

# MASSSES

*& MAINSTREAM*

## EINSTEIN: SCIENCE AND MORALS

By **HERSHEL D. MEYER**

## Off-Broadway's Challenge

By **NATHANIEL BUCHWALD**

## TV—To Pay or Not to Pay?

by **V. H. F.**

## The Fading "Spy" Hoax:

## THE ATOMIC DEVIL IS DYING

By **MILTON HOWARD**

## NEW LIGHT ON

## ROSENBERG-SOBELL CASE

By **HERBERT APTHEKER**



# MASSES

&

## Mainstream

### Editors

SAMUEL SILLEN  
MILTON HOWARD

### Associate Editors

HERBERT APTHEKER  
A. B. MAGIL

### Contributing Editors

MILTON BLAU  
PHILLIP BONOSKY  
RICHARD O. BOYER  
LLOYD L. BROWN  
W. E. B. DU BOIS  
ARNAUD D'USSEAU  
PHILIP EVERGOOD  
HOWARD FAST  
BEN FIELD  
FREDERICK V. FIELD  
SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN  
HUGO GELLERT  
BARBARA GILES  
MICHAEL GOLD  
SHIRLEY GRAHAM  
WILLIAM GROPPER  
ROBERT GWATHMEY  
CHARLES HUMBOLDT  
V. J. JEROME  
JOHN HOWARD LAWSON  
MERIDEL LE SUEUR  
JOSEPH NORTH  
PAUL ROBESON  
HOWARD SELSAM  
JOSEPH STAROBIN  
JOHN STUART  
THEODORE WARD  
CHARLES WHITE

June, 1955

Albert Einstein: Science and Moral Values	Hershel D. Meyer	1
The Off-Broadway Theater	Nathaniel Buchwald	13
Should We Pay for TV?	V. H. F.	19
The Atomic Devil Is Dying	Milton Howard	23
Two Pillars of Light (poem)	Louis Miller	30
For Ethel and Julius (poem)	Ed Schuster	32
New Light on the Rosenberg-Sobell Case	Herbert Aptheker	33
Poems for Peace	Nazim Hikmet	43
Guatemala Today	A. B. Magil	47
Books in Review:		

*The Thirteenth Juror*, by Steve Nelson  
Howard Fast 55

*The Searching Light*, by Martha Dodd  
Annette Rubinstein 59

Letter  
Sidney Finkelstein 64

MASSES & MAINSTREAM is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc., 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. Subscription rate \$4 a year; foreign and Canada, \$4.50 a year. Single copies 35c; outside the U.S.A., 50c. Re-entered as second class matter February 25, 1948, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1955.

# Albert Einstein: Science and Moral Values

By **HERSHEL D. MEYER**

**A**LBERT EINSTEIN was immortalized as the equal of Galileo or Newton when he was barely thirty-five years of age. Neither of these "universe builders," however, received the adulation bestowed upon Einstein. To scientists as to ordinary folk and even children, his name became a symbol for a genius of titanic dimensions.

According to all who knew him, Einstein was utterly unconscious of being exceptional. He felt astonished that his name overshadowed those of his eminent contemporaries. "There are plenty of the well endowed," he wrote, "and it strikes me as unfair, and even in bad taste, to select a few of them for boundless admiration."

This, of course, was no affectation on his part. Conscious of his debt to others he viewed his work as part of a whole series of preceding developments. He frequently emphasized that his theory came out of the epoch-making discoveries of Lobachewsky (non-Euclidian geometry) and Rieman (tensor calculus) and of Faraday's and Maxwell's mathematics of electricity which inspired the theories of Lorentz on the electron. As though to stress the collective nature of scientific progress, Einstein wrote: "The principle of the constancy of the velocity of light was already contained in Maxwell's equations," and, "It appears to me that Paul Langevin would have developed the special theory of relativity, he clearly perceived its essential aspects."

What is true is that science advances in a smooth, gradual manner, as well as in sudden leaps of great synthesis, feats achieved by a genius. But the new concepts evolved by him do not possess an independent existence of their own. They arise out of the collective effort and experience of countless scientific workers whose findings in turn depend on the social and technological forces of the given period.



New instruments provide the means for new observations. Out of these arise new ideas leading to sharp controversies. In due time, the old concepts begin to act as fetters on the new body of accumulated scientific data. There is conflict and contradiction, and the new emerges in the process of this struggle. Science undergoes a revolution.

Such was the case when the special theory of relativity emerged shortly after the turn of the century. But it was not until 1919 that Einstein and relativity became world sensations. In May of that year photographs of stars, taken during a solar eclipse by two British astronomic expeditions, furnished a spectacular proof of Einstein's theory. The news flashed around the world that light passing the gravitational field of the sun is deflected from its straight path, as predicted by Einstein's calculations.

The imagination of millions was kindled by such concepts as the unity of space and time, the curvature of space, objects becoming shorter when traveling at great velocities, and the speed of light (186,000 miles per second) being the absolute yardstick of the universe, nothing ever being able to exceed it. There, too, was Einstein's strange and laconic  $E=MC^2$  formula; although in 1922 he still expressed serious doubts whether science would ever be able to unlock the pent-up energies in the atom.

All this, however, does not account for Einstein's enduring popularity nor for the affection millions had toward him. The impact of the revolutionary quantum and wave theories of matter were no less sensational than the theory of relativity. Yet few knew of Planck, deBroglie, Dirac or Heisenberg. Obviously, the reason Einstein grew into a legendary figure is that he bore such little resemblance to most other bourgeois scientists. And what made for this contrast was not his unconventional dress, or his passion for music, or his being—as those who sought to obscure Einstein the progressive commonly pictured him—a mystical saint and seer of child-like naivete. He was nothing of the kind.

The contrast between Einstein and most of his colleagues was of a different order. For here was a scientific genius who typified the essential oneness of the human aspirations for beauty, truth and social justice. He was a Newton who, while tracing the laws governing the universe, never lost sight of the affliction of fellow men. Rigorous and austere in his scientific pursuits, he was bold and fearless in championing the cause of reason and progress, placing the struggle for peace and democracy as his main task in life. And this was the distinction that endeared him to people the world over.

"The mission of intellectuals is to serve the people," was Einstein's

motto. He spoke of scholars who isolate themselves from the people as specialized robots drained of their human essence. Aware of the plight of intellectuals under capitalism, their intimidation and ultimate subjection to the morality and interests of their bosses, he recommended their learning some craft connected with the needs of the common people; to become a plumber if need be, instead of depending entirely upon the patronage of those who rule the field of science, art and education. As early as 1921 he wrote, "Schools must not produce scholars but human beings. Every pupil should learn some handicraft. I should allow no one to grow up without having gained some technique as a joiner, bookbinder, locksmith or member of any other trade. This would provide one with a relationship with the broad masses and solidify one as an ethical human being."

**T**O RETAIN his own independence, Einstein refused the gifts and emoluments the bourgeoisie sought to buy him with, including repeated offers to make him a millionaire. He feared the corrupting influence of money as well as any affiliation with the life and customs of the rich and privileged. Although subsisting on a small salary, he donated the nearly \$50,000 Nobel prize money he received in 1922 for "helping the poor" of postwar Berlin (where at one time he supported 150 families). He refused to ride in taxis because "it would set me apart from the common people who rode on street cars" and insisted, also, on traveling third class in European trains.

His love and respect for the masses was matched by a contempt for their exploiters. He despised their possessions and luxuries which he felt they were not entitled to enjoy. He recoiled from associating with them. H. G. Garbedian, who knew Einstein over a period of many years, reports that "when he discovered upon arrival at a party a princely assemblage of the wealthy and socially prominent, he would turn his back and walk out of the place never to return."

Clearly, Einstein was more than an altruist or non-partisan humanist. His love for humanity earned him the un-American stigma of "Red" and "Communist." For he was passionately articulate and there was hardly a cause involving human rights, international peace, civil liberties and anti-fascism that Einstein did not support: the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro Boys, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg; support of China against Japanese aggression, the defense of Loyalist Spain and the struggle against Hitlerite fascism and, lastly, his ringing appeals to resist the onslaught of McCarthyism. His call for a campaign of civil disobedience against the inquisitorial un-American committee, "to be prepared for jail



and economic ruin, to sacrifice one's personal welfare" for the interest of the community as a whole, inspired numerous Americans to rise in defense of peace and democracy.

As a youth Einstein had incurred the animosity of teachers and university colleagues for his intense and outspoken hatred of nationalism, militarism and war. Later the German fascists put a price on his head, offering \$5,000 to anyone who would silence this "Jewish Communist, corrupter of German science and morals." Cardinal O'Connell of Boston proclaimed Einstein's theory as "false, immoral and atheistic." In 1932 the Women's Patriotic Corporation and a number of other fascist-spirited organizations, intervened with the State Department to bar Einstein from entering this country. When told that he was being called a "Red" and a "Communist agitator," he replied, "But are they not quite right, these watchful citizens? Why should one open one's doors to a person who devours hard-boiled capitalists . . . on top of that, he is low-down enough to reject every kind of war?"

The American Consulate in Berlin summoned Einstein for an interrogation concerning his political beliefs. "I will not answer these questions, and I shall not visit America," was Einstein's reply and he picked up his coat and hat and left. This was still before the era of Smith Acts and Walter-McCarran laws, before Hitlerite anti-Communism became Washington's badge for patriotism. The "undesirable alien" was, however, admitted; but cries for his deportation by numerous "American patriots" continued throughout his stay in this land.

**L**IVING in a period of profound decay of bourgeois society, Einstein, like many other intellectuals, felt the desire to escape it. The anarchy, ugliness and monstrous inhumanity of the capitalist environment around him revolted and pained him. For a time he believed he could isolate himself from it in the serene world of music and mathematics. He reverted to Schopenhauer by declaring that "Most human effort is irrational and futile," and that the "sole function of art and science is to serve as a refuge from everyday life with all its cruel and desolate emptiness."

However, his love of life and people, his rationalism and inner conviction that society would ultimately rid itself of the beastly, veered him from petty-bourgeois ideology in the direction of Socialist humanism. Thus: "I consider the crippling of the individual as the worst evil of capitalism"; "Aims for personal happiness are ambitions worthy of a pig"; *"For me the essence of religion is to be able to get under the skin of another*

*human being, to rejoice in his joy and suffer his pain."*

This sublime credo of Einstein, his exaltation and reverence for human life, keyed his unrestrained hatred and opposition to the slaughter of human beings for the sake of national aggrandizement and profits. "The struggle against war became the main principle of my life," he said. In 1914, when called upon by Social Democratic friends to join them in supporting the war, he declared, "I would rather be hacked to pieces than participate." From 1915 onwards, he sought to organize various international associations of intellectual leaders, to mobilize world opinion for liberating mankind from the scourge of war. "Only the absolute repudiation of all war is of any use," he wrote to Romain Rolland. He defined capitalist education as the deliberate effort to mislead the youth in accepting war as a necessary evil. He called upon the youth "to destroy the war machine by refusing military service and not to obey laws and to resort to illegal means."

By 1932, however, he realized that a pacifism that does not conduct an active struggle against armament production will remain impotent. He called upon "the common men and women throughout the world to take the cause of pacifism in their own hands. The delegates to peace conferences are puppets to their selfish arms manufacturers. The people must elect their own representatives to peace conferences and stop the armament race." He also urged the workers of the world "not to manufacture or transport ammunition."

Although often surrounded by social-democratic and other bitter anti-Sovieteers, Einstein remained, on the whole, an ardent friend of the Soviet people and the October Revolution. He said about Lenin: "Men of his type are the guardians and restorers of the conscience of humanity." In 1920 he pleaded with imperialist politicians that "Russia should be permitted to go along in a peaceful development for a great social experiment which was likely to have a decisive significance for the whole world." "Socialism," he wrote, "contains the highest ideals for a just economic social order and for removing class distinctions."

He exposed the lie of Soviet aggression by declaring, "The reactionary politicians have managed to instill into the public suspicions of all intellectual effort, by dangling before their eyes the danger from without." In 1948 he unmasked the Washington atom-spy hoax by declaring: "As to the so-called secret of the A-bomb, I expect the Russians will have it as the result of their own efforts and without much delay."

Although most always on the side of progress and the working class, Einstein, unlike his dearest friend, the renowned physicist Paul Langevin,



or Frederic Joliot-Curie, or his friend and co-worker, Leopold Infeld, never became a Marxist. In any case, his writings show little evidence of familiarity with the works of Marx, Engels or Lenin. He relied on his moral convictions as a guide to action, and in most instances, they pointed in the right direction. In his essay "Why Socialism" he did mention some of the contradictions arising out of private ownership of the means of production, and declared that "only the establishment of a socialist economy will eliminate the grave evils of capitalism." But on the whole he regarded social change from a subjective rather than a historical viewpoint. As a result his social philosophy revealed many inconsistencies as well as a certain utopianism, due chiefly to his disregard of the decisive role of the working class in the development of society.

His views were colored by the assumption that the advance of mankind finds its main impetus from men of great intellect. Echoing the spirit of German idealist philosophers, he wrote: "Human personality alone created the noble and sublime, while the herd as such remains dull in thought and dull in spirit." Following the first world war, he thus staked his hopes for the maintenance of world peace on the "moral conscience" of various imperialist statesmen—Stresemann, Briand, Sir Austin Chamberlain—and preached humanism to English lords and French politicians.

Class distinctions, Einstein realized, "are based on force," yet he failed to recognize the bourgeois State as the instrument of that force. The concepts "state," "freedom," "justice," were usually employed by him as neutral, classless entities. "The capitalist state," he believed, "can act as a regulating force for raising the workers' wages, so that everything produced is consumed." "Armament manufacturers are preventing the settlement of international disputes," he correctly noted, and proposed the nationalization of the arms factories, in the belief that state ownership would remove these from the control of those who profit from war.

At the same time he regarded the sovereign state as the main cause of war and argued for dissolving all national ties, and imposing on all countries the authority of a "world government." In this, as was pointed out to him in an open letter by four Soviet scientists, Einstein unwittingly assisted the enemies of peace, who try to undermine the independence of other nations and conceal their ambitions to world supremacy under the mask of world government.

**E**INSTEIN'S social philosophy was colored by his views on human nature. Like Spinoza, he counterposes consciousness to "blind" emotion, seeing in the latter the source of all evil. Evil was caused by man's imperfections



hence "perfected" thinking, "the recognition of causal interrelationships would lift human conduct to a higher plane, not subject to the irrational action of blind emotion." At the same time he assumed that human beings in their thoughts, feelings and actions are not free agents but are subject to inexorable laws of cause and effect, "as are the stars in their courses."

He often expressed agreement with Schopenhauer that "Man can do what he wills, but he cannot will what to will." This contradiction, of course, is inherent in the mechanical, determinist view of human nature. It obscures the recognition of human nature in its historical development. It ignores the dialectic interrelation between freedom and causality in general. For by learning to utilize the laws of nature and society, and bringing them under their control, men turn necessity into freedom, to fashion their own history. This learning, however, is not without its "tuition fee." It comes out of "painful" practice, including the action and consequences of "blind" emotions and "in changing the world, man changes himself," as Marx wrote.

Soviet scientists fully recognized Einstein's historical achievement in the field of physics. They provided the answer to the contradiction between Newton's model universe and the new observations in astronomy, besides illuminating a host of other physical phenomena. Being in agreement with experience and reflecting concrete reality, the theory of relativity is necessarily also in accord with dialectical materialism. In many ways it substantiated the earlier formulation by Engels, "There is nothing in the world but matter in motion, and matter in motion cannot move otherwise than in space and time." However, as was pointed out by Lenin, one must distinguish between the discoveries of scientists and their philosophies.

Soviet scientists thus took exception to Einstein's view regarding a finite universe and the properties of matter being determined by the properties of space. Einstein himself revised many of his equations dealing with the finite universe and the curvature of space. He regarded some of his earlier papers as antiquated.

His theory nevertheless gave rise to various idealist speculation. The interrelations between space, time, matter and motion, the dependence of length of objects on their velocity (length and mass of objects being relative), argued some idealists, undermines the materialist concept of the existence of absolutely real, concrete matter. But what Einstein showed was the very opposite, i.e., that space, time, motion and matter, while interwoven, are independent of our consciousness, and are absolutely real, real

in their absolute and relative aspects. Einstein himself repeatedly pointed out that the aim of his theory is to establish invariant physical laws, independent of the observer. Relativity obviously has nothing in common with subjective idealism.

The relativity and quantum theories, however, raised many new problems such as the contradiction between laws governing atomic particles and those governing the stars and planets; contradictions between the continuity and discontinuity of physical events, between wave and corpuscle phenomena, between the principle of causality and the so-called indeterminacy principle, etc.—problems involving the interpenetration and unity of opposites, the dialectic oppositeness of all matter in motion, including their reflections in our mind. Einstein's world, like Newton's still regards absoluteness and relativity, as well as the opposites just enumerated, as mutually exclusive; that is, in a metaphysical, undialectical manner. This position is now being abandoned by a number of eminent scientists, who are convinced that the problems of modern physics must be approached with the tools of dialectical materialism.

In regard to basic questions of philosophy, Einstein was often vague and eclectic. Hume, Kant, Schopenhauer and Mach and other idealist philosophers exercised a profound influence over the young Einstein. But as a scientist he also tended toward a materialist philosophy. The struggle between these two tendencies revealed itself time and again in eclectic, contradictory philosophical views.

In the remarkable work he co-authored with Leopold Infeld (now Professor of Physics at Warsaw University), *The Evolution of Physics*, Einstein wrote of "the active forces which compel science to invent ideas corresponding to the reality of our world." It fairly corresponds to the statement by Marx that "The ideal is nothing else than the material world reflected by the human mind and translated into forms of thought." But elsewhere Einstein also wrote that "mathematics is a product of the human mind alone—a free creation of the human spirit." Sometimes he wrote of space and time as part of objective reality and of their properties as depending on the distribution of matter. At other times as an intuitive, subjective component, a Kantian *a priori* form of thinking.

EINSTEIN spoke about scientific knowledge still being in a primitive stage. He often quoted Newton, who wrote: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the seashore, diverting myself, in now and then finding a



smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Yet Einstein also believed that the supreme task of the physicist is to arrive at those universal, elementary laws from which the cosmos can be built up by pure deduction. It was based on his belief in "some world reason . . . a pre-determined harmony akin to a religious feeling."

In short, Einstein tended to regard the laws he abstracted from the real world as something independent of that world. He also tended to the concept of a static and finite universe. For an infinite and changing universe could not be built up by pure deduction. "The world," wrote Engels, "is not to be comprehended as a complex of ready made things, but as a complex of processes in which apparently stable things and also their mind images in our heads go through an uninterrupted change of coming into being and passing away. . . ."

Einstein admitted that his views as a physicist clashed with those he held as a philosopher. He agreed with Berkeley that there is no logical path from the empirical to the conceptual world, but then he added, "In recognizing the logical independence of a system [of ideas] the scientist turns to irrationality. The danger of such an attitude," he wrote, "lies in the fact that in searching for a system one can lose all contact with the world of reality"; thus clearly affirming the Marxist-Leninist principle that divorcing ideas from their roots in the objective world leads to obscurantism and mysticism. Still he confessed, "it seems impossible for me not to waver between the two extremes."

Despite his vacillations, Einstein did not follow the idealist speculations of Eddington, Whitehead, Jeans or DeBroglie, who applied theories of physics to matters of mind. Neither did he embrace the world of shadows of the Neo-Machists who deny that science is knowledge of an objective reality. They maintain that electrons exist only in the "operational sense" and that matter and causality can be dispensed with as the result of the quantum theory. Einstein was no logical positivist, as claimed by Phillip Frank. Logical positivism regards science as a mere system-building with words, without an objective, materialist content. Reflecting the moral and intellectual decay of capitalist society and serving its ends, it condemns as "value judgments" any rational foundation for human morality. It absolves science and reason of any aim to serve the needs of humanity.

Einstein, however, upheld the banner of reason and humanism against these inhuman concepts to the very last. Because of this and because of his rejection of the indeterminacy principle and the concept of the sta-

tistical character of natural laws, which he regarded as a retreat from reason, Einstein felt himself more and more isolated in the final decade of his life from many of his colleagues who adopted these views. He knew that some of them regarded as futile his efforts to unite space, time, motion, gravitation and energy, the infinitely great and infinitely small, under one set of mathematical equations. He did not succeed in this effort, and it is reported that he spoke of himself at times as "a failure."

**S**OME of his later writings do reveal notes of sadness and frustration. But these bear upon his social, political experiences, rather than those in the field of cosmology. Einstein loved common people. He hated the sham and hypocrisy of the "upper" circles. He yearned for simple, honest folk. But these, because of his eminent position in bourgeois society, somehow eluded him. He wanted to "belong" yet could not, and wrote: "I have never belonged full-heartedly to a country, to a circle of friends, nor even to my own family."

Born in Bismarck's Germany, and educated in a Catholic primary school, he fled from both at the age of 16 (1895) in search of a new life in Switzerland. He adopted Swiss citizenship but gave it up on returning to his native land in 1914. In 1933 he fled from Hitlerite Germany to the U.S.A. He expressed his admiration for our liberal democratic traditions and for the friendliness, optimism and good will of the average American. He sought peace and freedom, but soon discovered that the fascist rot he fled from was setting in also in the country of his adoption. In 1947 he expressed his growing disillusionment in the rulers of America by declaring "I must frankly admit the foreign policy of the U.S.A. after the war often reminds me of the German attitude during the period of the Kaiser."

Earlier he attributed his feeling of "homelessness" to his being a Jew. Under the pressure of rising anti-Semitic hooliganism (the murder of Walter Rathenau, who was his friend, and threats to his own life) he turned to Zionism. A Jewish National Home, he believed would provide persecuted Jews with a secure place of refuge and a sense of belonging. "Judaism" signified for him "a community of feeling based on past experiences," a love of justice and reason as well as a striving for a higher social order, based on the non-exploitation of man.

He frequently pointed to the prophets of the Old Testament, to Jesus, Spinoza and Marx, as having expressed his concepts of the ethics of Judaism. He advocated that the social structure of the Jewish homeland follow the model established in Kibbutzim (settlements based on tenets similar to those



of primitive Communism). But what turned out was a Jewish State beset by the evils he abhorred—the preeminent role of reactionary elements, the fostering of nationalist chauvinism, wealth and luxuries for the privileged few and grinding poverty for the many. And there was no peace or security. The Jews in Israel, pawns of imperialist intrigue, were no safer than elsewhere.

Perhaps it was his disillusionment with his nationalist tendencies that made him declare, "I owe this discovery that I am a Jew more to non-Jews than to Jews." The following was typical of him. Although he severed all ties with religion, he filled out "Religion—Israelite" in defiance of the anti-Semites, when he was appointed, in 1910 as Professor in the German University of Prague.

EINSTEIN underwent a considerable metamorphosis. In 1932 he still believed that fascism was a "unique outgrowth of an intolerant people." In 1952 he knew better. Events crystallized in him a clearer understanding and sharper defiance of the ruling oligarchy. But he was often deeply discouraged and tormented by the feeling of his own helplessness. Sometimes he despaired of man and his destiny," reported his biographer Antonin Vallentine.

The reasons for this were quite clear. He was tied to a social order that never heeded his appeals and warnings on things that mattered to him most—a social order which acclaimed him as a moral and intellectual genius but showed its preference for the gifts of moral imbeciles in matters affecting the lives of millions. It readily accepted his atom-bomb formula, but rebuffed his pleas to stay the electrocution of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. In 1945 he vainly beseeched Truman not to use the A-bomb for useless bloodshed but to put an end to the war by carrying out a demonstration in a deserted spot in front of representatives of the Japanese enemy.

The wanton killing of 200,000 innocent men, women and children at Hiroshima and Nagasaki weighed heavily upon his conscience. It was the bomb he conceived and urged Roosevelt to build. Later he ruefully admitted, "Had I known that the Germans would not succeed in producing the atom bomb, I would not have lifted a finger."

His life-long belief in science as a means for serving mankind, for ennobling man by revealing to him the harmony and beauty of the universe, lay shattered. The outcome was an H-bomb in the hands of the Dulles's and Radfords. Science in the service of monopoly capital was turned into a means for deepening mass ignorance, for the exploitation and looting of entire

continents. It threatened to turn scientists into narrow, specialized careerists and moral nihilists. The science he worshipped conjured up a Frankenstein, diabolical machines for destroying mankind.

The pathos of Einstein's last outcries against the continued production of the infernal bombs, his somber warnings to the scientists engaged in their production, came out of his realization of the plans and intents of the Pentagon war-incendiaries. An atomic war, he warned Americans, would bring more horrible consequences to the U.S.A. than to Russia and China, because of the greater vulnerability of its concentrated industries. No longer trusting the effectiveness of appeals to the elite, he called upon the common people to take the cause of peace into their own hands.

The voice of this genius found its way into the hearts of millions. His moral convictions have become part of the heritage of progressive humanity. The mission of his life, world peace, is being defended victoriously by the mighty peace forces of the world, who are turning Einstein's ideal—science in the service of man—into practice.

Science and society do not stand still. Scientific knowledge and theory are rapidly outdated. It is Einstein, the indomitable fighter for peace and democracy who will live forever in the memory of the people.



# The Off-Broadway Theater

By NATHANIEL BUCHWALD

**M**ORE and more, the small out-of-the-way playhouses off Broadway are becoming popular with the less prosperous but more discriminating theater-going public in New York. Is it a case of the better mousetrap or the cheaper one?

It is a bit of both. In the past two or three seasons the fare off Broadway has been more stimulating and adult in its appeal than in the gaudy theater mart. Both classical and new plays were produced and acted competently and in some cases brilliantly. Plays that would be poison to the Broadway merchandizers of "entertainment" found eager and appreciative audiences. The classics produced off Broadway during that period include Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, *Othello*, *Twelfth Night* and *The Merchant of Venice*; Bernard Shaw's *Simpleton of the Enchanted Isle* and *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Chekhov's *Sea Gull* and *Three Sisters*, Ibsen's *Master Builder*, O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, Ansky's *The Dybbuk*, and a gem based on Yiddish classics and folklore under the name of *The World of Shol-*

*em Aleichem*.

Modern plays and "musicals" presented off Broadway during the same period include Tabori's *Emperor's Clothes*, William Branch's *In Splendid Error*, Waldo Salt's and Earl Robinson's *Sandhog*, George Bellak's *Troublemakers*, Yigal Mossensohn's *Sands of the Negev*, the bright-eyed *Shoestring Review* and the social-satire review, *Phoenix* '55.

The list would be even more impressive if we included the presentations of the various college Workshops. The performances of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* and Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillot* by the Hunter College Theatre Workshop are typical of the high level of these college productions offered to the public at admission prices below those in the neighborhood movie-houses.

The modest and in some cases nominal prices of admission account in a large measure for the growing popularity of these side-street shows which are off the beaten path not only geographically but also qualitatively.

Retrospectively, there is really nothing new or startling in this off-Broadway upsurge. Some of the most notable advances of the American theater in the past three or four decades were associated with the little theaters off Broadway. The productions of the Provincetown Playhouse and the Neighborhood Playhouse were certainly milestones in the forward movement of American drama and stagecraft. Eugene O'Neill's best works grew out of the earlier experimental endeavors at the Provincetown where a band of rebels challenged Broadway's outworn stage conventions and trite content. The Theatre Guild was an outgrowth of the Provincetown Playhouse and for years dominated the scene with its bold search for something new and fresh in the theater until it went commercial and philistine. The Neighborhood Playhouse lighted up the sky with its thrilling display of Expressionist theater at its most daring. The Cherry Lane was for a time a storm center of social drama allied with the great—if not always wise—rebellion against sterile naturalism and aimless, static realism.

The ferment of Expressionism in the twenties and the dynamic social drama in the thirties were, with some exceptions, confined to the off-Broadway territory held by the rebels against the commercial theater with its fidelity to the status quo, in art forms as in ideology. This was a

revolutionary period in the American theater. The defiance of outworn forms went hand in hand—in alliance or in parallel action—with the social ferment. Whether the standard-bearers of the formalistic revolt knew it or not—and despite an inclination to the contrary on the part of some of them—they were caught up in the great cultural upheaval that swept Europe following World War I, sparked by the Russian Revolution with its accompanying revolt against bourgeois art forms and content.

The burst of creative experimentation in the twenties encompassed various categories of the American *intelligentsia*, with the group of the Left conspicuous in the forward movement of the theater. Associated with the formalistic innovators were such outstanding writers and dramatists of the Left as John Howard Lawson, Mike Gold, Francis F. Faragoh, Em Jo Basshe, and others.

In the thirties, great strides were made by the revolutionary social theater, and again it operated mainly, though not entirely, within the confines of the off-Broadway territory. The deep economic crisis of capitalism induced a moral and intellectual crisis as well, with political, social and artistic values of the bourgeoisie crashing together with banks, farm prices and Wall Street paper. The great theater movement of the thirties was an aspect of the social up-



heaval that found expression and a measure of fulfillment in the widespread unionization drives, the 'sit-down strikes and the New Deal reforms. There was, in many instances, a direct link between the theater movement and wide sections of the labor movement. The "Workers' Theater" with its numerous agitation-and-propaganda ("agitprop") groups—some of them thrilling in their new forms of expression—recruited its performers, regisseurs and also its playwrights mainly from the ranks of the workers. This was a mobile theater needing no stage, no scenery, no props, and, indeed, no actors. These groups performed wherever there was a workers' audience—at meeting halls or street demonstrations.

The *intelligentsia* of the Left was swept along by this movement. Professional writers and craftsmen of the stage gave the revolutionary social theater deeper content and more eloquent expression. The Federal Theater Project, wrested from the Federal government by the great movement of the unemployed, caught some of the fever of the revolutionary theater. Those were the years of the Group Theatre, of *Waiting for Lefty*, of the Theater Union and *Stevedore*, of Albert Maltz, George Sklar and Paul Peters, of the birth of a Negro theater-movement, of the emergence of new playwrights, regisseurs and stage designers who later

rose to prominence in the professional theater. It was the period, too, when the Artef, a Yiddish workers' theater, reached its highest level with its stirring plays and marvelous stagecraft.

All this was, if you please, an off-Broadway movement, scorned, ridiculed but also feared by the practitioners of the commercial theater. So much so that commercial producers began casting about for plays that might attract the new audiences that appeared seemingly from nowhere and gave great resonance to the theater on the Left.

But the revolutionary theater movement of the thirties was not just a movement away from Broadway. It had a social direction—away from the status quo—and a social mission: to make the theater into a dynamic force in the mass struggles against reaction, racism, capitalist anarchy, fascism and war. Is the current off-Broadway movement also animated by comparable strivings?

A simple yes or no will not answer the question. The problem has to be examined in terms of the present political, social and cultural climate prevailing in this country. It is indisputable that in a chaotic sort of way, the burst of off-Broadway activity is a reaction against the commercial theater which dramatizes the failure of Broadway to meet the needs of the theater-going public. Also, it is a demonstration of the failure of the

commercial theater to provide work and artistic expression for the thousands of actors who constitute a vast reservoir of unused acting talent. This writer has met dozens of such actors who joined an off-Broadway outfit without pay out of sheer hunger for acting before an audience. To be sure, some of them accept unremunerative off-Broadway engagements on the off-chance that the critics or Broadway scouts will spot them and open for them the cruelly-slammed doors of the commercial producers. But as a rule, the casts for off-Broadway productions are recruited from among young—or in some cases discarded—actors who are “dying to act.” They are the orphans of the theater, gratefully accepting any shelter and any expression of warmth and recognition.

The choice of plays in the off-Broadway playhouses is a mute indictment of the commercial theater, where there is no room for the classics, for plays disturbing the status quo or for “controversial” plays touching upon vital problems of the times. Despite his great popularity as the author of *The Death of a Salesman* and *All My Sons*, Arthur Miller just about managed to get his *Crucible* produced commercially on Broadway, and there don’t seem to be any takers for Miller’s new scripts, because the dramatist who dared deal forthrightly with the question of witch-hunting has himself become

“controversial” and unacceptable. Tabori’s *Emperor’s Clothes*, which was treated shabbily by the smug reviewers and Broadway promoters alike, subsequently played for months in an off-Broadway house for enthusiastic audiences. And were it not for the magic of Paul Muni’s name and the overwhelming power of his acting in the current *Inherit the Wind*, it is doubtful whether this play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, dealing with the “controversial” topic of the Bible versus evolution, would see the light of Broadway.

There is no such censorship off Broadway. Plays touching upon vital social ideas are not rejected by non-commercial producers because of such ideas. Nor are the classics rejected because they “don’t pay.” It is significant, indeed, that a church-auditorium on East Seventy-Fourth Street has become the home of the Shakespearewrights, a producing and acting group dedicated to the works of the Bard of Avon. It is also a measure of the high professional level of the off-Broadway theater as a whole that this group does Shakespeare in a very competent manner, revealing a number of brilliant but hitherto scarcely known actors and directors. Another church-auditorium on West Thirteenth Street houses the Greenwich Mews Theatre with a more or less permanent and ever improving acting group apparently dedicated to social significance drama, as wit-

ness their highly effective productions of *Emperor's Clothes*, *In Splendid Error* and *Juno and the Paycock*.

The relatively low prices of tickets at the off-Broadway houses attract audiences that cannot afford the high scales of Broadway and have little stomach for the streamlined and high-priced trash of the commercial theater. In a sense, this audience accounts for the adult and socially significant plays produced off Broadway. It is an audience of white collar workers, students, teachers and other professionals in the lower income brackets.

These, then, are the significant positive characteristics of the off-Broadway movements: adult plays—classical and modern — performed mainly by as-yet unrecognized actors before discriminating audiences of modest incomes and good taste. Add to it the fact that there seems to be no racial discrimination off Broadway and that little-known Negro actors are given an even break, and you have exhausted the good features of the side-street theaters.

As against the positive characteristics, there are serious shortcomings that limit the effectiveness and significance of off-Broadway as a theater-movement. To begin with, it has no discernible social direction or ideological coherence. The emphasis on the classics is in itself a kind of evasion. In a well-balanced repertory, the classics are an important and

needed ingredient but to seek refuge in the classics is to avoid "controversial" modern drama. Thus the new rebellion against Broadway becomes perfectly respectable.

By the same token, the off-Broadway theater has no mass appeal, and hence no mass base. Its audience is really quite limited and with one or two exceptions, weekday performances are given before more than half-empty houses. And one must bear in mind that the capacity of most of the off-Broadway playhouses is very small, with the exception of the Phoenix Theatre—well below 300.

The lure of low prices is not as great as one would imagine. On weekends, prices become uncomfortably close to Broadway scales. For the lower-income theater-goer in search of adult entertainment, theater-going is still a bit of a luxury. Movies are cheaper and TV shows cost nothing—except disgust and resentment.

Nor is off-Broadway an unrestricted haven for the "orphans of Broadway." That professional actors of standing who, for a variety of reasons (including McCarthyite hounding) are excluded from the commercial theater, find work and an outlet for their talents off Broadway, is all to the good. But the practice of building a cast round one or two stars who get "top billing" smacks of Broadway and spells resentment and frustration for the "supporting" ac-



tors of the cast. To put it plainly and brutally—some of the off-Broadway enterprises are copying the very evils of Broadway, the defiance of which constitutes the *raison d'être* of off-Broadway.

While appealing to a wide audience which is either sick of Broadway or cannot afford Broadway, the off-side playhouses have made no serious effort at mass promotion on the basis of organizational links with social and cultural groups. The same buyer-seller relationship that prevails on Broadway also prevails—with some exceptions—off Broadway.

Of course, the play seeks and often finds its audience. *Troublemakers* attracted progressive audiences on the basis of "theater parties" and "benefits" without the promoters of the show doing much about it. The Greenwich Mews Theater similarly has had the benefit of organized attendance by progressive groups. But

by and large, the off-Broadway movement is locked within the confines of the theater profession and only by indirection is linked with wider mass-movements tending in the direction of peace, progress and democracy.

Perhaps this criticism should be directed not only against the practitioners of off-Broadway but also against the progressive groups allied with them in spirit. In the climate of thought-control and intellectual terror, any manifestation of resistance to abject conformism—in politics or in art—is welcome. In this sense, the off-Broadway movement is a positive and progressive manifestation, despite its confusion and lack of clear social orientation. But a theater movement implies not only the doings on the stage but also, if not mainly, the dynamic participation of audiences. In the off-Broadway movement, the potentially large progressive audience is yet to do its part.

# SHOULD WE PAY FOR TV?

**By V. H. F.**

**H**AUNTING the television picture for the last several years has been the spectre of coin-box TV. What it is is simply the fact that instead of getting your entertainment "for nothing" you will have also the privilege of paying for it.

Several different plans are offered by several operators. All have this in common. Theoretically, the coin-box people will assemble a great entertainment (a first run movie, a hit play, a championship fight) which will be telecast to paying TV subscribers. The signal will be sent through completely scrambled—it will be unseeable and unhearable until the subscriber drops his coins in the box affixed to his set or slips his specially slotted key into the control box. Then like magic—magnificent entertainment. The technical systems for paying and unscrambling can be various, but the idea is simple: no pay, no TV super-spectacular.

What is the logic behind subscription TV? The promoters contend that TV viewers long accosted by the banalities of video, its low grade

fare, its continual commercial interference, would be very happy to pay very low prices for the best entertainment American ingenuity can devise.

There is no doubt that there is an audience of millions ready to pay for entertainment on this basis.

It hasn't happened to date because the "Pay-As-You-See" forces have been checked by the "Free" forces of TV as each of them press their arguments before the impartial bench of the FCC.

The arguments of the Pay group seem very simple and it has taken some time before the Free fellows could muster the right ammunition to put these honest and enterprising men of the cash system on the defensive where they now happen to be.

The very fact that millions of people are ready to pay for "good" video is eloquent testimony to the low level of the free TV. The advocates of free TV (those who own and control TV now and whose income is earned from the advertising time sold

to sponsors) face the dismal prospect of having their entire venture wrecked. As dire as this prospect was for them it took time, soul searching, and very weighty thinking before they could throw some sensible objections at the cash crowd.

**H**ERE are some of the Free TV arguments against Cash TV.

1) The installation of control instruments and collection systems for coin TV will cost somebody anywhere from \$30.00 up. Is it fair to ask subscribers to pay for this? Also there may be many technical bugs resulting in additional expenses for repairs and causing many missed hours of entertainment.

2) There are many American cities which are served by one TV station. If such a station scrambles its signal for paying customers no one depending on that station can see TV unless he pays for it. Isn't this coercion?

3) Cash TV promises no commercial interruptions but is there a real guarantee? For example: if cash TV is showing M. Monroe in her latest film vehicle advertisers will offer tremendous fees to get their message on. Will the Cash People turn down such bonanzas? (Free TV'ers have their doubts.)

4) Cash TV will have the tendency to bring audiences more adult entertainment. Broadway plays for example. Such fare may very well be

inappropriate for the family audience upon which Free TV predicates itself.

5) Movie interests are in danger—if they cooperate with the Cash boys the film theatrical system must be overhauled. Hundreds of millions of dollars will be lost in real estate (movie houses), distribution, sales, promotion, advertising, etc., and all those associated enterprises which are necessary to the movie industry today.

6) Besides all of this—hasn't Free TV improved? Is it not still improving? Will it not improve finally to the point where it will be the equal of Cash TV?

Now those aren't a bad set of arguments at all. They make a certain kind of sense from the point of view of the Free Forces. The possible vices and dangers are well listed but they make little logic since the arguments stem from the controlling group which has already been guilty of all these crimes and many others against the public—and until now helpless—viewer.

**B**UT let us examine the listed arguments specifically. Regarding who pays for installations: This will be the problem of the Cash group which already knows of the old maxim "You can't price yourself out of the market." Cash TV will not happen until the public is offered a trouble-free and fair-priced technical system. It will probably be



a "free" system, the cost of installation being amortized by the admission price.

In those cities where one station exists will the audience be coerced into paying on the pain of not seeing? This will be true unless the Free forces offer a second channel and end their own brand of coercion where one TV Station dominates an entire city and its environs. In such cities people long have had no choice but to look at one channel for better or for worse. But if the people of these controlled TV markets do not want to pay for a particular entertainment the station is under no compulsion to sell its time to the Cash Crowd. The situation is therefore as it was before with this difference perhaps: the dominating station must show a little more interest in what its audience desires.

About there being no guarantee against commercials: of course, there isn't. But for the first time the advertising group becomes subservient to the producing group. The paying audience will be able to express itself at the box-office so to speak and if they do not want commercials, commercials will not have the easy entrance they now have on Free TV. The big difference is apparent. Free TV is built on commercial sale of time. Cash TV is built on the direct sale of its entertainment product.

The family audience argument is nothing at all and falls into the class

of the invocation of the Lord by self-righteous villains. "Family audience" is the banner under which censors murder TV and lower the standards of entertainment. America needs entertainment designed for its many levels and interests.

The movie interests have a genuine problem. Producers can become rich, richer and richest with Cash TV but they would have to junk their theatre owners and other allies with whom they have long enjoyed a successful relationship. Think of it this way. Your family is charged one dollar to see the premiere performance of *On the Waterfront*. Fifteen million families go to see it in their living rooms. From the family point of view they have saved a lot of money. From the Hollywood point of view they have made a fortune. The picture has grossed \$15,000,000 in one showing—(more than a picture generally grosses in an entire run.) They have paid nothing for distribution, theatres, etc. The net profit is enormous. But before this comes to pass many a bloody battle will be fought on the klieg fields of Hollywood.

As for TV improving, As long as it is the total instrument for selling soap it will remain on the same level as any other organization of peddlers. The overriding consideration in favor of Cash TV is that it gives the audience an opportunity of buying what it wants. Free TV does

not offer this opportunity.

Cash TV will force the level of free TV a little higher. It will not be able to reach Cash TV in a sense of quality because the Cash outfits will pay top dollar for everything they produce. (They will also make the top dollar.)

I do not intend to leave the reader with the idea that Cash TV is just around the corner. It is not.

In the first place Free TV con-

trols all facilities and time. Will the Free forces sell to the Cash forces? Will the FCC approve?

One thing is for sure. Subscription TV gives the American audience an opportunity to get better entertainment. It gives them an opportunity to influence that entertainment at the Box Office. In short the existence of Cash TV will make the entire TV picture somewhat more sensitive to the needs of a parched adult public.

# The Atomic Devil Is Dying

By MILTON HOWARD

*"Living backward!" Alice repeated in great astonishment. "I never heard of such a thing!"*

*"—but there's one great advantage in that one's memory works both ways."*

*"I'm sure that mine works only one way," Alice remarked. "I can't remember things before they happen."*

*"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backward," the Queen remarked.*

*"What sort of things do you remember best?" Alice ventured to ask.*

*"Oh, things that happened the week after next," the Queen replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now," she went on, sticking a large piece of plaster on her finger, "there's the King's messenger. He's in prison now, being punished; and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday; and of course the crime comes last of all."*

*"Suppose he never commits the crime?" Alice said.*

*"That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen said. . . .*

*—Through the Looking Glass, by Lewis Carroll.*

**B**EFORE we get to William Reuben's book, *The Atom Spy Hoax*,\* let us sample some of the newer expressions of the Spirit of the Time. There is this:

*"Heavy pressure will be put on the President and the Secretary from the world's peoples, including our own, to make an agreement with the Russians.*

*"I am awfully worried about this*

*thing. There has been a great let-down here in this country and elsewhere, now that peace is blossoming on all the trees."* (Rep. Richards, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, May 24, 1955).

The honorable Representative who lives in dread of "a letdown"—how we could use an Honoré Daumier

---

\* *The Atom Spy Hoax*, by William A. Reuben, Action Books, \$3.75.



these days to limn the faces of such specimens for a future America that will affirm in the name of elementary decency that no such persons could have existed—is quoted as follows:

“Mr. Richards observed twice that he hoped the President and the Secretary ‘would stand up’ and in no way soften the position of the free world.” on Appropriations, May 24, 1955).

We will pass over the Swiftian irony of our Congressional hysteric who sees an official crisis in the “free world” arising from the “heavy pressure of the people.” He is, at least, indicating that the official “free world” is scrambling to get free from the people, and that this indeed is the social essence of this “freedom” he wants to defend with the weapons of wholesale massacre.

We will pass on to Mr. Walter Lippmann who is compelled also to record this new quality in world history:

“There has come up comparatively recently a new political force with which all the governments have learned they must reckon. . . . The popular demand, which is most specific in Europe, for a meeting at the summit is an expression of the feeling that nuclear warfare is intolerable.” (May 12, 1955.)

And now General Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander: “I do not want to say that we would win it (an atomic and H-bomb war), because I don’t think that there would be a

winner.” (Speech at West Point Society of New York, May 21, New York *Herald-Tribune*.)

The examples could be multiplied, as Mr. Adlai Stevenson wonders whether “if we have yet spelled out clearly to the world that we know that mankind has crossed a great divide, that compared with the stake of survival, every other interest is minor. . . .” (May 24, 1955, New York *Times*)

For still another vivid expression of the new historic realities penetrating inexorably into the national consciousness, we may quote the slashing indictment levelled against the monopolist press editors by Dr. Robert Hutchins, former president of the University of Chicago and now head of the Fund for the Republic: “Can you say that you have given Americans the material they need to reach a conclusion on the course they should follow, on the choice between co-existence and no existence. . . .” (April 22, 1955).

**T**HESE highly suggestive preliminaries bring us to the threshold of Mr. Reuben’s astounding—though not surprising—book. This is the first, though surely not the last, of that debunking literature, based on science and reason, which is bound to arise as the American nation struggles to shake off the delusions which the Cold War planners foisted on the United States. Of these per-

haps the greatest of all, in the sense of an intricate system of definite manufacture of falsehoods involving the legal-police structure of the country, was the "atom spy ring" fake. Nazi courts had no difficulty in accepting as "wholly proved" the forgery of the "Jewish world conspiracy"; in fact, the literature of anti-Semitism can achieve—for the anti-Semite—a remarkable degree of cogency and logical "proof." One has but to grant the assumptions; the "proof" follows.

It was that way with the pollution of the American conscience and the deception of a nation. The assumptions were pounded into the national mind—"Russia is out to get us"—"We have an atomic secret which would let us control the world and thus keep world peace"—"Russian spies, mostly Communists (and Jews) took away our secret. That is why we have a war now in Korea and why American boys are dying. That is why we have to smash the Communists, because they want to take our secret. We have to protect America, the government offices, the factories, the schools, etc., from people who are 'security risks' because they follow the Communist line of thinking." The "atom spy" seeking "our secret" became the medieval Devil in the mythology of the cynical men at the top.

Swallow that, and you have bid farewell to reason. You have become

a dupe of the Cold War lunacy, a victim of its ugly and infantile deceptions, as well as an accomplice in its decision to jettison the American Constitution in the name of "the new world peril."

We went through it. Millions fell for it. What else could they do when the truth had become a hunted "traitor" and the sharp razor-edge of terror had cut so deeply into American society that the orphaned Rosenberg children saw virtually the entire families of even their mother and father frightenedly slam the doors in their faces for fear of being touched by the pogrom around them.

Reuben has done an enormous piece of research on every document, court record, indictment, testimony and "confession," newspaper report, official police statement, etc., in which there were mentioned in any way the facts about the "atom spy rings" and their alleged members. He starts with the Hiroshima explosion and its effect on America's scientists; he proceeds to Igor Gouzenko and his "revelations," through the trials of Klaus Fuchs, Harry Gold, Alfred Dean Slack, David Greenglass, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, the Brothman-Moskowitz case, the "revelations" of Louis Budenz, Whitaker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley, the Judith Coplon case and the Morton Sobell evidence.

The result is irrefutable. He proves that the "atom spy ring" was a hoax

dictated by the heads of Cold War strategy. His proof should play an enormous part in restoring our country to sanity, reason and a sense of justice. It is bound to make millions of honest, decent American folk wonder just what kind of trick was played on them in the Cold War years of the past decade, who was it who played them for suckers with regard to an "atom spy peril" that never existed, and which could never exist from the sheer facts of the scientific picture.

For what Reuben proves—and he takes not a single fact or assertion for granted, but bases it on rockbound documentation—is that every major official statement on "atom spies," echoed hundreds of millions of times in the eagerly cooperating press, is false.

He proves that there never was "an atomic secret." He proves that not a single important atomic scientist ever believed in such a "secret." He proves that the dominant American opinion, in the days following Hiroshima, in science and political circles was that there was no secret, and that America's best security lay in a world-wide agreement on the known facts of science rather than in an atomic arms race.

He turns his attention to the grand-daddy of all the "spy ring" frauds—the Canadian Spy Ring, allegedly revealed by Igor Gouzenko. His chapter on this is one of the

great pages in American journalistic-historical writing. I am convinced that if it could be made available as a pamphlet to our schools, universities, and trade union membership, it would jolt the nation the way the Dreyfus revelations jolted France from the path leading to monarchist reaction to a new social upsurge.

On June 27, 1946, after a well-planned roar in the Canadian and American press over "an atomic spy ring," the Canadian Royal Commission pointed to 26 Canadians as "Soviet agents." The brains of the American public were soaked and double-soaked in this "revelation." It became undeniable, unchallengeable, a sacred and awful truth telling us of "our peril." American liberalism, as well as American trade unionism, collapsed in fright before this onslaught. The "facts" were too awful. Such was the terrible fruit of "working with Communists."

Yet, as Reuben proves, it was all a forgery. There never was a "Canadian Spy Ring." After the deadly poison had penetrated into the brain cells of hundreds of millions, an obscure Canadian official report confessed the truth for the record:

*"As to the question of atomic energy and the work done by nuclear physicists, we are able to say in the first place that on the evidence before us no one in Canada could have revealed how to make an atom bomb. There was no one in Canada who had*



*that information. In the second place, there is no suggestion in the evidence that anyone who had any information made any disclosures. . . .*" (Reuben, page 25).

Such is the truth about the Canadian "spy case." This truth is not known in the United States (or in Canada, which fears to let Reuben take his book or himself across the border!) by 999 out of 1,000 Americans. How could it be when every day some journalist or political writer calmly refers, as a matter of Biblical truth, to "the Canadian Spy Ring revealed by Igor Gouzenko?"

**B**UT Reuben hunted the matter further. He went to the Canadian court records. He found this: Not a single one of the 26 "spies" was indicted on the basis of anything Gouzenko ever said or divulged; not a single one of the 26 was ever shown to have ever "delivered" anything to anybody; of 12 of the 26, there was not the slightest evidence against them of their ever having broken a single Canadian law on any matter whatsoever; on the Allan Nunn May "confession" that "someone sought information from me," it turns out in the official records that May did not have the slightest connection with any atomic research or manufacture relating to weapons; of the two women who "admitted guilt," one admitted that she had discussed

politics with a Communist conducting classes in 1938, and that this was the very last time she had ever seen him, eight years, that is before the "spy" charges of 1946!; the other who "admitted guilt" confessed that she had asked a Soviet clerk about a passport she had applied for.

Crushing and irrefutable is Reuben's conclusion in this astounding story:

"Of the impressions given to the public in 1946 about the Canadian case, not one of them has ever been sustained by any proofs. The evidence is undisputed that no information about the atom bomb was disclosed; no "network" of Russian "agents" was revealed; no link between the Communist Party and espionage was shown; nothing that Gouzenko had ever seen or heard or knew of his own knowledge about any Canadian citizen was furnished the authorities; and no official allegation has ever been made that either Gouzenko or his documents provided any data to warrant detention of the world's first thirteen "atom spies." (page 101).

Reuben's analysis leads to similar conclusions about every one of the roaring "spy cases" which filled the eyes and ears of the American people from the moment when Churchill and Truman made the political decisions which led to the decade of tensions, provocations, Korean War, and to the constant possibility of an atomic world holocaust launched by

desperate adventurers frustrated in their vision of atomic empire. (As recently as April 28 of this year, Brigadier General Frank L. Howley told the Senate Internal Security Committee, which eagerly received and sponsored his testimony, such being its notion of "security," that "the longer we wait the more awful the war will be." This suicidal delusion, though always a presence in top circles, received its challenge from General MacArthur whose estimate of the possibilities of a Pentagon atomic blitz were the opposite of Howley's. MacArthur significantly estimated that this was no longer available to the Pentagon leadership.

**I**N THE light of events, we can see even more clearly the moral grandeur and patriotic heroism of the Rosenbergs who knew what it was that the political police wanted of them—a fraudulent "confession" that would link the political outlook of Marxism with the activities of espionage. I wrote of this (*Masses and Mainstream*, May 1953) on the eve of their execution: "They were picked by the political police to be the victims who would confess to the United States that McCarthyism was indeed the key to the enigma of the national crisis. . . . But the Rosenbergs spoiled it. Historic accident intervened. Who in the Justice Department would have guessed that in the depths of New York's Lower

East Side the chosen victims—obscure, ordinary parents of two children—would turn out to be so 'uncooperative' even in the face of the torture-death of the electric chair?"

The Rosenbergs were sacrificed to the Devil myth of the "atom spy." Two years after their death, the truth about the atomic Devil is pressing forward. America no longer swallows with frightened naivete the "revelations" of Budenzes and Benthleys, the people whose memory, like Alice's Queen, worked forward as well as backward concerning "the secret" and the "spies." Under pressure of the "spy" hoax, American liberalism proclaimed its frenzied recoil from its New Deal associations with Marxism and Marxists, and contemptuously branded as "ritualistic innocents" those Americans who did not agree to bow down before the doctrines of the Great God McCarthy and the freedom-devouring Idol known as "Security." But now we can read in the *New Republic* (April 18) something of the shamefaced second-thoughts which world events have made necessary on the mythology of "security":

*"I was once told by an official of the Department of State that from his long experience he could remember few documents the transmission of which would be advantageous to a foreign power. From my own much more limited experience, I do not remember a single top secret*

*document, let alone a document of a lower security classification, the knowledge of which would have been advantageous to a foreign power. . . . As concerns espionage with regard to foreign policy in general, it is hardly more than a racket, engaged in by shady characters frequently working both sides of the street. The typical information thus obtained is either phony, irrelevant, or public property."* (Dr. Hans Morgenthau, University of Chicago, former consultant to the Department of State.)

But this insight is not limited to foreign policy. It is equally true about scientific data, above all about data concerning atomic weapons. Contrary to the entire Cold War mythology, espionage does not make or decide history, and that is why the world situation today is what it is. For the Soviet scientists did not have to "steal" the H-bomb secret; they made the bomb first, and it is our scientists who had to rush to catch up, while the recent appearance of the

most advanced jets in the Soviet skies has sent a new realization throbbing through the Pentagon circles that there can be no "superiority" in the deadly arms race which so terribly imperils humanity.

The poisonous myths of the "secret," "security," and the "spies" die hard, for they have been drummed into the national consciousness by political manipulators. But the Devil theory of America's national crisis is dying, as it must, under the impact of the underlying realities which cannot forever be hidden as the will of the peoples against destruction enters history as the decisive factor. Reuben's book is helping in this act of national salvation from the danger of atomic death. If we can get our fellow-Americans to read it in significant numbers, we will do much to rout the deceptions of the men who in the name of "security" brought America to the brink of the greatest insecurity, in terms of hysteria and the danger of war, our country has ever known.



# *Two Pillars of Light*

*(Julius and Ethel Rosenberg)*

As once in Gibeon, O sun, stand still!  
O time, why do you run to strike the hour of eight?  
The world counts moments, and in anguish prays:  
But one more night . . . one day . . . A spark  
Of hope flared up . . . fell into dark . . . was gone.  
Not justice, no mercy . . . but a heart of stone.

The last door they have bolted in our face.  
With hate and mockery have they defiled  
The Sabbath mild; and in their fury, spilled  
The blood of two who had no guilt. The sun  
Within the west has swooned. The brute hands thrust  
An incandescent sword within our burning wound.

A moment's silence. How the clock ticks on . . .  
Then, from the human sea, a wind of sigh and groan.  
The world saw nightmare in the glare of day,  
And reeled in horror; and with blazing eye  
Beheld incarnate Evil . . . wept a cry  
Out of the deeps of multitudes. Be hushed . . .  
The tortured martyrs sleep.

The night is black; the air hangs suffocating.  
But from the dark a voice is raised in song:  
"O come! throw off your fear! not long  
Shall night hold power over day."  
And, lo! two pillars of sheer light appear  
And they unfold our way.

LOUIS MILLER

*(Translated from the Yiddish by Martha Millet)*

# *For Ethel and Julius*

New Yorker,  
Can you walk through your city  
Without being aware  
Of a presence  
That is always there?  
They enter our path  
And push us gently  
To even greater embrace  
Of our home and of our land.  
I see you know.  
We share the simple feeling  
They are near.

Like the Parisian  
Who stops at a street corner  
And lays flowers at a plaque  
To a gleaming fighter  
Fallen in the Resistance,  
So do we  
Stop at 17th Street  
And pause at its silent river  
That flows endlessly.  
Thus do we come to Ethel and Julius.

We see humanity massed here  
On the final night,  
Delivered to sorrow.  
They move away slowly,  
Towering with each step.  
Where did Ethel and Julius  
Pass utterly into mankind?  
In many places in our land.  
In lands everywhere.

Life itself  
 Reached out to clasp them.  
 For us,  
 They entered into us here.

The street and its buildings  
 Do not alter.  
 They lie under their grime.  
 Work ceases at day's end.  
 The solid fronts grow quiet  
 And evening comes on.  
 Look, New Yorker,  
 As the blood-red sun begins to fall,  
 Defiance breathes,  
 Love surges and is living,  
 Accomplishment is present  
 And is more giant than the sky.  
 We step back.  
 A whole segment of our city  
 Is revolving.  
 Here,  
 City College,  
 Rivington Street,  
 West Street Jail,  
 Knickerbocker Village,  
 The House of Detention. . . .  
 We pass all these,  
 And a presence is there to tell us  
 That inevitable  
 Is truth  
 And our accomplishment.

ED SCHUSTER



# New Light on

## The Rosenberg-Sobell Case

By **HERBERT APTHEKER**

**I**T IS now two years since Ethel and Julius Rosenberg were executed. During the three years between their arrest and their death there developed a world-wide public opinion expressive of increasing doubts as to their guilt which almost prevented, or at least, almost postponed, their executions.

But certainly, in the additional two years that have passed, there has been a further abatement of the anti-Communist hysteria in this country, a certain checking of McCarthyism, and a developing sense among wide circles of American people of the necessity and the possibility of peaceful co-existence between the capitalist and the socialist worlds.

This development makes it easier to press forward the whole effort to restore sanity to public thinking, to appeal again, with increasing effectiveness, to reason and to the claims of justice. A hallmark of unreasonableness and of injustice was the Rosenberg-Sobell convictions. On this second anniversary of the executions we wish to take the opportunity to re-examine and recapitulate some

of the evidence of their innocence that became available after the trial, to place this in the context of the trial proceedings, and to offer certain additional evidence, never before made public.

This article does not offer a study of the entire case, but rather one aspect of it, namely the role of O. John Rogge.

**M**ANY hands contributed to the Rosenberg killings, from the nasty little personification of ambition known as Roy Cohn to the five-star President who told a delegation appealing for mercy: "Experience in the army taught me executions teach lessons." I think, though, that the master-hand belonged to O. John Rogge, former Assistant U.S. Attorney General, renegade Progressive Party leader. In the Rosenberg frameup, Rogge helped make "Communist" synonymous with "spy," as later, in the Du Bois case, he sought to make "peace" synonymous with "treason."

Mr. Rogge was the lawyer—at a fee of \$6,800—for David and Ruth

Greenglass, without whose testimony even a terrorized and carefully-screened Cold War jury could not have brought in a verdict of guilty against the Rosenbergs. And, in a remarkable coincidence, never explained, he was also the lawyer—at a fee of \$1,000—for Max Elitcher, whose testimony was of some consequence in convicting the Rosenbergs, and was absolutely decisive in convicting Morton Sobell. As Judge Kaufman said in his charge to the jury: “If you do not believe the testimony of Max Elitcher as it pertains to Sobell, then you must acquit the defendant Sobell.”

Indeed, Judge Kaufman himself paid tribute to the central role of Mr. Rogge in securing convictions when he said to him, before sentencing David Greenglass: “I must say that I think you have done service to the profession and to the country in assisting these clients who came to your office to think clearly on the subject. . . .”

**I** HAVE studied certain documents, several of which have never before been published, which throw some light on Mr. Rogge’s “service,” on the character of his “clients” and on the nature of the assistance in clear thinking that he offered them. Necessarily, these documents also illuminate certain hitherto blurred areas of the Rosenberg-Sobell frame-ups.

First, it is known that David

Greenglass was arrested by FBI agents on June 15, 1950, and that he responded to their questioning for several hours that day, continuing on into the early morning of June 16. But at the trial in March, 1951 while Greenglass testified that he had given the FBI a signed statement, he also swore that he could not recall its contents, and the government did not introduce it as evidence.

But in the files of Mr. Rogge’s office was a report, *in the handwriting of David Greenglass*, dated Saturday, June 1950 (this must have been June 17, for that was the Saturday following his arrest on June 15) the first sentence of which reads: “These are my approximate statements to the FBI.” Then Greenglass says that he told the FBI he had “met [Harry] Gold in N. M.” [New Mexico] He continues: “They [i.e., the FBI] told me that I had told him to come back later because I didn’t have it ready. I didn’t remember this but I allowed it in the statement.”

Accepting the addition to his “confession” so thoughtfully supplied by the FBI, Greenglass goes on to say: “When he came back again [although he could not remember his having left!] I told them that I gave him the envelope with the stuff. . . .”

He continues: “I told them that on a visit to me in Nov. 1944 my wife asked me if I would give information. I made sure to tell the FBI that she was transmitting this info

from my Brother-in-law Julius and was not her own idea. . . ." Further:

"I then mentioned a meeting with a man I didn't know arranged by Julius. I established the approximate meeting place but no exact date . . . somewhere above 42nd street on 1st avenue in Man. I talked to the man but *I could recall very little about which we spoke. I thought it might be* that he wanted me to think about finding out about H. E. lens's used in experimental tests to determine data on the A bomb." (In June 1950, it was "a man he didn't know"; he "could recall very little"; he "thought it might be"; but when, in March, 1951, the Prosecutor sums up the government's case, David's testimony has changed so much that he can say to the jury: "Rosenberg took David to be pumped for further secret information on the high explosive lens by another Russian spy . . . in midtown Manhattan.")

In his memorandum made for Rogge's benefit, Greenglass wrote: "I didn't know who sent Gold to me." But in court he swore that he did know, and that it was Julius Rosenberg who had sent Gold to him.

The last paragraph of this memorandum reads:

"I also made [for the FBI] a pencil sketch of an H. E. mold set-up for a experiment. But this I'll tell you I can honestly say the information I gave Gold may be not at all what I said in the statement."

But in court he swore that it was such a sketch that he had given Gold, and, in fact, he drew another such sketch while on the witness stand and this was commented on by government "experts" and was dramatized for the jury and then impounded, so that the sketch might not be made public. This, indeed, was the highpoint of Greenglass' testimony—that he had given Gold this "secret" military information and that Gold had come from "Julius." But in his original statement to the FBI (as he summarizes it for his attorney) he stated that he did not know who sent Gold; and while he originally told the FBI that he had given Gold a sketch of this "secret," he then at once confidentially informed his attorney that he "can honestly say" that this was not true.

And throughout the trial, and the years that Julius and Ethel awaited execution, and now since those years while Morton Sobell lies buried in Alcatraz, this memorandum absolutely impeaching the heart of the Government's case, has been in Mr. Rogge's possession and he has kept mute—and also kept the \$6800!

**O**N JUNE 16, 1950, the day after Greenglass' arrest and one day before he prepared the above statement, one of Mr. Rogge's partners, Herbert J. Fabricant, conferred with David Greenglass, with the permission of the FBI, but not in their presence. That same day he prepared a memo, for the office files, of that



meeting. At that time Greenglass declared that he had met "for one hour" with Gold, but that all he had given him was "some information concerning the names of people who might be sympathetic"—no mention was made at all about any sketches or any other kind of "secret" or military information. Greenglass also stated to Fabricant "that he had made a number of confusing statements purposely in order to confound the FBI and to draw attention from his wife. . . ."—but in court Greenglass insisted that he had cooperated fully with the government from the beginning and had told them the truth and the whole truth at once.

Also, according to this memo prepared by Rogge's partner, Greenglass mentioned the meeting in the car but "he does not know if the man was a Russian and told the FBI that he didn't know"—once again the reader is invited to compare this with what Mr. Saypol (now a Justice of the New York State Supreme Court) told the jury.

Another point of interest occurs in this memo. Mr. Fabricant asked Greenglass "if he was going to cooperate with the government." Greenglass replied: "Hell, no." At this point, Rogge's partner "asked him whether he recognized that he made it very difficult for anyone to help him. He said he did."

Immediately following this subtle proposal the memo continues:

"He said he tried to keep Julius

Rosenberg out of the picture. I pointed out that he probably had not succeeded. I asked him whether he wanted us to represent him. He said yes. . . . He asked what the fee would be."

So: 1) If you don't "cooperate" we can't help you; 2) Julius Rosenberg is there; 3) please do help me; 4) what'll it cost? That's the meeting at which the law firm is officially retained.

ON SUNDAY, June 18, 1950, Rogge and one of his partners, Mr. R. H. Gordon, visited Mrs. Ruth Greenglass at her home. Present, too, were about a dozen friends and members of the Greenglass family. The next day, as was the custom of the Rogge firm, Gordon prepared a typed memo of this meeting for the office files.

Discussion centered on matters of finance at the start. Then Mrs. Greenglass stated that she was worried about the possibility of her husband being tried in New Mexico because of the anti-Semitism there. Then discussion turned to David himself, and here is what Mr. Gordon's memo contains as to what Mrs. Greenglass said on this subject:

"As to her husband, she stated that he had a 'tendency to hysteria.' At other times he would become delirious and once when he had the grippe, he ran nude through the hallway, shrieking of 'elephants,' 'Lead Pants.'

"She had known him since he was ten years old. She said he would say things were so even if they were not. He talked of suicide as if he were a character in the movies but she didn't think he would do it."

It might have served the ends of justice if the jury which was asked to convict Ethel and Julius largely on the basis of David Greenglass' testimony had been able to hear this estimate of his credibility from his wife who "had known him since he was ten years old". Also to be noted here are Mrs. Greenglass' remarks about the suicide threats coming from her husband. Julius had testified in the trial that he had heard such threats from David when the latter was dunning him for money, and the government was at pains to get from David denials that he had ever threatened suicide.

Mrs. Greenglass also stated that she had been interviewed by the FBI very recently, and Mr. Gordon's memo summarized what she reported of that conference. The agents "assured her that they had nothing against her." She told the agents, "She had remembered no visitors at her house"—but at the trial she testified to a visit from Gold. She told the agents: "She had notice of the project and signed an affidavit for it. She knew her mail was censored. She would not have allowed her husband to bring anything home after Hiroshima had disclosed what the project was. She intended to

raise a family and did not want that kind of material around."

Now, what does that mean? What material?—diagrams, sketches of "secret" plans? The context indicates rather clearly that this is not what she meant, but the remainder of the memo makes perfectly clear that this is not what she meant, and explains what it was she did have on her mind when she spoke to her attorneys three days after her husband's arrest. For she says that earlier, FBI agents had visited their home and "had asked if they had a specimen of uranium in the house." It is perfectly clear then as to what she thought was involved and what it was "she would not have allowed her husband to bring" into the house. This takes on added meaning when it is realized that Julius had testified that he had been given to understand by David that he had stolen uranium from the army base and that this was why he was in terrible trouble and needed money to leave the country.

How helpful it would have been to justice if the FBI, or Rogge, or Mrs. Greenglass had told the jury that condemned the Rosenbergs that not only Julius believed that David may have stolen something from Los Alamos, and in his testimony Julius swore that David had said the FBI suspected him of stealing uranium, but that the FBI also suspected that and had actually visited the Greenglasses and made inquiries about it!

The meeting ended, according to Mr. Gordon's memo, with a discussion of the best policy to adopt. Of the several courses open to them, they "discussed at length that of co-operation" with the government.

Immediately following this, appears one final sentence in the body of the memo: "*There was a long discussion about JR.*" (Italics added) The memo does not spell out the discussion.

"**D**ISCUSSION" with the prosecution is a delicate operation. Several problems are involved, such as: If we give you this, what will you give us? How shall each side be sure the agreement is binding?

Some documents illuminating this side of the operation are available. For example, on June 22, 1950, Mr. Gordon was troubled by a certain possibility to the point where he drafted a memo for the attention of Messrs. Rogge and Fabricant. He told his partners that "if the course we follow is 'cooperation'" we should watch out for a possible doublecross in terms of an agreement not to prosecute on one ground and then the government prosecuting on another. What Mr. Gordon had specifically in mind was "the possibility that, before we came into the case, the client may have made misleading or false statements . . . after arrest" and that he might be subject to indictment for perjury. Of course, Mr. Gordon must have known that Greenglass

did perjure himself, for Greenglass had said so to Mr. Fabricant and had put that in writing in his memo for Mr. Rogge, from which we have already quoted.

Within a month things have progressed to the point where the prosecuting attorney is doing favors for Mr. Rogge's imprisoned client. On July 20, 1950, Mr. Gordon prepared a memo for Mr. Fabricant. That memo, in its entirety, is as follows:

"Saypol called me today and I returned his call. He stated as follows:

'I have made arrangements to have your man Greenglass transferred to the Tombs Prison, 11th Floor, where he will be more comfortable and also because it is desirable to take him away and keep him separated from Rosenberg. I assume you agree.'

"I stated that it seemed perfectly agreeable to me and asked whether Greenglass had been told about the reasons. Saypol said he was not sure whether he had but seemed to indicate that he would be told.

"Saypol requested in referring to where he is stationed, if we did refer to it, we simply mentioned the Tombs and not mention that it is the 11th floor."

By August full "cooperation" had been worked out, so that it was understood that the indictment to be returned by the Grand Jury that month would name the Greenglasses only as "co-conspirators," (they, of course, would plead "guilty") not as



co-defendants. It appears, though, that the Greenglasses had something like conscience qualms about the agreement and this caused some worry in the offices of Rogge, et. al. On August 21, 1950, however, Mr. Gordon filed a cheerful memo for the attention of Mr. Rogge: "I spoke to Ruth Greenglass this morning. She is feeling better and so is Dave apparently about the fact that they were not named as defendants . . . she may have been a little upset about it originally but now she feels the thing is moving smoothly."

But two days later Mr. Gordon filed an alarming memo. For on August 23, Mr. Myles Lane, the Assistant U.S. Attorney, called him and told him that something very important had come up and that he wanted to see Greenglass' attorneys at once. Rogge was out of town and therefore Messrs. Gordon and Fabricant immediately hurried over to the office of the prosecution. Lane, the memo continues:

"told us that Bloch [Emmanuel, attorney for the Rosenbergs] had earlier in the day urged to the judge at the arraignment of his clients that they were absolutely innocent and that from the fact that Greenglass was not indicted but merely named as a co-conspirator in the New York indictment, it looked to Bloch as if the government had made a deal with you as Greenglass' attorney."

Clearly, this might well throw the whole government's case out of

kilter. Therefore, the Assistant U.S. Attorney then said to the lawyers of the Greenglasses:

"that we would now have to consider the question of whether it was OK that Greenglass be indicted here in a superseding indictment and not merely named as a co-conspirator. He would then be a defendant and be tried here in New York but would testify against the others."

Lane reported that this arrangement had been cleared with the U.S. Attorney in New Mexico who was himself, he said, "acting on instructions from the Attorney General's office." Lane went on to point out that this was advantageous to Greenglass, for he said "it was to our advantage not to take any chance of getting before a judge in New Mexico, clearly indicating that he felt that in a small state like New Mexico they might well prefer to give a good stiff sentence (of course he added he did not want to sell us on anything, and so forth)."

Gordon reports in the memo that he then became concerned lest the prosecution feel it necessary to indict Mrs. Greenglass, but this was not raised by Mr. Lane and so Gordon felt fairly secure on that score. At any rate Gordon decided not to tell Mrs. Greenglass about this development, "as she might get excited about it," and to let Rogge himself handle this delicate operation upon his return.

THIS is a lovely spectacle, is it not? Here we have a District Attorney (since made a judge) pleading with the attorneys for a prisoner to agree to his indictment as a defendant and practically offering, in so many words, that with the arrangement he is suggesting one of their clients will avoid "a good stiff sentence" and indicating that the other one would never even be arrested—always assuming of course, that they keep their end of the bargain and testify in such a manner as to assure the conviction of the Rosenbergs and of Sobell. How much weight would the jury have given the testimony of the Greenglasses if they had seen this memo?

The arrangement suggested by Lane was the one actually adopted; in January, 1951 a superseding indictment, naming David Greenglass as a defendant, was issued by the Grand Jury.

We are not quite done with this August 23rd memo of Mr. Gordon. It concludes with pencilled notes, in the handwriting of Mr. Gordon, reading as follows:

"Also, I had lunch with Ruth, Pilat, and HJF. We looked at Pilot's articles. They look OK, but HJF as a precaution, told Lane previously he Pilat, and HJF. We looked at Pilat's 2 conferences with Saypol, showed the draft of the articles to Saypol or Lane."

Ruth is Mrs. Greenglass, Pilat is Oliver Pilat, reporter for the *New*

*York Post*, HJF is Mr. Fabricant, Saypol, of course, is the U.S. Attorney and Lane is his chief assistant. Now, Mr. Pilat had been writing articles for the *Post* pre-judging the case and assuring that paper's readers of the guilt of the Rosenbergs and arguing that this confirmed that paper's insistence on the conspiratorial and treasonous nature of Communism—a central message of the violently anti-Communist *Post*. And here is the attorney for the informers telling of a luncheon with this writer and one of the informers and explaining how he is insisting that the writer's articles be checked not only by the informers' lawyers, but also by the U.S. Attorneys. All this in the name, no doubt, of developing a reasonable and judicious public atmosphere to help assure a fair trial!

We have two other tidbits and both involve Rogge and Elitcher—it was the testimony of the latter, remember, which was decisive in the conviction of Morton Sobell.

The Rogge law firm confirmed their being retained by Max Elitcher in a letter to him and his wife dated July 26, 1950. In this letter the Elitchers are told:

"As a result of your report as to the statements already made [to the FBI], I have advised you and you are aware of the fact that Mr. Elitcher has admitted, in effect, having committed the crime of perjury."

The letter continues:

"You have requested this firm to

advise you professionally in connection with further questioning by the FBI and in all matters relating to or arising from said questioning.

"We have advised you that we represent David Greenglass and have further advised you that we see no conflict of interest in representing you."

The letter concludes that, for the fee of \$1,000, the firm agrees "to counsel you in connection with all of the foregoing."

Indeed, there is "no conflict of interest." On the contrary, to have as a client this man worried about perjury, committed before the arrest of the Rosenbergs, and fearful of trial for his lying, gives Mr. Rogge additional security in his deal *vis-à-vis* the Greenglasses and the government. He will then not only counsel him in connection with future questioning by the FBI, but he will, too, counsel him to take the stand and, as assurance that he will himself never be prosecuted for his admitted perjury, to help throw the switch that burns Ethel and Julius and, above all, in his case, to turn the key that locks Morton Sobell inside a cell for thirty years. All of which Mr. Elitcher did.

And immediately after he did this, in the trial held early in March, 1951, came the payoff. We learn this from another of the intra-office memos of the Rogge firm. This one is dated March 19, 1951 and is to Rogge from Fabricant.

The memo was prepared because Rogge, as the memo states, was soon to "talk with MacInery"—the latter gentleman being then Chief of the Criminal Division of the Department of Justice, and one with whom Rogge had worked when he himself was in the Department. And Rogge was going to talk with Mr. MacInery "of Elitcher's particular problem."

WHAT was that problem? It was lucrative employment. Elitcher was an engineer, and here in the trial he had testified to his being involved in radical activities and of having known alleged "espionage agents." It was feared that this would make security clearance difficult for him and his placement in industry therefore doubtful—apparently on the ground cited by the policeman in Art Young's cartoon who was clubbing a citizen and the citizen was shouting, "Don't hit me, I'm an anti-Communist!" the cop replying, as he renewed his onslaught, "I don't care what kind of a Communist you are!"

The memo says that Elitcher has been most cooperative with the FBI and that his testimony in the recent trial was very important. It declares that Elitcher "will continue to cooperate" and that it is clear he will never be indicted for perjury or for anything else by the government. Therefore, it continues, Rogge should urge that the Department help Elitcher get employment, at a salary

in excess of \$8,000, by having its people "come forth at some future time . . . and state things of commendatory nature."

Bought—and paid for.

**H**ERE, then, is a peep—so far as a few available documents permit—into the swamp of Cold-War "justice." Informers terrified of government prosecution; informers known to be perjurers by the government; informers whose confessions are "added to" and "straightened out" by the FBI; informers who continually threaten suicide and run around screaming they see elephants; informers themselves suspected as thieves by the government. Government attorneys and informers' attorneys working out deals for their stoolpigeons, even to the point of special treatment in jail; government attorneys and informers' attorneys and the informers themselves checking on the stories fed to the press and read by citizens in the hope that they are getting some kind of objective accounting of what is going on. Government attorneys and informers' attorneys knowing that sworn

testimony given in court conflicts in central aspects with statements these informers have made to themselves or their agents.

And on the basis of this kind of rot, sending two parents to their deaths, condemning another to a living death, heating up the Cold War, poisoning the mind of the public as to the "Communist menace" and generally stoking the fires of reaction—and simultaneously advancing their own careers with fat retainers, with promotions to judgeships, with "fame."

The Rosenbergs were innocent. Morton Sobell is innocent. The names of the Rosenbergs must be vindicated officially, the government which caused their deaths should apologize to its citizens and to outraged world opinion and that government should try to make some restitution to the family of the martyrs. And the innocent Sobell should be vindicated and freed and restitution made to him and to his family.

Justice demands this and until justice is satisfied it will not rest.



# *Poems for Peace*

**By NAZIM HIKMET**

These three songs of peace were written for the World Assembly of Peace by the famous Turkish poet, Nazim Hikmet. They were set to music by Czech composers, and the music as well as literal translations of the Turkish original was sent to Paul Robeson and Howard Fast in New York.

What follows are the texts which Howard Fast wrote to the Czech music, basing himself as nearly as possible within the musical framework upon Nazim Hikmet's original version. They will be recorded by Paul Robeson, whose voice will be heard in Helsinki by the men and women of the world assembly.

## THE LITTLE DEAD GIRL

A little girl is at your door,  
At every door, at every door,  
A little girl you cannot see  
Is at your door, is at your door.

And for me, there will never be  
The love and laughter you have known.  
At Hiroshima, do you see,  
My flesh was seared from every bone.

My hair was first to feel the flame,  
Hot were my eyes and hot my hands,  
Only a little ash remained,  
Where I had played upon the sands.

Stranger, what can you do for me,  
 A little ash, a little girl?  
 A human child like paper burned,  
 An ash for the cooling wind to swirl.

A little dead child, burned by strife,  
 Oh, stranger please do this for me,  
 Your name on the scroll, peace and life,  
 And peace and life for all like me.

### THE JAPANESE FISHERMAN

Man from Japan, Oh, fisherman, poor young man,  
 At work out at sea, and death dropped out of the sky,  
 And here is the song that your comrades sing  
 A song of death, of those whose fate is to die.

Who eats of the fish, will perish,  
 Who touches our hands, will perish,  
 Our boat is a scow of anguish,  
 Who comes on our boat, will perish.

Who eats of our fish, will perish,  
 And not at once, but, oh, so slowly,  
 For slow is the rot that eats their flesh,  
 Who eats of our fish will perish.

Who touches our hands, will perish,  
 These hands that worked 'till work was done,  
 Made dry by salt and burned by sun—  
 Who touches our hands, will perish,  
 And not at once, but, oh, so slowly,  
 For slow is the rot that eats their flesh.  
 Who touches our hands will perish.

Man from Japan, Oh, fisherman, poor young man,  
At work out at sea, and death dropped out of the sky,  
And here is the song that our comrades sing  
A song of death, of those whose fate is to die.

Forget me, oh, love, forget me,  
This boat is but death to float me,  
Who comes on this boat will perish,  
For death in a cloud caressed me.

Forget me, oh, love, forget me,  
My darling you must not kiss me,  
Now only dark death may kiss me,  
Forget me, oh, love, forget me.

Our boat is a scow of sorrow,  
For us, oh, my love, no morrow.  
No child of our love, my darling,  
No flesh of our flesh, my darling,  
Our hope is a boat of sorrow—  
My people, where are you, oh, where?  
Oh, don't forsake me, not now, good comrades, the fate  
of man you must share.

### THE CLOUDS

Our mothers made us in the pain of labor,  
My mother, mother, light the night with your love—  
Oh, men of death, you, too, once knew a mother,  
And have you no memory of her sweet love?  
Stop the dark cloud of atomic death!

A bright-eyed child who laughs with joy and pleasure,  
Pursues his kite which soars into the blue sky,  
And did you know a joy of equal measure,  
Or do you feel that children now must all die?  
Stop the dark cloud of atomic death!

The girl who combs her hair before her mirror,  
She sees not herself, but her true beloved.  
Did no one seek your face within a mirror,  
And watch you with a fervent love discovered?  
Stop the dark cloud of atomic death!

An old man's solace is what he'll remember,  
The summer sun is cold in sere December,  
Though lords of life and death, you'll also wither,  
Consider well what you will then remember.  
Stop the dark cloud of atomic death!



# GUATEMALA TODAY

By A. B. MAGIL

THE *New York Times* of May 2 published a lyrical editorial on May Day—in Guatemala. The *Times* editorial spoke of “parades and mass meetings by the free trade unions.” It moved on to exclaim: “Guatemala is free, and a leader has quietly fought his way to the top who deserves our support and good wishes.” This leader, who less than a year ago rather unquietly, with the aid of foreign arms and cash, launched an invasion of his own country, “stands as a shining example of the sort of men contemporary politics is casting up in Latin-American affairs. . . .” Warming up to its subject, the *Times* affirmed: “Here is a leader of high principles with a faith in the values of democracy. . . .” For he shunned “the path of revenge and dictatorship” and instead, “Señor Castillo Armas chose the steep, thorny middle road of mercy, justice and moderation.”

That the *Times* editorialist should be unfamiliar with the reality of contemporary Guatemala is understandable. What is strange, however, is that he should be so ill acquainted

with the columns of his own newspaper. For example, only six weeks earlier, on March 20, the *Times* published a news item from Guatemala under the headline: “Guatemala Maps End of Land Reform.” In a characteristic display of “mercy, justice and moderation,” the Castillo Armas regime was “wiping out the remnants of the agrarian reform of former President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman.”

I suppose that includes the 127 peasants of the El Sargento *finca* (large farm), near the village of San Martin Jilotepeque, whom I met when I visited Guatemala in March, 1954. They had received their land only two months before. Have they all now been restored to “freedom”—to that blessed existence under which they paid for every *cuerda* (about a quarter of an acre) of land they cultivated with 60 days labor on the master’s estate 75 miles away? I look at the gaunt dark faces on the snapshot I took of them—eloquent faces of the submerged anonymous mass whom the progressive forces and the Arbenz government had sought to lift into the sunlight.

And the "free trade unions" of the *Times* May 2 editorial also had a different look only three months earlier when the headline read: "Guatemala Curbs Workers' Rights." (*Times*, February 6.) An even clearer picture of the status of trade unionism in Guatemala was given in the *Times* of last November 14 under the headline: "Guatemala Edict Curbs Union Men." The story stated: "This country's organized labor and peasant movement is still out of action four months after the overthrow of the Jacobo Arbenz Guzman regime." The *Times* reported that the government "has just authorized the functioning of the first labor union." Since November a few others have received similar authorization after being rigorously cleansed of all "subversive" taint. This is what remains of a labor movement which at the time of the overthrow of the democratic Arbenz government last June numbered 500 trade unions.

Some inkling of why there can be no free labor movement in a Guatemala that has again become a province in the United Fruit Company's banana empire may be gleaned from the November 14 *Times* dispatch: "Before a new union executive committee is approved, the [Guatemalan Labor] Department must get clearance for the new union officials from the official National Defense Committee Against Communism, a secret organization."

I recall my visit to the bustling headquarters of the General Confederation of Workers of Guatemala (CGTG), where I interviewed its quiet, scholarly general secretary, 32-year-old Victor Manuel Gutiérrez. No secret reactionary committee dictated the selection of union officials in those days: Gutiérrez, a Communist, was the choice of no one but the workers.

"One of our chief aspirations," he told me, "is to maintain close fraternal relations with the workers of the United States. We hope they will aid us with their solidarity in our great struggles."

THE status of civil and political liberties in Guatemala casts additional light on the "shining example" of Washington's gauleiter. In addition to the thousands in prisons and concentration camps, scores of workers, peasants and intellectuals have been summarily shot. And more than 2,000 have been driven into exile. Testimony to the thorough McCarthyization of Guatemala has been given by one of the most rabidly anti-Communist publications in the United States, the Social-Democratic *New Leader*. An article in its December 27, 1954 issue states:

"'Anti-Communist repression' so complicates ordinary life that one cannot say there is real civil liberty in Guatemala. The supreme tribunal

in this field is the aforementioned National Committee for Defense Against Communism, which can jail anyone indefinitely and seize his possessions. The names of its members are secret, though it has a numerous bureaucracy and its own armed forces. Like any organization whose members are well paid, it continually needs additional income; and, to justify its large budget, it must 'find' the necessary new victims."

It is not known what Castillo Armas reaches for when he hears the word "culture," but obviously he has borrowed more than a few leaves from the Nazi book. The House of Guatemalan Culture, one of the vital creations of democratic Guatemala, was among the first institutions to be assaulted by the Castillo Armas mob. I vividly recall my own visit to the House of Culture and my talk with its small, dynamic general secretary, Huberto Alvarado, then only twenty-six years old.\*

In the fall of 1953 the House of Culture organized a successful book fair in Guatemala City. Among the participants was the Guatemalan-American Cultural Institute, subsidized by the State Department.

Castillo Armas lost no time in organizing a different kind of "book fair"; the National Commission for Defense Against Communism and a special committee of the Ministry of

Education began to raid libraries, bookshops and cultural institutions. Among the "Communist literature" consigned to a public bonfire were *Strong Wind* by the distinguished Guatemalan novelist and diplomat, Miguel Angel Asturias, one of the foremost writers of Latin America; a book on one of the masters of Latin American poetry, Rubén Darío (who died nearly 40 years ago); *Notable Astronomical Tables*, a work written several centuries ago; *Pedagogical Biology* by Alfredo Carrillo Ramirez, a teacher in the American School in Guatemala City; and even two books by Mario Monteforte Toledo, a supporter of the Castillo Armas dictatorship.

ALL this is being done in the name of defense of the "free world" against "international Communism." This is also the theme of one of the shoddiest pieces of imperialist apologetics that American publishing presses have disgorged in a long time: *Red Design for the Americas: Guatemalan Prelude* by Daniel James (John Day Company, \$4.50). This is a tale to make the flesh creep, with Red hobgoblins from Central America flying through the air on Moscow-made broomsticks and disappearing under the bed of that righteous man, John Foster Dulles.

A former managing editor of the *New Leader*, who worked his way up to the New York *Herald Tribune*,

\* See A. B. Magil's "Upsurge in Guatemala, *Masses and Mainstream*, May 1954.

the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Fortune*, James can Red-bait in his sleep—and evidently does. As a contribution to the mythology of anti-Communism his book is not very impressive. Nevertheless, its shrillness, crude falsehoods and idealization of international gangsterism are symptomatic of the hardening of the moral arteries characteristic of many cold-war intellectuals. *Red Design for the Americas* has the spiritual quality of a Westbrook Pegler column—or, say, a collection of columns. And the praise that James bestows on one of the most brutal and repulsive dictators on earth, Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, has won his book the accolade of the dictator's own house-organ, *El Caribe* (Dec. 22, 1954).

James' thesis is simple: virtually everything that happened in Guatemala after the democratic revolution which overthrew the Ubico dictatorship in 1944, was a "diabolical Red plot to make Guatemala the spearhead of a hemisphere-wide cold war upon the United States." Thus is history stood on its head. James' thesis would be ludicrous were it not in fact the ideological fountainhead of the Eisenhower-Dulles policy toward Guatemala, out of which came tragedy for 3,000,000 people and shame for our own country.

James' method is no less simple. There is, first, the major premise: Communism is evil, conspiratorial, aggressive, dedicated to the over-

throw of the United States and the conquest of the western hemisphere. This is a premise requiring no proof. Then follows, technically speaking, the minor premise: Guatemala was controlled by Communism (a) directly, through the Guatemalan Workers (Communist) Party, which was "a tool of Moscow," and (b) indirectly, through the non-Communist democratic forces which were in reality either Communist or so closely identified with Communism as to make the distinction academic. This premise also requires no proof since mere assertions (for example: "Red-controlled Guatemala's three major parties were nothing but Communist fronts"), buttressed by distortions, falsifications and diatribes, are enough to satisfy those who pay the piper. From these premises the conclusion is ineluctable.

In his effort to document his pre-fabricated "Red plot" James does me the dubious honor of quoting liberally from articles of mine on Guatemala. It is a rather novel experience to share the role of "Red plotter" with the Chilean Chamber of Deputies—in which there was not a single Communist but which, as James admits, "voted unanimously to instruct the Chilean delegation to Caracas to 'oppose unequivocally any aggression against Guatemala.'" Throughout his book it is evident that James' definition of "Red" and "Communist" is no less ample than



that of Senator McCarthy and the Castillo Armas version of the McCarthy Committee.

Despite all his efforts, however, James' imperialist syllogism repeatedly comes apart at the seams because he cannot avoid the necessity of occasionally mentioning, if only inadvertently, a few facts. Thus we are told on page 158: "Yankee imperialism' is almost wholly a creation of Moscow." Could anything be more obvious? But in the very next paragraph he tells us: "The average educated Latin American, whether he admires or dislikes the United States, is convinced that 'Yankee imperialism' really exists. His belief is not a Soviet-created myth but is grounded to some extent in historical experience. . . ."

Toward the end of the book James makes this admission:

"... Communism is not the issue in Latin America that it is in the United States. While Latin Americans in general would undoubtedly say that they dislike Communism intensely, if asked how they felt about it, neither is there any doubt that their dislike is not intense\* and is not grounded in much firsthand contact with Communists. As a matter of fact, such experiences as the Latins have had with Communism has not always been unpleasant. . . .

---

\* I leave to deeper thinkers the explanation of how it is possible to "dislike Communism intensely" and yet have a dislike for it which "is not intense."—A.B.M.

"The fundamental reason why Latin Americans cannot get exercised over Communism is that *their most pressing problem is not the cold war with the Soviet Union but their own eternal war against economic backwardness*—and this the United States seemed to lose sight of entirely at Caracas." (My emphasis.—A.B.M.)

This virtually pulls the rug from under the book's thesis. For what James is implying is that the entire Washington-instigated campaign against Guatemala, which ended in the overthrow of its democratic government and the imposition of a fascist-militarist distatorship, had nothing to do with any "threat" to Latin America, but was simply part of the Eisenhower Administration's cold war against the Soviet Union.

No less illuminating are James' admissions concerning the armed aggression against Guatemala which followed so soon after Caracas. In Chapter 12 he is at some pains to show that the invasion plot, of which the Arbenz government presented documented proof five months before it was consummated, was only a figment of Communist imagination. In any event, according to James, the United States government had nothing to do with it. However, in Chapter 14, commenting on the appointment in November 1953 of John E. Peurifoy as U.S. ambassador to Guatemala, James states:

"He had been ordered to Guate-

mala from Greece, where since 1950 he had played a major role in creating an anti-Red regime, doing so with great vigor, efficiency and insight. It was obvious that he was expected to fulfil a similar mission in Guatemala."

He further writes: "In April [1954] Peurifoy returned to Washington for the last time before the June civil war. The consultations were used to perfect and put into operation a plan for crushing Guatemalan Communism which Peurifoy had already submitted to his superiors."

By the next chapter, which is the last, James discards all pretense of U.S. non-intervention. On the contrary, he boasts that Washington did in fact manipulate men and events in Guatemala. This he justifies with the following bit of casuistry worthy of a Goebbels:

"The national sovereignty of Guatemala under Communism was a fiction which only disguised the reality of Soviet intervention. What the United States did was to *intervene against foreign intervention*, in order to restore Guatemala's national sovereignty." (Emphasis in original. —A.B.M.)

THE character of that "restored" national sovereignty may be judged from the new contract signed by the Castillo Armas regime with the United Fruit Company. This con-

tract, returning most of the company's expropriated land and making other concessions, is such a brazen surrender of national interests that when it was presented for ratification by the National Constituent Assembly, several of the deputies chosen in rigged elections opposed it and two resigned in protest.

One of those who resigned was Clemente Marroquin Rojas, editor of the influential newspaper, *La Hora*. Marroquin Rojas was during the years of Guatemala's democratic government the chief journalistic spokesman of reaction, Red-baiter extraordinary and arch-defender of the United Fruit Company and the State Department. This man, who ardently supported the overthrow of the Arbenz regime, wrote in his newspaper last December 31:

"Unfortunately, to our shame, everybody has his eyes turned toward Washington, toward the North Americans, yearning to have them shower us like cheap women with money. These people stake everything on gifts from the United States government, which has offered millions in order to purchase our whole life. . . . They stake everything on the miserable money which the fruit company is going to toss us. But the adulators who surround you, Mr. President, do not point this out because they don't give a tinker's dam that you may pass into history cursed as a servant of foreign interests, of

banana companies. . . ."

If even certain Guatemalan reactionaries are finding the fruits of Washington-inspired "liberation" turned bitter so soon, perhaps some of our own anti-Communist intellectuals may be having second thoughts. One recalls Max Lerner's frenetic *New York Post* series against Guatemala shortly before and during the invasion—a series that might have been written by Daniel James. While admitting that "American corporate money was behind the Castillo Armas invasion" and that this conspiracy had "the active support of the U.S.," Lerner justified what he called "a grim decision but a necessary one" in order "to rid Guatemala of the Communist power."

Even then Lerner said he did not think "the new regime will be a liberal one." After the record of the past year, what does Lerner think now? During this year he has traveled to Europe and Asia and discovered that the Eisenhower-Dulles "liberation" policy is no less unpopular among hundreds of millions there than in Guatemala or most of Latin America. Lerner and other Social-Democratic liberals have become increasingly critical of Washington foreign policy, and that is all to the good. They are less certain than they once were that anti-Communism is the supreme issue before mankind; today they are more concerned about the threats to peace and civil liberties

from those who wield power in our own country. In this spirit perhaps they will take a second look at the Arbenz regime in Guatemala and at its successor, and come to conclusions somewhat different from those imposed in the past by an obsessive anti-Communism.

LAST October an "election" took place in Guatemala. Col. Carlos Castillo Armas was chosen President by voters who had to pass before soldiers and shout "Yes" or "No." Even the *New York Times*, which had not yet discovered the fuehrer's "faith in democracy," was moved to comment editorially (October 12, 1954): "Guatemala has just had what could only by courtesy be called an election and a plebiscite."

Not many—according to the official figures, only 393—took their lives in their hands and shouted "No" to Castillo Armas' candidacy. But hundreds of thousands are saying "No" in a different way. This past May Day something happened which the *Times* did not report: the working people of Guatemala City found pasted on walls in their streets such words as: "Long Live the CGTG," "Down with the Mercenary Government of Castillo Armas," "Imperialist Hands Off Guatemala." And cap-tive, approved and certified trade union leaders, who organized a May Day meeting with the participation of the A.F.L. representative, Serafino

Romualdi, found it necessary to present demands to the government against the mass firing of workers, against unemployment and for the release of jailed workers' leaders.

On March 8, International Women's Day, posters in defense of women's rights and of peace covered many public and private buildings, and groups of brave women held demonstrations. On Good Friday students of the University of Guatemala converted their traditional holiday antics into a demonstration against Castillo Armas and Yankee imperialism.

Everywhere resistance is growing. The democratic forces, struck down, are once more on their feet; among them, actively seeking to unite the people in the struggle for liberation, is the Guatemalan Workers Party, the party of the Communists, whose illegal organ, *Verdad*, circulates despite savage repression.

**A**T THE Bandung Conference of twenty-nine Asian and African nations Guatemala was mentioned during the debate on colonialism. In a sense there were 20 empty chairs at the Bandung Conference, the unfilled seats of the 20 republics in that sector of the colonial and semi-

colonial world—Latin America—which was not represented. Latin America, most of whose 170,000,000 people are colored, was not at Bandung because it could not be: the white master north of the Rio Grande casts a large shadow.

But when Bandung spoke against colonialism, it spoke for Puerto Rico, for British Guiana and the other British, French and Dutch colonies in the western hemisphere. When it called for "respect for the sovereignty and territorial integrity of all nations," it gave a voice to Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti and the other Latin American republics whose sovereignty and territorial integrity have been trampled upon. When Bandung urged disarmament, the banning of atomic weapons and tests, and the "settlement of all international disputes by peaceful means," it pleaded against Big Stick diplomacy and the looting of Latin America's resources for war. And when Bandung affirmed that "the subjection of peoples to alien subjugation, domination and exploitation constitutes a denial of fundamental human rights," it spoke for the 170,000,000 for whom Guatemala is a symbol not of defeat but of their future victory.



## books in review

### A Dramatic Challenge

THE THIRTEENTH JUROR, by Steve Nelson. *Masses & Mainstream*. Cloth, \$2.50, paper, \$1.50.

I HAVE been told that it is difficult to read a book objectively when you know the author; and there is an old saying which asks, "How can he be a genius? I know him." Neither precisely to the case in point, for I know Steve Nelson well and cannot think of him as a genius, but only as a very great and brave man; and I read his new book, not objectively, but with a deeply subjective and highly personal involvement—read it from cover to cover almost in a sitting. And when I had finished it, I knew I had read one of those very rare and wonderful books—a book that changes you in the process of its reading, so that finished with it, I was something more than I had been when I opened it.

I also know that I cannot write of the book without writing of the man; for the book is most profoundly moving in its utter and implacable truth, and this truth is also the man. Both are a part of the same experience. I have never read another book

quite like this one, but I have also never known another man quite like Steve Nelson; and the knowledge of both fills me with pride and humility, not only because I have shared something of the struggle that produced both, but because through both I came better to understand people and what people will be someday.

*The Thirteenth Juror* is the story of Steve Nelson's trial, his trial before a court of law, as law exists in the United States today, and his trial in the court of horror and infamy that is otherwise known as Blawnox Workhouse. The first half of the book is devoted to Blawnox, and as such, it has few equals in the whole history of prison literature. In the same breath, one must note, Blawnox Prison in Pennsylvania is possibly unequaled today, as a place of horror and degradation, in all of these United States and very likely in much of the world outside of our borders.

Into Blawnox came Steve Nelson, political prisoner, Communist, veteran of the International Brigade in Spain—now sentenced to twenty years, sentenced on charges that were no charges, on evidence that was no evidence, on the word of stool pi-

geons and paid informers—into a prejudice and fear. dungeon of hell and horror, and told by the guards as he entered that there was no road back, that he could neither survive this place nor ever hope to leave this place; and the story of this dungeon, of how he faced it, fought it as one man, sick and weak, and finally triumphed over it, is the story Nelson tells in the first half of his book. In this, the first half of his book, Steve Nelson reaches his highest point of artistry as a writer—in a breathless and splendidly-told story of man's courage and man's will to survive.

Parts of this section, such as Nelson's experience in the "hole" and his leadership and organization of the other prisoners in the "hole," are of a quality that a reader cannot easily forget, and will, simply as literature, long survive the memory of the men who did this to Steve Nelson; and as a whole, this section comprises a unique and fine literary product. The second half of the book tells the story of Steve Nelson's trial before Judge Montgomery in a Pittsburgh courthouse, of how, unable to find a lawyer, he defended himself, of how a sick and broken body was forced by an indomitable spirit to wage a legal battle and defense that will rank with Dimitrov's famous defense before a Nazi Court. The book concludes with Nelson's eloquent plea to the Jury—his battle against the "thirteenth" juror, who is bigotry,

prejudice and fear.

To one degree or another, all of America lived through the content of this book. Some, all too many, knew only the bare facts of Steve Nelson's name and the charges leveled against him. Others, who read the newspaper stories a little more closely, heard Nelson accused as an atom-bomb spy, an agent of a foreign power, a Communist "master-mind." Still others, men in high places, in the Pennsylvania judiciary, in the nests of the steel and aluminum moguls of Pittsburgh, in the offices of the Justice Department in Washington, played parts in the manufacturing of false charges, in the rigging of juries, in the hiring of informers—coldly and deliberately, so that they might destroy this man they feared and hated. Still others worked and testified in the defense of Steve Nelson, as Art Shields and Herbert Aptheker did, and others turned ears deafened by fear and indifference to pleas that they come to the defense of a good and brave man. And all over America, millions of workers, who knew nothing of the case and were indifferent to it to the extent of the lies and slanders fed to them these many years, also lived through the content; for out of their struggles, their hopes and needs and ideology, had come the man whom we know as Steve Nelson, and the courage of the man and the splendor of the man as well.

Within this context, *The Thir-*

*teenth Juror* must be seen and understood; for this book is a symbol of the America we have known and lived in and worked in this decade past; and in so being, it contains the worst and the best that is America. The book will live, because it is a truthful and profound human document, and it will still be read when the situation which produced it has long since come to an end. At that time, it will be judged anew as literature, and without question parts of it will be reprinted innumerable times as literature; but an objective literary judgment is almost impossible today—just as it would have been both impossible and insufferable to have judged Julius Fuchik's *Notes From the Gallows* as literature while Czechoslovakia still lay under the Nazi heel. Then, as now, we were concerned with the *man*; and perhaps so long as our literature comes out of an agony, we will continue to be concerned with the man before we are concerned with the book.

Thus, it is important to dwell for a moment on the man—the manner of a man who wrote this book. The book is a tense, well-written and extremely moving document, but above all these things, it is an exceedingly simple document. Here I use *simple* in the best sense, in terms of a proletarian clarity which evokes the best from the language. In the same manner, one must see the author—as one does see him through this book—as

a simple man, a virtuous man, and above all things, a good man. In the process of an ethical decay in our society during this past decade, we have retained the meaning of certain words used to describe people, but we have wholly lost the meaning of others. This too is a question of values. We still comprehend what one means when one calls a person brilliant, clever, witty, dogged, stubborn, etc. Our understanding clouds a little when such words as sincere and forthright are used; and in a society which maintains only one criterion for values—did he get away with it?—we are becoming at a loss to comprehend the meaning of *good* and *honorable*.

Yet the essence of Steve Nelson is that he is an honorable man and a good man. His nature is neither brilliant nor derived from fanaticism; his wisdom, a deep and wonderfully profound wisdom, is the wisdom of the good man who understands evil, and therefore must set his face against evil and venture his life in the struggle against evil—and his understanding is the understanding of a member of the working class who has become a Marxist and a Communist. This combination of values is not new on this earth, but it is rare in America. On the other hand, it is America that has produced Steve Nelson.

And not alone Steve Nelson, for one of the hallmarks of the decade we have lived through are the men

and women of quality and stature who have emerged as figures and symbols of American resistance. In other times of the past and in times still to come, the quality of America was and will be symbolized by mass motion and mass courage; but when the situation is such as not to produce these mass currents, the responsibility for patriotism—a very high and historic responsibility—falls upon the shoulders of a few. Thus, in time to come, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg will be a part of the living and honored tradition of America, not the mean and craven Judge Irving Kaufman who acted as their executioner. If there was only here and there a lonely example of such courage and nobility as the Rosenbergs displayed, then one could have little hope and less respect for the American people; but there have been literally thousands who displayed, to one degree or another, the superb courage of the Rosenbergs, and out of these thousands came the giants like Nelson—even as the thousands came out of the body-whole of the population.

*The Thirteenth Juror* tells the story of the contest between Steve Nelson and Judge Montgomery of Pittsburgh, between those gathered around Nelson for his defense, Art Shields, Herbert Aptheker, Pat Cush, Ben Careathers, Margaret Nelson and those who gathered around Montgomery for the prosecution, Musmanno, Cercone, Cvetic, Crouch. On the

one hand, Nelson, anti-fascist soldier and Communist, stands with a great journalist, a noted historian and scholar, an old labor leader, a Communist trade-unionist and organizer, and a brave mother and companion; on the other hand, Montgomery, political hack and traducer of justice, stands with a notorious fascist and former admirer of Mussolini, the nephew of this fascist, a craven and stupid political appointee, with a psychopathic liar and professional informer, and lastly Crouch, professional informer. Thus, the contest, and thus, symbolically, the two Americas that exist within this body whole known as the United States.

The contest is also a battle between honor, courage and integrity on the one hand and dishonor, cowardice and perversion of all decency on the other hand. As to which of these will win, there can be little doubt. All of life and all of the future stands with the Steve Nelsons, and in good time, millions of Americans will come to know this and take their place by his side. And as for Montgomery, Musmanno, Cercone—they too will be remembered, but only as the shameful and craven creatures who obeyed the orders of the iron and munition lords of Pittsburgh and framed and convicted a great man.

One more word must be said of the fine job Steve Nelson does of exposing another part of the shameful and rotten prison system that exists in



the United States—a system which in the land of plenty reduces men to starvation, denies them medical care, and—being an integral part of the “free world”—subjects them to such mental and physical torture as would shame the keeper of a medieval dungeon. If you have been puzzled about the rash of prison riots breaking out everywhere in the country, this book will provide your answer. I also profoundly hope that it will provide a death blow to that unspeakable cancer on the body of the State of Pennsylvania—Blawnox Workhouse.

HOWARD FAST

### **Scholar as Hero**

THE SEARCHING LIGHT, by Martha Dodd. Citadel Press. \$3.

THE SEARCHING LIGHT is not only a good book. It is also something even rarer today—a good novel. That is to say, despite its somewhat misleading title it centers, not about a thesis, but about a group of people in their relations to each other and the world around them.

The great classic novels of Fielding, Austen, Dickens and Eliot as well as those of Balzac, Turgenev and Tolstoy, may all be defined in this way, and so too may the best of Twain and London and Dreiser. Stressing this essential concern of the novel with personal relations,

Ralph Fox said that the initial decline of the novel was signaled by de Goncourt's “thinking in terms of writing a novel about the stage, about a hospital, about prostitution, rather than about people” and that despite his many extraordinary and vital achievements Zola continued the process “with novels on war, on money, on prostitution, on the Paris markets, on alcoholism, and so on.”

This does not mean that the classic novelists were unconcerned with the fundamental problems of their times. But it does mean that, as writers, they approached those problems through their concrete concern with the lives, the characters, and the actions, of particular people.

Similarly in Martha Dodd's novel we are immediately caught up by the author's strong emotional relationship with her hero, John Minot, the almost sixty-year-old chairman of a college English department, whom we find a securely planted and growing part of a fairly well populated three dimensional world. His wife Julia, whom we like and intensely dislike by turns, much as we would were she a neighbor or a sister-in-law, his artist daughter, his father, and the ten or twelve colleagues and friends who appear as distinct personalities, all soon become very real and familiar to us.

There is also always strongly present the vivid physical reality of the natural world, which enriches so

many English novels but surprisingly few American ones. From the opening paragraphs setting Minot's farm and home against the wild clash of autumn color on the high Appalachians and the gentler foliage of asp, walnut, birch and fruit tree in his valley, we are never unconscious of the changing procession of the seasons with their varying odors, tastes, sounds and tactile sensations as well as sights.

Of course these descriptions are not set pieces, provided simply because of the author's delight in natural beauty. They give us an integral part of the atmosphere in which Minot moves. His constant awareness of this countryside colors his entire life; their shared appreciation is an important part of the strong but complicated relationship between him and his wife; and our own participation in it prepares us to grasp more fully the emotion of such a moment as the one in which Julia, planting gladiola bulbs after a heart attack, "looked around at the wine-red earth of the pleasant garden, warming itself like a sleeping animal in the sun, at the lovely house whose very existence was made possible by her patient work and ambition, and as her swarming anxieties darkened her mood she could think of only one thing: the fanatic and stubborn integrity of her husband which stood like a threatening shadow over their lives, ——."

We soon realize that in a similarly unobtrusive fashion the author has used Minot's mental and spiritual vision to define the horizon of the world which she presents.

The central action of the novel is the year-long struggle which he and his colleagues wage against the Regents' attempt to impose a "loyalty oath" on Penfield University. In varying terms of militancy and understanding almost all the four hundred men and women on the faculty oppose the oath at first, but little more than half that number can see any relation between such an invasion of academic freedom and the Regents' "compromise" request that they adopt a resolution condemning "Communism in education" and, by implication, the employment of Communists.

Even as seen through the eyes of the professors, the struggle on the campus is, of course, not completely isolated from that going on in the outside world. Professor Cardoza, Jewish chairman of the physics department, and his Scotch wife, Margaret, a psychology professor, immediately see the relation between the Regents' attack and the whole war program; the refugee Italian art historian, Origano, sees in it a beginning of the overt violence of fascism; Professor Wilder, a young man in Minot's English department, relates it to the basic struggles in which his own father, a miner and labor

organizer, has spent his life; Minot himself sees it in terms of Milton's fight for freedom of conscience and Jefferson's opposition to the Alien and Sedition Laws. Some of his colleagues are most shocked by the threat to tenure, the insult of implied distrust, or the invasion of long established prerogatives. These and many other viewpoints are neither static nor insulated. They affect each other, and are slowly affected by the pressure of admitted or unadmitted fears, prejudices and needs.

After lines are hastily drawn up to meet the first attack there are several convincing surprises in store for us. Some men find unsuspected reserves of strength with which to rise to the emergency and others, less happily, find effective means to evade it. But in none of these developments does the author irritate us by the unfair complacency of concealed knowledge. Again like the classic English novelists, she writes as though she were conducting a laboratory experiment to test a live hypothesis, not as though she were drawing a diagram to demonstrate an already ascertained truth.

The same kind of genuine suspense accompanies her observation of the actual campaign as its strategy on both sides unfolds. There are, naturally, important differences of opinion as to tactics among the six or eight who, with Minot, Wilder and the Cardozas, assume the task of or-

ganizing resistance to the Regents. Some of these are immediately recognizable as unconscious rationalizations, but most of them are quite honest and demand respectful consideration.

Of course many of us, including no doubt the author, have had enough relevant experience to reach our own conclusions as to who is right or wrong in certain specific arguments before we see the way in which matters work out at Penfield. But again we have no feeling of a cut and dried solution smugly held in abeyance, and watch with a lively curiosity to see who will here be proven correct in practice. A good example of such a genuine disagreement is the one which arises when Minot reads a short statement he is preparing for publication by the "Committee of Non-Signers."

"It's good," Wilder said with hesitation. "But I think we should enlarge it a bit, tie it in with the war hysteria and the other repressions in the country. Professors tend to have a distorted picture of their role and use their isolation to escape responsibility. If we don't broaden out and hang together we'll all hang singly!"

Minot shook his head while Wilder was speaking though he didn't interrupt him. "There you're at it again," he said in an impatient voice when Wilder had finished. "In the first place we have to present this for

approval to the hundred odd non-signers on our committee and we must try to get a program they'll all agree to. Secondly, the struggle must not appear so broad as to obliterate the outline of the Penfield situation. The issue of academic freedom must be paramount."

"You could do it in a phrase or two, Professor Minot; I didn't mean that it should be out of proportion. I think we should ask for more than we expect to get and then we can start cutting it."

"That's a form of bargaining. I don't think it's necessary or desirable among colleagues." Wilder looked at him curiously but said nothing. Minot resumed after a moment's silence, "Well, I'll see what the others think. I'm inclined to believe that in the end it's a personal matter for every American, a matter of private conscience."

"You don't really mean that, Dad!" Lucy laughed in disbelief. "That's Curry's position, isn't it?" Her father glanced at her coldly and without replying went to the telephone.

Some time later, Wilder felt, as he had often felt in his three years at Penfield, that Minot's blend of individualism, naivete and idealism was as exasperating as it was attractive. It was not only inconsistent with his recent growing understanding but also curiously anachronistic: a lonely man locked in struggle with his own conscience.

The evocation of this lively curiosity as to the event is so clearly a part of the author's purpose that a reviewer has no right to destroy the reader's suspense by giving away the resolution of either the intimate personal conflict between Minot and his wife, or that of the important central action to which it is essentially related. Both are well prepared, probable and enlightening, and we care about both primarily because we have come to care for the people involved. That their situation is one in which we can easily imagine ourselves is not irrelevant—it is, in fact, one reason why we do care about them—but they and their world have an existence of their own.

There is one serious flaw in the solidity of this world, and that is the author's consistent refusal to bring any of her mass scenes on stage.

We are told the results of at least three important faculty meetings, two of them probably attended by close to four hundred faculty members but the largest number we ever see at one time are the dozen or so professors and assistant professors present at the last departmental meeting at which Minot presides. In fact so far as our first hand knowledge goes, the campus is entirely populated by beings of this exalted rank, although we occasionally hear passing references to non-tenure instructors and even graduate assistants.



A similar but even more important vacuum is created by the almost complete absence of any student body whatever. We hear vaguely of a single student demonstration and catch a meagre glimpse of one English class, and we do finally see something of an important commencement exercise, but we only meet, very briefly, two students, and the general impression is entirely that of a campus between terms.

This failure adequately to populate Penfield makes Minot who is vividly realized as farmer, administrator and student as well as father, husband and son, a shadowy figure in his major occupation as teacher, and prevents his verbally expressed concern for education from achieving the reality of his well presented concern for intellectual independence and scholarship. It also leaves palpably incomplete our sense of the pressures under which he and his colleagues are carrying on the routine business of their daily work and learning to make their difficult new decisions.

This involuntary omission is the more regrettable in that it may, for some readers, blur the wisdom of Miss Dodd's deliberate exclusion of all the exciting contemporary events which, although closely related to her characters' situation, form no real part of their consciousness and therefore play no explicit part in her novel.

The only other criticism (in the customary sense) which should, perhaps be noted, is a certain stiffness of language whenever the author finds it necessary to describe people rather than to present them in dialogue. But the effect is certainly not marked enough to weaken the impact of her present novel, or even to mar the pleasure of reading it, and is only worth noting in anticipation of her next one.

For although we today must welcome any book that deals intelligently and honestly with the troubled world in which we live there is, I think, a special need for more good novels of contemporary life. These are, as George Eliot said just a hundred years ago, "a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot" and instead of depending on "a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity" can surprise "even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment." All the more, of course, can they deepen the understanding and strengthen the determination of those who are neither trivial nor selfish, and who already know that nothing which is happening in the world about us is truly apart from themselves.

ANNETTE RUBINSTEIN

# Letter

Editors, *M & M*:

In my article, "The World of Science Fiction," as printed, a number of pages were left out for lack of space. I feel that one of the ideas in the omitted section was important enough to be summarized here. [Mr. Finkelstein's article appeared in our April issue.—*Eds.*]

In the article, I spoke of the contempt for the common people expressed or implied in the science-fiction visions of a hygienic, chromium-plated, scientist-run "future" in which the masses of people are simply cogs in the wheels of a machine-society. It is also often implied that this ghastly future is "socialism."

It is worth noting how differently the concept of the relations between science, the scientist, and the common people, operates in socialism as it exists today. As early as 1935 Stalin wrote:

"The cultural and technical level of the working class has become high enough to undermine the basis of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor. . . . In reality the

elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor can be brought about only by raising the cultural and technical level of the working class to the level of engineers and technical workers. It would be absurd to think that this was unfeasible."

Thus in a few sentences Stalin offers a vision of a kind of future that makes most of the "future worlds" of science fiction seem ridiculous. It is of a social life in which science, art and philosophy become the common possession of people instead of the province of an educated few. And he is able to make this prediction because the groundwork has already been laid, and this is something already coming into being. What great strides have been made was seen a few years ago, in the discussion of Lysenko's theories of agro-biology, in which tens of thousands of people took part, and the collective farms themselves became laboratories in which the new ideas were worked out.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

*For your permanent library—*

# WOMEN AGAINST SLAVERY

**By SAMUEL SILLEN**

This new M&M book, scheduled for publication this month, includes sketches of sixteen outstanding American women who made notable contributions in the struggle against slavery. Written by the author of *Walt Whitman: Poet of American Democracy*, the new volume includes sketches of Prudence Crandall, Lucretia Mott, Maria Weston Chapman, Sarah and Angelina Grimke, Sojourner Truth, Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Tubman, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Jane Swisshelm, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frances E. W. Harper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Sarah P. Remond, and Ernestine L. Rose.

*Paper \$ .75; Cloth \$1.50*

*At All Bookstores*

**MASSES & MAINSTREAM, 832 Broadway, New York 3**

---

# THE THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

**By MAURICE CORNFORTH**

This new INTERNATIONAL title is written not for the professional philosopher but the layman, the worker, student, or housewife who seeks a better understanding of the field of human knowledge, the rise and growth of human consciousness. Answers the questions: How does man know things? What is thought? Can animals think? Can man have absolute knowledge? What is truth?

*Paper \$1.50; Cloth \$2.50*

**New Century Publishers • 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.**



*JUST PUBLISHED—*

# **THE 13th JUROR**

## **THE INSIDE STORY OF MY TRIAL**

*By* **STEVE NELSON**

This sensational and dramatic revelation by the Communist leader, Steve Nelson, brings to America the gripping personal story of an American fighting a frame-up against the staggering odds of a conspiracy involving the Steel and Coal trusts, the government, the courts, and a stable of stoolpigeons and informers. In it, the author, now under a heavy prison sentence, points the finger of accusation at the government's secret weapon—its 13th juror, *fear!*—sitting in the jurybox, terrorizing and compelling the built-in verdict of “guilty” by the other twelve jurors.

It is the story of Nelson's solitary confinement in “the Hole” at dreaded Blawnox penitentiary, the role of the rabid, Red-hunting judge Musmanno of Pittsburgh, his efforts to find a single lawyer in all Pittsburgh with the courage to undertake his defense, the accident which hospitalized him and the attempt to murder him in his hospital cot, his trial and sentence, and entire chain of events up to the present day.

The author of *The Volunteers*, which dealt with the fight against fascism in Spain, has now written a powerful book about his heroic fight against reaction in the U.S.A. It vitally and intimately concerns every American. Send in your advance order today.

*Popular edition \$1.50; cloth \$2.50*

**MASSES & MAINSTREAM • 832 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.**