MASSES & MAINSTREAM

GOVERNMENT BY FRAMEUP

A. B. MAGIL

COUSIN OSCAR

LLOYD L. BROWN

MARXISM and ACADEMIC FREEDOM

DOXEY A. WILKERSON

6 POEMS FROM BRITISH GUIANA

MARTIN CARTER

CHALLENGE OF RANDOLPH BOURNE

SAMUEL SILLEN

MULK RAJ ANAND, HUGO GELLERT, CHARLES WHITE
CHARLES HUMBOLDT, JOSEPH NORTH, EDITH SEGAL

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A THREAT TO FREEDOM OF PRESS

AN EDITORIAL

BY HOLDING up issues of *New World Review* as "non-mailable," the Postmaster General's Office is attempting to destroy not only that fine magazine, but the constitutional guarantee of freedom of speech and press. This is a crucial test case. If the normal use of the mails can be denied to the 21-year-old monthly, formerly *Soviet Russia Today,* then no publication critical of the present administration's policies is safe from official censorship.

The September issue was held up for nearly three weeks. The October issue was suppressed by the Post Office for a whole month.

The magazine is alleged to be "non-mailable" under a section of the Postal Laws and Regulations having to do with matter "advocating or urging treason, insurrection, or forcible resistance to any law of the United States." As the editors point out in an editorial appearing in the October issue, the magazine has at no time advocated any of these things. Their crime, in the eyes of the Eisenhower-McCarthy government, is that they have forthrightly and consistently stood for friendship and peaceful negotiation with the Soviet Union, China, the East European people's democracies—the third of the world's people who have taken the road to socialism.

There is nothing in the September and October issues that is not permeated with the passion for peace and cultural fulfillment. There is nothing that any honest person could find remotely harboring on "sedition." The viewpoint of the magazine is rooted in the interests and concerns of the American people.

There are many forms of book-burning. The harassing tactics of the Post Office is plainly one of them. It makes McCarthyism the test of mailability. It denies the rights not only of the editors and publishers, but of the American people to read and judge for themselves.

We urge our readers to join in defending the right of *New World Review* to be published and distributed. Protests should be sent to Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, Washington, D. C. Clearly this is a major battle for the existence of every progressive publication, including our own.

GOVERNMENT BY FRAMEU

By A. B. MAGIL

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great?

THIS our contemporary Caesar is more than one man. Senator McCarthy is symbol of a larger evil whose roots are economic and social. And already the very term McCarthyism in the sense in which it is customarily used is becoming obsolete. Where is the dividing line between McCarthyism and Brownellism? And where the dividing line between the policies of Brownell and those of Eisenhower and Dulles?

The entire world was shocked and alarmed by Attorney General Brownell's charge that ex-President Truman knowingly shielded and promoted a "foreign spy." Well may millions everywhere be filled with foreboding. For this episode signifies two things:

1. That the Eisenhower administration, which has had certain tactical differences with McCarthyism while nourishing it, is now in process of merging with it.

2. That the drive toward fascism which McCarthyism represents has now reached the stage where it aggressively seeks to destroy *all* opposition, including the Democratic Party and its leader, Harry Truman.

McCarthyism always compri
much more than the anti-democr
activities of the various Congressi
al committees. The Smith Act
state sedition law prosecutions,
witch-hunts in the schools and
leges, the government "loya
probes, the Hiss, Rosenberg and
bell frameups, the McCarran Bo
persecutions, the banning and bu
ing of books, the assault on free
quiry and our democratic tradition
dissent, and the effort to terrorize
American mind and impose a
tern of paralyzing conformity—
this constitutes McCarthyism.
spirit is the spirit of Shakespea
Caesar who says of Cassius: *He thi
too much*: *such men are danger*
And it is the indispensable dome
concomitant of a foreign policy
imperialist expansion and war.

Joe McCarthy may be a polit
accident. But McCarthyism is
accident: it has been created by
nopoly capital as the spearhead of
thrust toward fascism and war.
differences between McCarthy
and the billionaires' government
Eisenhower have not concerned
jective, but pace and tactics, with
McCarthyites appealing to the m
backward sections of the popula
while the administration has b
compelled to take into considerat

to some extent the sentiment of the majority that brought it to power. Such tactical differences also reflect clashes of interest among the reigning monopolists, as well as psychological factors, which impel the McCarthyites to proceed from one spectacular show to another in competition for the limelight. But with Brownell's fantastic assault on Truman the Eisenhower administration moved sharply toward embracing both the full program and the methods of McCarthyism.

The Big Lie has grown vastly bigger. This it is that feeds Caesar: the Hitlerite lie about a "Communist conspiracy" against our country. This vicious myth forms the basis of all the Smith Act frameups; it had in the Truman administration been extended to cover the peace movement (the frameup of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois and his associates), progressive-minded people generally (the Rosenberg and Sobell frameups), and the Roosevelt New Deal (the frameups of Alger Hiss, Harry Dexter White and Owen Lattimore).

BUT this no longer suffices. The Big Lie has now come full circle, but in a larger compass. The man who served as the instrument of the reactionary big business forces in launching the cold war, the so-called loyalty program, the "subversive list," the Korean war, and encouraged the spy mania and Red-hunt frenzy is now hoist by his own petard. Yesterday the master "atomic spy" was Steve Nelson. Today, is it Harry Truman? Yesterday the Truman administration framed and sentenced to death a heroic American father and mother, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, on the charge that they conspired to transmit to the U.S.S.R. the non-existent secret of the atomic bomb. Today Representative Clare Hoffman, himself a pioneer Congressional fascist, broadly intimates that the former President of the United States should suffer the same penalty as the Rosenbergs.

But let not the person and record of Harry Truman and the ironic implications of the attack on him obscure its deeper significance. In Europe millions know what it means when the Bruenings are branded as "Communists." It smells of the gas-chambers. Through ex-President Truman the would-be fuehrers of what John Foster Duller has called "the Eisenhower era" are striking at the whole Democratic Party. This party is today supported by the bulk of the organized workers, the majority of the Negro people, and in all probability by most of the farmers. Thus the ultimate target is the American people—what is left of their New Deal social gains, of their freedoms, of their hopes for peace.

In an incisive article on the Brownell move in *The Nation* of November 21, H. H. Wilson, Professor of Government at Princeton University, criticizes "acceptance of the most fantastic hoax of our generation, the domestic 'Communist menace.'" He adds:

"It is now plain as Cyrano's nose, if it was not before, that McCarthy, Jenner, Velde, Brownell, and Eisenhower do not

limit their attack to Communists. . . . The loyalty mania would not serve their purpose if they did. This is a deliberate attempt to discredit and destroy the liberal tradition in American society, to erase from the minds of living men the achievements of the New Deal and the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as a symbol of hope and aspiration for the American people."

The Democratic Party leaders charge that Brownell's lunge at Truman is an election maneuver designed to stem the ebbing of the Republican tide revealed in the November 3 balloting in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, Ohio, and earlier in Wisconsin. This is true, but it is only a partial truth. The move against Truman and the Democratic Party has been precipitated by the growing crisis in the foreign and domestic policies of the Eisenhower administration. The failure to fulfill the demagogic campaign promises, the deterioration in the situation of the farmers, the threat of new anti-labor legislation, increased attacks on the rights of the Negro people, the shadow of approaching depression with mass unemployment, the truce that is not peace in Korea, and official coddling of McCarthyism—all combined to produce a popular revulsion manifested in a swing to the Democrats.

The aim of retrieving lost ground is, however, only the partisan aspect of the Brownell hoax. Its political meaning runs deeper. It is designed to combat and shatter rising resistance to the policies of the General Motors government, to smash the growing movement against McC thyism, to seduce and terrorize m ions into acceptance of fascism a war as the American way of l The basic aim of the monstrou swollen Big Lie is the unconditio surrender of the American people the precondition for the conquest the world's peoples.

For this purpose frameups in pattern of the Reichstag fire aff are indispensable. And nothing too low—not even the lynching a dead man. The struggle agai the frameup of ex-President Trum and the Democratic Party and it implies is, however, being grea weakened by the acceptance on part of the Democratic high co mand of the shameless spy hoax connection with White.

WHAT is the truth about Ha White? He was a skil economist who entered governm service in 1934 as an ardent N Dealer. Throughout the Roosev administration he fought for New Deal program against all forts to whittle it down. He favo vigorous prosecution of the a Axis war and collaboration with Soviet Union in war and in pea At the same time the papers of Ha Dexter White, which are on file the Princeton University libra show, according to a story by Pe Kihss in the New York *Times* November 14, that like other N Dealers, he had certain anti-Sov prejudices.

Harry Dexter White's real cri

was that he clung to the New Deal image even after Roosevelt's death and failed to trim his sails to the reactionary winds that began to howl while FDR's body was still warm. For this the hell-bent-for-war economic royalists and their political triggermen, whose hatred he had incurred long before, decided to "get" Harry White. The frameup of White was part of the larger frameup of the New Deal through the technique of pinning the Communist label on its mildly progressive program. This has now been extended to include the man who played so large a role in scuttling the New Deal program.

The F. B. I. reports on White in November 1945 and February 1946, which were reputedly sent to the White House, were based on charges made by Elizabeth Bentley in the course of her venomous mud-slinging against various New Dealers who were regarded as insufficiently enthusiastic about toeing the cold-war line. Five hundred F. B. I. agents were assigned to obtain evidence against White, according to a former government official cited by the New York *Post* of November 10. Just picture it: five hundred spies are on the trail of one "Soviet spy." They spy up and spy down; they spy by day and by night; they tap his phone and open his mail (James Reston, New York *Times,* November 13); they do all the other illegal things that F. B. I. agents are in the habit of doing. What do they find? *Nothing.* They could discover no evidence because it did not exist.

One would assume that after these herculean efforts and the prodigal expenditure of government funds, the F. B. I. would have concluded that Harry Dexter White was an innocent man and Elizabeth Bentley was a liar. But that would be assuming that the F. B. I. was interested in establishing the truth. In fact it was interested in forging the Big Lie. That was government policy; that was Wall Street policy.

The fact that the "spy" was not a spy did not deter the F. B. I. and the Department of Justice (sweet name!) from presenting the case of Harry White to a federal grand jury with the aim of obtaining an indictment. This was in 1947. Concerning this investigation the man who was in charge of it, former Assistant Attorney General Vincent T. Quinn, has stated: "All the evidence we had on his alleged espionage activities was presented to the grand jury at the time. The jurors obviously felt that there was insufficient evidence to indict." (New York *Post,* November 9.) Remember, these were the same hand-picked jurors who obediently indicted twelve leaders of the Communist Party and later the former State Department official, Alger Hiss.

THE House Un-American Activities Committee next took over the job of attempting to assassinate White politically and morally. It succeeded in killing him physically. Bentley and Whittaker Chambers were trotted out to do their respective

acts. On July 31, 1948, Elizabeth Bentley testified that Harry Dexter White was a member of a Soviet espionage group within the U. S. government with which she professed to have worked. However, she made no claim to have had any direct contact with White, but asserted he gave information to a colleague who relayed it to her. In testimony which bore the obvious impress of advance coaching she went on to say that White was chiefly responsible for formulating the so-called Morgenthau plan for de-industrializing Germany and reducing it to an agrarian economy "because that was what the Russians wanted." According to Bentley, White pushed the Morgenthau plan "on our instructions."

The tidbit on the Morgenthau plan serves to reveal the completely fraudulent character of this testimony. As even the members of the Un-American Activities Committee might have known, the Soviet government was strongly opposed to the Morgenthau plan or anything like it. On July 10, 1946, at the Foreign Ministers' Conference in Paris, V. M. Molotov declared that "in the light of the interests of world economy and tranquility in Europe, it would be incorrect to adopt a course of Germany's annihilation as a state or that of its agrarianization, including the annihilation of its own main industrial centers." (*Times,* July 11, 1946.)

And more than a year before the Bentley testimony, Fred Smith, a former assistant to ex-Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, declar in an article in the March 1947 iss of *United Nations World* that t man who sparked what later becar the Morgenthau plan was none oth than General Dwight D. Eisenhow

But no lie is too idiotic for t concocters of a Big Lie frameup. N did Bentley's bungling—for whi she had every reason to blame poli cally illiterate coaching—cause her be discredited in the eyes of h employers. She has continued to similar hatchet jobs before Congr sional committees, and was used a witness against the Rosenbe even though she admitted she h never met them.

When Chambers appeared befo the committee on August 3, 19 he flatly contradicted Bentley saying that White did not pass formation. He asserted that peo like White and Hiss "were spec cally not wanted to act as sources information," but rather it was sired that they rise to influent positions in the government. B Bentley and Chambers said they not know whether White was member of the Communist Party.

On August 13 White testif that he had never been a Commun had never participated in espiona could not recall ever having r Bentley or Chambers. Seriously with heart disease, he died three d later. In its report "Communist pionage," dated August 27, 19 even the Un-American Activi Committee found it necessary to g White what in effect was a clean

of health.

But the frameup of Harry Dexter White was not ended. It pursued him after death. And it was closely intertwined with the frameup of Alger Hiss.*

WHEN Chambers, after deserting the Communist Party, decided to "tell all," he went in the company of that old anti-Soviet hand, Isaac Don Levine, to see Adolph Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State. This was on September 2, 1939. Berle made notes of what Chambers told him, and these were introduced into the Hiss trial. Berle also testified before the Un-American Activities Committee on Chambers' disclosures. On August 30, 1948, he told the committee that Chambers had mentioned the names of various government officials, among them Alger Hiss, as having been members of a study group. But, according to Berle, Chambers made it clear that no espionage had been involved and he had not directly stated that any of those he named were members of the Communist Party.

Among the names in Berle's 1939 notes, *that of Harry Dexter White does not appear at all.*

The next time Chambers had an opportunity to "tell all" came on March 20, 1945, when he spoke to Ray Murphy, State Department security officer. According to Murphy's memorandum on this conversation, again there was no charge of espionage, but only that "the purpose was for each member to advance as high as possible in the government to shape legislation favorable to the program of the Communist Party." (This charge was of course the reactionary stock-in-trade against all New Dealers, including F. D. R. himself.) In the Murphy memo Harry Dexter White, who by that time had risen to Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is named "as a member at large (of the Communist Party) but rather timid."

Chambers again spoke to Murphy on August 28, 1946. By that time the cold war was under way and the purge of liberals in government service had started. Yet Murphy's memo on this second conversation states explicity that the group described by Chambers "was not a spy ring." White was again mentioned, this time no longer as "a member at large," but as "a member of one of the (Communist) cells." Yet two years later, when Chambers testified before the Un-American Activities Committee, he said: "I can't say positively that he (White) was a registered member of the Communist Party. . . ." And on August 16, 1950, he told the Senate Judiciary Committee: "Harry Dexter White was not a member of the Communist Party as near as I know . . ."

When was Chambers telling the truth?

From 1948 to 1950 Chambers introduced one other momentous change. In the 1948 testimony, when

*For an illuminating discussion of the Hiss case see Herbert Aptheker's "Behind the Hiss Frameup," *Masses & Mainstream,* October, 1953.

asked: "Was he (White) considered as a source of information to the Communist cell?" Chambers replied: "No, perhaps I should make the point that these people were specifically not wanted to act as sources of information."

Compare this with the 1950 testimony:

"Q. Was he (White) in any apparatus?"

"A. Harry Dexter White was a source of the Soviet apparatus which I have mentioned.

"Q. Was a source? Give that again.

"A. Was a source for material. He gave both original government documents and a weekly or fortnightly written memo summarizing information which had come to him in the course of his activities. One specimen of that memo is, I believe, now in the custody of the Justice Department."

Not till November 17, 1948, when White was dead and the cold war against the U. S. S. R. and the American people was in full tide, did Chambers change his description of the alleged Washington group to convert it into an espionage ring. This he did at the pre-trial hearings in Baltimore in the $75,000 libel suit that Alger Hiss brought against him for calling Hiss a Communist. And not till that date did Chambers produce documents, the existence of which he had previously denied under oath: the so-called Hiss documents and a memo from Harry Dexter White in the dead man's handwriting. He swore that the Hiss documents had been given to him by Alger Hiss and also claimed to have received the memo from Ha White.

Again, when—if at any time—v Chambers telling the truth?

THE White memo bears the da of January 9 and 10, 1938, a Chambers said he received it shor thereafter. The Earl Jowitt, forn Lord Chancellor and Attorney G eral of Britain, in his book *T Strange Case of Alger Hiss,* in wh he concludes that Hiss' guilt was proved and casts grave doubts Chambers' veracity, discusses eight handwritten pages that c stitute the White document. writes:

"On the face of them they would pear to be either some sort of diary, the raw material from which a d could be constructed, or else they may letters which White intended for s friend of his in the Treasury who presumably absent from Washingtor the time they were written.

"Although . . . they deal with co dential matters, yet they seem to with these matters from such an inter point of view that I should have thou it unlikely that they were prepared White with the intention of hand them over to an outsider, be he Chamb or indeed anyone else outside the partment."

And the Earl comments: "H odd that White, like Hiss, sho have made the mistake of supply incriminating documents written his own handwritting. May it that some thief passed on to Cha bers documents he had stolen fr White?" Elsewhere he also specula that these documents may have b "stolen from White by some C

munist agent. . ."

How odd that the Earl Jowitt, so perceptive in his general analysis of the Hiss case, should be unable to put two and two together and point to the thief that stole both the Hiss and White documents and gave them to Chambers. Blinded by ruling-class and anti-Communist prejudice, he can only think of theft by "some Communist agent."

But it was not a non-existent "Communist agent" that framed Hiss and White. It was J. Edgar Hoover's F. B. I. And undoubtedly the F. B. I. managed to obtain the documents needed for the frameup. As Dr. Aptheker points out in his *M & M* article, "Chambers was the vicious and willing tool" of the F. B. I. And that agency was acting not on its own, but as an instrument of the policy of the U. S. ruling class and its government.

The conclusion seems inescapable that had White lived, he would, on the word of Chambers and on the basis of the memo, *have been put in the dock with Alger Hiss and would today be in prison.*

One of the most sinister aspects of the Brownell-McCarthy campaign is the role of the F. B. I. and its chief, J. Edgar Hoover. The anti-labor, pro-fascist and police-state proclivities of Hoover have long been known. It is significant that it was this "non-political" person, this "subordinate" of the Attorney General who was chosen to give the main reply to ex-President Truman. And like the racist Dixiecrat Governor Byrnes of South Carolina, he lent his weight to the assault on the people's liberties.

From Hoover's testimony before the Jenner Committee there emerges the master-mind of the purges and frameups, of the whole conspiracy against democracy and peace. Hoover confirmed the fact that Bentley was the source of the charges against White and he paid glowing tribute to her accuracy (presumably this includes the crude lie about the Morgenthau plan). He also confirmed the fact that the White memo, which Chambers produced after White's death from his famous "pumpkin" together with the Hiss papers, constituted the "proof" against the former Treasury official. Attorney General Brownell in his own testimony before the Jenner Committee called the White memo "the conclusive evidence" against him.

Hoover's role in the new crusade against American liberties underlines the words of Professor Wilson:

> "Corruption of the democratic process is implied in what this affair reveals about the extraordinary power of the F. B. I. as a kind of shadow government behind the government—an agency that is responsible to no one and that has usurped the executive power of appointment by imposing, in effect a veto on this power. It is time the American people took a long hard look at an organization which no public figure since the late Senator George Norris has dared to scrutinize."

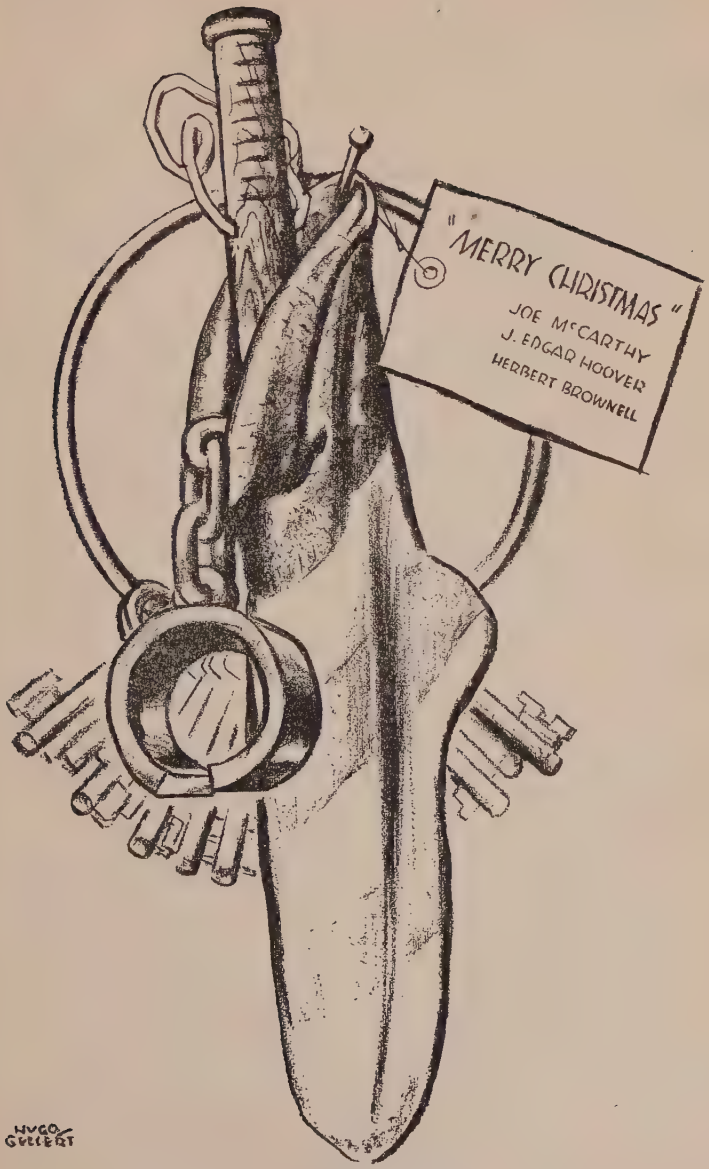
And the American people should also take a long hard look at this: though Jews have at all times consti-

tuted a tiny minority among government officials, *a majority of those named in the "spy" hullaballoo are Jewish.* Doesn't this smack of Hitler's "Jewish Communist" fraud?

THE whole White-Truman episode points up the disastrous consequences of the "Communist conspiracy" thesis and of the attempt to deprive Communists and other progressives of their democratic rights. The frameup of Harry Truman and the Democratic Party did not begin on November 6, 1953, with Brownell's speech. It began some eight years ago; if an exact date can be set in such matters, it started on March 5, 1946, when this same Harry Truman stood with Winston Churchill in Fulton, Missouri, and together with him launched the cold war and reared the mythology of the "iron curtain" and "Soviet aggression." New links in the chain of that frameup were forged the following year with the Truman Doctrine, the trial of the German Communist refugee, Gerhart Eisler, based on the perjured testimony of Louis Budenz, and the Hollywood Ten inquisition. And a major link was the thought-control indictment of the Communist leaders in 1948 and their trial the next year.

Thus, the imprisonment of Eugene Dennis and his colleagues has become a threat to the liberty of millions of Americans—among them Harry Truman. The Hollywood Ten have become the hundreds and thousands fired and blacklisted from the films, theatre, radio, television, concert halls, schools, colleges, publis ing houses, churches, etc. And t trial of Marxist classics in Fo Square has grown into the banni or burning of Einstein's *Theory Relativity,* Mark Twain's *A Co necticut Yankee in King Arthu Court,* Thomas Mann's *Joseph Egypt,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Ta* Melville's *Moby Dick*—and now Indiana the story of Robin Ho beloved by American and Engl children for centuries. For hostility ideas, to democratic culture, is p of the very tissue of fascism, N style or Wall Street style.

The disease has penetrated de into the bloodstream of our count But fortunately there are also sig of sanity and health: the hearteni beginnings during the past year a broad counter-offensive against t political and cultural barbarians. T election results were to some exte influenced by public disgust w McCarthyism and were objecti anti-McCarthyite—perhaps the m significant indication of this tre and of its possibilities. The nu ber of organizations and promine individuals who have struck against the evil in its various carnations and defended traditio American liberties has multipli Outstanding in the recent peri have been the manifesto entit "The Freedom to Read," issued by t American Library Association a the American Book Publishers Co cil (reprinted in the August *M & M* the letter of the General Council the Presbyterian Church to its


"MERRY CHRISTMAS"
JOE McCARTHY
J. EDGAR HOOVER
HERBERT BROWNELL
HUGO GELLERT

NO, THANKS!

500,000 members, and the article "Guilt—and Innocence—by Association" by Professor Henry Steele Commager of Columbia University in the New York *Times Magazine* of November 8.

Though it accepts the myth about "the menace of communism" and weakens its argument by repeating some of the reactionary libels on the Communist movement, the Presbyterian letter is mainly directed toward two positive ends: alerting the country against the McCarthyite assault on democratic rights and ideas, and urging peaceful negotiation as a means of resolving differences with the Soviet Union and the people's democracies. The letter also assails the official use of falsehood in the cold war and the public crucifixion of men and women on the unsupported word of renegades from Communism.

The article by Professor Commager challenges the whole concept of guilt by association on which the Truman Loyalty Order of 1947, the Attorney General's "subversive list," and a large part of the spy charges and witch-hunting vendettas are based. Though Dr. Commager accepts the idea that the Communist Party is evil (without, however, resorting to overt Red-baiting), he argues cogently that the doctrine that this necessarily contaminates every cause and every individual that the Communist movement touches is wrong logically, legally, practically, historically, and morally.

Of prime importance is also e President Truman's nationwide broa cast in reply to Brownell. For all i Red-baiting, this speech centered i main fire on McCarthyism and call for a struggle against it. In the and other statements there are el ments of a fighting platform again McCarthyism — against the fasc conspiracy that is the real menace our country.

The role of the labor moveme in this struggle is decisive. Lab was a major factor in the Republic defeats on November 3. And the a tion of the CIO convention and t United Mine Workers *Journal* condemning Brownell's attack Truman expresses the sentiments n only of the organized workers various affiliations but undoubtec of the majority of Americans. broad people's coalition to fight M Carthyism today and in the 1954 a 1956 elections is the urgent imper tive, and for this, labor's initiati and leadership are indispensable.

But to wage this battle while p pagating in whole or in part t McCarthyite Big Lie is to fight wi one hand tied against a two-hand brass-knuckled enemy. "Tyranny, li hell," wrote Tom Paine, "is not eas conquered." The attack on Trum and the Democratic Party will, the ex-President said, prove a ble ing in disguise not only if it "w serve to alert the people to the t rible danger that our nation and ea citizen faces," but if it will al teach them to reject the Big Lie a close ranks.

The Fourth Estate in Pennsylvania

TWO Pennsylvania newspaper correspondents—James Dolsen and Walter Lowenfels—are among the latest victims of the thought-control witch hunt. Dolsen, who is 68, was given a twenty-year sentence for "sedition" in Pittsburgh. He is now in Blawnox State Prison, the same hell hole where Steve Nelson suffered months of torment after a similar sentence under Pennsylvania's infamous "sedition" law.

Dolsen's twenty-year sentence comes on top of a five-year sentence under the Smith Act. His crime? He was Western Pennsylvania correspondent for the *Daily Worker,* a legal newspaper. The savagery of what is in effect a life sentence was underscored by Judge Henry X. O'Brien's tirade as he meted out "justice." Echoing Judge Kaufman's outrageous statement in sentencing Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to death, O'Brien shouted: "In my estimation your crime is worse than murder."

The judge, in denying a new trial to Dolsen and his co-defendant Andy Onda, charged that they distributed such Marxist classics as the *Communist Manifesto,* Lenin's *State and Revolution,* and Stalin's *Foundations of Leninism*—all books whose distribution is legal in the United States.

In Eastern Pennsylvania another *Daily Worker* correspondent, Walter Lowenfels, is facing trial under the Smith Act together with eight co-defendants. The indictment cites as Lowenfels' "overt acts" that he participated in a convention, a conference and a meeting of the Communist Party—a legal organization—as well as two public meetings. Undoubtedly Lowenfels has committed other "crimes": he has engaged in the un-McCarthyian activity of writing poetry. Several volumes of his verse have been published in England, France and the United States. His stirring peace poem, "American Voices," published in the June issue of *Masses & Mainstream,* attracted wide attention and has been republished in pamphlet form.

The McCarthyite forces that frame and imprison the Dolsens and Lowenfels' also threaten anti-Communists like James Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post.* There is no safety in silence. Speak up!

Cousin Oscar

From a Novel by LLOYD L. BROWN

The Negro community of Iron City, which was "off-stage" in his first novel, is the setting for Mr. Brown's forthcoming novel, Year of Jubilee. *The time is 1952. The central character is Val Merritt, a zealous young social worker who, in the early part of the book from which the following excerpt is taken, is anxiously awaiting word that he has been appointed to a far more important job than his present position as secretary of the Negro YMCA in suburban Willston. He is dismayed to learn that investigators, possibly from the FBI, have been making inquiries about him. One of those visited was Oscar Williams.*

VAL hurried over to the Williams' house on Orchard Road. He did not know Mr. Williams very well, but he had talked to the garrulous old man several times and knew that the interview might be protracted. On those previous occasions Val had wished that he might hurry away to his busy program of community work, but today such interests had a very low priority.

This time, however, Oscar Williams was not to be so talkative—not to begin with, that is. As Val approached the large frame house, with its ornately carved shutters showing green against the white-painted walls, he saw the old man seated on the porch. He was whittling at something. He said good morning and told Val to set himself on the other chair, an old-fashioned, ladder-back chair that was mate to the one he occupied.

"Be ready to talk with you in a fe shakes, young man," he said. "'Cau I can't talk and whittle at the sam time, like I always tell Clara—sh resting inside right now. Talking a whittling don't go together, and wh tling gets more work done."

It was to be a full ten minut before he spoke again. Controlling best he could his nervous impatien to learn what the investigators h asked about him, Val studied his lent host. He was dark, bone-th with only the wispiest rim of wh fuzz around the shiny dome of head; he was wearing a faded bl work-shirt and an old pair of corc roy pants, neatly patched at ea sharp knee; his feet were encased carpet slippers. Most remarkable w his knife—a folding-blade pock knife that was as large as a hunti knife; its handle was fashioned out a deer's ankle.

"There!" said Mr. Williams, at last breaking his silence. He held up the clean whiteness of the wood he had been shaping: it was a ship's hull. "Pretty, ain't she?" But before Val could voice agreement, the old man went on to say that this one was going to be a brigantine. "Never made this kind before," he added. "It's built kind of funny with a square sail on the hind mast and the other kind of sails at the front and middle. Got a picture book inside what shows all the different kinds. Yes, sir, I make some mighty pretty ships for a man what ain't seen no kind of a ocean yet."

After a quick glance at his visitor, Mr. Williams said that Val was looking kind of peaked since he'd laid eyes on him last. "Ought to go fishing like I do. It's the best thing for any man and I always say that if'n everybody went out fishing every chance they got, there wouldn't be all this devilment in the world God made for us to enjoy ourselves in. Tried to tell that to Cousin Henry just the other day, but he wouldn't come along. Never does. Always got something else to do or some big meeting to go to. The old fool—he's a man something like you, Mr. Merritt. Both you-all always out a-doing something or trying to get other folks to be a-doing something what they ain't but ought to. Come to think of it, you and that old Henry Faulcon are built pretty much the same, 'cept different. Both you-all got some kind of bee in your bonnet about changing everything from the way it is, only you want to make everything pretty, like them old shacks over yonder painted so nice, and Cousin Henry he wants to tear down everything and start from scratch. That's the way his ideas run, you know. He's got some mighty peculiar ideas in that old head of hisn."

He laughed soundlessly. "Young fellow, you ought to hear me and Cousin Henry when we gets together! He's a talking man and puts up a turrible argument, but he can't beat me—that old rascal. I josh him a lot about how he got his spirit broke when they thrun him into jail—some trouble he got into a ways back, ten-twelve years ago, maybe—'cause when they turned him loose Cousin Henry up and got himself married! Sure did, the old fool, and him being not a day under sixty-five at the time. Not that I got anything against a man getting himself hitched—me, I'm the marrying kind myself—but not Cousin Henry. Married a regular church woman, he did, and him near as bad as me, not setting foot in a church for nigh onto fifty years. Not that a man is old at sixty-five. I can't say that 'cause I'm going on eighty-six myself, yes sir I am for a fact, but what teeth I still got is my own and there's still a smitch of hair on this head." He felt his head to make sure.

"When I get on him like that, Cousin Henry he acts mad and says, 'I'll show you ifn my spirit's broke. I'm a-going to get the sheriff to put

you out of my house 'cause you ain't paid me no kind of rent for nine years now and it would take all your old-age pension checks for the next hundred years just to catch up!' But I knows what to tell him about that. All right, I asks him, how much do I owe up till today? And when he's done figuring it out, I tell him: Cousin Henry, that's just exactly right to the penny what you owes *me* for taking care of this big old house for you!" He winked at Val, to emphasize his canniness. "Course, my wife Clara's due a big part of that pay, the way she keeps everything waxed and polished near as good as old Aunt Jenny Faulcon ever did before she died."

VAL saw a chance to break in. "Mr. Williams, I wanted to ask you—"

"Hold on for just a spell," said the old man, "till I finish with Cousin Henry. You see, he's always after me about something or other, and trying to get me to change my ways. Gets him mad as anything when I say that far's I'm concerned the whole world and everybody in it can go hang, 'cause I'm out fishing or whittling away and not studying my mind about nobody else. My Lord, how he fusses about that!"

Despite himself, Val had to smile at the notion that Cousin Henry could manage to get in a word.

"But like I say, Cousin Henry's got some mighty peculiar ideas in his old head, though that don't bother me none, 'cept in joshing him. Di ferent ideas—that's what makes f different denominations and do fights, too." He turned to face V now, and asked: "Don't speck yo ever met my Cousin Henry?"

Here surely was Val's chance. "O yes I did and in fact that's why came to see you today, to ask you—

Slapping his thin shanks with h hands, Mr. Williams shook with h soundless laughter. "I knowed it he cried. "Yes, sir, I figured o Henry was a-going to tell you, ar when I seen you come a-racking u here this morning I knowed for su what was eating you!"

"Yes," Val said, "he told me abou the men who asked you some que tions about me and so I wanted t find out from you—"

"Just a-wasting your time, youn fellow. First off, the only reason wh I told Cousin Henry about it wa 'cause I knowed he would tell you— him being such a meddlesome ma And whatever he told you was th gospel truth—that's one thing abou him, peculiar ideas and all, Cousi Henry don't tell no lies. No sir, Aun Jenny didn't raise him to tell no lies

"Oh, I didn't mean that," Val sai hastily. "I just wanted to learn mor of the details."

"Warn't no details." The old ma considered the matter for a momen "I ain't no hand to gossip, Mr. Me ritt. Like I say, I minds my own bus ness and that's what I told *them*— after I got them off my porch, fir thing."

"You *what?*"

"Got them off my porch, was what I said, and ifn you want to hear me out you better mind what I say, young man, 'cause I don't chew my cabbage twice. . . . Anyway, here they come a-walking up here, bold as brass the two of them, and climbed right up here in front of me and started to say something. Hold on, I says, now just climb right back on down to the walk and don't come a-running up in my face like I ain't nobody and this ain't my house, porch and all." Again a wink at Val. "Now *that* was a lie—though it warn't on Sunday—'cause this is Cousin Henry's house, but when you come to think of it, that makes it even worse what they did. Anyway I pointed down with the tip of this here blade to that place out yonder where they might stand and tell their names and what they wanted like respectable people ought to do. They backed on down and said they wanted to ask me some questions about Valentine Merritt—that's what they called you. Don't you-all know where to find him, I asks, and they mumbled something about not knowing exactly. Well, says I, you ain't a-going to find out exactly from me; maybe there's some folks what's ready to gossip about other folks, but not me!

"'Ain't you a patriotic American?' one of them says." Here Mr. Williams imitated the nasal sound of the man's voice. "Well, right then and there I really gets riled and says: 'Can't you-all see what kind of American I am—black as I am and white as you are? My name is Oscar Renfrew Williams and I come from Phillips County, Arkansas, and if you-all don't get on down the road away from me, I swear I'm a-going to sic Ol' Tige on you!'

"Well, sir, you should a seen how they scuttered away!" Again he slapped his thighs and winked at Val. "Now *that* was a real whopper, 'cause my old hound-dog's name ain't Tige. Cal, his name was, and he's been dead and gone for better than twenty years!"

Val chuckled at the joke, but this time Mr. Williams did not laugh. And the humor was gone from his tone when he continued.

"SAY, Mr. Merritt, you got some schooling—did you ever hear about Elaine, Arkansas, down in Phillips County where I come from?"

Val thought for a moment before shaking his head no. He was reconciled to the obvious fact that he would not get any more information about the investigators, and now he was surprised to find himself quite relaxed and even reassured somehow by the old man's rambling talk.

"No, I reckoned you didn't, no more than that trash did when I said where I come from. But *you* ought to know, seeing as how you're a colored man, too."

With some feeling of disappointment Val watched Mr. Williams pull out his pocket-knife. But the old man did not return to his silent whit-

tling. He passed the huge knife to Val and told him to take a good look at it.

Val examined it idly: he had seen this kind of old-fashioned knife before. Most of the red-brown hair of the deer's-foot handle was worn away from use and one side of the handle was badly scorched. As he turned it over in his hand, Val wondered whether he ought to ask Mr. Williams if he would serve as an instructor for a ship-model group that possibly might be formed among his teen-aged boys.

"That old knife—not much to show for fifty-three years of living and working, is it?" Mr. Williams continued. His next words were sad and accusing: "And you never even heard tell of it!"

Val said nothing, feeling curiously guilty as though he really should have known the cause for the sorrow that had so suddenly changed the old man's mood.

"Nineteen and nineteen it was and I guess you warn't hardly borned good then, Mr. Merritt, but still, somebody ought to have told you. First there was the war—they must have told you about that—and Ruth, she was my first wife, was a-praying every night for Rennie, our boy, to get home safe from the fighting. He came home safe and—well, that was in the Spring and just in time to give a hand with the plowing. Fine boy, he was. Dead, him and Ruth too. That same summer they was kilt, Rennie and Ruth and three hundred-odd more of the colored. All the folks we knew. . . .

"Maybe worse things has happened but I never heard tell of nothing like that slaughtering that went on for near onto a week—out in the fields, out in the swamps, home in their beds. Started about us 'croppers and tenants getting up this Progressive Farmers and Household Union we called it, to stop the cheating. Hired us a big white lawyer and things was a-coming along better when they came down to that little old church at Hook Spur where the meeting was and started the killing. I missed it by one day. We knowed some kind of trouble was stirring but nothing like what they did, and Rennie and Ruth they said I oughtn't to try to ship our hogs out to market from Elaine 'cause that might be kind of dangerous, so we loaded up the wagon and I went on off to the next county to ship from there. I'll watch out for Ma, Rennie said, and I reckon he tried the best way he could.

"Couldn't tell which body was which the way they was burnt up so bad when I got back, and the house was ashes and the barn was ashes, too. They must have stole all the cows, 'cause there warn't no sign of any of them in the ashes. It was getting on to night when I came home, and I felt so bad that I sat right down and cried. Just sat down and cried. Come morning, I seen something shining in the grass near to where the house had stood, and it was that

old knife with the blade open, and I cried some more 'cause it was Rennie's what I gave to him when he got to be fourteen and a man.

"Buried him that day and his ma, too, under the ashes, though I couldn't tell which was which the way they was all crisped up to nothing at all. Held that knife in my hand, open just like I found it, and walked down to the railroad station in Elaine, 'cause I warn't like a hog to be taken off to some other county, and so I walked on through that town, and they were all just a-looking . . . but that was all. That was all."

THE old Negro man and the young Negro man sat together in the silence. Val stared at the knife in his palm. He moved his hand in a slight up-and-down motion as though to weigh, somehow, all that had been left of fifty-three years of living and working.

Finally he said, gently: "This burn on the handle . . . ?"

Mr. Williams nodded. "A brand from the burning house, maybe." Then after a moment: "He was a fine boy." He looked at Val: "How old are you, Mr. Merritt?"

Thirty-five, Val told him.

"My Rennie was two years younger."

Val handed him back the knife.

"Been a mighty long time since I told anybody what happened," the old man said. He sighed and his next words were spoken so softly he seemed to be speaking only to himself: "Folks say some of them is different nowadays. Cousin Henry he says plenty of them's good people and some's even friends. Maybe they changed and maybe they ain't—me, I wouldn't right know. All I know is that I don't never 'low none of them to come snooping around my house."

He opened the great shining blade. Then he snapped it shut. The sharp sound of its closing was loud in the quiet.

After awhile Val got up and said goodbye and thanks, and that he would drop by some time real soon to see Mr. Williams again. But the old man gave no sign that he knew Val was leaving.

Six Poems of Resistance

By MARTIN CARTER

I WILL NOT STILL MY VOICE

No!
I will not still my voice!
I have
too much to claim—
if you see me
looking at books
or coming to your house
or walking in the sun
know that I look for fire!

I have learnt
from books, dear friend
of men dreaming and living
and hungering in a room without a light
who could not die since death was far too poor
who did not sleep to dream, but dreamed to change the world.

And so
if you see me
looking at your hands
listening when you speak
marching in your ranks
you must know
I do not sleep to dream, but dream to change the world.

THIS IS THE DARK TIME, MY LOVE

This is the dark time, my love
all round the land brown beetles crawl about
the shining sun is hidden in the sky
red flowers bend their heads in awful sorrow.

This is the dark time, my love.
It is the season of oppression dark metal and tears
It is the festival of guns, the carnival of misery
Everywhere the faces of men are strained and anxious.

Who comes walking in the dark night time?
Whose boot of steel tramps down the slender grass?
It is the man of death, my love, the strange invader
watching you sleep and aiming at your dream.

SHINES THE BEAUTY OF MY DARLING

If I wanted
I could make pictures of night
the map of stars above the mass of water
the mass of water underneath the stars
the beauty of my beloved
like a flower bringing dawn light into dark.

Yes, if I wanted
I could close my eyes right now
and bring these things like life into my brain.

But new are these times
and no matter where I turn
the fierce revolt goes with me
like a kiss—
the revolt of Malaya
and Vietnam—
the revolt of India
and Africa—
like guardian.

Like guardian at my side
is the fight for freedom—
and like the whole world dancing
for liberation from the slave maker
shines the beauty of my darling in her laughing eyes.

TOMORROW AND THE WORLD

I am most happy
as I walk the seller of sweets says "Friend"
and the shoemaker with his awl and waxen thread
reminds me of tomorrow and the world.

Happy it is to shake your hand
and to sing with you, my friend
smoke rises from the furnace of life
red red red the flame!

Green grass and yellow flowers
smell of mist the sun's light
everywhere the light of the day
everywhere the songs of life are floating
like new ships on a new river sailing, sailing.

Tomorrow and the world
and the songs of life and all my friends
Ah! yes, tomorrow and the whole world
awake and full of good life.

LET FREEDOM WAKE HIM

Give me your hand comrade
Do not cry little one, do not cry.
This is the bond we make in the dark gloom about us
Hand in hand! heart in heart! strength in strength!

If you see a smile of bitterness on my mouth
you must not think some joke amuses me
It is only the fury of my heart changing to scorn
at the sight of a soldier searching for me.

Comrade the wind is sweet with eucalyptus
Early at morn green grass reflects the sun
Here in my home my little child lies sleeping
let freedom wake him—not a bayonet point!

Comrade the world is loud with songs of freedom
mankind is breeding heroes every day
on high the scarlet banner flies aloft
below, the earth re-echoes liberty!

I CLENCH MY FIST

You come in warships terrible with death
I know your hands are red with Korean blood
I know your finger trembles on a trigger
And yet I curse you - stranger khaki clad!

British soldier, man in khaki
careful how you walk.
My ancestor Accabre
is groaning in his grave.
At night he wakes and watches
with fire in his eye
because you march upon his breast
and stamp upon his heart.

Although you come in thousands from the sea
Although you walk like locusts in the street
Although you point your gun straight at my heart
I clench my fist above my head! I sing my song of freedom.

Martin Carter is an executive committee member of the People's Progressive Party of British Guiana and secretary of that country's Peace Committee. The 26-year-old Negro poet is at present behind a barbed wire enclosure at Atkinson Field, former U.S. air base, together with other leaders of the People's Progressive Party. Two days before he was arrested as "a threat to public safety" he sent his "Six Poems of Resistance" to the printers. The police seized all copies, and the printer, in fear, broke up the type. The poems express the struggle for the freedom of British Guiana which led the Churchill government to send gunboats and troops to overthrow the constitution of British Guiana and depose its legally elected government.

Accabre, mentioned in the last poem, was the leader in 1763 of the most famous slave revolt in the history of Guiana.

The Challenge of
RANDOLPH BOURNE

By SAMUEL SILLEN

WRITING in the pre-Depression days on the poverty of criticism in this country, Michael Gold noted that most of the liberal intellectuals were sliding away from the main questions of American life. They were getting "bogged in formalism." Some clutched at Freud, others at the medieval mystics, while the self-willed exiles, in those years before the dollar tumbled, were hatching surrealist revolutions along the Seine. At this apparently unpromising moment Gold challenged the intellectuals with the image of Randolph Bourne. He wrote :

> "Randolph Bourne might have grown into the critic we need. He knew how great mass changes create the new artists, the new thoughts. He studied the international working-class movement. He was undaunted in the storms of history, and accepted the fact that capitalism must change. In his mind, the world was one —and he examined all the political and economic facts, along with every other fact in a period, when he discussed literature."

I remember as a student reading this comment in *New Masses* and then turning to Bourne's two posthumous books, *History of a Literary Radical* and *Untimely Papers.* It was a thrilling discovery. In the years since, I have often come back to the always fresh pages of Randolph Bourne, each time with a compelling sense of how much he has to teach the intellectuals of a later generation. And if I recall him in the present crisis, it is not alone because this month marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of his death, but also because his writings on literature and American society have so much urgency today.

That he was only thirty-two when he died in New York on December 22, 1918, lonely, penniless, hounded by the federal police, seems incredible, just as it is so hard to realize that his friend John Reed was only thirty-three when he was struck down by typhus in Moscow two years later. One inevitably couples their names. There was an affinity between Bourne the disillusioned liberal who broke with Deweyan pragmatism and turned to the working class, and Reed, the Socialist who went on to become a founder of the American Communist Party.

For these young men were the outstanding leaders of that coura-

geous band of intellectuals who fought for peace in the midst of the hysteria that accompanied World War I. Both unmasked the fraud that this was a war under the auspices of liberal idealists to make the world safe for democracy. Both showed, in essays of brilliant force, that this was a criminally unjust war foisted on the people by greedy capitalists who, having already robbed the national wealth, were now scrambling for a lion's share of the world. Reed was an editor of *The Masses,* which the Wilson government suppressed in 1917; Bourne did most of his writing that year for *The Seven Arts,* which was just as effectively suppressed when its financial backers got cold feet following newspaper attacks on the magazine (edited by James Oppenheim, Waldo Frank, Paul Rosenfeld, Van Wyck Brooks) for harboring "enemies within."

As Oppenheim (himself a gifted poet who deserves to be better remembered) wrote: "Bourne was a flaming rebel against our crippled life, as if he had taken a cue from the long struggle with his own body." His body was dwarfed as the result of a spinal deformity; he was hunchbacked; his facial features were badly twisted. This physical handicap brought its social penalties as well; but those who knew Bourne recalled, as did Theodore Dreiser, that they were soon aware only of the lively intelligence of the man, his exactness and sincerity of expression, and above all that unfailing sensitivity to injustice which Bourne once summed up in a letter: "I don't see how anybody with a social conscience who has once had his eyes opened to things can ever get adjusted to things, without feeling an accomplice in great crimes." Bourne never got "adjusted" to capitalist society; he never became an accomplice in its crimes.

HE WAS born in Bloomfield, New Jersey, on May 30, 1886, into a family whose roots in this country go back to 1628. His father was a minister and writer of precarious income, and young Bourne had to work for six years after graduating from the local high school before he could earn enough money for college. A talented pianist, he got a job, ironically, working a machine that cut music-rolls for the player pianos then in vogue. In a later essay on "What Is Exploitation?" Bourne recorded his experiences as a wage-earner. "My innocence blazed forth in rebellion," he wrote as he described the boss' refusal to raise his apprentice pay after he had learned the craft:

"My master folded his arms. I did not have to work for him. There were neighbors who would. I could stay or go. I was perfectly free. And then fear smote me. This was my only skill, and my first timorous experience filled the outside world with horrors. I returned cravenly to my bench, and when my employer, flushed with capitalistic ardor, built another machine and looked about for a

young musician to work it, I quickly suggested to an old playmate of mine that he apply for the position."

Unless you have felt exploitation on your own back, Bourne wrote, how can you truly understand it? Later he was to observe the rotten conditions under which workers lived in Scranton, Gary, Pittsburgh, where the employer was "entrenched in property rights with the armed state behind him." He was to find that socialist ideas alone "made the world intelligible and dynamic." His youth prepared the ground for the enthusiastic reviews he was to write of such working-class epics as Maxim Gorky's *Autobiography,* Martin Anderson Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror,* and Robert Tressell's *The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists.*

Bourne was twenty-three when he entered Columbia on a scholarship in 1909. And here we begin to see clearly the inseparable relation between his literary and social interests. In the pages of *The Spectator,* the student newspaper, we can trace his ready response to social issues, whether he is protesting against the skimpy wages paid by the University to its scrubwomen, or is voicing his disgust at the fact that anti-labor detective William J. Burns has been invited to speak on the campus. It was natural that he should take an active part in the Intercollegiate Socialist Society.

And at the same time he brings uncommon vigor and insight to the college literary magazine, *The Columbia Monthly,* of which he becomes editor-in-chief in 1911. Characteristically we find the undergraduate taking sharp issue with Professor Joel Spingarn's printed lecture on "The New Criticism," which developed the ivory-tower position that "art is expression, expression is art." Yes, but expression of what? the student asks. The great art of the past, he insists, was vitally humanistic; it was not simply the plaything of man: "It was all mixed up with religion and politics and the affairs of men, and the attempt to root out the ethical is a deadly blow at the very existence of art. . . . Not only does the new criticism mean the suicide of criticism, but it means the murder of art." How appropriate a comment on a later group of "New Critics," those university dons who were to contribute only new formulas for draining life out of art.

Bourne's early writings include a prize-winning student essay written, not surprisingly, on the "Doctrine of the Rights of Man as Formulated by Thomas Paine." He began as an undergraduate to publish articles in the *Atlantic Monthly,* and these were issued as a book, *Youth and Life,* in 1913. The theme of this work is that only youth can be counted on to fight for social progress. The older generation always grows "weary of thinking." It adapts itself to a previous generation's radicalisms when these have already lost their appropriateness. Though written with winning enthusiasm, the book is based on a

fallacy: it is as though the motor of history were the conflict not of classes but of generations. Yet the book rightfully earned for Bourne a reputation as one of the leaders of a rebellious generation, and it retains much of its idealistic challenge to those of whatever age who are defeated in spirit and succumb to orthodox complacencies.

AWARDED a fellowship for a year's study of political and economic conditions abroad, Bourne sailed for Europe in the summer of 1913. He did not realize the imminence of war, so that "in the light of the event my rambles and interests take on the aspect of the toddlings of an innocent child about the edge of a volcano." Yet the experience did much to enlighten and nerve him for the struggle that lay ahead in this country. For one thing, he became painfully aware of how provincial and chauvinistic so many Americans were. As he complained in his fellowship report to the trustees of Columbia: "We express our sense of the difference by a constant belittling. Foreigners are not monsters, but Lilliputians, dwarfs, playing with toys. We do not take other cultures seriously." How ugly such chauvinism can get was underlined for Bourne three years later, when the music of Beethoven was banned here because we were at war with Germany.

In Europe, too, Bourne found his radicalism strengthened by contact with the working class movement in countries like France and Italy, which "made one realize that here were radical classes that had the courage of their convictions." Bourne enjoyed talking with the Fabian Socialists who, as he noted, had made Socialism "respectable" in England, but he found himself impatient with the idea of "salvation of society by our self-appointed leaders of church and state." He found George Bernard Shaw, "clean, straight, clear and fine as an upland wind and summer sun."

Upon his return in 1914 Bourne became a contributing editor of the *New Republic,* which was founded that year. It was an uneasy connection, but the big collision did not come until the editors waved their militaristic banners in 1917. Becoming interested in the "progressive education" movement, Bourne did a series of articles that were to be incorporated in his book on *The Gary Schools* (1916). The "work-play-study" schools in Gary, Indiana, seemed to promise a vast improvement over the mechanical, learning-by-rote process which Bourne described as "schooling" rather than "education." A national debate over "the Gary plan" raged at the time. Bourne's impulse was unquestionably sound in fighting for the liberalization of school methods which were then even worse than they are today. But he was still too much under the influence of John Dewey to probe the underlying faults of the country's school systems. He returned to the subject in his *Education and Living* (1917).

Randolph Bourne's apprenticeship ended when America entered the war, as James Oppenheim noted in his preface to *Untimely Papers*. That shock set him free from the illusions of "liberal pragmatism." His break with John Dewey and the instrumentalist philosophy is one of the most revealing chapters in our intellectual history, and nothing could be more relevant to our struggles today.

Bourne had written in 1915 that Dewey was America's "most significant thinker." He included himself among those who had taken pragmatism "almost as our American religion." The philosophy of Dewey, he had felt, "has an edge on it that would slash up the habits of thought, the customs and institutions in which society has been living for centuries."

THE first clash came in 1916 when Dewey became the leading advocate of militarism. The philosopher argued in a series of *New Republic* articles that compulsory military training is a necessary part of modern American education; he attacked the opponents of armed intervention as people who used their emotions rather than their intelligence; he sneered at the "mushy belief" of the peace advocates; and with true pragmatist logic he berated those opposing entrance into "a war which was already all but universal instead of using their energies to form, at a plastic juncture, the conditions and objects of our war."

"Our need," countered Bourne in July, 1916, "is to learn how to live rather than to die; to be teachers and creators, not engines of destruction, to be inventors and pioneers not mere defenders. Our cities and isolated farms alike are mute witnesses that Americans have never learned how to live." If it is an army of youth you want to enlist, he cried, let it fight against our real enemy, ignorance and slovenliness and oppression.

Bourne entitled his epitaph on his own pragmatist past "Twilight of Idols" when he published it in *The Seven Arts* in October, 1917. "What I come to," he wrote, "is a sense of suddenly being left in the lurch, of suddenly finding that a philosophy on which I had relied to carry us through no longer works." And now he saw the main point, which is that Dewey was a philosopher of the ruling class and that his instrumentalism was eminently suited for the uses of imperialist warmakers. "For Dewey," he noted, "somehow retains his sense of being in the controlling class, and ignores those anxious questions of democrats who have been his disciples but are now resenters of the war."

Bourne went on to place Dewey in the company of Samuel Gompers, the labor misleader, John Spargo, the renegade from Socialism, and the sedition-hunting Vigilantes. And he asked: "Which do our rulers really fear more, the menace of Imperial Germany, or the liberating in-

fluence of a socialist Russia? In the application of their philosophy to politics, our pragmatists are sliding over the crucial question of ends."

Bourne's memorable essay on "The War and the Intellectuals" also appeared in that first year of America's participation in the imperialist war. It was a scathing attack on those "Socialists, college professors, publicists, new-republicans, practitioners of literature" who had vied with each other in opening the sluices and flooding the country with the sewage of the aggressive war spirit. Bourne's irony cut deep:

> "And the intellectuals are not content with confirming our belligerent gesture. They are now complacently asserting that it was they who effectively willed it, against the hesitation and dim perceptions of the American democratic masses. A war made deliberately by the intellectuals! A calm moral verdict, arrived at after a penetrating study of inexorable facts! Sluggish masses, too remote from the world-conflict to be stirred, too lacking in intellect to perceive their danger! An alert intellectual class, saving the people in spite of themselves, biding their time with Fabian strategy until the nation could be moved into war without serious resistance! An intellectual class, gently guiding a nation through sheer force of ideas into what the other nations entered only through predatory craft or popular hysteria or militarist madness! A war free from any taint of self-seeking, a war that will secure the triumph of democracy and internationalize the world!"

In a sense the pro-war intellectuals were right, "in that the war certainly did not spring from either the ideals or the prejudices, from the national ambitions or hysterias, of the American people, however acquiescent the masses prove to be." Bourne emphasized that the workers were apathetic toward the war, and that the real source of the conflagration was Big Business. The intellectuals had identified themselves with the least democratic forces in American life:

> "They have assumed the leadership for war of those very classes whom the American democracy has been immemorially fighting. Only in a world where irony was dead could an intellectual class enter war at the head of such illiberal cohorts in the avowed cause of world-liberalism and world-democracy."

TO THIS theme Bourne returned in article after article in 1917 until every avenue of expression was closed with the banning of *The Masses* and *The Seven Arts*. The doors of the *New Republic* were shut to him, except for an occasional initialed review. The atmosphere of the time was defined by the *Wall Street Journal*: "We are now at war, and the militant pacifists are earnestly reminded that there is no shortage of hemp or lamp-posts." Working-class leaders like Eugene V. Debs were indicted under the "Espionage Act." The jails were filling up with peace fighters. University professors like H. W. L. Dana and J. McKeen Cattell of Columbia were dismissed for their anti-war views. And Bourne, protesting these assaults on intellectual freedom, was himself denounced as "pro-German." He was arrested

by secret service agents. He was robbed of a trunk of manuscripts and letters. Some notes he had made for a poem were held to be a code description of the coastline.

Unable to make a living, he had to room with friends. The blows he had suffered undermined his resistance to the pneumonia that overcame him. He was working at the time of his death on an essay dealing with the state, the insistent refrain of which was "War is the health of the state." Though slightly acquainted with Marxist writings, Bourne could not, of course, have read Lenin's classic study on *State and Revolution* which had been written the year before and was not yet available in translation. With the benefit of that work, there is no telling how far Bourne would have gone with his own analysis. As it is, he does grasp something of the class character of the state. He suggests the conflict between the oppressed classes and the "significant classes" whose interests are represented by the state. What he fails to see is that the capitalist state is the instrument of the ruling class, the class of monopoly owners; and that the socialist state represents the power of the working class and the masses of the people. If "war is the health" of the capitalist state, "peace is the health" of the socialist state.

BOURNE'S war-time writings were collected in *Untimely Papers* and published in 1919. Some of his best literary pieces were issued the following year, with an introduction by Van Wyck Brooks as *The History of a Literary Radical*. The title-essay is one of the classics of our literature. Dealing ostensibly with "my friend Miro," it is largely an autobiographical account of the development of his own cultural tastes. He begins with an acid portrait of those college literary survey courses which are "a sort of press-clipping bureau of *belles-lettres*." Then he traces his revolt against petrified judgments and second-hand appreciations. He finds a new world opened to him by Tolstoy, Hardy, Turgenev. He discovers that literature must serve him "as interpretation of things larger than itself, of the course of individual lives and the great tides of society." He begins to look to it for that freshness and sincerity of style which his own writings so beautifully exemplify.

The American writer has to work to interpret and portray the life he knows:

> "He cannot be international in the sense that anything but the life in which he is saturated, with its questions and its colors, can be the material for his art. But he can be international—and must be—in the sense that he works with a certain hopeful vision of a 'young world,' and with certain ideal values upon which the younger men, stained and revolted by war, in all countries are agreeing . . . the new classicist will yet rescue Thoreau and Whitman and Mark Twain and try to tap through them a certain eternal human tradition of abounding vitality and moral freedom, and so build out the future. If the classic means power with re-

straint, vitality with harmony, a fusion of intellect and feeling, and a keen sense of artistic conscience, then the revolutionary world is coming out into the classic."

To this youthful, revolutionary world Bourne responded warmly in his talented reviews. In the genius of Gorky, for example, he valued above all the synthesis of unsparing realism and deep human sympathy, the feeling for the creative power of the masses. Gorky has dominated reality without distorting it. He is not one of those writers who, finding life too terrible to face, create a tolerable world in their fantasy:

"This is the power and wonder of his writing, that it tastes not of escape from reality and of recoil, but of grappling and absorption. . . . There is nothing that has not the flavor of inescapable truth, however flickering the incident. It is just the function of the literary artist that Gorky is to make everything true which he expresses. There is passion enough, but it is the passion that does not spring from the effort to feel powerful, but rather from an insatiable avidity for life, and from an abounding humane love that is always bursting through it."

Similarly, Bourne hailed Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror* as a work that reaches out to the great masses of the people, a novel "full of a noble-hearted sanity that melts away the bitter and the sordid." It touches the life of the oppressed with authentic imagination. "Never," Bourne writes, "has literature so seized the heart of confused, yet dogged, working-class revolt." It illustrates the need of literature to deal candidly, relentlessly, with the real world, and at the same time to possess an inevitably tender, poetic quality. "The realist who does not feel this slight poetic touch becomes a sinister madman; the poet who spurns facts a mere obstructive dreamer."

PERHAPS the most striking of Bourne's critical essays is his study of "The Art of Theodore Dreiser." Bourne welcomed the fact that Dreiser had awakened a "pugnacious interest" in a country where people usually don't take literature seriously enough to quarrel over it. His defense of Dreiser is lit up by keen analysis. Bourne denied the prevailing view that the novelist was a "naturalist" who reduced life to mere animal behavior. He is "a very human critic of very common life, romantically sensual and poetically realistic, with an artist's vision and a thick, warm feeling for American life." Dreiser, he observed, attacked the literary superstition that men and women are not sensual beings; but not in the sniggering way of the popular magazines. It was a misfortune, Bourne felt, that Freud and Brieux rather than Dreiser had saturated the sexual imagination of the younger intelligentsia:

"It would have been far healthier to absorb Mr. Dreiser's literary treatment of sex than to go hysterical over its pathology. Sex has little significance unless it is treated in personally artistic, novelistic terms. The American tradition had tabooed the treatment of those infinite gradations and complexities of love that

fill the literary imagination of a sensitive people."

Thus, Bourne's critical writings, of which I have here given only a brief sampling, underscore Michael Gold's belief that he "might have grown into the critic that we need." Certainly he was opposed to H. L. Mencken's snobbish disdain for the masses, just as he opposed a "gourmand of literature" like James Huneker. (Is there not, Bourne asked, something provincial in a cosmopolitanism which takes such sheer delight in the mere cultural menus?) Certainly he represents the antithesis of the whole T. S. Eliot school that was to influence so destructively the thinking of a later generation.

The pro-war intellectuals today prefer to ignore Randolph Bourne. The obscurantists have no place for him in their books. But all who are seeking to understand the grandeur of our democratic tradition, again threatened with extinction by the warmakers and their Vigilantes, will find much sustenance and strength in the work of this passionate partisan of truth and humanity.

The Man Who Loved Monkeys

By MULK RAJ ANAND

LIKE many noblemen of our country, Raja Rajeshwar Rao, the landlord of Hanumanpur in Central India, was very proud of his ancient lineage. But whereas most of our aristocrats are content to trace their ancestry to the Sun, the Moon, to one of the thirty-three *crores** of Hindu gods and goddesses, or to the kings and heroes of olden times, the zamindar of Hanumanpur brought a touch of modernity to the definition of his pedigree. The fact that he was the first citizen of Hanumanpur and descended from the oldest family of this township had, of course, long ago established the claim of his family that they were descended from the monkey god Hanuman, who had helped the god-king Rama to defeat Ravana, the demon king of Lanka, the abductor of Rama's consort, Sita.

But Raja Rajeshwar Rao had been to a science college in Bangalore and, there, come strongly under the influence of Darwin and Spencer. So, on ascending his ancestral *goddi* (throne), as he came of age (for his father had died when he was seven years old and he had been brought up under a court of wards), he made an historic proclamation, which will go down as a very important dictum in the annals of our time. He said that since, according to Darwin, all men were descended from apes, and since his was the only family which claims direct descent from the monkey god Hanuman, therefore his family was the oldest in the world and supplied the missing link that had been lost in the process of evolution.

The audience in the court, where the young Raja was installed on the throne, was composed of the members of his brotherhood, the feudal lords, the managers and officials of the estate, the representative of His Exalted Highness the Nizam, who was overlord of Hanumanpur, and the people of the small kingdom. And, needless to say, they all clapped and shouted: "Long Live Raja Rajeshwar Rao", at the end of almost every sentence that he pronounced. And they were even fascinated by the prolonged exposition of Dar-

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Mulk Raj Anand, an outstanding figure of the progressive literature of India today, is the author of *Coolie, Two Leaves and a Bud, Across the Black Waters, The Sword and the Sickle,* and other novels. He was awarded the International Peace Prize by the World Peace Council this year.

* A *crore* is 10,000,000.—Ed.

winism that he gave. And their sense of wonderment at the miracles achieved by science, and their admiration for their master's wisdom knew no bounds when he told them further that the anthropoid apes could be brought down from the trees and taught to stand upright. Stupendously miraculous, indeed, was the further information which Raja Rajeshwar Rao imparted!—that it would be possible in the future to train chimpanzees at military academies to imitate soldiers and stand upright. In this way, more blood would go to their craniums and they would develop more effective nervous systems. Thus, with larger brains and more refined sensibilities, the apes would attain the mental abilities of the average soldier or peasant and could be good substitutes for the recalcitrant sepoy and the farmer.

In the general applause which followed the dispensation of such information the people assembled at the coronation *durbar* (formal reception) did not realize the full implications of the posture theory of human intelligence. But towards the end of the Raja Sahib's speech came a pronouncement of which the meaning was quite clear. Raja Rajeshwar Rao was heard to say that he was henceforward going to make over half of his estate to the monkeys in his kingdom, so that they could be treated as on par with other men, fed well on grain and slowly trained to cross the borderline which yet divides them from humanity, even as in the remote past his own ancestors had jumped one stage in the history of evolution and become men.

NO applause or shouts followed this proclamation. For the vista opened up before the peasants assembled for the celebrations was depressingly ominous in days when rack renting and the other burdens of the landlord-tenant relationship had already brought them to the verge of collapse. The farmers had really come, expecting to hear that the new master, who was said to have learnt up to the B. A. class and was a follower of Jawaharlal Nehru, would announce the cancellation of arrears of rent and interest on debt, and would distribute the untilled fields among the needy. Instead, what they had got was the reservation of half the estate for the welfare of the monkeys.

But everyone thought that it was a practical joke played by the young Raja on all and sundry; since, they said, he did not like making pompous speeches, full of promises that he could not keep. Unfortunately, however, Raja Rajeshwar Rao's words were followed by certain acts which left no doubts in the minds of the people that he meant what he said.

He actually had half the crop for the year stored in granaries reserved for the monkeys, who were all lured from miles around to come and settle in a nearby deserted place by

the riverside which was said to be haunted by the goddess Kali. As the monsoon had behaved like a temperamental girl, keeping away from the earth and then falling passionately about its neck in a mad fury like that of Amrapali when young, all the tenants began to starve, especially those whose crops were confiscated.

The respect for his ancestors offered by Raja Rajeshwar Rao and the posture theory of human intelligence that he had propounded certainly spelled the doom of the peasantry. They saw before their dazzled eyes the vision of hundreds of monkeys eating good grain and prodigally scattering it to the birds, while their own womenfolk cursed the Raja bitterly or sighed, even as their children wept for having been ground down by one tyrant after another. But the peasants are traditionally soft-spoken, and they also consider the monkeys sacred, as the ancestors of these animals formed the holy army of Shri Ram Chander Ji Maharaj in his war against the Rakshasa king, Ravana. So they remained deplorably docile even as some of them began to die of hunger.

And thus the strange situation was reached when the monkeys were seen to be seated almost upright, their shoulders well back and their chins pulled in, almost as though by feeding well, if not because of the privileged position accorded to them, they had already achieved intellectual maturity, while the human beings, the peasants, who used to shoo them away from their fields and habitations, crouched with their heads in their hands or slumped over the ground, exhausted in the brain-destroying posture of the apes.

And during the stalemate that thus prevailed, the prospects seemed to be clear that the apes were evolving and the humans were dissolving. For more than the upright postures increasingly adopted by the monkeys, the ownership of the means of production, the seeds for the sowing of the next harvest had passed on, through the intervention of Raja Rajeshwar Rao, to the monkeys.

AT THIS stage, however, an incident happened which was ultimately to settle who was going to adopt what posture and help the process of evolution and dissolution. While a young lad Gopal, son of the peasant Thakur, was sweeping up some scattered grain from the courtyard of the royal granary to take home, a ferocious monkey bit at his right hand until blood flowed.

And now the respect for the monkeys of the younger part of the population of Hanumanpur evaporated. And with the evaporation of this reverence, the docility in the face of the monkeys' ravages on grain meant for human consumption also disappeared. And there was a regular battle between the apes and the humans, in which the enemies hurled stones and bricks at each other.

At first the older people of the

estate, still under the influence of their age-old belief in the sanctity of the monkeys, stayed aloof; and even reprimanded their sons for annoying the descendants of the god-king Rama. But then they found the young men bleeding at the hands of the vicious monkeys. So they joined and drove the monkeys away from the granary into an adjoining field and into the Raja's palace.

When Raja Rajeshwar heard that his cousins, the monkeys, were having the worst of it at the hands of the villagers, he was very incensed and got the village priest, Pandit Hari Das, to proclaim by beat of drum that anyone molesting the monkeys, the sacred descendants of the god Hanuman, who had helped Shri Ram Chander to beat the demon king Ravana, would be declared a *melacha,* an untouchable.

The older peasants withdrew through the fear of excommunication and the monkeys regained control of their granary. But the taste of victory and the desperate hunger in their homes filled the young men of the village with an ardor which was proof against religious sentiment or brute strength. They broke down a whole brick wall and pelted the monkeys with a shower of this ammunition until half the monkeys ran away and hid in the nearby trees.

Raja Rajeshwar Rao heard of the continuing battle and came with his police and palace servants to scatter the young villagers with staves and revolvers. The fear of the police is ingrained in our peasant folk, and no one could last out against a *lathi* (heavily weighted club) charge. The monkeys returned to the granary. And the peasants, old and young, were cowed.

For a few days there was peace in the township, even though it was the peace of the grave, as the oldest men and the youngest children kept on dying of malnutrition.

Some of the peasants met in the *panchayat* (village assembly) and decided to go to the mad Raja to end the bitterness and despair that had arisen through his strange dictum. But Rajeshwar Rao was absolutely adamant. He said that he had decided to make the monkeys and men live like brothers, according to Mahatma Gandhi's teaching, and that he had passed orders for the confiscation of half the produce of the estate through his belief that in this way he will bring Ram Raj to his kingdom, besides providing a new theory of science, which may be of inestimable benefit to mankind.

After the delegation left, the young Raja felt that he had been carried away by his own words and was therefore somewhat remorseful. In this mood he even thought of accepting an offer made in the papers by the Americans to buy up monkeys for good dollars. And he nearly sat down to write to the U. S. A. government a special memorandum on how monkeys could be trained to imitate the West Point military posture. But his inadequate mastery of

the English language was in the way.

AT LAST Gopal, son of the peasant Thakur, who had been the immediate cause of the struggle in Hanumanpur, thought of a story he had read in his school book, the moral of which was that monkeys though intelligent were imitative. And he consulted with the village boys to apply the lesson of that story.

They got the barber's son to fetch some razors from his father's bag. One of these was thrown to the monkeys in the courtyard of the granary. With the other Gopal began to shave himself, giving a special jerky motion at the throat, and then passing the razor on to the boy next to him and asking him to repeat what he had done.

One monkey in the courtyard imitated the operation of Gopal and fell dead. The next monkey repeated the jerky motion of the second boy near the throat and died. And so the next and the next. As the simple formula of pretended suicide was practiced by the village lads on a chain and copied by the monkeys with that genius for aping man which had led Raja Rajeshwar Rao to propound his subtle theory, the bulk of the cousins of the young prince fell dead in the courtyard.

Encouraged by the extraordinary vision of the defeat of the monkeys at the hands of their sons, the cowardly elders of Hanumanpur came and looted the granary and swaggered about as though they had secured the victory.

The remnants of the monkey army retreated to the Raja's palace and went on hunger strike for the restoration to them of their granary. In the face of the young bloods of the town Raja Rajeshwar Rao could not do anything for them.

Then the earlier brain wave passed through his crazed cranium again: he must cable America, making the offer for the sale of the monkeys for experimental purposes and earn some dollars because it seemed certain that the tenants would force him out of his estate now.

Surprisingly enough his offer was accepted. And, what is more, a physiologist at the University of Virginia found Raja Rajeshwar Rao's theory about teaching monkeys to stand upright coincident with his own prognostication about enabling anthropoid apes to function as houseboys and butlers. And it was not long before a scholarship was found through which the young landlord and aristocrat was enabled to go to the new world for prosecuting further research on the posture theory of human intelligence.

Marxists and *Academic Freedom*

By DOXEY A. WILKERSON

This is an excerpt from a forthcoming booklet Academic Freedom vs. McCarthyism, *written by Mr. Wilkerson, who is the director of faculty and curriculum of the Jefferson School of Social Science. Its publication coincides with oral hearings of the Jefferson School before the Subversive Activities Control Board, in which Attorney General Brownell is trying to close this ten-year-old Marxist educational institution by forcing it to "register" under provisions of the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950.*

IT IS not difficult to understand why, in this period, the dominant forces in our society move to stamp out the teaching and advocacy of Marxist doctrines which have been propagated in the United States for more than a century. In the first place, the challenge of socialist theory to capitalist society is more serious today than ever before, now that one-third of the world's people are on the road to socialism or communism under governments led by Marxist parties. Second, the drive to suppress the teaching of Marxism provides an effective cover for the suppression of all other teaching and advocacy which poses a serious challenge to the monopolies that dominate the foreign and domestic policies of our government.

But this understandable urge to suppress the teaching of Marxism, now intensified by the "Cold War," poses a troublesome dilemma for the leaders of a nation which has long fought to achieve and defend the Bill of Rights, and whose traditions call for what Mr. Justice Holmes characterized as "free trade in ideas" —*any ideas,* including those of Marxism-Leninism. The controlling forces in our country either must uphold the right to teach and advocate precisely those Marxist ideas which they consider false or dangerous—and thus subordinate their special interests to the democratic traditions of America; or they must try to suppress the teaching and advocacy of Marxist ideas—and thus expose themselves as enemies of our constitutional guar-

antees of free speech and association.

They have sought to resolve this dilemma by eating their cake and having it too—by proceeding to suppress the teaching of Marxism (and all other social and political ideas which McCarthyism chooses to label "communistic"), while trying to reassure our nation that only thus can academic freedom and democracy be preserved. And they have moved into action an imposing corps of intellectuals to "justify" this deft bit of political sleight-of-hand.

The essence of the ideological façade behind which McCarthyism now seeks to destroy the *right* to teach and advocate Marxism is the thesis (1) that American Marxists are servants of a "world Communist conspiracy" directed toward the overthrow of our government by force and violence; (2) that as "conspirators" bound to follow a Moscow-dictated "line" they are properly without the privileged domain of academic freedom; and (3) that the purging of Marxists from school and college faculties is necessary to safeguard academic freedom.

In one form or another, this thesis has been proclaimed from the White House, enacted by Congress and state legislatures into law, sanctified by the courts, and echoed time and again in the press and in academic halls. Even the Jenner Committee report piously asserts that the purpose of its invasion of the campus "is to protect and safeguard academic freedom" from the dire machinations of "hidden (communist) conspirators (who) are waiting at every vantage point to attack and destroy the loyal people who are going quietly about the business of teaching our youth to the best of their ability."

THE most zealous and persistent purveyor of this "line" in academic circles is Professor Sidney Hook of New York University;* and its typical formulation is illustrated in a letter which he, George S. Counts, Paul R. Hays and Arthur O. Lovejoy addressed to *The New York Times* of July 19, 1953 on behalf of the Commission on Academic Freedom of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom.

These educators write that they are very much disturbed over both the "Communists" and the Congressional committees which claim to be hunting Communists; and their problem is to formulate a rationale for curbing both. They begin by affiming the basic premise of McCarthyism, that "academic freedom everywhere in the world is under the implacable threat of Communist aggression"; but add: "The existence of the Communist conspiracy in our own midst has stirred deep and natural anxieties—anxieties which are being exploited by unscrupulous politicians." Then, asserting that "the existence of this conspiracy has raised hard and urgent questions not easily answered by the familiar formulas of

* See, for example, his *Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No!* John Day Company.

civil freedom," they proceed to devise a "new" formula for denying academic freedom to Marxists:

> "Where does the Communist teacher fit into the scheme of academic freedom? The only reasonable answer is: He does not. A member of the Communist party has transgressed the canons of academic responsibility, has engaged his intellect to servility, and is therefore professionally disqualified from performing his functions as scholar and teacher."

Here, indeed, is a convenient ideological device. On the premise that American Marxists lack intellectual integrity and merely parrot ideas dictated to them by an alleged "world Communist conspiracy," it seeks to justify throwing Marxists to the McCarthyite wolves as a means toward preserving academic freedom for non-Marxists. This neat formula cannot, however, withstand critical examination.

In the first place, the growing revolutionary movements in many countries, which are usually cited as evidence of the so-called "world Communist conspiracy," cannot possibly be explained in terms of some secret plot or intrigue by a small group of "conspirators." Whether in the Tsar's Russia, Chiang Kai-shek's China, or Malan's South Africa—precisely as was true in King George's North American colonies during the late 1700's—powerful revolutionary movements can be understood only in the light of changes taking place in the material foundations of society. They are the political reflection of basic social changes which have made—or are in process of making—obsolete and no longer viable the existing social order. In response to these underlying social changes, the masses of oppressed people rally behind their revolutionary leaders in struggles against the decadent and obdurate ruling classes which oppress them.

Marxists have long understood this basic truth. Lenin wrote in 1920, for example:

> "The fundamental law of revolution, which has been confirmed by all revolutions, and particularly by all three Russian revolutions in the twentieth century, is as follows: it is not enough for revolution that the exploited and oppressed masses should understand the impossibilty of living in the old way and demand changes; what is required for revolution is that the exploiters should not be able to live and rule in the old way. Only when the *'lower classes' do not want* the old way and when the 'upper classes' *cannot carry on in the old way* can revolution win. This may be expressed in other words: revolution is impossible without a nationwide crisis (affecting both the exploited and the exploiters)."*

MANY non-Marxist sociologists likewise understand that revolutionary movements arise, not from the machinations of "conspirators," but from underlying economic changes which make untenable the existing social organization and im-

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*V. I. Lenin, *"Left-Wing" Communism, An Infantile Disorder,* International Publishers, p. 66.

pel masses of people into struggles to change it. Thus Ogburn and Nimkoff say that a major revolution "is to be explained in terms of unequal rates of change in correlated parts of culture," that it is "an attempt to adjust a long-standing lag in the political sector" to prior "changes in the economic organization."* Sutherland and Woodward express similar views, with special emphasis on the bankruptcy of the ruling class as a precondition for basic revolutionary change:

"The big revolutions, involving an overthrow of a whole class and a complete reorganization of governmental machinery, are not brought about because of militant mass opposition alone. They come only when the governing class or faction has lost faith in its own right and ability to rule, when it has been deserted by the intellectuals who have gone over to the reform party, and when the seizure of power can be relatively easy and bloodless because administrative authority and organization are in a state of decay."**

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when feudalism was in decay, such epoch-making revolutionary movements were led by the rising capitalist class; and they issued in more than two centuries of bourgeois democratic rule of society organized on the basis of capitalist relations of production. During our time, when capitalism has come to be dominated by monopoly and is no longer compatible with the material and spiritual needs of the people, fully comparable epoch-making revolutionary movements are led by the rising working class, guided by mass Communist Parties; and they are issuing in a new era of proletarian rule of society organized on the basis of socialist relations of production.

Those "Cold War" advocates mainly responsible for spreading the myth of a "world Communist conspiracy" know full well that the widespread proletarian revolutionary movements and colonial liberation movements of today could not possibly be created by an international clique of backroom "conspirators". They propagate this nonsense because, in the words of the recent declaration of the General Council of the Presbyterian Church: "In this form of warfare, falsehood is frequently preferred to fact if it can be shown to have greater propaganda value."

Consider the enormity of this "world Communist conspiracy" deceit. Today, under the leadership of Communists, some 800,000,000 people—in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and China—are cooperatively engaged in the socialist reconstruction and development of their societies. Scores of millions more, in every country in the world, are convinced that socialism is the necessary and inevitable next stage of social development, and are struggling to promote its achievement. Here is a social movement which has domi-

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* William F. Ogburn and Meyer F. Nimkoff, *Sociology*, Houghton Mifflin Company, p. 924.

** Robert Sutherland and Julian L. Woodward, *Introductory Sociology*, J. Lippincott Company, p. 79.

nated world politics for nearly half a century. It involves more than one-third of mankind. Yet, the masters of "Cold War" strategy would have us interpret this vast historic development as the fruits of a "conspiracy"!

The "world Communist conspiracy" hoax is THE Big Lie of our times. It serves well as an ideological cover for the war-makers, for those to whom corporate profits take precedence over our traditional democratic liberties, for the advocates of thought-control. But it is a monstrous fraud on the American people.

SECOND, the premise that Marxists lack intellectual integrity is a shop-worn cliché which flies in the face of elementary logic. No American is under compulsion to accept Communist theory, let alone to join the Communist Party; nor does such acceptance offer the material and prestige awards now readily available to the intellectual willing to make a career out of anti-Communism. Indeed, adherence to Marxism today invites economic and professional ruin, and perhaps imprisonment. Why, then, do many Americans do it? A reasonable hypothesis would seem to be that they are convinced that Marxist theory is valid, and are more than ordinarily endowed with the courage of their convictions.

What arrogance to adjudge as "intellectually servile" those professionals and others who now embrace the highly unpopular views of Marxism-Leninism! What sophistry to predicate one's unwillingness now to defend genuine academic freedom on an alleged "world Communist conspiracy" which—even if it existed—would have no power to coerce the beliefs of American intellectuals!

Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn gave the effective answer to this nonsense in his reply to Sidney Hook in the New York *Times* several years ago. Analyzing the motives which lead "men and women of scholarly training and taste" to accept Communism, he concluded that ". . . in general, the only explanation which fits the facts is that these scholars are moved by a passionate determination to follow the truth where it seems to lead, no matter what may be the cost to themselves and their families". Further, examining the argument that Communists are intellectual slaves to a "line" dictated from Moscow, he observed that people join the Communist Party solely because they want to, and that "they do not accept Communist beliefs because they are members of the party. They are members of the party because they accept Communist beliefs."*

Third, it is a gross deception to pretend that academic freedom can be preserved for non-Marxists while

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*"Should Communists Be Allowed to Teach?", New York *Times Magazine*, March 27, 1949.

it is denied to Marxists. The fallacy of this "line" is demonstrated empirically by the sad experiences of non-Marxists with the "book-burners" and academic purgers during the past year. It can also be demonstrated theoretically.

The classic concept of "academic freedom" is well formulated in the famous Association of American Universities statement of last March:

> "A university must . . . be hospitable to an infinite variety of skills and viewpoints, relying upon open competition among them as the surest safeguard to truth. Its whole spirit requires investigation, criticism and presentation of ideas in an atmosphere of freedom and mutual confidence. This is the real meaning of 'academic' freedom. It is essential to the achievement of its ends that the faculty of a university be guaranteed this freedom by its governing board, and that the reasons for the guarantee be understood by the public. To enjoin uniformity of outlook upon a university faculty would put a stop to learning at its source. To censor individual faculty members would put a stop to learning at its outlet."

This is all very fine. But suppose the university scholar and teacher comes, through his studies, to the conviction that capitalism is a stage in the continuing history of social development, that in its present period of monopoly domination it is no longer compatible with the basic needs of mankind, and that capitalism will and should be replaced with socialism—through another historic social revolution, led this time by the working class. What then?

On the premise that "free enterprise (i. e. capitalism) is as essential to intellectual as to economic progress," the A.A.U. statement answers that such a scholar and teacher must be lacking in "professional competence . . . integrity and independence," and by "adopting a 'party line' . . . he forfeits not only all university support but his right to membership in the university." In short, on this question of fundamental social theory, the A. A. U. would "enjoin uniformity of outlook upon a university faculty" and "censor individual faculty members" who do not conform.

This internal contradiction in the A. A. U. statement is inherent in all such efforts to rationalize the suppression of Marxist belief and teaching while at the same time proclaiming the necessity for academic freedom. As expressed by Dr. Howard Selsam:

> "This policy means that every teacher and scholar is allowed to search for the truth up to the point where he might find the analysis of Marxism-Leninism true and the program of the Communist Party of the United States wise. At this point he must either: (1) refuse to carry out the logic of his beliefs in Marxism, among which beliefs is that of the unity of theory and practice, or (2) act on his rational beliefs and be dismissed from his position and outlawed from his chosen profession."*

THE Hook-A. A. U. formula for withholding academic freedom from Communists does not arise from any genuine anxiety over the intellectual integrity of Marxist

*"Should Communists Teach in Our Colleges?" *New Foundations*, June, 1953.

teachers, but from opposition to the conclusions they have reached concerning the superiority of socialism as a base for democracy and peace. The "conspiracy" thesis is a deceit which enables one to pose as a champion of free inquiry while actually serving the contrary interests of those economic forces which dominate the Congress, subsidize the universities and grant petty favors to anti-Communist intellectuals. The whole business is a shameful fraud which has done untold damage to the cause of academic freedom.

Once we grant the inquisitors' right to purge the Marxists, we open wide the door for McCarthyism to darken the halls of learning. We thus encourage those forces in our national life that would turn our schools into agencies for producing such warped personalities and stultified intellects as were characteristic in Hitler Germany.

Truly effective defense of academic freedom must proceed from the proposition that it is the democratic right of the American people to learn, teach and advocate the truth as they see it; and it is the obligation of education administrations as well as government to protect this right.

It is not within the purpose of this analysis either to explain or to evaluate the teachings of Marxism-Leninism; but it is relevant to note the social consequences which necessarily flow from the vulgar distortions of Marxism now palmed off on American youth by much of our current "education".

The philosophical, economic and political theories of Marxism-Leninism have had in our century an influence on the minds of men and on world events surpassing even that of the great liberating ideas which—with the development of capitalism in the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuires—swept out feudalism in Western Europe and in large measure shaped the institutions established in our country. Marxism today plays a decisive role in the lives of the vast populations in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, the Chinese People's Republic and the People's Democracies of Eastern Europe. It is a guiding force in the independence movements developing among colonial and semi-colonial peoples in Asia, Africa and Latin America. The largest political parties of France and Italy, with millions of members and supporters, are their respective Communist parties.

There is great interest in Marxist theory and socialist practice among educators and other intellectuals in Western Europe. Delegations of French teachers and doctors, for example, have visited the Soviet Union and reported their observations in professional journals and conferences. The leading officers of the British National Union of Teachers visited the Soviet Union in the summer of 1951, and later reported on their study of the Soviet educational system both in their official journal and at teachers' meetings in many parts

of the country. A conference on Soviet educational policy and practice held in Sienna, Italy, December 1951, was attended by some five hundred of the country's leading educators, psychologists and philosophers.

In all of Western Europe—except, of course, in fascist Spain—Marxist scholars and artists play leading roles in the professional and cultural life of their nations. In Britain, for example, there are Professor Benjamin Farrington, of Swansea College in Wales, who writes and lectures for the London District Committee of the Communist Party; and Professor George Thompson of the University of Birmingham, a national officer of the Communist Party of Great Britain. Among British Marxists in the professional field, one thinks also of Christopher Hill of Oxford, Ronald L. Meek of Glasgow, J. D. Bernal, Maurice Dobb and others. There are comparable Marxists of recognized stature in education and the other professions in France, Italy and Latin America, not to mention the countries of Asia. Much the same is true in the field of art. During the past summer, for example, J. Alvarez del Vayo reported from Europe:

"It is not easy to imagine President Eisenhower lending the authority of his presence to the opening of an exhibition of a Communist painter. But it was President Einaudi of Catholic Italy who ceremoniously opened the Picasso exhibition in Rome."

He also reports an international piano and violin competition held in Paris, at which both first and second prizes were won by Soviet violinists.*

Thus, whatever may be one's attitude toward the teachings of Marxism-Leninism, it is a fact that these ideas constitute and are recognized as an important part of the intellectual life of our age; and their concrete expressions in social development are among the political phenomena toward which our country must formulate foreign and domestic policy. It would seem, therefore, that the requirement both of scholarship and of national interest should lead us to study and understand these ideas, and to guarantee that they are available to our youth in the general market-place of ideas. No other course is open to a democratic society which would base its policies on social reality.

IT IS in the light of these considerations that thoughtful Americans will evaluate current tendencies to turn our schools and colleges into "Cold War" propaganda mills grinding out the National Association of Manufacturers "line" on the Soviet Union and China as "bloody dictatorships", and the police-agent version of the world Marxist movement as a bandit gang devoted to violence, sabotage and murder.

Illustrative of such distortions is a two-page spread on "Tools for Detecting Communist Propaganda"

* *The Nation*, July 25, 1953.

in the October, 1951, issue of *Strengthening Democracy*, a bulletin distributed regularly to New York City teachers by the Superintendent of Schools. Here are some of the views teachers are asked to be on the lookout for as evidence of "Communism":

"Reactionary: Anyone who opposes Soviet Russia or Communist politics is called a reactionary . . ."

"They say Negroes in the United States are oppressed . . ."

" 'Under capitalism', they say, 'workers suffer from depression and unemployment . . . "

A much-heralded speech by the Chancellor of New York University was reported in the press under the headline: "N.Y.U. STUDYING COMMUNISM 'LIKE CANCER'." One sincerely hopes that cancer is not being "studied" there or elsewhere in such obscurantist terms as are now common in our "Cold War" teaching about Communism.*

Sound social policy cannot be built on fantasy; and efforts to do so threaten the very life and future progress of our country. It is an important social responsibility of our schools and colleges to teach our people the truth about Marxist-Leninist theory and practice.

There is at least one other reason why non-Marxists who are genuinely interested in democratic social progress should be especially eager to further scientific interpretations of Marxism-Leninism. As expressed by Louise Pettibone Smith, Emeritus Professor of Biblical History at Wellesley College:

"The compelling reason for insisting on the right to teach and learn Marxism in America today is our own need for the criticism of our ways which Marxism can give us . . . We cannot afford to lose from this country the critical papraisal of our foreign policy, of our legal procedures, of our economic system, made by those whose theories of economics and social science are Marxist, not Capitalist. King David's treatment of Nathan, not King Jeroboam's treatment of Amos, marks the wise statesman. To quote Bishop Butler, whose *Analog* was the accepted textbook in American colleges 100 years ago: 'Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why then should we desire to be deceived?' "**

*Address by Dr. Henry T. Heald, reported in the New York *Herald Tribune*, November 7, 1952.

**Address at the ninth annual dinner of the Jefferson School of Social Science, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, February 27, 1953.

Adding Your Caress

By EDITH SEGAL

In those brief moments
(or perhaps an hour)
lifted out of a lifetime

of doing
of learning
of challenging

You face the accuser
charged with dreaming
of a better way to live

less of having less
and more of having more
for all
of all
of this, the land we made

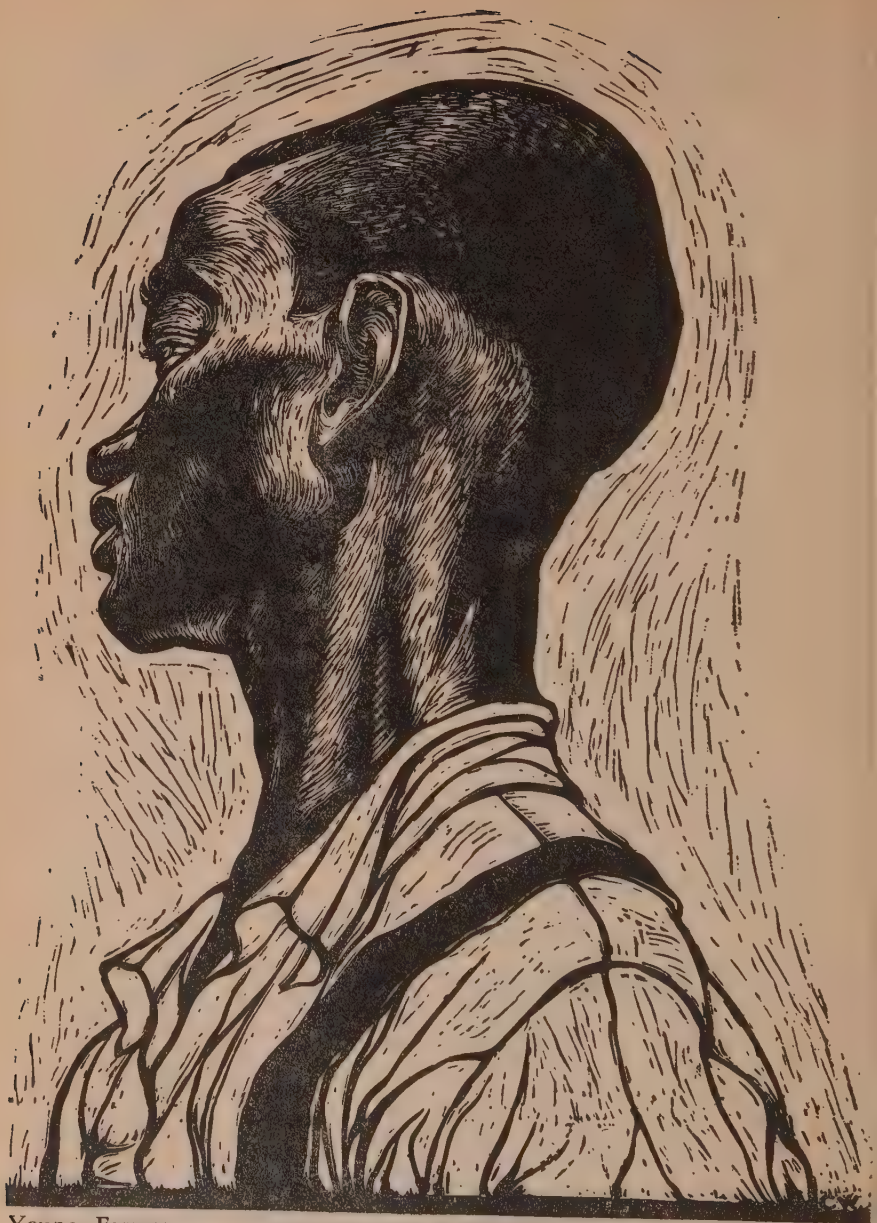
And there you sit
you really should be standing

Speaking quietly
you really should be shouting

Empty-handed
you really should be holding
a soft white dove

adding your caress
before you let it fly

past their deadly faces
and on to the reaching world



Young Farmer

Charles White

AMERICAN DOCUMENT

Two Paths for Literature

By WALT WHITMAN

The following passages are from Whitman's famous essay, Democratic Vistas, *1871. After his dismissal in 1865 from a clerkship in the Interior Department for having written "an indecent book"* (Leaves of Grass), *Whitman served until 1873 as a clerk in the Attorney General's office in Washington. The sobering effect of these post-war years in the capital is reflected in* Democratic Vistas. *Alarmed by the brigandage and corruption he witnessed, Whitman raised serious questions about the future of democracy in an America ruled by Big Business. He re-defined his patriotic creed in terms far sterner and more penetrating than were possible in the dominantly agrarian America of the pre-war years.*

I SAY we had best look our times and lands searchingly in the face, like a physician diagnosing some deep disease. Never was there, perhaps, more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believ'd in, (for all this hectic glow, and these melo-dramatic screamings,) nor is humanity itself believ'd in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask? The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. A scornful superciliousness rules in literature. The aim of all the littrateurs is to find something to make fun of.

A lot of churches, sects, etc., the most dismal phantasms I know, usurp the name of religion. Conversation is a mass of badinage. From deceit in the spirit, the mother of all false deeds, the offspring is already incalculable. An acute and candid person, in the revenue department in Washington, who is led by the course of his employment to regularly visit the cities, north, south and west, to investigate frauds, has talk'd much with me about his discoveries. The depravity of the business classes of our country is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater.

The official services of America, national, state, and municipal, in all their branches and departments, except the judiciary, are saturated in corruption, bribery, falsehood, mal-

administration; and the judiciary is tainted. The great cities reek with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrelism. In fashionable life, flippancy, tepid amours, weak infidelism, small aims, or no aims at all, only to kill time. In business (this all-devouring modern word, business), the one sole object is, by any means, pecuniary gain. The magician's serpent in the fable ate up the other serpents; and money-making is our magician's serpent, remaining today sole master of the field. The best class we show, is but a mob of fashionably dressed speculators and vulgarians. True, indeed, behind this fantastic farce, enacted on the visible stage of society, solid things and stupendous labors are to be discovered, existing crudely and going on in the background, to advance and tell themselves in time.

Yet the truths are none the less terrible. I say that our New World democracy, however great a success in uplifting the masses out of their sloughs, in materialistic development, products, and in a certain highly-deceptive superficial popular intellectuality, is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects, and in really grand religious, moral, literary, and esthetic results. In vain do we march with unprecedented strides to empire so colossal, outvying the antique, beyond Alexander's, beyond the proudest sway of Rome. In vain have we annex'd Texas, California, Alaska, and reach north for Canada and south for Cuba. It is as if we were somehow being endow'd with a vast and more thoroughly-appointed body, and then left with little or no soul.

AS TO the political section of Democracy, which introduces and breaks ground for further and vaster sections, few probably are the minds, even in these republican States, that fully comprehend the aptness of that phrase, "THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE," which we inherit from the lips of Abraham Lincoln; a formula whose verbal shape is homely wit, but whose scope includes both the totality and all minutiae of the lesson.

The People! Like our huge earth itself, which, to ordinary scansion, is full of vulgar contradictions and offense, man, viewed in the lump, displeases, and is a constant puzzle and affront to the merely educated classes. The rare, cosmical, artist-mind, lit with the Infinite, alone confronts his manifold and oceanic qualities—but taste, intelligence and culture (so-called), have been against the masses, and remain so. There is plenty of glamour about the most damnable crimes and hoggish meannesses, special and general, of the feudal and dynastic world over there, with its *personnel* of lords and queens and courts, so well-dress'd and so handsome. But the People are ungrammatical, untidy, and their sins gaunt and ill-bred.

Literature, strictly consider'd, has never recognized the People, and,

whatever may be said, does not to-day. Speaking generally, the tendencies of literature, as hitherto pursued, have been to make mostly critical and querulous men. It seems as if, so far, there were some natural repugnance between a literary and professional life, and the rude rank spirit of the democracies. There is, in later literature, a treatment of benevolence, a charity business, rife enough it is true; but I know nothing more rare, even in this country, than a fit scientific estimate and reverent appreciation of the People—of their measureless wealth of latent power and capacity, their vast, artistic contrasts of lights and shades—with, in America, their entire reliability in emergencies, and a certain breadth of historic grandeur, of peace or war, far surpassing all the vaunted samples of book-heroes, or any *haut ton* coteries, in all the records of the world.

WE FIND ourselves abruptly in close quarters with the enemy. This word Culture, or what it has come to represent, involves, by contrast, our whole theme, and has been, indeed, the spur, urging us to engagement. Certain questions arise. As now taught, accepted and carried out, are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing? Shall a man lose himself in countless masses of adjustments, and be so shaped with reference to this, that, and the other, that the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and clipp'd away, like the bordering of box in a garden? You can cultivate corn and roses and orchards—but who shall cultivate the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds? Lastly—is the readily-given reply that culture only seeks to help, systematize, and put in attitude, the elements of fertility and power, a conclusive reply?

I do not so much object to the name, or word, but I should certainly insist, for the purposes of these States, on a radical change of category, in the distribution of precedence. I should demand a programme of culture, drawn out, not for a single class alone, or for the parlors or lecture-rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the west, the working-men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers, and of the broad range of the women, and of a grand and powerful motherhood. I should demand of this programme or theory a scope generous enough to include the widest human area. It must have for its spinal meaning the formation of a typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of man—and *not* restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses.

WHAT is the reason our time, our lands, that we see no fresh local courage, sanity, of our own—the Mississippi, stalwart Western men, real mental and physical facts, Southerners, etc., in the body

of our literature? especially the poetic part of it. But always, instead, a parcel of dandies and ennuyees, dapper little gentlemen from abroad, who flood us with their thin sentiment of parlors, parasols, piano-songs, tinkling rhymes, the five-hundredth importation—or whimpering and crying about something, chasing one aborted conceit after another, and forever ocupied in dyspeptic amours with dyspeptic women. While, current and novel, the grandest events and revolutions, and stormiest passions of history, are crossing to-day with unparallel'd rapidity and magnificence over the stages of our own and all the continents, offering new materials, opening new vistas, with largest needs, inviting the daring launching forth of conceptions in literature, inspired by them, soaring in highest regions, serving art in its highest, (which is only the other name for serving God, and serving humanity,) where is the man of letters, where is the book, with any nobler aim than to follow in the old track, repeat what has been said before—and, as its utmost triumph, sell well, and be erudite or elegant?

OF WHAT is called the drama, or dramatic presentation in the United States, as now put forth at the theatres, I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity, and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionery at public dinners, or the arrangement of curtains and hangings in a ball-room—nor more, nor less. Of the other, I will not insult the reader's intelligence, (once really entering into the atmosphere of these Vistas,) by supposing it necessary to show, in detail, why the copious dribble, either of our little or well-known rhymesters, does not fulfill, in any respect, the needs and august occasions of this land. America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself. It must in no respect ignore science or the modern, but inspire itself with science and the modern. It must bend its vision toward the future, more than the past. Like America, it must extricate itself from even the greatest models of the past, and, while courteous to them, must have entire faith in itself, and the products of its own democratic spirit only. Like her, it must place in the van, and hold up at all hazards, the banner of the divine pride of man in himself, (the radical foundation of the new religion). Long enough have the People been listening to poems in which common humanity, deferential, bends low, humiliated, acknowledging superiors. But America listens to no such poems. Erect, inflated, and fully self-esteeming be the chant; and then America will listen with pleased ears.

books in review

Steel Worker's Son

BURNING VALLEY, by Phillip Bonosky. *Masses & Mainstream.* $2.75.

IN THE last few years we have witnessed an immensely hopeful phenomenon in American cultural life—the persistent production, in the face of economic and political oppression, of works of art that uphold the highest human values and are dedicated to the cause of the working class and its final victory. To these we must now add Phillip Bonosky's first novel, which will, I believe, take its place in the ranks of world literature.

The pivotal figure of *Burning Valley* is Benedict Bulmanis, a young adolescent, son of Vincentas, a Lithuanian steel worker. Obsessed with religious fervor—his opening words are: "I will be a saint. I will live humbly. I will be poor"—he is inevitably drawn into a conflict between his love of the Church and the realities of Hunky Hollow, the little valley where the workers' shacks are menaced by foreclosure and the flaming waste products of the mill.

In the early part of the book we find him enthralled by the aristocratic charm of the fastidious Father Brumbaugh of Boston, who has been sent eventually to replace the old priest, Father Dahr. The latter, large-hearted but weak, striving, yet never quite succeeding, to achieve solidarity with his parishioners, has finally been overwhelmed by the life of the hollow which he has had to justify to them. Often, stupefied by drink, he falls asleep at confession and stumbles over Mass. The battle between the two priests, hopeless on Dahr's part, conscious and vindictive on Brumbaugh's, becomes a tug of war in Benedict's soul.

Yet this struggle, no matter how painful, and how wonderfully dramatized by Bonosky in unforgettable scenes, is not and cannot be the decisive one for the boy, Benedict. What is decisive is the fight provoked by the company's scheme to foreclose, by hook or crook, the mortgages on the workers' homes, so that it can build a new mill on the filled-in land of the Hollow. And here Benedict sides, not with the helpless or the triumphant priest, but with his father and the Communist, Dobrik.

How simple the outline sounds! How little it tells of the precious details, the insights that, like explosions of tumbling slag, light up the hidden

corners of a worker's life and thought; the ironies issuing, not as symbols divorced from the action, but from the contradictions in which individuals and social classes are caught; the physical descriptions, neither impressionistic nor bogged down in minutiae, that always convey the essential aspect and feeling of places and happenings. Bonosky's observation is fearfully accurate, but it is always lit by the most intense human feeling. He watches the beaten organizer Dobrik staggering against his cell wall in the city jail, and notes how "a rattle of whitewash flakes fell on the concrete floor," and the blood "jumped out of his mouth like a red ball." He sees Benedict's father running through the woods where he has been hiding from the troopers, holding a small crippled bird which he has crushed unwittingly out of fear for his family: "The bird's feathers moved, and the tiny head fell to the side with its white hooded eyes. His father stared at it and then lifted it and put it to his ear like a watch."

Bonosky's sure control of irony is nowhere better displayed than in his treatment of the relationship between Father Brumbaugh and Benedict. The process of the latter's disillusionment is handled in a truly dialectical way. At first we are shown, almost at face value, the qualities which Benedict admires so naively in Brumbaugh: the priest's almost unearthly delicacy, his horror at the Hollow's ugliness and the "coarseness" of its inhabitants, his initial restrained squeamishness toward the drunken Father Dahr, his ready identification with the overwrought Benedict. Then we see those same qualities become less attractive and finally repulsive, as the pressure of events forces Brumbaugh to expose his character and anti-human interests and drives Benedict to understand the unfeeling rapacity that lies behind so much ruling class sensitivity.

At the picnic held in honor of the newly arrived priest, Benedict, "tempted into happiness" by laughter unfolding "like a rose" around him, suddenly catches a look of utter alienation on Brumbaugh's face. Even while the young priest's agony binds the boy closer to him, we know that their separation has begun. Further on, Brumbaugh explains to Benedict that the Negro workers, who have been evicted from their shacks along the ditch at the bottom of the Hollow, probably don't mind leaving their homes since they are sure to find better ones. Benedict has to inform him that they are living in the woods.

Bonosky has a skillful device to illustrate Benedict's gradual estrangement from his idol. When Brumbaugh first comes to the Hollow, Benedict guides him around. "What smells so?" the priest inquires. "Smells?" asks Benedict. "I don't smell anything." A moment later he announces innocently that they burn dead horses, cats and rats in the

garbage furnace. "Maybe you smell the *Furnace,*" he cries, light breaking on his face. Almost two hundred pages further on, Benedict is on his way with Brumbaugh to an interview with the Bishop, who lives in the suburb of a nearby city. As they ride past the fine houses and green lawns, he asks suddenly, "What's smelling like that?"

"Father Brumbaugh gave him a puzzled look.

'I don't smell anything,' he said. Then added as an afterthought: 'Unless it's the air. It's fresh.'

But Benedict didn't believe it was the air he was smelling."

It is evident from his contrasting of the two priests that Bonosky's attitude toward the Church is not crudely anti-clerical. At the same time, the figure of Father Dahr can give rise to no illusions about the position of the Church with respect to the working class. If Brumbaugh's face, when he censures a strike, wears the same look as when he speaks of mortal sin, Dahr, for his part, can only answer, "The time of thunderbolts has passed," when he is asked to intercede to stop the evictions. It is not the personality of this or that priest which can make or prevent Benedict from crying out, "My faith is weakening." What has begun to undermine the Church's influence is that neither Brumbaugh nor Dahr can answer the question Benedict launches, like an accusation, at the former:

"Is my father bad, who hates the Church, and are the Catholics who sold the Church to the Bank—are they good? Is my brother Vince evil—but he's so good to my mother! I met a man whom they beat in jail, Father, and they call him a Communist. But he wants to save our homes and to build a union—is he evil, Father? And are those who beat him so and want to make us give up our homes good, Father? What is good, Father, what is evil?"

Even if he should believe whatever answer is given him, he will find out shortly that Brumbaugh's superiors have approved his acting as a stoolpigeon for the police, and that the priest is to be rewarded for his treachery by being made pastor of the new church in town. A church, replacing the destroyed and buried St. Joseph's, where the workers will be outweighed by the "better folk."

With the revelation of Brumbaugh's activity, Benedict is at last able to absorb the knowledge offered him by his father and Dobrik. His father will never again be able to address him sarcastically as "holy bum." And when a suspicious worker shrieks at Benedict, *"Whose side are you on?"* Dobrik can at last shout exultantly, "Ours!"

If the magnificent figures of the father, Dobrik, the Negro organizer Clifford, and Mother Burns, the old Negro woman to whom Benedict has been teaching the catechism, are not so fully delineated as those of Dahr and Brumbaugh, they are no less memorable. There is, moreover, a psychological justification for not giving them too much density in the earlier parts of the book. Until be-

trayals and tragedy have disabused Benedict of his troubled faith, these heroic personages cannot enter his consciousness in sufficient strength to demand the most rounded portrayal.

Yet how sharply they are drawn even in the glimpses we have of them. For example, there is the time Benedict visits his father in the mill to which he has been dragged as an involuntary strikebreaker. Vincentas is whittling a flute from a piece of ailanthus branch. In his excitement at being asked to carry a message to the strikers hiding in the woods, Benedict forgets to take the flute with him. Later, when his father, aided by Clifford, has helped the other prisoners, Negro and white, to escape from the mill, Benedict meets him and asks, "Papa, did you lose the flute?" One can imagine what Saroyan or dozens of other sentimentalists would do with such a "touching" opportunity. Instead, Vincentas answer with the implacable realism of the working class, "Are you a child?"

There is Vincentas' temperamental opposite, the merry hero, Dobrik, who knows when to stop asking questions and when to demand answers to the breaking point, infecting the white workers with his gaiety in order to teach them the vital lesson of Negro-white unity.

There is Mother Burns whom Benedict, in a moment of crisis, comes to realize he has never tried to understand before. Word has come that the troopers are on their way to hunt down the people in the woods. Benedict looks for his "pupil." "I have to *help* you." he cries. "Help yourself, boy," she answers him. A while later, he comes upon her sleeping.

> "She was breathing quietly, and he tiptoed to her side. In the quiet he looked down upon her sleeping face, aware that probably for the first time since he knew her he was *looking* at her. . . . He caught for one fleeting instant the enormous advantage that being white, even hunky white, had bestowed on him—so that this old lady had never been any more to him than just an old Negro woman whom he could lecture and patronize, in the name of God, as he would never have dared anyone else. For the first time since he knew her, he felt like a boy before her."

In these large portraits, Bonosky displays the same delicate perception of the individuality of characters which he applies to his minor figures: Benedict's mother, his frightened little brother, Joey, the other brother, Vince, whom his father strikes for seeking a degraded way out. (Note the imaginative use of two "languages" for Vincentas; he is made to use broken English, as he does when he plays "hunky-dumb" for the foremen and police, or when he wants to assert his distance from the person to whom he is talking; but when he speaks seriously, expresing his real thoughts, Bonosky transcribes them as though Vincentas were speaking in his native tongue.)

But Vincentas, Dobrik, Clifford, Mother Burns are not simply this or

that individual. Indissolubly united with their "he-and-no-otherness" are the principles that motivate their actions: their class knowledge that the state is the instrument of their oppressors (Benedict sees it as the sanctioner of Evil); that human liberty is not the freedom of animals, but needs to be won by struggle so hard, so disciplined, that, in moments of doubt and weakness, it seems not to be for freedom at all; that without the love and support of fellow workers, fellow men, Negro and white, victory is inconceivable.

Finally, each of them possesses a humility which is very different from the self-abnegation sanctified by the Church. Strong and incorruptible as they are, they recognize tacitly that the moral superiority of the working class does not depend upon the nobility of individual workers, but consists in the fact that the interests of the working class coincide with the interests of humanity as a whole.

I am conscious of having had to pass over so many positive qualities in this splendid book, that it seems almost disproportionate to speak of defects. I think the story would have been better rounded out if Benedict's spiritual conflicts were provided a background of the community's relation to the Church. Because of Bonosky's concentration on the boy's alternate rapture and despair, he tends to neglect the normal religious ties of the workers, and so the process of *their* disillusionment cannot be adequately represented. Also, Benedict's intensity is too consistent. He has not quite enough of the child in him, so that certain opportunities to vary the emotional level are lost.

Last year, *Masses and Mainstream* published an excellent critique by Milton Howard of *The Old Man of the Sea,* in which he showed why Hemingway's fisherman, for all his courage and tenacity, presents no challenge to the ruling class and offers neither knowledge nor hope to the oppressed. His fight is waged upon a big fish against empty sky and endless water. This is how the exploiters want to see the moral struggle of the workers represented. The old man is a hero after their own heart, solitary, childlike, innocent.

Bonosky's heroes are another matter. They are Joe Magarac's children, and the bosses cannot sleep for thinking of their giant father, and of them even more: white and Negro workers—and Communists! Bonosky has given us a superlative work, distinguished by its sensitive writing, the boldness with which it approaches literary problems, and above all, its wisdom and conception of human potentiality. If the critics, who raised hosannahs to *The Old Man of the Sea,* neglect *Burning Valley,* they will only expose their own venality, their incompetence to judge either literary or human values. As for the working class, it will say of Bonosky: "He is our own kind."

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

Legend of Grandeur

THE PASSION OF SACCO AND VANZETTI, by Howard Fast. *Blue Heron Press.* $3.

OUR American civilization requires each generation to discover truth for itself, for our official historians, like our gangsters, can rub out the past or any part of it for those who need to straighten the record. Today we see professors like Allan Nevins of Columbia at work replacing the images of Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine with those of Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller.

Hence, by 1953, most of a generation of Americans had come to manhood deprived of a truth with meaning as profound as that of Valley Forge: the story of two Italians of humble origin who lived their brief lives and died in an electric chair. And so those who kill, killed the Rosenbergs because not enough Americans knew enough about Sacco and Vanzetti.

For these reasons I want to shake the hand of Howard Fast whose book on the two Italian martyrs marks his twentieth anniversary as writer. A toast to this guardian of our historic birthright who has stood sentry with the vigilance of one of his Colonials in the Pennsylvania Line.

The Passion is a fit work to mark this anniversary: it is the creation of a splendid story-teller who is at the same time a lyric poet: combine these qualities in a man of rare compassion and compelling conviction and you have a writer who stands in the foremost rank of our national literature. It is good to know that—despite his powerful detractors—his books have been published here in the millions, and many millions more are being printed abroad where his name has become a symbol of "the other America."

The heroes of his latest book need no introduction here, not in these pages and to these readers. So many of us turned men that midnight of August 22, 1927. Primarily this is a tale, a legend the author says, of the effect their lives, their death, had upon their contemporaries. It traces these effects most particularly upon the minds, the hearts, the consciences of those who came from a social class different from that of the martyrs, upon men like the law professor, the university president, the writer, the students of Harvard, the Chief Executive of the United States, the Dictator of Italy, many others.

The burden of the legend is in Sacco's words. The last hours are ticking away and Sacco is speaking to the young thief who had tried to notify a world that *he* was guilty of the robbery and murder, he and his associates, and not these two workingmen who were totally and unquestionably innocent. "I meant," Sacco says through the bars to Celestino Madeiros who is to die at midnight, "that every human life in the whole world is connected with every other human life. It is just like

there were threads that you can't see from every one of us to every other one of us." This, actually, is the moral of the story.

There is another image of startling beauty: the hour-hand creeps toward midnight and the multitudes are marching in every capital of the world; Fast writes of this moment: "If the sound of weeping had been caught and recorded then it could have been traced out like a faint fabric of noise which enclosed the whole world; and the hard truth of it was that never before in all the time of men's presence on earth, was there a thing like this—so widespread and so common, and so consistent in its inclusion of the human race."

What he wrote of the two Italian martyrs could also have been written of the two Jewish martyrs who came a quarter of a century later. There is a similarity in heroes, in martyrs. They would mount the cross before they could surrender an iota of their conviction that mankind is good and that those who enslave mankind are doomed.

This is in the book. I am grateful too for the portrait of Sacco. Posterity till now did not see him as clearly as it saw Vanzetti. The fish peddler tried desperately to give mankind the measure of the good shoemaker. "I," he says deprecatorily of himself, "can babble, but this man is a heart, a rock, a soul." For the first time I find a satisfying picture of Sacco. He is a profound yet simple man who loved life, its unbought beauties, the blue of the sky, the green of grass, the flowers of the meadow, the qualities of men, women, children—loved all this so passionately that he accepted death rather than betray life. Sacco comes real in these passages depicting his love for his children, his wife: "He picked buttercups and snapdragons and Indian paintbrushes and daisies, like a little boy, twisting all the flowers into a wreath for her hair."

The fateful hours march on: each is charged with the heroic, the tragic, the venal, the shameful. Here walks the renegade from humanity, the Judge who gloated over his triumph: "Did you see what I did to those two anarchist bastards?" Here the Italian Dictator with the big chin and *ersatz* humanity embraces Vanzetti's townsmen after the American diplomat notified him that this was Vanzetti's last hour on earth and it paid to show sympathy then; and here is the American President, with a mind as dense as a block of Vermont marble in its understanding of this bothersome matter. But overwhelmingly the hours are filled with the heroism of two workingmen, and of others, like the American Negro whose lot is similar to those who die the deaths of martyrs.

The author, perforce, grappled with some knotty problems peculiar to the historical novelist. The tragedy happened in the life time of most of us, and many are alive who marched for the two martyrs as later

they marched for the Rosenbergs. Katzmann, the prosecutor, died only a few weeks ago. The prototype of the Law Professor, an important figure in this book, is still alive, a member of the United States Supreme Court, a man who later ceded principle to achieve station. Even at that he is no Tom Clark, but certainly he is not the man of 1927, the man who stood his ground and told his class of students the truth. The novelist indicates the basis for the professor's retreat in the final passages of the book when the educator talks to the Communist. If the men are executed, his confidence in man's good sense and good heart dies with them.

The difference between the Communist and the liberal is etched here, briefly. Too briefly perhaps. For we did not until this scene see enough of the workingmen who hold the Communist viewpoint to enable the reader to realize their vital part in the protest movement. The author indicates that the protest movement surpassed by far the boundaries of the Communist world movement, and so it did, but he does not reveal the Communists themselves in their effort to help achieve this. I think this is of moment because what they did here brought truth to so many in the world that when the Scottsboro case broke four years later, the world understood, and prevented the Alabama hangmen from murdering the innocent Negro youngsters as the Massachusetts blue bloods did the innocent Italian workingmen.

It is not solely a matter of the Communist workingmen. The heart and soul of the protest movement in this country was in the working class, and though the author gives us a picture of the culmination of its effort, the August 22 demonstration in Union Square, (and the meeting of the trade-union leaders that day) this picture does not fully achieve the power and beauty of the rest of the book. Perhaps there was too much to tell in a single chapter, perhaps this is another book; however, the characters singled out of this territory of life were not drawn with the sure, unforgettable strokes you find in the depiction of the college professor, the Italian dictator, the thief Madeiros, groping for understanding in those last hours.

Here is a work I pray could reach millions. And since the Brownells and McCarthys are planning more Sacco-Vanzetti and Rosenberg cases, not to mention other varieties of frameup, this book of Fast's must be given to many, many more than have read it so far.

Again, on this twentieth anniversary of Howard Fast as writer: a toast to the rare variety of powers of this novelist who is fighting so ably, so valiantly, to restore our national promise to our people.

JOSEPH NORTH

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

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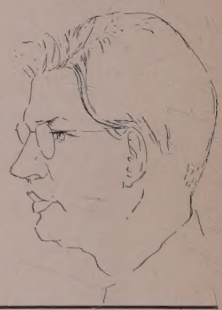

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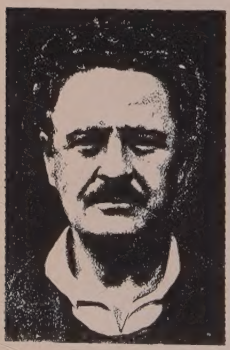

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