I heard you greased up old Cunningham!"

"Well, I talked to him over the phone," Milo said.

"You got him out of bed?"

"Yeah," Milo said. "I guess I made his wife plenty sore."

"Ah, he don't sleep with his old lady!" Bronco cried. "Don't you know them rich don't sleep with their old ladies?"

"No kidding. Why not?"

"Why, man, they don't do nothing for themselves! They *hire* somebody!"

Bronco burst into a gigantic horse-laugh, and slapped his thigh with a crack like a pistol shot. Milo smiled too. Suddenly Bronco's face blew up and a hoarse tearing cough burst out of him. Even Milo could see the flame in his skin; and ran over to help him as he staggered, stamping the floor violently with his heavy shoe as though to stamp his lungs free.

"Too much hooch," he said, finally, shaking his head and blinking his eyes which were red with tears. "I'm trying to drink it up faster than they can make it," he said, ruefully.

Carl Johnson, the foreman, stopped Milo before he got back to his job.

"Where the hell the men go to, Serb?" he demanded.

"What men you mean?" Milo asked.

Johnson swore. "Half the labor gang. They're just disappearing—like ghosts. I can't find half the men in my gang, how'm I going to make the next heat?"

"I don't know nothing about it, Carl," Milo said with a shrug.

"You better make it your business to know!" Johnson warned. "I'm going to give them all a pink slip!"

MILO didn't answer: he felt suddenly furiously angry, and didn't trust himself to speak. Instead of going to work, he wandered across the yard to the railroad tracks. There was a crack in the brick wall enclos-

ing the Mill like a jail that opened thinly out onto the tracks. He felt a shadow passing by him in the fog, and heard a grunt as someone squeezed himself through the crack. The smell of smog was deep here. He could hardly breathe, and his mouth ached a little from gulping.

He looked back worriedly into the yard. The times were against labor: public opinon was not what it used to be; and he felt an anger at the men for not understanding this, and at the same time he felt an anger at himself for no reason he could understand.

Workers were gathered in little groups talking when he came back into the yard. Even the craneboy had climbed down. They looked up at him as he entered.

"You guys are going to get us all into trouble—" he began bitterly.

Harvey stepped toward him.

"They're going out to see about their families," he said.

Milo turned on him. "You can't do that!" he cried. "The company's laying for you! And you know we can't fight for you—"

"It's not my idea," Harvey said crisply. "But they're going anyhow. My advice is—"

"You know where you can stick your advice!" Milo yelled, pushing past Harvey and taking hold of one of the men. "Listen, Marco!" he said. "You can't go out there!"

Marco looked up at him, lowered his handkerchief and licked his lips. "I can't help it, Serb," he said. "I got worried about my wife and kids—"

Milo turned back to Harvey.

"Tell him," he cried. "You've been grievance man on this trick before! Tell him!"

"I can't stop them," Harvey said.

"You can *tell* 'em, can't you?" Milo yelled at him. He stepped toward the other men and said bitterly: "I got a wife and kids out there too! But you think I can drop the job and run out every time—" His throat filled up and he started to choke. "—every time it gets—" He stopped. "I'm trying to keep the Company off your necks! Don't you see—"

But suddenly, as though swallowed by the smog, the men disappeared. The smog now loped through the Mill like a wounded thing with thick paws that crushed men's lungs.

For a moment there wasn't a soul visible. He stared at the rolling greenish clouds, and wanted to run after the men, hold them back by force and explain how serious the labor situation was. . . .

He made his way almost by instinct to the turn foreman's office and burst in.

"Yes, yes," Anderson was shouting impatiently, and with some sarcasm into the phone, "the stuff's thick here too! But I haven't got any orders to do anything but work! What the hell do you think I am? No, damn it, I have no authority to service the town with oxygen tanks. See the Superintendent!"

He slammed the receiver back and turned on Milo, saying sarcastically

"They think we're a hospital down here! The Community Chest or something. Oxygen tanks now!"

"Who wants them?"

Anderson shrugged toward the phone. He looked up at Milo. "I got business with you, Milo!"

"What do they want the oxygen tanks for?" Milo demanded, leaning over the desk at Anderson, his bandanna still over his mouth, almost as though he had a gun on him.

Anderson's face tightened. "Some character from your union called up. Says the smog's choking the town and they need tanks. Now you know that's a lot of—you ever hear of smog ever choking people—"

Milo grabbed the phone and shouted into it: "Get this for me, quick!"

But the operator was busy; and he hung on to the stem, gripping the wall with tensed fingers. He shouted into the empty hole again and again, and still there was nothing but an electric whine that refused to speak back to him.

"Your line's tied up," Anderson remarked.

Milo flushed, and returned the receiver to its hook. "I just wanted to see if my wife and kid—" He shrugged and laughed shortly. "You'd think we never saw smog before! We breathed it in instead of air the day we were born!" He looked up at Anderson whose thin yellow hair kept coming out from beneath his hat, and whose pale eyebrows seemed washed, somehow discreetly, away. Anderson said: "Milo, I want to warn you. Cunningham called me up about fifteen minutes ago and told me about you—"

Milo flushed.

"You don't have to watch over me!" he cried.

"I'm just telling you," Anderson repeated .

"Look, Anderson," Milo said, taking a grip on himself. "Keep off my neck, and keep your stoolpigeons away from me!"

"Just see your men stay on the job!" Anderson said. "And keep your goddamned hands in your pockets the next time you get an itch to call up Cunningham in the middle of the night! Come to me if you got any big ideas about how to run this mill! I'm equipped to take care of anything you got!"

Milo couldn't look at him. He gripped his fists and deliberately spoke calmly: "I asked you to shut down the zinc works," he said, "and you told me to paddle my ass somewhere else! You're poisoning the whole town, and now they're calling up for oxygen tanks!" He went to the door and opened it.

Anderson yelled at him: "You think I'm going to hand over the mill property to any joker who picks up a phone and bawls into it!"

Milo slammed the door behind him, and stood in the darkness swaying as though pushed back and forth by the huge beating of his heart. Sweat was heavy on his forehead and he cupped it off with his hot hand. He pulled his handkerchief back tighter over his nose, and

walked unsteadily around the foreman's shanty and back to the pay-shanty where he had called before. He stood trembling before it, hunting for a nickel in his pockets with fingers that were crippled with anxiety.

THE coin fell with an ominous gong-like tone into the depths of the box, and the whirr of the phone responded. Now, suddenly chaste and delicate, the voice of a girl responded, and Milo guiltily mumbled his number. He heard, then, the long ring, seeing the telephone in the kitchen behind the door: the pot of zinnias his Helen had just put out on the window-sill, the whole kitchen with its mother-neatness coming up before his mind like an innocent thought. He could see the new ice-box, shining like a cold jewel, the table radio that gave out a warm orange glow in the morning as he sat eating breakfast and listening to the last hour of an all-night record program before going upstairs to bed . . . the high-chair standing against the wall, with a rag-doll as big as herself sitting in it while she slept upstairs with her mother. . . .

Helen never heard the phone at night, unless it kept ringing: who would call at 3 A.M. except the Mill to tell her he was hurt?

He slapped the receiver back, unable to endure the vision of her terror when the ringing finally penetrated through her sleep, and she stumbled downstairs to pick it up with a heart already in pain.

Now, standing in the hazy yar he felt the total weight of the nig fall upon him: the struggle wi both bosses, the feeling as the me walked away from him leaving hi alone in the bitter smog. He fe isolated, at bay: there wasn't worker visible! The Mill, enclosi him with iron walls, leaned on hi He shoved his hand through h hair, which was soaked with t fumes of sulphur dioxide, and star with eyes that had become bloo shot, into the shifting fog. Dow through the yard, past the rolli mill, across an evil little ditch sto the zinc works: and from its de stacks the yellow-green fumes sli ped quietly into the heavy moist a hour after hour, as the innoce town slept. The air was motionle sounds from the river were long a hollow, floating underneath the ro of smog.

Anderson was in the outs shanty standing in front of the d staring at the oxygen tanks that w piled inside row on row like cucu bers. Milo bumped into him. I a moment their glances caught, a Milo looked into his unguar eyes, and caught the profound do and fear of the man: but the n moment the shield came down lik scale over his eyes and he bark "Where are all the men, Milo?"

Milo could no longer look at hi the man was stained. Nor did answer. Anderson stared away fr him, and for a moment they w bound silently together; until fin

Anderson shook himself brutally loose: "I'll be back in the shanty," he said.

Milo nodded, without raising his eyes, and waited until he heard the footsteps no longer; and then delicately and slowly, but growing in intensity, a shudder broke over his body. . . .

He remained rooted to the spot, breathing in the smog-stained air, tasting its rotten-egg flavor, spiced with the sharp tang of cold steel; and ran his tongue along his dry teeth. He looked up to the high gables of the iron building which covered the furnaces. Then, still looking up, he walked to the ladder attached to the side and began climbing it to the top where a catwalk extended along the ridge. On top, he stood up and looked to the east where the city lay crouched against the side of the hill, close and tight and gripping the rocks. But now there was no city—a huge yellow sea had rolled over it, swallowing it up in an icy tide. His hands began to shake again, and he dropped to his knees on the cat-walk, and slowly crawled backward to the ladder. He groped his way down, feeling beneath him with his feet until he touched solid earth again.

He went back to the pay-shanty and dropped several coins into the box and gripped the receiver tensely.

"Mr. Cunningham," he cried hoarsely, leaning his forehead against the rough board and rubbing it until the skin came off.

The hollow rush of sound came as though the hole were opening into an entirely alien, entirely enemy world, into which his voice sounded tiny and died. . . .

He stumbled back through the air that sullenly parted to let him through, as though only for now, for this moment; and he felt in his lungs a thin edge of pain that was a live thing in his flesh as he ran.

He crashed open the shanty door, and leaned into the room, staring at Anderson with red-rimmed eyes.

"Close it down!" he cried harshly. "Close it down!"

Heavyfooted, as though dragging himself, he advanced, or half-fell, into the room, his arms lifted leadenly from his shoulders and poised before him.

"I'VE got no orders!" Anderson stood pale in front or him, his expression ripped away, showing only a panic.

"Close it down!" Milo repeated even more hoarsely. For a moment Anderson stood looking at him with a taut smile, half of cynicism, and then picked up a handful of papers and stuffed them into a satchel. "You're through here," he said. "You're through." Then, looking around the room as though he might have forgotten something, walked out of the door.

The smog rolled around the naked electric light like a green lasso, and then faded.

Milo leaned against the wall and studied the phone-chart tacked up on the wall. He picked up the phone

and pronounced the number; and waited holding on while it rang and rang urgently, throbbing like his head.

He closed his eyes, and waited for the minutes to rise up over him.

When the door burst open, he slowly lifted his head unsurprised to see that it was Harvey who was entering.

"Where's Anderson?" Harvey asked, his eyes flickering for a moment in recognition.

Milo looked at him heavily. "I fired him," he said; then he laughed and his face thickened with blood. He lifted his head and laughed louder: "He fired me—but I fired him first!" There were tears in his eyes when he raised his face again. "I fouled it all up, Harvey," he said. "We should have closed it down ourselves—but I fouled it up. They don't answer at the zinc works—I phoned them but they don't answer. Go get them oxygen tanks," he said. "I'll write a receipt for them. It don't matter—I'm fired: tell 'em I took them!"

He groped among the papers on the desk and began to scribble one with a broken pencil.

Harvey took him under the ar
"Didn't you know," he said, "t
works shut down a whole hour ago
Milo looked up at him. "Who sh
it down—you?"
"Why, no," Harvey said. "I ju
told them it was your idea."
paused. "I said we talked it over a
decided it was the right idea."

Milo nodded, and began to cou
Harvey lifted him up. "You've sw
lowed too much of the stuff. L
get you to a doctor. Twenty-two p
ple have died from the stuff, a
the rest are up on the hill where
smog ain't so thick. How come y
didn't get out when the getting w
good?"
Milo shook his head.
"I had to stay," he said. "I h
to call up somebody in the Mill. .
He turned to Harvey, and said alm
inaudibly: "Thanks . . . thanks
that. . . ."
Harvey laughed. "It *was* y
idea," he said. "You only took
longer time getting around to it. . .

JOSE MARTI AND THE U.S.A.

Cuban Liberator

By JUAN MARINELLO

THE decision of the World Peace Council to commemorate this year the birth of José Martí—to-of the ancient Chinese poet, the Cupernicus, Rabelais, Emerson, and Van Gogh—will do much to make his name better known throughout the world. For, with the exception of the ancient Chinese poet, the Cuban writer and revolutionary is the least known of these noted names. His death in 1895 was too recent; he did not write in one of the dominating languages of the contemporary world; and, although the foremost figure of his country, he was born, lived, and died on a small Caribbean island, far from the great world centers of culture and political power. But anyone acquainted with the quality of his creative force and the unalloyed heroism of his life, a life entirely devoted to winning his country's freedom and to serving the noblest human causes, realizes that his worldwide significance is assured.

The United States, in the deepest historical sense, is intimately connected with José Martí, with his thinking and his activities. Martí's writings range far and wide: fifty thick volumes of prose and verse have been issued, with much unpublished work still to come. Such an output, almost inconceivable in a man who led the last American revolution against Spain and died at the age of 42, includes a substantial portion dealing with the United States—more than a thousand pages at the very least.

There are solid reasons why what Martí wrote about life in the United States is of enduring and universal interest. Moreover, in these pages his astonishing talents as a political thinker and artist emerge with vigor and clarity.

José Martí lived in the United States during the last fifteen years of his life, from 1880 to 1895. To be sure, he left the country on various occasions, but he spent most of his mature years in New York or on visits to other cities, especially those in which there was a sizable colony of Cuban political exiles.

Yet there is a basic reason why what the Cuban liberator wrote about the land of Washington and

Lincoln should be as rich and striking as anything in the whole body of his work. In the United States Martí confronted the two intertwined problems that were the fundamental preoccupations of his life: the problem of Cuban independence and that of the *world dilemma,* as it is now called. In Europe—particularly in Spain and France—Martí had observed the profound unrest of his age. He understood and interpreted this unrest with remarkable accuracy, as is shown in his essays and articles about the Old World. The United States represented the other side, the new and dynamic side of these problems.

But Martí had vowed from early youth—from the time he suffered torture in the Havana fortress at the hands of the Spanish authorities—that his country must be free. On the road to this freedom the United States represented a great question mark, a prime element, a danger that could not be ignored, that had to be studied, defined, understood. He observed day-to-day life in the U.S.A. and sent out daily dispatches to the important newspapers of Latin America; he watched with the eye of a man keenly alive to world events. But he was never unmindful of the way in which the political and social evolution of the United States could further or compromise and hinder Cuban independence.

MARTI'S strictly literary gifts were displayed with notable felicity in his writings on the United States. There are good reasons fo this too. Martí was endowed wit enough originality of thought an expression to create permanent work of historical significance. But, as w know, his unswerving dedication the Cuban revolution and his a sumption of leadership in an extrem ly complex and difficult politic movement did not permit him formulate a unified and systemat body of work; he was unable write full-length books about th problems that concerned him. Wh is certain, however, is that his talen and mode of life coincided to mak of Martí a superb journalist. H dramatic presentation of daily even always had those qualities of awar ness, aliveness, and timeliness th make the great modern journalist. the same time, his integrity an sense of political responsibility in pelled him to draw conclusions his many eloquent dispatches an portraits—and that went beyon the province of the journalist. It m be said that Martí was a great jou nalist because he was more than journalist.

The picture of the United Stat drawn by Martí is undoubtedl among the richest and most compr hensive of any traced at that tim There was no aspect of North Amer ican life he did not comment upo in his dispatches, his polemic articles, and his biographical studi The permanent and the transito the great and the small; the ma trends in politics and economics, t religious question and the Neg

question, the Indian problem and the problem of European immigration. He took as much pains in minutely studying election tactics as he did in analyzing over-all social changes. It may be said that the United States surrounded and enveloped Martí; it piqued and disturbed him. And his rare talent for interpretation and prediction was expended on this many-sided spectacle. Though not rooted in it, he felt close to it. What fascinated him, above all, was its role in the future of Cuba.

In the vast body of material which Martí devoted to the United States, we must distinguish three essential aspects: first, his fine portraits of

Somewhere in Cuba Juan Marinello continues the fight for the liberation of his country which Martí launched. Hunted by the traitors who serve "the monster of the North" against which Martí warned, Marinello and other Cuban democrats today look for support to the other peoples of the western hemisphere in their battle against the fascist terror of the U.S.-supported Batista regime. This article, written especially for *Masses & Mainstream,* is a testament of faith in both the Cuban and U.S. peoples.

Like his great precursor, Marinello is both writer and political leader, and has placed his superlative talents in both fields at the service of his people and of mankind. As poet and essayist he has won acclaim throughout the Spanish-speaking world; and as president of the Popular Socialist (Communist) Party, he represents a political force which has enlisted wide support among Cuban workers, peasants and intellectuals and today offers the only realistic program for resolving the Cuban crisis.

Marinello and other leaders of the Popular Socialist Party have been indicted on trumped-up charges of complicity in the abortive armed coup of July 26. This despite the fact that the Communists for months before that date disavowed such adventurist tactics and warned the capitalist opposition parties against them. The Batista regime, borrowing a leaf from McCarthyism, has also moved to oust Marinello as professor of literature at the Havana Normal School for Teachers, a post he has held for twenty years.

The repressions in Cuba are of course not unrelated to those in the United States. We can help defend our own liberties by sending protests to President Fulgencio Batista, Presidential Palace, Havana, Cuba.

leading figures of the United States; second, his many-sided reflections on the country's political and intellectual life; and finally, his extensive and passionate polemics concerning U.S.-Cuban relations, both during the revolutionary period in which Martí headed the movement as well as for the future, which he foresaw with the eye of genius.

MARTI'S essays about outstanding figures in the United States represent the best of his literary efforts. Some, in fact, are anthology pieces. The list of personalities depicted in these fascinating sketches is a long one, and the merits of the individuals as varied as they are uneven. Martí evokes mountains and plains, lights and shadows, faults and virtues, failures and achievements. Here are a few of the names: Emerson and Henry Ward Beecher, Peter Cooper and Wendell Phillips, Grant and Sheridan, Walt Whitman and Thomas A. Hendricks, Grover Cleveland and Chester A. Arthur, Garfield and Hancock, Conkling and Bronson Alcott, Longfellow and Henry Garnett, John Howard Payne and the Roeblings, Blaine and Tilden, Judah Benjamin and Buffalo Bill, Whitney and McClellan, Logan and Louisa May Alcott, Bancroft and Henry Bergh, Courtlandt Palmer and Jesse James, Benjamin Harrison and Henry Grady, Whittier and Father McGlynn, Washington Irving and Mark Twain.

Martí gives the distinctive highlights of each of these individuals. He places them in their proper setting both as public figures and private citizens.

From this vast and varicolored procession—in which dedicated individuals rub shoulders with cardsharps, poets with merchants, Presidents with bankers, generals with statesmen, big-city political bosses with inspired preachers—we could excerpt at least half a dozen miniature masterpieces and a hundred or so outstanding pages of Martí's prose. Without denying the excellence of his long essay on Emerson or his apt comments on Walt Whitman's poetry, it is nonetheless obvious that Martí was at his best when he dealt with leading Americans in public life. We must give first place to his portraits of popular crusaders: Henry Ward Beecher, Father McGlynn, Peter Cooper, and Wendell Phillips, and of the military and political leaders at the helm of a rough-and-ready country rich in potential benefits, yet already threatened by privileged castes, overweening ambition, and oppressive corruption. If we had to narrow our choice still further, we would select his splendid sketch of Henry Ward Beecher and his fascinating essay, rich in perception, consummate in artistry, and solidly realistic, on General Ulysses S. Grant.

In all these brilliant pen-portraits as well as in his numerous lengthy dispatches to *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, Martí poured out his impressions and opinions of life in the United States. In them he was the

liberal democrat until the day he died; but the later pieces were enriched with an ever-deepening understanding of the role of economic forces in history. This is not the place in which to comment on the soundness and timeliness of José Martí's ideological views. It should only be said that his interpretation of life in the United States is part of his general outlook, and from a strictly Marxist point of view one can point to obvious weaknesses and contradictions.

MARTI felt a great admiration for the United States. A passionate devotee of human equality, repelled by what he had seen in his unhappy island and in a Europe struggling to rid itself of rigid and vicious castes, of old inhuman attitudes, of feudal oppression and the reactionary spirit, the Cuban writer was exhilarated by the positive and creative aspects of North American democracy. In his essay on Tilden he wrote that the United States "was the greatest people of free men," but even there he took pains to warn his readers that that people "was beginning to rot in prosperity." And in 1894, one year before his death, in the newspaper *Patria* which he edited in New York City, he published an article entitled "The Truth about the United States." Here he expressed in clear and outspoken language, without any sentimental or esthetic digressions, his basic thoughts about the land of Walt Whitman.

In this article Martí tried to explain to his Cuban and Latin American readers what the United States was and how it should be viewed from Latin America. He repeated much of what he had been saying over a period of fifteen years of vivid appraisal—but this time in an effort to define and generalize his thinking. As always he admitted and praised what was favorable and new in the United States; but he bluntly denounced the negative and dangerous aspects of the reality he had so keenly observed.

He warned those who believed that the United States constituted a homogeneous, unified society: "It is sheer ignorance or reckless, childish frivolity to speak of the United States and of the real or apparent achievements of one or several of its regions as of a united and equal nation, of freedom for everyone, and of definitive achievements: such a United States is an illusion or a fraud."

Then he proceeded to draw a masterful picture of the differences between the plains of Dakota, where there is "a nation rising, frontier-like and virile," and the Eastern cities, "smug, overbred, sensual, and unjust." He found an abyss between "the clean and attractive towns of the North and the highly charged, poverty-stricken, decayed, disagreeable, colorless towns of the South with crowds of idlers sitting around on cracker-barrels in the stores."

To Martí these internal contradictions and the presence of diverse grave shortcomings in all parts of

the country were convincing proof that in the United States "the problems of humanity, instead of being solved, are being reproduced; the various regions, instead of fusing in one national policy, are divided and resentful; democracy, instead of being strengthened and spared the hatred and misery of the monarchies, is corrupted and enfeebled; and the spectres of hatred and misery are reborn." It was imperative, Martí concluded, that Latin America know the truth about the United States, "lest, through ignorance, confusion, or impatience the peoples of Spanish origin, heeding the advice of the squeamish and easily frightened upper-class cliques, suffer the enervating moral servitude of a corrupted and alien civilization."

To prevent the peoples of Latin America from being weakened "by too much faith in alien virtues," Martí was unsparing in his censures. He asserted: "The North American character has declined since the winning of independence, and today it is less human and virile; whereas the Latin American character is today, despite its confusions and weariness, everywhere superior to what it was when it began to emerge from the restless mass of usurious priests, unskilled ideologists, and backward untutored Indians." Finally, he stressed the two truths which the peoples of Latin America ought to know: "The crude, undemocratic and decadent character of the United States and the constant recurrence there of all the acts of violence and immorality, the clashes and disorders of whi the Latin American peoples are cused."

MARTI'S anti-annexationist a anti-imperialist sentiments w based on his profound kno edge of the forces which, in his d were beginning to control the g ernment of the United States. T final years of his revolutionary pro ganda and activity are a repea and dramatic indictment of th who sought to gain Cuban in pendence at the hands of the Uni States or who advocated annexati A whole volume could be filled w the many passages in which he serted that the only road for island to follow was to win in pendence on its own and to h firmly to its sovereignty thereaf without ties or compromises v any country whatever, least of all powerful neighbor to the north.

To anyone acquainted with L American political thought, it is most a commonplace to affirm José Martí was the clearest and r consistent anti-imperialist of all liberators. His denunciation of nomic domination by North Am can finance-capital was based on broad and intimate knowledge the facts. Remember his key phr "I have lived in the monster know it from the inside." His d tion to his country as well as filial concern for the other L American nations converted him the end of his life, into a tit guardian of their economic

pendence, increasingly menaced as time went on by the policies of aggressive capitalism which were spreading from Washington throughout the Americas. But Martí's political insight went even deeper: he felt certain that the topheavy, aggressive, economic expansionism of the United States would not come to a halt until it sought world domination by any and every means—including war. Against that danger he passionately alerted *his* American peoples.

Endowed with a clarity exceptional for his time, Martí laid down principles for Cuba's economic future even as he fought for her independence. These were long-range principles, and he was well aware of their magnitude and scope; hence, the timeliness of his warnings. Indeed, they seem to have acquired a new and deeper meaning in our own day. His forecasts have come to be well known:

"Whoever says economic union, says political union. The people that buys, commands. The people that sells, obeys. Trade must be balanced if our freedom is to be safeguarded. The nation that wants to die sells to a single nation; the nation that wants to live sells to more than one. Too much influence by one country on the trade of another turns into political influence. . . . When a strong people gives food to another people, it makes the latter its servant. . . . The first thing a nation does to dominate another is to separate it from the rest of the nations."

Martí felt it his bounden duty to warn the Cuban people that they must maintain their economic independence as their first line of defense. And since the assault on that independence could only come from the North, he denounced and fought the North. Economic submission meant, as he so often pointed out, political servitude. And Cuban political servitude to U.S. policies signified the gravest risks for the future.

If the aggressive capitalism of the United States pushed toward adventurism on a world scale, let the U.S.A. run the risks of the storm it threatened to unleash; but not the peoples of Latin America. That was what Martí thought. Hence he never tired of explaining why he wanted *his* America to remain outside any aggressive bloc of nations, especially one headed by "the unjust North." In 1889 Martí cried out: "Why should we be allies, in the prime of our youth, *in the battle which the United States is preparing to wage with the rest of the world?*" Later, in 1891, enriched by painful experiences, he warned:

"Neither union of the Americas against Europe, nor with Europe against any people of America. The fact that we live in geographic proximity does not force us into political union—unless it be in the mind of some loud-mouthed demagogue or other. . . . Union with the world, and not with one part of it; not with one part of it against the other. If the family of American republics has any one duty, it is not that of flocking behind one of them against future republics."

BUT José Martí not only realized that the great danger for Cuba,

once it freed itself from the Spanish monarchy, lay in economic penetration by U.S. imperialism, with its inevitable corollary of political domination; he resolved to fight that danger as long as he lived. His last letter, interrupted by his death, is proof of that decision. On May 18, 1895, Martí wrote these revealing words to his Mexican friend Manuel Mercado:

> ". . . Every day I am in danger of giving my life for my country. It is my duty . . . once Cuba wins her independence, to act in time to prevent the United States from spreading over the West Indies and swooping down, with its greater force, on our American countries. *Whatever I have done up to now and shall do in the future is to that end.*"

These are words of deepest political significance. Martí here confessed to his most intimate friend that, while he had been working to free Cuba from Spain, he had also constantly striven (without, however, openly saying so, as he later explained) to "act in time to prevent the United States from spreading over the West Indies." The thought is clear and far-reaching. To Martí, a free and independent Cuba could be either a fortress in the face of the imperialist invasion of the West Indies and South America or a bridgehead to facilitate that invasion. It would all depend on the spirit and attitude of those leading the Cuban people in their fight for freedom from Spain and thereafter. Martí, who knew the North American "monster from the inside, vowed to do everything in his pow to make Cuba a fortress, not bridgehead; to make his island n tion sovereign, a loyal friend every nation in the world, but fr from economic domination by a one of them.

When we read from his pen th the United States "is the freest a greatest people on earth" and fi him later asserting that "the Nor has been unjust and greedy; it h thought more about assuring t fortunes of a few than in creati a society for the good of all, and H transplanted to the New World the hatreds and problems of the monarchies"—we seem entangl in a hopeless contradiction. But quickly realize that this is not so. Martí's statements seem at odds w each other, it is not because they wrong, but because he lacked a c ception of history as class strugg To him, a highly advanced midc class liberal, the United States seem a land of positive and negative ments which at times crossed fused. We know what the words the great Cuban writer meant, we have a clear explanation for th which he did not possess. Before eyes we have seen that contradict develop, as Martí said it would; we have watched it assume wo wide implications, as Martí suspec it would.

To us, however, the roots of contradiction are quite clear. know that *injustice* is on the sid aggressive capitalism, the mor

olies, imperialism, and war. And *greatness* is on the side of the working class, the poor farmers, the progressive intellectuals. The American people may not yet fully understand, but their understanding is growing, and they are the real inheritors and leaders of genuine North American democracy. Martí said: "We love the country of Lincoln, just as we reject the country of Cutting." Today we can and must say: "We love the country of Paul Robeson and the Rosenbergs, just as we reject the country of MacArthur, McCarthy, and Dulles."

The hundredth anniversary of Martí's birth comes at a difficult moment, but one which is big with promise. By their anti-war sentiments and deep human understanding, the peoples of the world are forcing the negotiation and settlement of international differences. Much remains to be done, but the road to the realization of the peoples' aspirations is open. Now is the time for the peoples of the United States and Cuba to work tirelessly for equality, for just and decent relations, for mutual progress and peace. Martí said: "Nothing guarantees peace among peoples so much as natural and free interests; nothing jeopardizes that peace more than artificial and coercive agreements."

We can fulfill his mission by opening the doors wide to economic and cultural relations based on mutual betterment and mutual respect. Martí wrote: "The future belongs to peace." On this hundreth anniversary of his birth, the peoples of Lincoln and Martí must safeguard that future.*

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* For additional material on Martí see the just published *José Martí and Cuban Liberation* by Carlos Rafael Rodriguez (International Publishers, $.15).

AMERICAN DOCUMENT

A PLEA FOR *Captain John Brown*

By HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Last month we introduced, with a selection by Herman Melville, a new M&M *feature, "American Document." The following is an abridged version of one of the immortal orations of our history,* "A Plea for Captain John Brown," *delivered by Thoreau at a meeting he himself called in the Concord Town Hall on October* 30, 1859. *The raid on Harper's Ferry had taken place two weeks before. John Brown, whom Thoreau had met twice, was sentenced to be hanged for "treason" against the State of Virginia and "criminal conspiracy" to incite a slave insurrection. The speech was read again at Boston and Worcester. No Boston publisher could be found to print it, and it first appeared the following year in James Redpath's* Echoes of Harper's Ferry. *On the day of Brown's execution, December* 2, *there was a memorial service in Concord at which Thoreau spoke again.*

HE was by descent and birth a New England farmer, a man of great common sense, deliberate and practical as that class is, and tenfold more so. He was like the best of those who stood at Concord Bridge once, on Lexington Common and on Bunker Hill, only he was firmer and higher-principled than any that I have chanced to hear of as there. It was no abolition lecture that converted him. Ethan Allen and Stark, with whom he may in some respects be compared, were rangers in a lower and less important field. They could bravely face their country's foes, but he had the courage to face his country herself when she was in the wrong.

He did not go to the college called Harvard, good old Alma Mater as she is. He was not fed on the pap that is there furnished. As he phrased it, "I know no more of grammar than one of your calves." But he went to the great university of the West, where he sedulously pursued the study of Liberty, for which he had early betrayed a fondness, and having taken many degrees, he finally

commenced the public practice of Humanity in Kansas, as you all know. Such were his *humanities,* and not any study of grammar. He would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man.

He was one of that class of whom we hear a great deal, but, for the most part, see nothing at all—the Puritans. It would be in vain to kill him. He died lately in the time of Cromwell, but he reappeared here. Why should he not? Some of the Puritan stock are said to have come over and settled in New England. They were a class that did something else than celebrate their forefathers' day, and eat parched corn in remembrance of that time. They were neither Democrats nor Republicans, but men of simple habits, straightforward, prayerful; not thinking much of rulers who did not fear God, not making many compromises, nor seeking after available candidates.

A man of rare common sense and directness of speech, as of action; a transcendentalist above all, a man of ideas and principles—that was what distinguished him. Not yielding to a whim or transient impulse, but carrying out the purpose of a life. I remember, particularly, how, in his speech here, he referred to what his family had suffered in Kansas, without ever giving the least vent to his pent-up fire. It was a volcano with an ordinary chimney-flue. Also referring to the deeds of certain Border Ruffians, he said, rapidly paring away his speech, like an experienced soldier, keeping a reserve of force and meaning, "They had a perfect right to be hung." He was not in the least a rhetorician, was not talking to Buncombe or his constituents anywhere, had no need to invent anything but to tell the simple truth, and communicate his own resolution; therefore he appeared incomparably strong, and eloquence in Congress and elsewhere seemed to me at a discount. It was like the speeches of Cromwell compared with those of an ordinary king.

The newspapers seem to ignore, or perhaps are really ignorant of the fact that there are at least as many as two or three individuals to a town throughout the North who think much as the present speaker does about him and his enterprise. I do not hesitate to say that they are an important and growing party. We aspire to be something more than stupid and timid chattels, pretending to read history and our Bibles, but desecrating every house and every day we breathe in. Perhaps anxious politicians may prove that only seventeen white men and five Negroes were concerned in the late enterprise; but their very anxiety to prove this might suggest to themselves that all is not told. Why do they still dodge the truth? They are so anxious because of a dim consciousness of the fact, which they did not distinctly face, that at least a million of the free inhabitants of the United States would have rejoiced if it had succeeded. They at

most only criticize the tactics.

If any one who has seen him here can pursue successfully any other train of thought, I do not know what he is made of. If there is any such who gets his usual allowance of sleep, I will warrant him to fatten easily under any circumstances which do not touch his body or purse. I put a piece of paper and a pencil under my pillow, and when I could not sleep I wrote in the dark.

ON THE whole, my respect for my fellow-men, except as one may outweigh a million, is not being increased these days. I have noticed the cold-blooded way in which newspaper writers and men generally speak of this event, as if an ordinary malefactor, though one of unusual "pluck"—as the Governor of Virginia is reported to have said, using the language of the cock-pit, "the gamest man he ever saw"—had been caught, and were about to be hung. He was not dreaming of his foes when the governor thought he looked so brave.

It turns what sweetness I have to gall, to hear, or hear of, the remarks of some of my neighbors. When we heard at first that he was dead, one of my townsmen observed that "he died as the fool dieth"; which, pardon me, for an instant suggested a likeness in him dying to my neighbor living. Others, craven-hearted, said disparagingly that "he threw his life away," because he resisted the government. Which way have they thrown *their* lives, pray?—such as would praise a man for attackin singly an ordinary band of thieve or murderers. I hear another ask Yankee-like, "What will he gain b it?" as if he expected to fill hi pockets by this enterprise. Well, n I don't suppose he could get fou and-sixpence a day for being hun take the year round; but then h stands a chance to save a considerabl part of his soul—and *such* a soul!— when *you* do not. No doubt you ca get more in your market for a qua of milk than for a quart of bloo but that is not the market that hero carry their blood to.

"Served him right"—"A dange ous man"—"He is undoubtedly i sane." So they proceed to live the sane, and wise, and altogether a mirable lives, reading their Plutarc a little, but chiefly pausing at th feat of Putnam, who was let dow into a wolf's den; and in this wi they nourish themselves for bra and patriotic deeds some time other. The Tract Society could a ford to print that story of Putna You might open the district scho with the reading of it, for there nothing about Slavery or the Chur in it; unless it occurs to the read that some pastors are *wolves* sheep's clothing. The modern Chr tian is a man who has consented say all the prayers in the litur provided you will let him go straig to bed and sleep quiet afterwa All his prayers begin with "Now lay me down to sleep," and he forever looking forward to the ti when he shall go to his "*long* re

He has consented to perform certain old-established charities, too, after a fashion, but he does not wish to hear of any new-fangled ones; he doesn't wish to have any supplementary articles added to the contract, to fit it to the present time.

"It was always conceded to him," says one who calls him crazy, "that he was a conscientious man, very modest in his demeanor, apparently inoffensive, until the subject of slavery was introduced, when he would exhibit a feeling of indignation unparalleled."

The slave-ship is on her way, crowded with its dying victims; new cargoes are being added in mid-ocean; a small crew of slaveholders, countenanced by a large body of passengers, is smothering four millions under the hatches, and yet the politician asserts that the only proper way by which deliverance is to be obtained is by "the quiet diffusion of the sentiment of humanity," without any "outbreak." As if the sentiments of humanity were ever found unaccompanied by its deeds, and you could disperse them, all finished to order, the pure article, as easily as water with a watering-pot, and so lay the dust. What is that I hear cast overboard? The bodies of the dead that have found deliverance. That is the way we are "diffusing" humanity, and its sentiments with it.

"ALL is quiet at Harper's Ferry," say the journals. What is the character of that calm which follows when the law and the slaveholder prevail? I regard this event as a touchstone designed to bring out, with glaring distinctness, the character of this government. We needed to be thus assisted to see it by the light of history. It needed to see itself. When a government puts forth its strength on the side of injustice, as ours to maintain slavery and kill the liberators of the slave, it reveals itself a merely brute force, or worse, a demoniacal force. It is the head of the Plug-Uglies. There sits a tyrant holding fettered four millions of slaves; here comes their heroic liberator. This most hypocritical and diabolical government looks up from its seat on the gasping four millions, and inquires with an assumption of innocence: "What do you assault me for? Am I not an honest man? Cease agitation on this subject, or I will make a slave of you, too, or else hang you."

We talk about a *representative* government; but what a monster of a government is that where the noblest faculties of the mind, and the *whole* heart, are not *represented!* A semihuman tiger or ox, stalking over the earth, with its heart taken out and the top of its brain shot away. Heroes have fought well on their stumps when their legs were shot off, but I never heard of any good done by such a government as that.

The only government that I recognize—and it matters not how few are at the head of it, or how small its army—is that power that establishes justice in the land, never that

which establishes injustice. What shall we think of a government to which all the truly brave and just men in the land are enemies, standing between it and those whom it oppresses? A government that pretends to be Christian and crucifies a million Christs every day!

Treason! Where does such treason take its rise? I cannot help thinking of you as you deserve, ye governments. Can you dry up the fountains of thought? High treason, when it is resistance to tyranny here below, has its origin in, and is first committed by, the power that makes and forever re-creates man. When you have caught and hung all these human rebels, you have accomplished nothing but your own guilt, for you have not struck at the fountainhead.

When I think of John Brown, and his six sons, and his son-in-law, not to enumerate the others, enlisted for this fight, proceeding coolly, reverently, humanely to work, for months if not years, sleeping and waking upon it, summering and wintering the thought, without expeting any reward but a good ocnscience, while almost all America stood ranked on the other side—I say again that it affects me as a sublime spectacle.

When I reflect to what a cause this man devoted himself, and how religiously, and then reflect to what cause his judges and all who condemn him so angrily and fluently devote themselves, I see that they are as far apart as the heavens a earth are asunder.

Who is it whose safety requi that Captain Brown be hung? Is indispensable to any Northern ma Is there no resource but to cast t man also to the Minotaur? If you not wish it, say so distinctly. Wh these things are being done, bea stands veiled and music is a scree ing lie. Think of him—of his r qualities!—such a man as it ta ages to make, and ages to und stand; no mock hero, nor the rep sentative of any party. A man s as the sun may not rise upon ag in this benighted land. To wh making went the costliest mater the finest adamant; sent to be the deemer of those in captivity; a the only use to which you can him is to hang him at the end o rope! You who pretend to care Christ crucified, consider what are about to do to him who offe himself to be the savior of f millions of men.

I foresee the time when the pa er will paint that scene, no lon going to Rome for a subject; poet will sing it; the historian cord it; and, with the Landing of Pilgrims and the Declaration of dependence, it will be the ornam of some future national gallery, w at least the present form of sla shall be no more here. We shall t be at liberty to weep for Cap Brown. Then, and not till then, will take our revenge.

RiGhT FaCe

Finicky

"After watching 'I the Jury' four times, the Breen Office suggested only one change—a sound effect—in the film adaptation of Mickey Spillane's novel. The sound of the bones of a man's hand breaking had to be eliminated from the stereophonic sound track. The sound of a man being kicked repeatedly in the shins was left intact, however."—New York *Herald Tribune.*

Axiomatic

"Due to the election laws, the new government has 80 *percent of the seats in Parliament, although it polled but* 49 *percent of the vote last fall. Hence, it is stable and strong, which is what Greece badly needed."—Adlai Stevenson in* Look.

Underdog

"Regardless of the party in power in Washington, the oil industry seems destined to remain the pet target for political persecution and exploitation." *Tipro Topics,* published by the Texas Independent Producers and Royalty Owners Association.

Candid

"Dr. Schwarz says he understands the appeal of communism to honest but confused citizens, and will undertake to put puzzling activities of Marxists into an understandable if distorted perspective."—Airview News, *published by the Douglas Aircraft Company.*

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

The Negro Composer

By SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

In our February issue we published an article by Abner W. Berry, "The Future of Negro Music," which sought "to evaluate critically Negro music" and urged the development of "the struggle against jimcrow in music in a new way." In our July issue we published a further discussion of this question by Mel Williamson, national administrative secretary of the Labor Youth League. We are pleased to continue the discussion with this article by Sidney Finkelstein, author of Jazz: A People's Music *and* How Music Expresses Ideas. *The editors would welcome additional comment in articles or letters.*

ABNER Berry, in his article "The Future of Negro Music" [February *M&M*], raises the question of the "dead end" into which "the white supremacy monopolists of cultural outlets have driven the main body of Negro musical creators." He reminds the readers of the Negro masses who are "storming the citadels of jimcrow," who "have forced the Negro question into the political arena," and asks, "Where are the songs to match their spirit and d termination?"

While he discusses mainly t jazz musician, the same questio may be raised of the Negro musicia in the realm of what is called "clas cal" or concert music. And befc discussing further the jazz proble he raises, it is worth glancing at th field, which also has its jimcrow, "dead end," its alienation of the N gro composer from the masses the Negro people.

If Tin Pan Alley music, of whi jazz is an inextricable part, suff from the hyper-publicity of sen tion-seeking press agents, conc music, whose function is to carry in our own times the great traditi of symphonies, songs, opera a chamber music, suffers from the posite extreme. Its work is co paratively little heard by the m of people, and even less discuss

The reason is not that the Am can people are unmusical. It is pa the air of an imported luxury the "elite" that has always clu to concert music in the count history. Even today, when orches concerts and opera are heard on la

radio networks, and "classical" music on records has become a business of considerable size, no attempt is made to really educate the people in the meaning of these great compositions and their relation to life. They are treated as a kind of pleasant escape from the troubles of daily life. And the great mass of "serious" composition in the United States, today, together with the teaching of music and the critical atmosphere surrounding it, is dominated by formalist theories which deny any relation of music to the struggles in real life and to the battle of ideas.

Formalist composers, who also write a good deal of criticism, regard as a joke the thought that a "serious" composer might write a song that the masses of the people would be able to sing and would enjoy singing. A composer, according to these theories, does not serve his own time, but the "few" and the "future," and musical composition is a matter of seeking some "new way" of putting notes together, generally proceeding from the "unconscious." The cliques that propagate these theories wield a real power, and their destructive effect is especially felt in the work of Negro composers today.

THE rich tradition of spirituals, blues, folk dances and songs, which Abner Berry mentions, is as important to the "classical" composer as it is in the development of whatever is genuinely beautiful and moving in jazz. This was put bluntly by the great Czech composer, Anton Dvorak, when on his visit to the United States in the 1890's he said that the spirituals were as beautiful a music as he had heard, and that they offered invaluable inspiration to the American composer. American Negro composers like Henry T. Burleigh, Nathaniel R. Dett, Clarence Cameron White, as well as the English Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, used this material, but today their work is practically unknown. And today, just as the Negro jazz musician performs largely for white audiences, so the Negro concert composer is subject to the discrimination, snobbish tastes and prejudices of the white-run musical world.

It is difficult for his work to reach the public. It has been almost impossible for his career to develop on the basis of his role primarily as an artist for his own people. Merely to become a composer is a bitter struggle, a triumph over poverty, over discrimination in education. Once he "arrives," he may be given an award or two, to show that there is "no discrimination" in "classical" music, but of course he gets no job comparable to those his white colleagues can get, in order to continue as composer. His work is performed in the stifling "avant-garde" atmosphere in which modern American music is usually heard, and is subject to the pressures of the haughty cliques that assert their exclusive right to judge this music. For a Negro composer to think of himself as a Negro is, in the opinion of

these cliques to take a major backward step. They themselves in their music show no feeling for the land and its people, and they demand a similar alienation on the part of the Negro composer.

The esthetic problems facing the Negro composer are illustrated by two works which have recently been put on records. These are both symphonies: the "Afro-American Symphony" by William Grant Still and "A Short Symphony" by Howard Swanson.

The "Afro-American Symphony" was written in 1931. It uses the material of spirituals and blues, not inserting any specific folk song but weaving a symphonic fabric out of what may be called basic folk patterns. Its four movements are complete, rounded musical forms, but also follow a general program, reflecting the life of the Negro people of the United States. The movements are entitled "Longing," "Sorrow," "Humor" and "Aspiration," with excerpts from the poetry of Paul Laurence Dunbar prefaced to each movement.

WILLIAM GRANT STILL has not set out to write a work which raises a cry of battle. But just as Haydn, Dvorak, Mussorgsky used the folk riches of their own people, so he moves in the most natural way to create a work that embodies something of the real life and history, the thoughts, feelings and struggles of the Negro people. By so doing he becomes a profoundly American composer. Just as the spirituals becan a beloved folk music of all the pe ple of the land, the human dept the dignity, the sorrow, the streng they expressed being common to t great mass of working people, so t struggles of the Negro people f liberation are interwoven with a basic to the struggles for Americ democracy.

How "great" a symphony this we do not have to consider at t moment. The point is that it is melodious, original work, with deep human appeal. The "Longin movement, based on slow blu themes with a faster middle sectic is tender and touching; the "Sc row" movement takes the sar themes and deepens them; the "H mor" movement uses dance a march images with joy in life a dignity; the "Aspiration" moveme builds up to a feeling of strugg with an exalted ending.

By moving its audiences as it do this work speaks of the kinsh among peoples, Negro and whi It points in the direction in whi musical composition in the Unit States must go if it is to attain t greatness of the masterworks of t past and enshrine itself in the hea and mind of the people. If the sy phony were heard with some fr quency, it would be found by liste ers to be that rare bird, an Ame can symphony they can really enj and love. Yet it is almost never p formed. I don't recall ever seeing on a program of a major sympho orchestra in New York. The fact th

is not heard and discussed by au-
ences in general and especially by
ie Negro people, deprives Still of
uch of the possibility of striking
ut further in a sure direction, deep-
ning and enriching his art.

HOWARD SWANSON'S "A Short Symphony," written in 948, exhibits the results of the pres-
ure on the Negro composer of
ormalist critics and composer
liques, who try to make music into
n anti-social, almost mechanical
raft. Swanson is a highly talented
omposer and his symphony is firm
n its handling of its materials. But
t moves away from melodies that
eally "sing," that send their roots,
n the spirit of the great composers
of the past, deep into the socially
reated material of folk and popular
song. In other words, his melodies
lack a freight of deep emotion, of a
"human imagery" that would create
a feeling of kinship between the
composer and his listeners. The or-
ganization of the symphony is one of
brilliantly handled formal patterns,
with no inner logic or drive stem-
ming from the concentrated experi-
ences of real life.

I do not say this as a "critique" of Swanson, for it is wrong to base a critique on a single work. But the sad thing is that his symphony sounds so much like the work of his white formalist colleagues. And yet it could have been something much better. The formalist composers applaud it, because by applauding it they applaud themselves whereas they ignore or look condescendingly on the work of Still.

An appeal such as Abner Berry makes to the jazz musician—"Where are the songs?"—can be made as well to the "classical" composer, for the achievements of the greatest composers of the past prove over and over again that the composer can write great art work only if he can also write songs for the people. The composer's work in one field enriches that in the other.

But if the progressive movement calls for "the songs," it must also call for the big works. It must fight for the right of the Negro composer to develop himself as an artist, to take on the most ambitious tasks, to express the full sweep of life. It must fight for his right to live as a composer, to enter the entire music world, including that of teaching, lecturing, writing, without discrimination and on the same footing as the white composer. It must seek to provide an atmosphere in which his work can be heard and discussed by the people he wants to reach and serve.

Part of the difficulty in discussions of jazz arises from the fact that many of its listeners want to know no other music than jazz, and so ask of it more than it can do. They act as if jazz were a complete musical world in itself, and so seek its "great classics," its "modern trends," its "music of the future." Some of the faults lie with the conditions of "classical" music described above, which is so far removed from the

people that it seems to speak of "another world," one in which they are not much interested. Jazz by contrast seems to be "alive" and talks a musical language with which the average listener is familiar. It is necessary to understand how much we need a really "big" music today, which will also be "popular"; that the symphonies of the past were full of song idioms and rhythms that the people of the time recognized as "popular" and their own; that "opera" is nothing more than a play or drama with music. Understanding this may not make the old music sound more "modern" to listeners today, but it will indicate what traditions really exist for creating a music that expresses the deepest feelings of the masses of the people today, that really serves their cultural needs and that is comprehensible to them.

THE weakness of jazz—taking the term to embrace Tin Pan Alley music in general—as a music that reflects modern life, is that it is bereft of the great heritage, the traditions of music, the lessons embodied in the development of musical art itself. These lessons are needed —and of course must be rightly understood and applied to our own times—to create a music truly expressive of our times. Whatever is genuinely inventive and moving in jazz—and there is much, most of it stemming from Negro musicians—will find a place in such a bigger music. But jazz of itself cannot be such a music.

The weakness of jazz, considered it simply as a music of popular so and dance, is that it is created a big business commodity in an of monopoly capitalism. Music poured out like the standardi product of a factory belt. The mu cian has little to say about what does. Periodically, when a patt is worn out, an innovation is p mitted, but that becomes a new p tern. Never in history has so mu musical sound, most of its necessa rubbish, been manufactured, sold the public, then thrown into waste basket to make room for n rubbish. It differs from the song dance of the past just as the "T Romance" and murder magazines today differ from the penny pap for which Dickens wrote his gr novels, or the popular press for wh Mark Twain wrote his first sketch just as the cartoons of the co mercial press of today differ fr the great cartoons of Daumier Thomas Nast.

I am troubled when listeners sp of "bebop" or "modern jazz" a "new music," reflecting the "m ern world." But I am also troub when Abner Berry applies to jazz such terms as the late A. Zhdanov used in his discussion the work of Soviet composers. Zh nov was discussing their work w composers whose task was spec cally to master the heritage of sic and develop it in terms of needs of modern life in a socia country. In the Soviet Union th are vast audiences, opera houses

concert halls seeking new, profound works, thousands of popular musical groups eager to perform works of the best composers. What are the conditions under which the modern jazz musician works? The life of even the most successful Negro musician is one of pervasive insecurity and dread of unemployment, of work through long hours of the night in the decadent atmosphere of night clubs and cabarets.

The music industry has been a depression industry for more than two decades, and unemployment and low pay fall far more heavily on the Negro musician, who must be virtually a genius to get a job similar to that of an ordinary competent white musician. Thirty years ago, when it was discovered that records by Negro artists had a market, unscrupulous companies would call Negro performers into a studio to make records, which sometimes sold in the tens of thousands, and pay them practically nothing. Also, white musicians would make considerable sums of money by aping the Negro innovations, just as the black-face minstrel shows aped the plantation songs and dances. Later, exploitation became more subtle. In the middle and late 1930's, records by Negro musicians and bands often sold in the tens and hundreds of thousands. But everybody who stood in the way of a Negro musician's getting a job, or who lifted a finger in connection with a job, the manager, agent, hirer, arranger of the contract, publicity man, had a "piece" of this income; 10 per cent here, 20 per cent there, until very little remained for the Negro musician.

The famous pianist, bandleader and composer, Thomas Waller, once had to sell his belongings to meet a colossal Federal income tax, based on his record sales, although he had seen very little of the money he was supposed to have earned. Today a prominent Negro musician or band leader still finds himself surrounded by parasites, divided into "pieces" owned by one or another middleman. If he is offered a job, he must pay off. If he demands a contract, or decides to read a contract given to him to sign, he is called a "troublesome" character, "difficult," and blacklisted in the profession.

EQUALLY intense are the musical pressures. The Negro jazz musician does not, generally, play for his own people. He performs for a patronizing white audience. He is frequently forced to clown, to play a role dictated by the managers, agents and sensation-mongers. This is the price for being able to live and work as a musician. He is often told by agents and record companies to play in a sensational style foreign to him. Very little of the music he plays or puts on records is music he really wants to play. There is a constant pressure by powerful commercial music houses for him to "plug" or "put over" songs that they want to make into hits. Sometimes a song becomes a hit, not because of its own merit but because of the creative

arrangement and adaptation that the performing musician has provided.

The great quality brought into jazz by the Negro musicians is their insistence on being creative, in breaking away from mechanical performance of the notes set before them. Also, there is the rich folk material that often enters into the improvisations and variations. Under the conditions of the jazz world, any music in which the performer asserts himself as a creative musician and gives the music a genuinely expressive, fresh quality, including pathos or wit, is a real achievement. I find these qualities in much of "modern jazz" or "bebop."

It is true that this "modern jazz" is not a "people's music." Its great skill is often applied to mocking the musical material of Tin Pan Alley, or getting as far away from it as possible. It does not really "sing" in the sense of expressing the deepest feelings of people. It tends to become a "musician's music," in which knotty technical problems are set and solved, a music in which the musicians feel at least a temporary satisfaction in gaining a minor victory over the depraved commercial pressures to which they are constantly subjected.

Yet there is a joy in skill just
there is a joy in watching a
dancer move effortlessly through
most intricate patterns. And wh
"modern jazz" and "bebop" h
also become standardized and co
mercialized, not all of it consists
mechanical musical patterns. It so
times has a deep sadness, a bi
irony, a wit which the listen
catch.

One cannot create an art t
really meets the needs of life, t
inspires millions, that gives vo
to the aspirations and struggles
the Negro people and the Ameri
people as a whole by simply sati
ing that which is spurious. I
along with the perspectives wh
Abner Berry raises, there is the n
essary task of fighting against
material and intellectual exploitat
of Negro musicians, and against
corruption permeating the comm
cial musical world. This is a str
gle to create conditions under wh
even in a society dominated by
most reactionary imperialists in
world, Negro musicians—and wh
for that matter—can work w
some measure of dignity, deve
their talents and serve their peo

books in review

llegory of Today

ANGEROUS JACK: A Fantasy in Verse, by Martha Millet. *Sierra Press,* Roosevelt, N. J. $.60.

THE greatest poets today strive, above all, to be at one with heir audience, remembering for hom they write as well as why they rite. As Nazim Hikmet said in his ecent letter to the young French oets, the poet must write not only ot those intellectuals who love oetry but for the masses of people, ht working people, who too love it r will if it touches their lives and s not written in a private language. t is not a matter of rhyme or free erse, it is not fundamentally a mat- r of a given form, it is a matter of ontent which is primary, and which letermines the form as the form, of ourse, affects the content. The poets ho stand with humanity resemble ch other, in purpose, in direction —they love mankind—but the forms ch adopts differ, and it is right that ey differ.

Martha Millet is one of the fore- ost of our American poets who ve taken their stand with their eople. These poets are, as Hikmet rote of the young French poets, patriots; they have enthusiasm, drive, a sensitivity to the vast hurt of our people and, simultaneously, they have a passion to right wrong and they know that the cause they sing will win.

Dangerous Jack, Miss Millet's latest book, is a paean to that victory. It is, as she says, a "fantasy in verse." Her dramatic poem is an allegory of our times in which Jack travels through the dark valleys and up the bleak mountains of our day to arrive at humanity's destination, the frontiers of freedom. The poem's power is in the grandeur of the poet's vision. Martha Millet again confirms the estimate so many of us have of her work. Sean O'Casey said that her previous work, *Thine Alabaster Cities,* was "a great cry from the heart." This latest book is a cry and a vision.

A word about the poet. Martha Millet is of the people. Her birthplace, New York, is the metropolis of her tenements, her folk are the workers, and the observant child felt the bite of poverty, yet she had the East Side dream of bread and roses from her earliest days. She has written poetry as long as she can remember, and many of us recall her first

fresh verse written in her teens in the weekly *New Masses.* Since then she has appeared in almost a score of publications, including *Masses & Mainstream. Poetry, Poetry World* and in five anthologies. She has fought and is fighting the good fight with the shining blade of her verse, and her stand has been a proud one.

Today, the mother of two small children, she continues to write her poetry, snatching the time out of the busy day of her home on a crowded Williamsburgh street. The scenes of her childhood and the sounds of the children on the pavements, the cries of the neighborhood, the pregnant sounds of life and death and the strife of the poor are with her. She has remained close to her people, but her stature has grown with her knowledge. She knows history's course. It glows through her words, this serene certainty that the Dangerous Jacks of the world, the working people who reject a life of submission and hunger, will win the earth to their dreams. She is no singer of songs that reflect the senescence of a social order, that wail with those who deify death as they genuflect to the Molochs.

Dangerous Jack is the worker who rebels: he is all the Jacks of the world. He leaves his mother and departs from his home as the police close in. The six following scenes of the poetic drama take him across the stone bridge where he reflects on the tenement clusters: "This prison-yard they wryly call our lives. . . ." Yet he is determined in this darkn "But I, if I've a pin/ May make scratch to let the daylight in."

His course brings him to the denced madness of Sufferance I where, as Miss Millet quotes great Polish poet Mickiewicz, "learned men gave out poison stead of bread, and their voice came like the roar of empty mi past the shepherd to the moun top where the latter-day witches b their atomic broth, and so to final scene where his captors, a tallying his crimes against them their Adding Machines, prepare thrust him to his death in the m of The Image, Mighty Moloch. they cannot punish him because power fails, the people "refuse man the station." The Custodian Moloch shrinks from the sight of approaching people who smash door of the incinerator and J manacles are struck off.

This is the bare structure of poetic drama. Its verse is ir and prophetic, at times elegiac times scorchingly satirical.

You will find that bite in scene of the poets, the profes the film writers, the comic artists, all those who adjust wreaths "to the regulation angle stand at attention." Their Of Muse, in Grecian robes, smokin short, thick cigar, orders them to seats and issues his command: will now proceed to create." the hired men of the press, the m the stage tune up their lyres and

ner rip." They sweat and strain
way as the Muse puffs at his cigar:

"Okay, boys, you're in the groove,
Keep it going and you'll prove
Our illuminati greater
Than Praxiteles or Pater."

Unfortunately for the artists strumning away in their bought-and-paid-for ecstasies, a squad of soldiers arrives to test an atomic weapon and accidentally sets it off as the Songwriter sings: "Sleep baby sleep, Daddy'll buy you a jeep. . . ." Everybody passes into smithereens, including the college prexy who has just told the soldiers, "We will comply." Somebody had got his signals crossed. The regretful Muse with the cigar steps into a jeep and is driven away lamenting "so many golden numbers lost." It is a powerful scene and will, like the rest of the poem, doubtless find its way to the stage, as it merits.

Similarly memorable is Scene IX, the Congress of Testifiers, "Who've labored mightiest, most often,/ Win our applause, and fittingly, a bonus." They are patriots like "Frederick Beagle, whom conscience did not bother/ When he turned in—to Justice—wife and father." And others whom the press today honors, giving them Philbrick Days, rats like "Lislie Hackle, who awoke the nation/ To evils in the halls of education."

But the Testifiers' weighty deliberations become a shambles when Von Vandal gets the bum's rush because, as the Chairman intones:

"Your operations, over-extended,
Leave hang-dog holes that must be mended.
Too many respectable toes you have stepped on,
Made silent one's foes. Yes, too long you've kept on.
In short,
Like a wart on the nose—
Too conspicuous."

And hence the State puts a ban on Von Vandal. However, with the generosity of a Senator McCarthy he is mollified: "But that put aside, you'll be well taken care of."

Dangerous Jack witnesses these scenes and draws the necessary conclusions, and rebel that he is, does not fear to make them known. He falls into the hands of the Custodians who condemn him to death, and before them he states his creed, and takes his stand with Spartacus and Galileo and Jan Huss and John Brown.

"I hear them ever. How their torments sing:
In you, O Son—not slain—never slain."

Jack, who belongs to the bravest of mankind, one of the "deathless all," is rescued before his immolation.

The poem unfolds with dramatic power: the imagery is bold, the thought inspiring. Miss Millet has written a work that sings the hardship, the perfidy—and the conquering heroism of our time.

The work is not without its flaws. Certain passages muffle the impact of her poetry because they are obscure. There is something of the precious

in parts of *Dangerous Jack,* there is an over-wrought quality where the iron of the poet's words has been hammered to excess.

Thus I found Scene VI, that of the witches on the mountain stirring the brew to destroy the world, less than successful. A certain rhetoric invades the lines: the vocabulary is artificially archaic and though much is said here, and much said well, one feels it could be said more simply, more clearly. After all, the reader may feel, the latter-day witches need not chant the idiom of Shakespeare's day.

Clarity must be won in the eternal battle of the poet to achieve the truth of his time. And concededly, it is no easy victory. Neruda, Aragon themselves have written that their poetry is a battlefield wherein they fight obscurity to achieve a golden simplicity. They realize that we live in a world where the bourgeois forms, as well as ideas, bear down on us all, most often imperceptibly, for we are forearmed against the grosser pressures.

This is a time when poetry must arouse mankind to oppose the Molochs. In this country especially, where the Muse is crucified on the dollar sign, there is a need for the poetry that moves the hearts of men. Martha Millet is demonstrating, both by the quality of her works and her sacrifices to bring them to the people, that she is a leader among those who strive to meet that need.

JOSEPH NORTH

A Modern Joan

DANIELLE, by Simone Téry. Transl by Helen Simon Travis. *Internati Publishers.* Cloth, $1.75; paper, $1

Danielle Casanova is one of th great individuals who make the tory of the human race so pre who, universal in their love of m kind and certain of its victory, bel not to one country but to the wo Through her, as through Ju Fuchik, Gabriel Péri, Zoya Kos demyanskaya, García Lorca, E Thaelmann, Nat Turner, Joe H Sacco and Vanzetti, the Rosenbe and countless others, known nameless, the forces of life flowe strongly that death itself trem before them. The executioner lenced them, but the irresistible sion of their lives has swept up i lions to take their places. Thus they foresaw, it was they, not de that triumphed.

"Cell 267 sings," wrote Czech hero Julius Fuchik. "I h sung all my life and see no rea for stopping at the end of it, w one lives most intensely. . . . sing to welcome good news from Eastern Front. Sing for joy or comfort ourselves, as people h sung for ages, and will sing as l as they are people." So Danielle s literally to the last breath she d as she lay dying in the Ausch concentration camp. So too sang Italian patriots in their dunge the Chinese, the Spaniards, the l sians. . . .

In *Danielle* we have for the

time the story of the tremendous part played by the women of France in the resistance to the Nazi occupation, and especially the story of Danielle Casanova, the French national heroine whose name is now linked with that of Jeanne d'Arc by millions of her countrymen and women.

Born in 1909 in Corsica, Danielle's childhood was bright and warm. When she came to Paris to study dentistry, she soon was swept up in the radical student movement, and married Laurent Casanova—who was to become a Cabinet minister in 1946 and who is today a leader of the Communist Party of France. At 19, she joined the Young Communist League.

Danielle has gone down in French history above all as the founder and leader of the Young Girls of France. It was she, more than anyone, who transformed its thousands of members from timid, inexperienced individuals into an army of active, self-confident girls and women, who later became an inexhaustible reservoir of new forces when the leaders of the French Resistance were hunted down and arrested by the thousands.

Her Young Girls became the "obscure, anonymous soldiers" of whom Simone Téry writes, women who "wandered from lodging to lodging, knew cold, hunger, loneliness . . . traveled with false papers in freezing trains filled with policemen. Their hearts pounded at every step on the stairs. . . . They had to fight in the shadows, alone, always alone, except for those stealthy meetings with some stranger on a street corner. . . ."

Alone—except for the "thread of steel" of their mission, which bound them to their comrades and their country, and which was their reason for living and dying.

Danielle, after two and a half years in the underground, leading her "girls" and organizing demonstrations, was arrested in February, 1942. From then until her death fifteen months later, Danielle reached superhuman heights. Never, amid all the bestialities, hunger, cold and misery of Nazi imprisonment, did she lose her tremendous courage and optimism. She was a source of strength from which all her fellow-prisoners drew. Many afterwards avowed that they survived only because she kept alive their will to live, their confidence that the night would finally end.

In the Santé prison in Paris, where she was in solitary confinement for a half year, she managed to make a daily "broadcast" of the news of the day, shouting it out of her cell window—with commentaries. Says Téry: "How often the poor lads who were going to be shot would call out: 'Danielle! Danielle!' Then she would rush to her window, tell them they were dying a hero's death for the French people, promise them they would be avenged. Then all the women together would sing a fervent *Marseillaise* in honor of those who were to die. . . . Some would come

back from an interrogation on a stretcher, more dead than alive. They would still find the strength to turn their heads and cry: 'Danielle! I didn't talk!'"

Romainville prison was relatively bearable after the Santé. There Danielle organized classes among the women and put on plays. But then in January, 1943, came deportation to Auschwitz. Of the 231 Frenchwomen who were piled into cattle cars and transported three days and nights without food and water, in icy cold, to this Nazi death camp in Poland, only 49 returned.

But probably none of even these 49 would have come back if it had not been for Danielle. From the very moment they entered the gates of this hell, when Danielle led them in a defiant and electrifying *Marseillaise,* she kept their morale high. She helped them avoid the worst horrors by using to the utmost her privileged position as dentist. And it was she who somehow managed to get to the outside world the first eyewitness report of the death-factory of Auschwitz. The international outrage was such that the Nazis decided to save what was left of the Frenchwomen; that is when they moved them to another camp.

But Danielle was not with them. She had died, of typhus. Today streets have been named after Danielle. Every year, on the anniversary of her death, Frenchwomen bring lilacs to the rue Danielle Casanova in Paris, near the Place de l'Op A song is sung to her: "Springt for Danielle." Her photograph is evidence at meetings, in parades.

But more important: the se she planted, with her Young G of France, have burst into blo Danielle's girls have become mighty Union of French Women organization of hundreds of th sands which grew out of the blood and sinews of the Resista Its leaders, such as Claudine Cho and Jeannette Vermeersch, w leaders with Danielle in the Yo Girls.

And it was on the initiative the heritors of Danielle that an ternational congress was called Paris in 1945 which gave birth the world's largest women's org zation—the Women's Internati Democratic Federation. Its gen secretary is Marie-Claude Vaill Couturier, companion of Dani heroic survivor of four years Auschwitz and Ravensbruck, m ber of the French parliament, spo man for Danielle and her murd comrades before the Nurem Trials of the Nazi war criminal

Danielle is part of the great tory of the French people. With excellent translation of this biogra by Simone Téry into English, it comes possible for us, too, to s some of the inspiration she off so abundantly.

BETTY MILLA

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