MASSES & MAINSTREAM

The Meaning of the TITO AGREEMENT

MILTON HOWARD

A COMMUNIST AT CORNELL

SIMON W. GERSON

JOHN SLOAN'S FIGHT FOR REALISM

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

Delinquent in Danbury WILLIAM L. PATTERSON

Speech to the Court WALTER LOWENFELS

JULY, 1955 *35 cents*

Vol. 8, No. 7

MASSES & *Mainstream*

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

July, 1955

PRINTED IN U.S.A. 209

Editorials

IN RECENT months we have been hearing more and more about the shortage of scientific manpower in this country. And it is indeed a sad truth that in our nation, which justly prides itself on technical know-how, the supply of trained scientists is lagging seriously. "Study of Science Falling Sharply," reads a typical headline (New York *Times,* June 19, 1955).

The startling story can be told in statistics:

Last month the colleges graduated 57% fewer men and women with licenses to teach science than five years ago. The number of graduates with mathematics certificates declined 51%.

In the five-year period ending 1957, the number of B.S. graduates will fall 30% short of the previous five-year period.

Since 1900, the number of high school students studying algebra has dropped from 56% to 24.6%. The same period saw a drop in geometry students from 27.4% to 11.6% and of physics students from 19 to 4.5%.

Only half the nation's high schools offer chemistry courses; only 47% have a course in physics.

"For want of a few thousand competent new science teachers each year, science instruction in our schools must either be curtailed or become such a caricature of teaching as to bore or repel promising students," writes Prof. Fletcher G. Watson of the Harvard School of Education ("A Crisis in Science Teaching," *Scientific American,* Feb., 1954).

"The staggering deficiency in scientists and engineers that confronts us will spell disaster to the American people unless we take action at once," warns the executive director of the Scientific Manpower Commission, Dr. Howard A. Meyerhoff.

Awareness of this problem has of course grown with the cold war, and the warning of "disaster" is generally coupled with harangues about preparations for war and the "threat" of Soviet advances in science and technology. The military establishment has been clamoring for more A-bomb experts, more jet-specialists, etc. Official concern has been expressed not for creative science, but for engines of destruction.

But the fact is that it is in the cold war period that the source of scientific supply has been shrinking most drastically.

How account for this? Explanations offered by the experts do not seem

especially profound to a layman. Dr. Meyerhoff, for instance, blames a "soft" educational policy which discourages students from taking "hard" subjects—too much "bananas and cream," says John F. Latimer of George Washington University. It is argued that there's too much democracy in education: we "cater" to too many students.

Easy enough to blame the teachers and students (favorite whipping boys always), but the trouble lies elsewhere.

The powers-that-be in Washington talk a great deal about encouraging scientific pursuits, but they have not missed out on many tricks to discourage them. Consider the National Science Foundation. This was set up by Congressional act in 1950 (year of the thought-control McCarran Act); its stated purpose was "to develop and encourage the pursuit of a national policy for the promotion of basic research and education in the sciences." But its support has been "piddling, grudging and spartan," notes Lawrence P. Lessing, an editor of *Scientific American* (issue of March, 1954).

"Before the NSF could be born," writes Mr. Lessing, "the outbreak of the Korean war, focussing Washington's attention on appropriations for military hardware, almost killed it in the womb." And the reason for the meager appropriations granted this agency for promoting basic research and scientific education: "It is not an agency for the development or engineering of new weapons; the military has budgets for this running to some $1.5 billion this year."

Similarly with the universities, where most of the Federal research appropriations have gone for military projects to the neglect of fundamental studies. "Many scientists have been pulled by this magnet into short-range, short-sighted work on 'practical' problems," observes Mr. Lessing. "This subversion of the universities, which by tradition are the fountainheads of long-range, fundamental science, has so frightened many scientists and educators that the NSF is launching an extensive study of its effects on the standards, aims and operations of U.S. higher education."

THE medieval "security" regulations, loyalty oaths, thought-tests—the whole apparatus of McCarthyism—has dealt a heavy blow to scientific work. The scientist has become practically a "subversive" by definition, a probable spy. The attitude that scientific workers are "eggheads," the cultivation of hostility toward intellectuals, is hardly calculated to spur young people to enter a course of scientific studies. And where's the money in it,

yway? asks the young person infected by the official morality.

As Dr. Detley W. Bronk, Rockefeller Institute head and president the National Academy of Sciences, has pointed out, "exploitation of fear d misunderstanding by those who seek selfish or unwholesome ends is eating an environment unsuitable for the furtherance of science."

And how is science furthered by denying passports to scientists, preenting them from attending international gatherings of scientists, and rowing up every kind of obstacle to the exchange of ideas? Let us recall lbert Einstein's words on this: "The free, unhampered exchange of ideas d scientific conclusions is necessary for the sound development of science it is in all spheres of cultural life. In my opinion, there can be no ubt that the intervention of political authorities in this country in the e exchange of knowledge between individuals has already had significantly maging results. First of all the damage is to be seen in the field of scitific work proper, and, after a while, it will become evident in technology d industrial production."

Marxism has frequently noted the contradictory attitude of capitalism ward science. Even when capitalism helped in the enormous upsurge modern science it feared the scientific habit of mind especially in the cial sciences, and as monopoly developed, this contradictory feeling about ience became even more acute. Monopoly seeks science to help it cut sts and increase profit; but at the same time it fears the effects of science existing investment and sees a danger in the growing gap between normously increased productivity and the inexorably lagging market. The old War delusions have intensified these tendencies . The truth-seeking bit of science, its objectivity and insistence on judging all things acrding to evidence, clashes with the entire atmosphere of the "anti-ommunist" witch-hunt.

The ravages and absurdities of the "security" delusions imposed by ilitarists and thought-controllers are cited in a *Saturday Review* editorial June 4). The writer comments wryly: "One might think that our governent would be very anxious for her scientists to visit the Soviet Union. . . Americans have learned a great deal about Soviet science by talking to lleagues of other nationalities who have visited the Soviet Union in recent ars. Might they not learn even more about Soviet science were they to sit there personally?"

Yet, the *Saturday Review* writer notes, repeated invitations to American ientists to exchange views with Soviet scientists have been grimly vetoed

in Washington on the assumption, universally known to our scientists to be laughable, that we know more in all fields and that the exchange would go only one way. One of America's most talented physicists "knew that he could not tell the Soviet scientists anything concerning atom bombs which they didn't already know," but the government was too frightened to let him engage in that "right to knowledge and man's free use thereof" of which President Eisenhower spoke so rapturously at the recent Columbia University tercentenary.

It is, one must conclude, not fear that we will lose some non-existent "secrets," but fear rather that the country will lose its artificially-induced fear of the Soviet people, and that cultural interchange will dispel the fogs of misunderstanding and strengthen peace. It is alarming that our country's scientific research should be hampered and endangered by such know nothingism as is enforced by the Cold Warriors. America's science should be in the forefront. For this we need democracy, not McCarthyism, peaceful coexistence not the delusions of "inevitable war."

* * *

A BLISTERING attack on "the blacklist racket" that flourishes in the TV industry was levelled last month by N. Y. *Herald-Tribune* columnist John Crosby. Hitting out at "the viciously un-American practice of blacklisting actors," the influential columnist bitterly condemned those sponsors and networks that "have cravenly given in and hired only actors 'approved' by this little wolf pack of vigilantes."

Crosby's hard-hitting comment, which shook up the industry, was occasioned by the recent resolution against blacklisting passed by the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), the union of TV and radio performers. The resolution was aimed at AWARE, Inc. which Crosby accurately describes as "an organization that has set itself up as the arbiter of who shall or shall not work on the air." The AWARE outfit is trying to reverse the resolution through a referendum of the union's 5,000 members.

"I devoutly hope the membership upholds the resolutions condemning AWARE," says Crosby. "Secret police don't belong in this country."

Crosby credits some sponsors with telling the blacklisters to go chase themselves, but he also cites as one of the worst offenders the Borden Company (sponsors of "Justice") which dropped a stand-in for the star because he had the same name as a blacklisted actor. All the networks but NBC "have knuckled under," writes Crosby.

"Actors have been blacklisted for having appeared in Arthur Miller's ys—as if Mr. Miller's politics had anything to do with their working not. Actors have been blacklisted for having worked at the Phoenix eater, which is supposed to have some Left-wingers around. And actors e been blacklisted for nothing at all—and have been unable to find t what the trouble is."

The blacklists run into the dozens, and the closest thing to a master list in the hands of one of the largest advertising agencies, Crosby points out.

In his recoil against blacklisting the *Herald-Tribune* columnist is voic- the interest not only of workers in the entertainment industry but of e whole public. It's a welcome sign of the new atmosphere.

The un-American blacklist racket was made possible by the anti- mmunist hysteria. The AWARE vigilantes can thrive only if the myth rsists that it's all right to have a blacklist as long as it's confined to Com- nists. There is only one democratic test as to whether an artist should rform for TV or in the movies, or write for TV and the movies, and at is his talent and not whether he marched in a May Day parade or ned a political party, which anybody should have a perfect right to do der our Constitution.

More and more people are bound to understand the great service to the untry done by the Hollywood Nine when they fought for this principle d went to jail rather than surrender it. John Crosby says that blacklisting as simmered down quite a lot in the motion-picture industry," but that not the case. At any rate, a little blacklisting is a dangerous thing. The ole evil institution will have to go before we're rid of "secret police."

(P.S. As we go to press, the good news arrives that in AFTRA's mem- rship referendum, a heavy majority voted to denounce AWARE and its cklisting activities.)

* * *

THE editors of the weekly *Nation* commemorated the publication's 90th birthday with a special issue devoted to the far-reaching questions pre- ted by the fact that the United States is on the threshold, it would seem, a vast new industrial development—industry powered by the unleashed ergy of the atom. The *Nation* thus indicates again the value to the coun- of that kind of democratic liberalism which considers it as its duty to sent serious thinking on the big questions of social progress.

For, as editor Freda Kirchwey writes in her keynote statement of the issue, America faces truly enormous social changes in the next half of the century which pantingly eager multi-millionaires at the end of World War II conceived of as "the American Century" but which clearly is turning out to be—fortunately for the American nation—something quite different something looking more like the century of the liberation of Asia, the consolidation of Socialism in a number of major countries, and the achievement of the idea of the peaceful co-existence of states with different social systems.

Miss Kirchwey notes with a certain irony that her predecessors in the 19th century on the *Nation,* committed to the illusions of the "economic freedom" of unbridled capitalism, were quite futile against the rise of the powerful Robber Barons who as they rode the train of the nation's industrial expansion looted and corrupted it. She notes with equal objectivity that the *Nation* in those days was equally unsympathetic—and futile—against the rise of the counter movements of the people, the agrarian revolts, the rise of trade unions, etc.

It is a tribute to the liberalism of the *Nation* in these latter days that it grasped much better the crucial currents of the time. It never became the unquestioning dupe of the Cold Warriors who replaced the Roosevelt Grand Design of a post-war system of coexistence between capitalism and Socialism with the hideously perilous dreams of "containment" to be followed by atomic "liberation."

The *Nation* paid a price for this courageous refusal to follow so many other persons and groups who in the name of liberalism and freedom were ready to turn America's fate over to the red-baiters, the "loyalty" inquisitions, the political police of the FBI as part of the necessary prelude to "the inevitable war with Communism." What contemptuous insults were heaped upon the *Nation* by the host of professional "anti-Communists" all up and down the lot! Special sharpshooters were assigned to the job, and many an ex-Communist and ex-liberal found it profitable to engage in this sport.

But the *Nation* in the decade since 1945 proved that in refusing to join the war-hungry ones waving the flags of a McCarthyite "anti-Communism" it was indeed far more securely based on the American national interest than the Professor Hooks, the James Burnhams, the New Leaderites. For the present world situation is not favorable to these dreamers of "anti-Communist" war. The American people, along with the world peace forces willed it otherwise. We have our differences of course with the *Nation* which is as it should be. But we are happy to add our good wishes to the *Nation* and its staff which courageously showed that the traditions of anti-fascist, anti-war liberalism are far from finished.

Notes on the Belgrade Agreement

By MILTON HOWARD

THE Senators may have been sympathetic. But a feeling of boredom made itself felt at the same time. Senator Joe McCarthy, the fast-mounting Caesar who had hit with such ruthless skill on the gold-mine of the national "Communist Spy" forgeries, was whining helplessly on the Senate floor.

"The Administration has now genuinely enhanced what heretofore has been 'a mere propaganda slogan—the theory that peaceful coexistence is possible.' . . . McCarthy contended that the West could only lose at the Big Four Conference." (New York *Times,* June 17.)

With a combination of threat and whimper, the frustrated Caesar turned even to his buddy Senator William Knowland of California in an anguish of disillusion. "You will be sorry for what you said here today, Bill," he cried. For even the war-hungry Knowland could no longer dare to splutter his usual snarling at the idea of a Big Power negotiation to ease the tensions of the world. Knowland also had taken a sounding of the national sentiment. He had also read the "let us have negotiations and peace" speeches which gave Anthony Eden his victory several weeks ago. A man who dreams of the White House cannot risk the label of war-monger. It doesn't pay as well as it used to, to yap for war against communism. The would-be adventurer of atomic war must dissemble more.

BESIDES, a sense of shock is noticeable. The men who hug the atomic bombs and who saw endless military preparations as the paradise that would solve all economic issues are just as eager, but feel the ground under them growing unsteady. There was the shock of the Austrian Treaty. There is the grim fear that Adenauer will not be able to deliver the revived German battalions as per schedule; the Moscow invitation to Adenauer shook Germany from stem to stern, opening up the prospect of new European developments which the experts in the State Department, the nouveaux

riches of world diplomacy, had figured they could wipe out with a couple of billion dollars. There was the shock of discovery that the atom monopoly is gone forever, that Soviet science is surpassing the "loyalty"-ridden Army labs in the matter of the H-bomb and inter-continental jets even while the Soviet leaders press with unwearying insistence for the outlawing of all atomic weapons under a world system of remorseless inspection. For who in the State Department can figure out how to reconcile the official claim that only lack of proper UN inspection keeps us from destroying our atomic weapons with the equally fervid clamor that the atomic bomb must remain the permanent basis of American policy since its possession alone keeps us all from the chains of "socialist slavery"?

And then, of course, there was the shock of Khrushchev's and Bulganin's mission to Tito and Yugoslavia.

IT IS ONLY fair to say that the shock, though of a different character, was not confined to the circles of the Right. From the angle of vision of the Right, the event was a disaster. The billion or so spent to bribe, hire, or lure the Tito government into the trap of the Pentagon planners had clearly been a waste of time and money. The dreams of Pentagon bombers based in Yugoslavia so near to the Ploesti oil fields of Romania were plainly not in the cards. The joint statement issued by Tito and Bulganin was jolting in its impact, for it resounded with Belgrade's vigorous agreement with Moscow that there must be no German rearmament within any system of military blocs, there must be the seating of People's China in the UN, and the abolition of atomic war. Even worse, the Yugoslav leaders placed their authority fully behind the Soviet doctrine that "the policy of military blocs increases international tension . . . and increases the danger of war." But is not the doctrine of the "inevitable necessity of blocs for defense" the very heart of Washington's present foreign policy, resting on the dying hoax of "Soviet aggression"?

If Europe becomes infested with the Bulganin-Tito declaration's hostility to "military blocs," can the final collapse of the atomic diplomacy be far behind? Will it be possible then to prevent that East-West trade in which the West can find its most powerful cushion against economic crisis and overproduction? The horror of a major easing of world tension thus loomed as a dismayingly imminent possibility. For in the above-quoted McCarthy confession it is clear that the fomenters of an American atomic disaster can face only defeat of one kind or another the minute real negotiation

eplaces the rush to provocation and atomic massacre. The very principle f negotiation is anathema to these enemies of the American national nterest; but their defeat is America's victory, as their victory would spell merica's limitless tragedy.

IF THE Khrushchev-Tito negotiations meant so much to the strengthening of peace, to the closing off of a major area of possible war provocation, t also meant a good deal to the Left, to progressives and to Marxists. The levelopments showed:

—That the break between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union and People's Democracies was exceedingly harmful to both sides and the cause of peace.

—That this break was not necessary or inevitable.

—That the grave accusations against Tito and the Yugoslav Communist League which he headed were without foundation, and based on what the Soviet leaders estimate were fabrications in which the conspiratorial network of Beria had a large part.

Other new realities came to light, and in fact, had been developing for some time as the world situation was being altered in favor of the forces seeking peace. One of these—and a major one—was that the political estimate with regard to social developments in Tito's Yugoslavia proved to be wrong. This was the estimate that the social policies advocated within Yugoslavia by Tito and his co-workers with reference to the peasant question, forms of working class power, etc. must inevitably lead Yugoslavia back to capitalism and, as a result, into the status of a satellite of London and/or Wall Street.

THIS did not happen. What did happen instead—and facts take priority over dogmas or preconceptions—was stated by Khrushchev after his visit:

"We have spoken with the workers and saw that despite the difficulties experienced by Yugoslavia as a result of the disturbances of relations between our countries, Yugoslavia has not sacrificed its sovereignty and has completely preserved its national independence in the face of the imperialist camp."

With regard to Yugoslavia's internal development, the earlier estimate of an inevitable degeneration toward capitalism, following the differences with the other Communist Party leaderships, was replaced, in accordance with reality, with this judgement:

"In Yugoslavia, there is public ownership of heavy and medium industry and of transportation. The banking and credit system is also in the hands of the state. Also the former foreign property has been nationalized. The private sector of Yugoslavia industry and trade (handicraft production and small trade) consists of less than 10 per cent." (V. Mayevsky in *Pravda,* June 6).

Clearly, we had been prevented from seeing these realities by a screen of misjudgments arising out of the initial error, that is, the unnecessary and harmful rupture. We were badly misinformed, then and subsequently, and so, it turns out, were the Soviet leaders who have not feared to admit it.

In its sober and searching estimate of the new realities and the new situation, *Pravda* had this to say:

"It should be noted finally that the two governments are in agreement to support and assist the cooperation of the social organizations of the two countries in the establishing of contacts, in exchanging Socialist experiences, proceeding through a free exchange of views. . . ."

Referring to the creation of a "durable base" for this new relationship, *Pravda* goes on:

"The importance of this fact evident to all cannot be underestimated. The complete normalization of relations between the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia has a great importance not only for the two countries but equally for the cause of world peace, for the cause of the international working class movement." (*June* 3, 1955).

And even further:

"All conditions exist for such cooperation; the friendship between the people of our two countries, the glorious traditions of their revolutionary movements, the necessary economic bases, the community of ideas in the struggle for peaceful prosperity and the happiness of humanity. . . .

"The clause written into the joint declaration according to which questions of internal structure, and the differences in the concrete forms in the development of socialism, concern exclusively the peoples of the different countries, will contribute to this consolidation."

THESE are indeed meaningful judgments in which it is not difficult to glimpse some of the actual contradictions and mistakes which led to the notorious 1949 events with their injurious aftermath. In an earlier editorial, *Pravda* (May 18) had written: "It is useless to deny, to be sure, that there exist between us different understandings on a series of im-

portant problems of social development." But the fact that, among other things, "social ownership prevails in the means of production" and the fact that "the workers of the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia have vital interests in common, the interests of the international working class and the common final aims of the working class . . . show that there exists a solid base for the close mutual cooperation between the Yugoslav and Soviet peoples."

Clearly, something has been added to the constantly evolving theories and practices of working class Socialist science relating to the relations of Socialist states, with the methods of debating and negotiating differences in the "concrete forms of the development of Socialism" as such states make a common front for peace and human betterment.

IT WOULD be idle to pretend that such a development has been a glib affair to be lightly and easily assimilated, as if it were routine for the vital and uncompromising judgments of one year to be utterly discarded for new ones. The very deepest elements of socialist science, of historical materialism, of socialist morality, no less than of the necessities of the peace struggle, are involved here. It is certainly not outside the bounds of possibility that other unfounded accusations may be brought to light, other injustices remedied. The search for truth cannot shrink from any possibility, however painful it may be.

One encounters the view that the new developments are merely negotiations on a state level alone, and that no questions of Marxist theory enter in, no alteration in the characterization of the Tito party in Yugoslavia. It is difficult to reconcile this opinion with the unequivocal views we have cited on the broader questions which go beyond state relationships. For as the earlier 1949 judgment on Tito and Yugoslavia developments did not remain static, the nature of Yugoslavia's social path could not remain static. The ouster of such men as Djilas from the Tito leadership on the issue of closer Yugoslav "cooperation" with the Pentagon—that is, of complete pro-war vassalage for Yugoslavia—would indicate that contradictions and struggles were not absent in Belgrade either.

THE VIEW that the necessities of the peace struggle are the sole basis for the new estimate of the Yugoslav leadership which will now exchange its "socialist experiences" with other socialist states also seems inadequate to the political realities. It seems to argue that the gigantic self-criticism of the Soviet leaders is a form of "necessary lie" rather than a necessary

and historically founded truth. But this, in our opinion, is to miscalculate the very basis of Marxist science and of socialist practice, both internally and on the diplomatic level. For the basis of these things is not some Machiavellian series of ruses or flatteries but objectively verifiable truth. The trend of thinking we are discussing seems to advocate what it calls self-criticism, but it is a self-criticism in which no mistakes are ever made. It is self-criticism without anything to criticize or correct.*

It is true that the error now being corrected was an enormous one, and a good deal of thinking is being done as to how it happened and how it can be prevented from being repeated. But, if all the details are not yet known, the process of handling the break and of the restoration of objective truth is a triumph of that objective morality serving human advance which is the hallmark of Marxist humanism.

We cannot follow those who conclude from this heroic act of self-criticism and self-correction that from here on "nothing can be believed," that relativism, or the doctrine "truth is an agreed-on convenience," has won. On the contrary, what has happened is a strengthening of the science of truth, and a deepening of our understanding of the contradictory, uneven, up-and-down course of history and the struggle of classes. It is only a straight-line and idealized view of the actual course of history which has been weakened, not the scientific view. The test of truth must be the actual, real social development outside our wishes, prejudices, or dogmatic illusions. This goes for everybody, and for the Marxists of all countries. The free exchange of views, the clash of ideas are not mere gestures; they are objective necessities. They grow out of our constantly changing study of that which is new and growing, on our liberating aspiration for peace and socialist humanism. If there is gloom in the citadels of "Project X" deceit and war-conspiracy, if Dulles stutters and McCarthy whines, it is because truth has won a major victory for all men of good will.

---

* One of the leaders of the French Communist Party, Etienne Fajon, in *L'Humanité*, June 8, notes the meaning of the Belgrade events as strengthening the Socialist principle "of the free determination of the working class of each country, with its own party, of the conditions of its advance . . . one of the principles familiar to all Communists." When the Communist Information Bureau was set up in 1947, he adds, "it carefully limited its task to 'organize the exchange of experiences and if necessary to coordinate the activities of the Communist parties on the basis of free consent.'" The 1948 criticism was "wholly normal criticism"; but the second resolution of the Bureau—that of 1949—was "false and inadmissible because it rested on false documents forged by Beria, and because it did not conform to the principle of non-interference in the internal affairs of each Communist party. . . . The responsibility of the member parties of the Information Bureau in the rupture with the Yugoslavia Communists consists precisely in their having swerved from this principle."

A Poet Speaks to the Court

By WALTER LOWENFELS

The following statement by Walter Lowenfels was read to the court as he was sentenced to two years in prison for the "crime" of having thoughts slanderously defined by the government as "conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence."

The sentencing of Lowenfels and his colleagues in Philadelphia was quickly followed in Denver, Colorado, by heavy sentences against Smith Act victims there, with five and four year terms predominating. Thus, the brutalities of the official witchhunt continue even as there is a widespread revulsion against the entire thought control tyranny of McCarthyism.

We are proud to print Lowenfels' statement as that of a true patriot whose innocence of the frame-up charge and whose contribution to his country will surely be vindicated. Lowenfels is now out on bail.—Editors.

WHEN the Prosecution wheeled out cartloads of books to introduce in our trial, I expected some of my own words to be included in the many quotations from Marx, Engels, Lenin, etc. used against us.

However, of the half million words that I have published in prose and verse during the past thirty years, not one was brought in as evidence to show that we are a "conspiracy to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence." This inability of the Prosecution to cite any word to support their case, from all my published work—in the *Daily Worker,* or in books of poetry—strikes me as an indictment of their case against all nine of us.

It might be said that the Administration did not put Lowenfels on trial as a poet, but only as a member of a so-called "Communist conspiracy," editor of the Pennsylvania edition of the *Daily Worker.*

Who would believe that a poet is a poet when he writes a poem on Monday, but not on Tuesday in the campaign to elect a decent city administration, and not on Wednesday, to obtain justice for a Negro falsely accused of murder?

People have a right to expect that poets shall be found wherever the common good is at stake. They have a right to expect more from poets than

from others, precisely because poets are workers in the field of double vision, showing us not only the rose that is here today and gone tomorrow, but the one that endures.

It is sometimes said nowadays that a poet should not take sides, should not speak as a member of a political party. But poets have always taken sides. They are, as Hazlitt observed, naturally on the people's side, and "stay with us while they are worth keeping."

Only last week, in the June 11th issue of the Baltimore Afro-American, Mr. Saunders Redding pointed out (in a review of my book, *Sonnets of Love and Liberty*): "Milton gave substance to the tradition of the political sonnet, as in 'To the Lord General Cromwell' . . . and Wordsworth, as in 'To Toussaint l'Ouverture.' . . ."

Indeed, from Dante and the Chinese master, Chu Yuan, who lived 300 B.C., to our Philip Freneau, Walt Whitman, Countee Cullen, and countless others, partisan poets are the backbone of my craft.

However, we do not by any means claim all the poets. A host of versifiers could be cited who deserted the people.

As for myself, I have never supported any cause but that of the people. Their goal of peace and brotherhood is my goal. I am not a poet despite my political convictions; rather it is my political convictions that are the final cement in my lifework as a poet.

IT IS not some abstract idea of freedom that the poets whose tradition we follow have spoken for. Questions of war and peace, life or death for millions, national salvation or national suicide—these are the issues at stake in the right to speak.

It is, I hold, resistance to tyranny that gives the true temper of any period and measures its lifeblood. To a world that has from the very beginning known the hard price of freedom, our land has for generations stood as a "torch, a flame, a Mother of Exiles." The poem of Emma Lazarus still spells it out on the Statue of Liberty:

> . . . "Give me your tired, your poor,
> your huddled masses yearning to breathe free . . ."

But was it ever a free gift? Isn't liberty, as Emerson said, constantly slipping from those who boast it to those who fight for it?

Now we are past the age of martyrdom. We are in the new era when the heritage of the world is to be enjoyed, not by a handful of privileged persons, but by all the people. This period we are going through in the United States is a painful hangover of an epoch that is already vanishing

—a time when people were jailed, or had to fight against jailing, for their eliefs.

The stoolpigeon, the informer, the agent provocateur, the H-Bomb sychotic—these can still hold forth on the front pages of the newspapers. ut the true America holds forth its hand to hundreds of millions of friends roughout the world. It speaks clearly in the music, poems, histories, novels, ictures, dances, and sagas of the great legion of free speakers who are speakg out in our own land today.

They are the voice of a resistance movement to suppression of thought nd speech. They speak, consciously or unconsciously, for the majority f our people, the working people of the United States, the nerve center and ackbone of our democratic vision. They are representative of the real Amerca—the true "Colossus of the North," and they are in a creative upsurge hich cannot be stopped.

There is nothing new in repression—it has been going on since Tiglathileser, Assyrian tyrant of 1100 B.C., ordered the jaw bones removed from oets who displeased him. What is eternally fresh is the *Divine Comedy* hat Dante wrote in exile, the poems of Shelley and Heine, Hugo, Garcia orca, (before Franco had him murdered), Brecht and Becher, poets of the German resistance, and all the great legion of the free speakers of the past ,000 years who could not be silenced.

I wish I could cite to this court an honor role of American poets, novelists, nd others in various intellectual fields, who have declared themselves for eaceful co-existence between nations and for the rights of Communists to xpress their ideas. I must, however, leave it to my fellow-writers, Carl Sandurg, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, and scores of others, to find heir own way to make their position for peace and freedom known to the orld.

Some, such as Howard Fast, Albert Maltz, Rockwell Kent, Clarence ickett and dozens of others have addressed themselves to the President or your Honor in my behalf.

THE late Albert Einstein wrote to my wife after my conviction last summer: "In my opinion nobody should be punished for his beliefs or mere tterances about his opinion."

This year, I myself received a note from Dr. Einstein. It was dated March 5th, three weeks before his death. It referred to my new book of poems, ne of which is dedicated to him. Coming from the intellectual leader of our eneration, I quote it in full:

"Dear Mr. Lowenfels:

I thank you very much for sending me your poems. It is a kind of salvation if one can find deep interest in something independent of our relations to our fellow men. So it was easier for you to bear what the present hysteria in public life did to you.

With kind wishes,

Yours sincerely,
Albert Einstein

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book," said Milton. How can the law prevent books from speaking? To keep my voice silent, wouldn't it be necessary to jail all my books? To destroy every poem I ever wrote? And not only my own books, but the works of all poets on the side of freedom. For they also speak for me, even though they do not mention my name.

Such a book burning took place in Germany during Hitler's time, but it is inconceivable in our country. Here, writers are put in jail while lip service is paid to "the freedom of the press" they are permitted in their books.

What is at stake in this court is not so much the jailing of a poet and his right to speak, but the right of people to read and to listen. This right the people will never give up.

I conclude: Poetry is my "crime"—the poems that go into and out of words, the poems of children laughing, of young men and women who know what tomorrow will bring—all these living poems that cannot be destroyed: the poetry of human endeavor, of people who ask only to live in peace and brotherhood, of man's destiny to triumph over all inhuman things; I speak here not for the poetry of a single poet, nor any group of thousands of poets, but the poetry of humanity entire.

John Sloan: American Painter

By SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

WHEN John Sloan died in 1951, at the age of eighty, there were the customary dull obituaries in the newspapers, prepared long in advance for this contingency. Little was said or done to make the country aware of the fact that one of its most important artists had passed away. The reason was not that an artist always works "above the head of the public," addressing some misty world of the unborn, and is "never appreciated in his own time." Such frequently heard statements only indicate what infantile myths prevail in art history today.

In the first two decades of the 20th century, John Sloan's paintings, drawings and etchings had created a considerable stir in the art world, and had been seen by tens of thousands of people. Then there were the more than fifty drawings and covers he did for *The Masses,* which certainly had an appreciative public.

What Sloan's career proves is that a powerfully realistic artist, while he offers no problem at all to the understanding, is apt to arouse violent class prejudices among wealthy art patrons and dilettantes, as well as among the academic art circles and critics who pander to such tastes. John Sloan was interested in society, not "society." He did not sell a single painting until 1913, when he was forty-two, and he made a living by doing picture-puzzles and commercial illustrations. The strength and originality of his work brought him a reputation but not an income.

In 1933, reactionaries, eager to prove that the W.P.A. art project was a "boondoggle," screamed that a "successful" artist, namely John Sloan, was being employed on it. Sloan offered to sell every work he had in his studio (some eight hundred pictures), plus everything he would do from then to his death, for a guaranteed weekly wage.

The truth is that John Sloan was let down not only by the academic art world, which he fought all his life, but, later in his life, by the very *avant-garde* which proclaimed its own defiance of the Academy, and which anounced that only the few,

namely it, could appreciate living genius. From the early 1930's to his death, Sloan was often respectfully mentioned as the "dean of American artists," and the "old master," but at the same time the younger artists and critics tended to look upon him as a has-been, even an esthetic enemy. For their tastes, he was somewhat too addicted to the human subject, painted with tenderness and recognizably human. "Illustrator" was the death-dealing word, implying a crime worse than murder.

SHORTLY before Sloan's death, there was a comprehensive show of his work at the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. A year after his death, a monograph appeared by Lloyd Goodrich, Associate Director of the museum, with an appreciative survey of his art. And now the first biography appears, written by Van Wyck Brooks.* It is a fine book, warmly written, with a glow of affection throughout for the artist, who was the author's friend. Thankfully, for these times, there is no noticeable tremor in the writer's hand when he takes up such matters as Sloan's deep-rooted belief in socialism, the fact that he was art editor of *The Masses,* and that he ran as Socialist candidate for the Assembly in 1908 and for a judgeship in 1914.

Like every biography, it reveals the personality not only of the subject but of the author, which in this case is liberal, social-minded, straightspoken, and warmhearted. And yet I think the author would concede that he has not approached a definitive work on Sloan. For the major documents in an artist's life are his art works, which demand a critical evaluation and this Brooks does not undertake. The trouble is not that Van Wyck Brooks is a literary critic rather than art critic. It is a virtue of the book that it avoids the pseudo-technical jargon which so often passes for art criticism these days, and (like the "new criticism" in poetry) acts as an effective barrier against the transmission of ideas. But aside from presenting a picture of the artist as a human being, and describing the general character of his art work, both of which Brooks does admirably, it is important to raise some basic questions. What was Sloan's contribution to American and world art? Was there anything unfulfilled about his art? For what are we indebted to him? What can we learn from him?

Lacking, first of all, is an adequate discussion of the United States art world as it was when Sloan came on the stage. It is not altogether true to say, as Brooks does of Sloan and the group that gathered about him, that "the first really significant movement in the development of a national art sprang from this group of

* JOHN SLOAN: A PAINTER'S LIFE, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton, $5.

iists, and especially from Sloan." odrich takes the same attitude: the opening years of this century nerican art was dominated by an demic idealism which ignored the lities of American life. . . . This nteel interlude was broken at the n of the century by a group of listic painters, Robert Henri, orge Luks, William Glackens, nn Sloan and Everett Shinn."

The story is very dramatic and citing when told this way, but it es a false impression, obscuring e roots of the movement which veloped about Sloan. There was st of all an earlier tradition of pular art portraying the American ne, including militant and critical litical cartoons, such as those of omas Nast. This is especially rth mention because practically of Sloan's group, except for enri, started or made a living as wspaper cartoonists and illustra-s. Secondly, there were, imme-tely preceding Sloan, at least two eat realistic painters, Winslow omer and Thomas Eakins, who ere anything but "genteel," and o ran foul of the academies.

Eakins, who is respectfully men-ned by Brooks but not discussed any detail, is especially important our subject. He was one of the emost portrait artists not only of e United States but of the world the late 19th century. And in this osen field, he defied the very citadel of entrenched genteel academic painting, the fashionable portrait. Selecting his own subjects, he made the portrait a means for the most penetrating study of human personality, and through this, a medium for the expression of his own deep, thoughtful view of life. Rejecting the attractions of impressionism, he developed a style of paint bent only towards the grasp of nature and the human subject as real, strong, solid and three-dimensional, revealing as well what may be called the "fourth dimension" of the "inner man."

In a number of profoundly realized individual and group portraits of scientists, Eakins emphasized the scientific view of life, with deep human feelings enlightened and directed by rational thought and knowledge. In his sporting scenes, notably of boxing, he opened the door to a democratic portrayal of the life and interests of the common people—the so-called "vulgar" subject. In his comparatively few years of teaching at the Academy in Philadelphia, he transformed art education there, defying the practice of training superficial illustrators and decorators, upholding before his pupils the principle of the integrity of art, and the full mastery of the tools necessary to reflect and portray real life.

Without Eakins it is impossible to imagine Sloan and his friends, Henri, Glackens and Shinn, developing so rapidly and sure of their path,

for they were Philadelphians, like Eakins, and knew and admired his work. Their teacher at the Academy was Thomas Anshutz, a pupil and close associate of Eakins, whose oil, "Steel Workers—Noontime," was perhaps the first solid and sympathetic painting of American factory workers.

Compared to both Homer and Eakins, Sloan added nothing new technically to the handling of paint. In fact his color was not as sensuous as Homer's at his best; his handling in paint of the portrait, and the individual human figure, was not as deep and monumental as Eakins'. For all the beauty of Sloan's painting, his black-and-white work, notably his etchings, are perhaps more uniformly strong and perfectly realized. In fact, he was not at all a brilliant painter, and the high place he holds in American art proves again the truth that artistic greatness and technical virtuosity are not synonymous. A painter of course must know how to paint, must have the skillful hands and sharpness of senses. But once this is granted, his greatness depends on the use to which he puts his talent —on the depth of his thought, the breadth of his social thinking, the views of life he holds.

SLOAN'S achievement was first of all that, coming to maturity in an age when United States capitalism was rapidly transforming itself into imperialism, he faced these changes boldly, and gave the people a new consciousness of their real existence and conditions of life. Winslow Homer, although a masterful realist, had avoided the cities, painting beautiful "close-up" pictures of nature in its intimate and unspectacular aspects, and strong portrayals of woodsmen, fisherfolk, and the Negro people of the South and the West Indies. Eakins had limited himself largely to the indoors, and the study of individual character. But Sloan turned to the life of the cities, where crucial transformations of the American people were taking place, with a working class made up of masses of immigrants turning the wheels of industry, and living in crowded slums.

It was the common people and the poor that he painted, as well as the streets and homes where they lived; tenements with windows only a few feet from passing elevated trains, the people sleeping on roofs or fire escapes in the summer heat, the women hanging laundry on backyard clotheslines, working girls walking arm in arm along Sixth Avenue or Washington Square, the garish displays of local drug stores and emporiums, the love of working men and women for each other and for their children, in cramped rooms with iron cots, lit by gas jets.

He drew and painted these people

th love and tenderness, not with naturalism of an aloof, slumming erver, but with the deep realistic ion that disclosed their humanity, ir kinship with all other human ngs, and in this way, their beauty. also captured perfectly the com- x relations of the people to their roundings, so that the rooms, eets, house fronts, and places in ich they ate and drank were, in a se, also their portraits.

Thus he enlarged the perceptions his onlookers. He also brought a w imagery to United States art ich has been much exploited since, nough often with an aloof, cold, rch for the merely picturesque, a cynical emphasis on squalor d degeneracy, alien to the spirit Sloan.

Also new in American art, and s is excellently treated by Brooks, that Sloan was one of a group of ists with similar aims, able to ch each other, and fight for each er's work. This group, led for a ile by the older, best-travelled mber, and most active teacher and nker about art, the ebullient Ro- t Henri, took shape in Philadel- a in the 1890's, where Sloan, s, Glackens and Shinn were rking on the Philadelphia *Inquirer* l *Press.* It solidified in New York er 1904, with other young men ng attracted to them, such as nn O. Coleman, George Bellows, ward Hooper, Rockwell Kent, Guy Pène du Bois, and William Gropper.

What bound them together was their hostility to the genteel Academic tradition, their devotion to realism, city life, and the poor. They differed considerably in styles of paint, social thought and politics. Yet coming together, even loosely, they were able to make an impact on American art that none of them could do singly.

In 1908 the five Philadelphians (Henri, Sloan, Luks, Glackens and Shinn), with the impressiontsts, Maurice Prendergast and Ernest Lawson, and the mystical Arthur B. Davies, all of them incensed at the censoring attitude of the National Academy of Design which dominated over New York art life, organized an exhibition of "Independents." Each chipped in $50, followed by another $45. The exhibition attracted 300 visitors day after day and aroused a furor. This act by "The Eight" led, in 1910, to a no-jury show, the "Exhibition of Independent Artists," which rented a building and placed in it about 650 works. Two thousand people came the first evening.

In 1917 the Society of Independent Artists began giving annual no-jury shows, requiring only a small entrance fee. Twenty thousand people came to its first season. It gave New York its first view of the work of American Indian artists, largely

through Sloan's interest, and in 1920, sponsored the first United States showing of the great Mexican artists, Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco. Thus these New York realists were by no mean lonely, ignored, and starving in garrets, although they did not achieve lavish sales, and a good part of the press defended the genteel tradition against them with most ungentlemanly abuse. Ever since the Paris Commune, the reactionary American press, like the French, had willingly taken on the job of police agent, looking upon all anti-academy and realistic painting as harboring "dangerous thoughts" tantamount to waving the red flag.

A THIRD new and important aspect of John Sloan's career was his close tie between art and political activity. And it is in the treatment of Sloan's socialist beliefs, and their relation to his art, that, in this writer's opinion, both Goodrich and Brooks leave most still to be said. This is not due to any hesitation on the part of either writer to discuss the facts of the matter fully. Brooks devotes an entire chapter to "Socialism: *The Masses.*" He also points out that Sloan's "will to right the miseries and wrongs of the world" remained with him for all of his life. It was seen, for example, during the years he spent, after 1919, at Santa Fé, when he took up the fight for recognition of the American Indian art and for some alleviation of the miserable treatment given the Indian people.

But to both Goodrich and Brooks, the picture is simply one of a man with no head for theory, but with a deep "emotional" sympathy for the oppressed. Goodrich writes, "Sloan had never been much interested in politics. . . . But an emotional bias in favor of the masses as against the privileged, and an ardent pacifism, were fundamental to his nature." Brooks writes, "His (Sloan's) socialism was not theoretical either, but sprang from a similar fount of human compassion. He never read a word of Marx, he said on one occsasion."

And so we get the impression that Sloan's active life as Socialist, and position as art editor of *The Masses* between 1910 and 1916, was simply a temporary expression of his "human compassion," which found its proper expression in his art, throughout his lifetime. Brooks adds, "He was not the only one for whom, as for Emerson, politics 'put confusion' in the brain."

Seemingly fostering this attitude is the fact that in 1916 a break took place on the *Masses* staff, with Max Eastman, who was then editor, Floyd Dell and Art Young demanding pictures with a more definite political message and caption. Sloan resigned along with Coleman, Stuart Davis, Becker and Glintenkamp.

There is more to be said, however

ooking back from the vantage point f today, it appears that *The Masses* ook a narrow, sectarian and destruc-ve attitude, similar to that of some octrinaire socialists in literature hom Marx himself had fought many ears before. It would have helped loan had he read some words of Marx. As for Max Eastman, his entire areer has been devoted to watering own the class consciousness of Marxism, distorting its economic heory, negating its richness of real-tic and philosophic thought, sub-ituting an alternation between an nfantile super-revolutionary leftism n words and an equally petty-bour-eois opportunism. Today he is pologizing for any connections vith socialism he might have had n his youth.

Sloan, without theory, had sounder olitical leanings than his editor. A reat part of his work in the richly roductive period up to the 1920's, whether paintings or drawings, with aptions or without, was basically olitical, embodying ideas funda-nental to socialist thought. This is pparent in the powerful series of *Masses* drawings in 1914, on the mas-acre of the striking coal miners at udlow, Colorado. It is apparent as ell in his portrayal of people sleep-ng on roofs in the summer heat, or n his portrait of his mother. Marx-m proclaims the dignity, strength nd humanity of the working people nd the exploited of society. In its activity and thought it embodies the morality of the working class, which does not seek to trample on anybody's rights, but by freeing itself from poverty, exploitation and war, also frees all society from these miseries. And this is what Sloan's art says. He accomplished this not through the choice of subject alone (for this can be used as well for an utterly depraved art) but in his treatment of it.

The true dignity of man, Sloan shows, is seen in those who labor and resist exploitation, not in the exploiters and parasites. And this thinking permeates the perceptions, choice of detail and emphases with which Sloan built his pictures. Such art required a mind of great courage and social breadth, able to fight the prevalent prejudices of his time. Sloan, in his art, speaks of the working people not as a "sympathetic onlooker," but as one of themselves. In this respect, he made a decisive step towards socialist realism, one similar to that which Maxim Gorky was making, on a higher level, in Russian literature at the same time. The reason Sloan was able to make the achievement he did was that he did not come to the working class simply as a friendly artist. Together with his wife Dolly, he took an active organizational part in the militant struggles then being led by the Socialist Party under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs.

After his break with the *Masses,* Sloan also drifted away from the Socialist Party. Brooks quotes him as saying "I have always lived alone. It is not in my nature to have many friends. I am too self-centred in my work." This is true of the later Sloan, not the earlier. And in the work of his later periods, which Brooks refers to as "Years of Growth," there is a lessening of power. The subjects seem interesting, including landscapes of the far West, Indian ceremonials, portraits and nudes. In some respects the technique is more assured. But we no longer have in this work the kind of richness of perception, inspired by courageous, critical and penetrating thought about life, that we have in the best of the earlier work. The later paintings are not, as the earlier works were, an education for the American people, a forward step in social consciouness. Even the Indian paintings, while they were motivated by sympathy for the miserable treatment given the people, do not show a deep and real kinship between the artist and the subject.

The weaknesses that developed in Sloan were not personal aberrations, but a product of the weaknesses of the American socialist movement of the time. He got very little help.

A PROBLEM central to Sloan's art, and yet one which he could not solve satisfactorily alone, was that of art and the nation. He resented the term "national art." Thus Brooks writes, "He felt that nationalism stood in the way of a broad human understanding, and he often said that outside pressure demanding the American scene had made him think twice before painting city-life subjects. . . . He ridiculed the banality of the American scene-painting of factory chimneys, scrap iron and rickety barns."

Here again, Sloan's instincts stood him well. He rejected the blatant bourgeois nationalism which, rising with American imperialism, reached such great heights in the 1920's. It showed itself in jingoism and chauvinism, fostered by the great increase in monopoly capital wealth that the First World War had brought about, fed by the hysteria at the rise of socialism in Russia, taking such forms as the Palmer raids against the militant sections of the working class and anti-immigrant laws. It also took such forms artistically as demands to buy "American" art as against "European," the "American" art having everything but the American people except as mindless and quaint parts of the scenery.

But what a deeper knowledge would have led him to see was that a Teddy Roosevelt wielding the "big stick" over Nicaragua, or a Herbert Hoover using supplies of food to dictate the politics of war-torn Europe, or a scream of "down with the

reigners, down with the aliens, wn with the Negroes, down with e colored races," or a picture of noke stacks without people, was t the real America. There was also e America of the working class, nich could have nothing but respect d "human understanding" for the orking people and culture of other tions.

In the 1930's, with the veterans' arches, demonstrations of the unployed, organizations of dispossed farmers, great union drives in e citadels of monopoly, public art ojects and anti-fascist struggles, atmosphere was created in which e movement begun so well by oan and his group could be taken again, and on a higher level. But mething new had entered the picre, for which Sloan himself was rtly instrumental.

In 1913, he, along with the others the "Eight," and the Society of dependent Artists, had organized e now famous Armory Show. It ve a startled American public, and host of artists, their first glimpse fifty years of modern European , largely French but also German d Italian, starting with Daumier, luding the Impressionists and Postpressionists, climaxed in Cubism. It was certainly necessary to see d know what had been doing in world of art abroad. But what s presented was an indigestible ss of 1600 paintings and sculptures. And what Sloan and his group failed to do was to apply some criti cal perspective to it. His own feelings were mixed. He applauded the defiance of academic teachings, and the shake-up of hide-bound artistic prejudices. But he was disturbed at the move away from the real life, and tender treatment of human beings he loved, that was the basis of his own art.

He sensed, again instinctively, that there was something wrong about an art which, under the banner of "revolt," proclaimed the untraversable chasm between one human being and another, the impossibility of communication. He could not see that this was alien to the working class view, a petty-bourgeois or anarchistic defiance—in paint alone, of course—of all society and social feelings.

The effect on United States art was a far-reaching one. Criticism and theory as well came to be inundated with meaningless phrases such as the "plastic purity of form," "the inviolability of space," the "higher reality of the abstract," the "revolution against copying Nature," and theories of art history which, touching the depths of idiocy, proclaimed that the great artists such as Michelangelo and Rembrandt had practiced a kind of colored pre-photography which had become outdated with the invention of the camera. And it was a weakness of the Left in

the 1930's that it partly shared such theories, although it strove at the same time for some social content to painting. It acquiesced also in the neglect of Sloan, and of the broad, rich realistic current which he, along with Luks, Henri and the others about him had developed.

SLOAN himself at the time began to feel that there were weaknesses in his own formal technique. He did not realize that what he needed was to study even more intensively the great realistic artists of the past. Instead he began to experiment with various laboratory methods of using paint, adding to many of his late portraits and nudes a "cross-hatching" of red and purple lines. He never was an abstractionist, and said that his intention was, through this method, to give more substance and roundness to the portrayal of the body. But it only added a disturbing, unrealistic element to a work basically realistic and rooted in nature. Living alone did not help him.

Sloan had foreseen the coming of an "Academy of Modernism," warning his students against it even while he proclaimed that Cubism was "good medicine." Such an "Academy," more intolerant than the most derided academy of the past, and divested of any of the critical searchings that had accompanied the abstract movements of the 1920's and 1930's, has ruled a vast sector of United States art since the end of the Second World War. Its grip, however, is today beginning to weaken. At the same time, some political demagogues, and proto-fascist publications like the *American Mercury,* taking a leaf out of Hitler's and Goebbels' book, are attacking this modernistic art, finding it an easy butt for ridicule. But in such windy proclamations to "give the people art they can understand," (like the article, "The Public Be Damned" by the millionaire Huntington Hartford which was reprinted as a full page advertisement in a number of newspapers) there is of course no love of or respect for art, and its great humanist, militant and critical traditions. There is no awareness of the fact that there are counter-currents in the art world today. There is no hint to the readers of the existence of a great realistic, democratic and social minded tradition in United States art, one that was unafraid to link its love for the American people with socialism.

It is a task for the democratic forces today to re-appraise the art of Sloan and the realists of the early 20th century, as well as of Homer and Eakins, making them again a conscious possession of the American people, inspiring artists to carry on the portrayal of the real nation from where they left off. The biography by Van Wyck Brooks is more

than an act of homage to an artist four years dead. It is a move towards giving Sloan back to the American people. We can learn from his achievement and take up his unfinished business.

Brooks' remark about Sloan's teaching should be emblazoned over every art school: "Sloan's most condemnatory word was 'heartless.'"

And how wonderful it is to have an artist who could tell his students before a model, "Be kind to people. Respect the model. Be very humble before that human being." As he respected the model, who was also a working person, so he respected all people who wanted nothing more than to enjoy, in peace, some of the fruits of life that they had brought into being with their labor. If this simple lesson could be brought home to young artists, it can be said that United States art would be back on a sound footing. Needless to say, the results would not be pleasing to the Huntington Hartfords and the *American Mercury,* who, if they had any love for and understanding of warm hearted, realistic art, would know that such currents have already begun to flow vigorously.

A Communist at Cornell

By SIMON W. GERSON

(Invitations to Marxists to address various college groups have been an increasing feature of the recent months. They mark, in our judgment, an important element of the intellectual resistance to McCarthyism. In our April issue Herbert Aptheker described reactions to his appearances at Antioch and Swarthmore. On May 2 Simon W. Gerson, legislative chairman of the N. Y. Communist Party, spoke to a jammed meeting at Cornell. It was the first time in years that a Marxist had appeared at that great university. We therefore felt that our readers would appreciate Gerson's first-hand impressions of the unusual gathering.—Editors.)

"YOU'RE Mr. Gerson?"

The tousled-haired youngster advanced from a group towards me as I left the ancient Lehigh Valley train at Ithaca. The handshake was firm, the look friendly, curious, quizzical.

The four other students, two men and two women, all in their late 'teens or early twenties, moved up, eyes fixed on the guest who apparently looked no different than other male passengers who had alighted. "And how do you like our Leaky Valley Railroad?" another broke in. "Some service, huh?"

It was small talk of young people trying to make a stranger feel at home. They tried to avoid staring at this rare bird, an honest-to-goodness avowed Communist.

We got into a sedan—borrowed for the occasion, one of the students remarked—and moved up one of Ithaca's hills towards the crowning campus. The driver gave me a sidelong glance. "You're not staying at a hotel," he announced. "Got you into Telluride house."

"What's that?"

"Just about the best place on the campus. It's a residence for special scholarship students, undergraduate and graduate, and only VIPs stay there. It's a sort of an intellectual center. *They* invited you."

TELLURIDE house was something out of an English movie—set on a huge green lawn with

wide porticos and the inevitable ivy clinging to the building corners. A reception committee met me in a great foyer and after the flurry of greetings and introductions showed me to a vast guest room. (I measured it—it was about fifty by thirty and had its own adjoining bathroom). Then dinner with Prof. Harrop Y. Freeman, the moderator of the debate, and his wife and a selected group of students, who included a German, an Indian, a reporter of the Cornell *Daily Sun* and the Telluride president, a law school student.

The dinner mood was the same as that I had sensed at the station platform—courteous, curious but searching. And that was the mood one felt throughout the 16-hour stay.

It was clearly the mood of the 500 students and faculty members who hung on to every tape-recorded word of the debate between Professor Edward W. Fox and myself at the cathedral-like Willard Straight Memorial Hall. The topic was "How to Achieve Co-existence" but the interest obviously went far beyond the night's subject. These young people wanted to know everything we knew about co-existence. But they wanted more. They wanted to see one of the Communist ogres in the flesh and hear the diabolic doctrine directly from one of the imps of Satan. They hadn't come to scoff or to pray; they just wanted to see and hear for themselves. For it was clear that they had an almost instinctive distrust of the conventional cold war image of a Communist. The chairman, head of Students for Peace on the campus, chuckled appreciatively as he introduced me to the audience. "Here's one man who can answer the $64 question in the affirmative," he said.

Professor Fox, an earnest, youthful-looking man in his early forties, spoke first. A former State Department associate of the Achesonian period, he was clearly for co-existence. On the whole he conveyed the impression of honestly searching for an alternative to thermonuclear war. German rearmament he termed "a mistake" and "starting war now would be an overwhelming disaster for both sides." But co-existence, he insisted, would have to be "acceptance of the status quo in a positive sense" with "determination to avoid provocation" as its basis.

IT WOULD BE pleasant to report that this was the sole theme of the professor's moderately-toned piece. But that would be less than accurate. At one point Prof. Fox argued, in discussing my attack on the extreme Right in American politics, that while he was a New Dealer he felt that Sen. Knowland was "at least consistent."

Also, he expressed disappointment

that his opponent spoke as an American ("which he has a perfect right to do") rather than as a representative of the Soviet Government! He would have preferred, he made plain, a debate with himself putting forward the "American" proposals for co-existence and an opponent advancing "Soviet" proposals. And at another point he asserted—without documentation—that "present infringements on civil liberties are due principally to Communists who have abused the rights we offer them."

But what appeared as a recurrent note in Prof. Fox's thinking was his insistent emphasis that peaceful co-existence ruled out serious changes in the status quo. Election of a Communist-Socialist government in Italy, even under the democratic processes provided by the Italian Constitution, Prof. Fox said he would regard as an expression of "Soviet expansionism" and therefore as "provocative" to peaceful co-existence. Election of a Labor government in Britain headed by Aneurin Bevan he would deem "hurtful to American interests" but he would not see such an event as caused by Moscow. But a People's Front government on the Italian peninsula could only be regarded as caused by Muscovite influence and hence inimical to co-existence! He expressed a similar attitude in respect to the colonial countries. Conceding that great nationalist independence movements were under way, he argued that there must be "guarantees" that these movements be native and not organized from the Kremlin.

THE STUDENTS reacted thoughtfully but without any demonstrative bias in favor of the professor. One sensed—in fact, several students whispered it later—that he got considerable credit for political courage simply by upholding Cornell's free speech tradition and appearing cheek-by-jowl with a Communist spokesman.

Obviously, it was difficult for me to assay reaction to my opening. I got the distinct feeling that the audience shared my attitude on Senators Knowlands and McCarthy and in fact may have been slightly impatient with it, since they had long passed the point where the views of these worthies had any positive meaning for them. On the causes for existing world tensions they had apparent doubts and hence listened with the deepest attention when I said:

> "Of course there are deep differences over the origin of the cold war. I cannot attempt in one brief talk to overcome the tidal wave of slander and prejudice on this question.
>
> "Now, if that question looms large before you, there is a simple test that we can each make in

trying to answer the question of responsibility.

"I suggest that you take a little compass and world map. Using Moscow as a radical point, draw a series of concentric circles. Then do the same around Peiping. Finally, the same around Washington.

"Then do a little research on our bases and on Anglo-American air bases within these circles. You will find that Sir Winston Churchill was not exaggerating when he said in the House of Commons (March 1, 1955):

" 'We have, we could say, already hundreds of bases for attack from all angles and have made an intricate study of suitable targets.'

"You will notice that Sir Winston said 'bases for *attack*.' I will leave it to the preventive war mob and the other opponents of co-existence to evaluate the meaning of that phrase.

"Now back to your map. Examine the concentric circles around Washington. While you will find hundreds of our bases around Moscow and Peiping you will not find a single Soviet or Chinese base around Washington. There are none in Canada or Mexico, Cuba or Hawaii, Nantucket or Catalina.

"The meaning of that map and those 'bases for attack' might well be pondered by all Americans sincerely interested in determining primary responsibility for world tensions today."

BUT IF it was difficult to estimate student temper simply by the warmth, curiosity and unfailing courtesy of their attention, one got a better idea of their thinking from the questions. Some were without doubt the wholly legitimate queries of inquiring minds. Others bore the unmistakable hallmarks of the cold war damage to the student mind. Most, it need hardly be added, were addressed to the Communist speaker.

Would co-existence mean that the so-called class struggle would stop?

(Peaceful co-existence refers primarily to the peaceful relations between states. The very concept implies mutual non-interference in internal affairs. Thus, for example, the fact that there are diplomatic relations between the USSR and Great Britain does not mean and cannot mean that the British workers cease to prosecute their struggles for a better living. The great miners strike and the General Strike of 1926, for example, took place in Great Britain during a period of normal relations between the USSR and the United Kingdom.)

Shouldn't the Cominform be dissolved as a pre-condition for co-existence?

(No. Neither the existence of the Cominform, an information bureau of a number of Communist Parties, nor its non-existence can be considered a pre-condition for peaceful co-existence. The present tensions do not arise from the existence of the Cominform.)

Isn't the idea of co-existence just a trick to gain necessary time for the Soviet Union?

(Professor Fox answered that one. He thought that whether it was or not, the U.S. ought to negotiate. No way of finding out until you negotiate.)

Since Mr. Gerson had made many suggestions about what the U.S.A. ought to do, what internal changes did he think the USSR could make by way of contribution to peaceful co-existence?

IT WAS during the answer to this one that the only untoward incident occurred. It was a faculty member, Prof. Clinton Rossiter, author of *The New Conservatism* and head of a Fund for the Republic survey on Communism, who shouted at the Communist speaker, "Answer the question!" and was roundly rebuked both by the moderator and later by a Cornell *Daily Sun* editorial.

(I pointed out that I could not, of course, speak for the Soviet Union. I could only speak as an American. I said that in my opinion the internal disciplines in the USSR were bound up with the problems of a revolution faced by interventionist armies and persistent foreign-financed subversion. Their soil had been twice ravaged by a fierce enemy. I held up a copy of the notorious 1952 issue of *Collier's* magazine devoted to the "occupation of the Soviet Union" after an atomic war against that nation. So long as we financed subversion, rattled A-bombs and permitted this kind of incitement to be published, so long will the USSR feel it necessary to maintain the internal disciplines necessary to maintain their security—even as we would under similar circumstances. Only when Americans take action to nullify war mongering in our own land and help to produce an atmosphere of world peace, can they with good conscience urge the USSR to relax its internal disciplines.)

Weren't the USSR and Nazi Germany "comrades-in-arms" during the period of the German-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact?

(Here I answered in considerable detail, quoting from our own military intelligence, Churchill, Lloyd George and Prof. Frederick L. Schuman as to the background of the pact. The pact was not a cause; it was an effect. It was the persistent refusal of the Chamberlain government of Britain and the French government to negotiate genuine collective secur-

ity with the USSR—and on the contrary, to egg on Hitler to move eastward—that formed the background for the pact. After the explanation, no one pursued the subject further.)

AND THEN the stock question—what about my position in the event of a war between the USA and USSR?

The question was promptly ruled out of order by the Quaker moderator, his ruling receiving thunderous applause from the crowd, which was obviously in no mood for McCarthyite baiting. But he did say that I could answer if I wished. I did.

(A war between the USA and USSR in the H-bomb age would be an unmitigated disaster for the peoples of both countries and the world as a whole. Therefore, the highest patriotic activity of any American should be precisely to prevent such a catastrophe by fighting for a policy of peaceful co-existence and settlement of all outstanding problems by negotiation. That means a line of defeating in our public life all who seek a preventive war or otherwise block a national policy favoring peaceful co-existence.

(In the event that despite all our efforts such a tragedy should nevertheless occur, I would exercise my democratic right to help, along with my fellow-Americans, to bring the war to a swift end with a mutually acceptable and honorable peace. *That* question was pursued no further.)

The formal q. and a. period was followed by an informal one and then by another session in the huge foyer when an impatient janitor finally insisted on clearing the hall. And then another on the Willard Straight steps when the foyer was closed. And then still another by a persistent but friendly handful in the great living room of Telluride house.

Didn't Lenin map an attack on Poland in 1920? Doesn't the USSR ship munitions to the Vietminh? Isn't that interference? And what about Communist discipline? And what's wrong with trying books? Isn't the position of the Communist Party inscribed in books and isn't it therefore fair to use these books in Smith Act trials? (This from a law school student.) Where do the Communists get their money? Do you really get Moscow gold? Don't you find it tough being a Communist? Doesn't it affect one's family adversely? Couldn't you do the same work better and say the same things if you were a member of an, uh, different (more respectable?) organization? And so on, far, far into the night, from law students, agricultural and engineering students, graduate students from India and England and Germany, youngsters working their way through school with the aid of

scholarships, young men from the farms, from middle class families and a few, very few, of obvious wealth.

THE SUBSTANCE of the discussion, absorbing though it was, is probably not as important in estimating events on the campus as the fact of the debate itself. The affair was widely discussed for days at the university and the Cornell *Daily Sun* summed up student opinion when it emphasized editorially (May 4) the free speech character of the event:

> ". . . we think that the Students for Peace performed a service to the Cornell community when they gave us the opportunity to hear Simon W. Gerson, legislative chairman of the New York State Communist Party, debate publicly the issue of Soviet-American coexistence with Prof. Edward W. Fox. . . ."

The editorial criticized both speakers impartially as well as many of the student questioners but lauded the audience for maintaining "a very commendable and respectful attitude toward Mr. Gerson." Their principal rebuke was directed to Prof. Rossiter for his heckle—a rather mild one, from this writer's experience. The editorial concluded with a broad hint that other colleges might well follow Cornell's example:

> ". . . we are gratified to have had the opportunity to hear an official of the Communist Party in debate with a prominent member of the faculty; a good many colleges and universities we can think of are of hardly such commendable liberality as this one, particularly in this regard."

* * *

Obviously, no visiting fireman to a college campus has the right to generalize glibly on the basis of a sixteen-hour stay. But considerable evidence is piling up to indicate that mine was not a unique experience. The campus has heard within the last few months a series of spokesmen of a Left point of view—Paul Robeson, Herbert Aptheker, Doxey Wilkerson, Joseph Clark, Joseph Starobin and others. So that my Cornell experience can fairly be said to be part of that emerging pattern of campus resistance to continued docile acceptance of cold war formulae. It is, I believe ,a reflection of a growing national questioning of the "inevitable war" shibboleths and the hoax of anti-communism.

But in saying this one should be careful not to exaggerate. There is plainly here the atmosphere of transition, with all its ups and downs. I found no McCarthyan irrationality or at least a very minimum of it; but neither is there as yet the warm anti-fascist kinship of the '30s. I found deep courtesy and genuine curiosity. While the cold war is ex-

citly rejected, its overtones are ll strongly present. The artificially- eated suspicion of the Left still per- ded the air, although most of the cCarthyan miasma seems to have en dissipated. There is a skepti- m of much that emanates om Washington—and from virtu- y all seats of authority—and the ginnings of the destruction of the ld war stereotypes. But the ideolo- gical *schrechlichkeit* of the last dec- ade has left its tragic imprint on the youth—without, glory be, de- stroying the core of the inquiring mind.

Youth wants to know, all right, on the shores of Lake Cayuga as everywhere else. And it is going to insist on its ancient American right to hear, among others, the Marxist point of view.

Lord Tennyson Revamped

By GEORGE BRATT

No jewel trembles in the ear
of my miller's daughter—in fact,
the young woman tells me
her father's collective bargaining agreement
contains no such fringe benefits as yet
and that whatever she might happen to be wearing
in the way of earrings, necklaces
or inexpensive girdles
would have to be pretty much the product
of her own industry.

This workingclass predicament,
I confess,
gives me the real shakes—
especially in the case
of a dotless creature
neither of whose preciously formed
though indifferently adorned ears
I seem to be able
wholly to catch.

Ideas and Punishment

By SAMUEL SILLEN

THE classic work on the medieval Inquisition was written by a Philadelphia book-publisher named Henry Charles Lea around seventy years ago. Lea spent every moment he could spare from business tracking down the gloomy history of punishment-for-ideas. This was not a hobby but a dedication. Employing a corps of manuscript copyists in all the great European libraries, Lea gathered a tremendous body of material which he patiently sifted and indexed. When he died in 1909 at 84, he had nearly completed a monumental *History of Witchcraft* to cap his earlier works like *Superstition and Force* (1866), *A History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages* (1888), and *A History of the Inquisition of Spain* (1906).

Lea set a high standard of objectivity in American historical writing. He did not sermonize or slant, and his accuracy in dealing with the ugliest chapters of Church history won praise from the noted Roman Catholic historian, Lord Acton. But Lea was not neutral on the subject of intellectual repression. He believed there was a lesson in his researches. Responsible historians, he felt, do not shirk their duty to help mankind get rid of the error and oppression that hamper its development.

A section of Lea's massive history has recently been re-issued (*The Inquisition of the Middle Ages,* Citadel Press, $3.50). On reading it, I was struck again by this scholar's wonderfully lucid style and solid structure. Here is a historian who belongs to our literature with Prescott, Parkman and Motley.

And I was struck too, less happily, by the fact that over the years Lea's portrait of the Inquisition has gained in timeliness. Not that I am interested in drawing morbid analogies beween the medieval period and our own. We need not be so eager to underrate our advantages. But this book by a great American writer does make you realize the shattering relevance of the term "Inquisition" to the pattern of thought-persecution we have been enduring lately in this country.

I cite a few examples which sound appallingly like contemporary accounts of McCarthyism.

On the Smith Act trials:

"The crime he [the Inquisitor] sought to suppress by punishment was rely a mental one—acts, however criminal, were beyond his jurisdiction."

On the Loyalty Oath:

"About 1278 an experienced inquisitor lays down the rule as one gen- ally received, that in places much suspected of heresy every inhabitant ust be cited to appear, must be forced to abjure heresy and to tell the truth, d be subjected to a detailed interrogatory about himself and others, in nich any lack of frankness will subject him hereafter to the dreadful nalties of relapse."

On the compulsion to be an informer, as in the recent ruling by the New ork Board of Education:

"Without this the repentant heretic in vain might ask for reconciliation d mercy; his refusal to betray his friends and kindred was proof that he as unrepentant."

On certain pigeons who have winged their way home to Hollywood:

"Bernard Gui tells us that those who voluntarily come forward and prove eir zeal by confession and by betraying their associates are not only to be rdoned, but their livelihood must be secured at the hands of princes and relates. . . . There can be no question that the business of the Inquisition as greatly increased by the protection which it thus afforded to informers d enemies, and that it was made the instrument of an immense amount false-witness."

And on the breed of pigeon (Cvetic, Crouch, Budenz, et al.):

"It was the same with excommunicates, perjurers, infamous persons, urers, harlots, and all those who, in the ordinary jurisprudence of the age, ere regarded as incapable of bearing witness, yet whose evidence was ceivable against heretics."

As to the treatment of scientists, government workers, passport-appli- nts:

"Yet evil as was all this, the crowning infamy of the Inquisition in its eatment of testimony was withholding from the accused all knowledge of e names of the witnesses against him."

On Harvey Matusow and a certain Judge in Texas, not to mention Mr. ownell:

"There is, perhaps, only a consistent exhibition of Inquisitorial logic in e dictum of Zanghino, that a witness who withdraws testimony adverse a prisoner is to be punished for false-witness, while his testimony is to nd, and to receive full weight in rendering judgment."

And on the treatment of lawyers for the defense:

"Eymerich is careful to specify that the accused has the right to employ counsel, and that a denial of this justifies an appeal, but then he likewise states that the inquisitor can prosecute any advocate or notary who undertakes the cause of heretics; and a century earlier a manuscript manual for inquisitors directs them to prosecute as defenders of heresy any advocates who take such cases, with the addition that if they are clerks they are to be perpetually deprived of their benefices."

I refrain from going on. The case is depressingly clear.

SUCH parallels have produced a growing revulsion against McCarthyism in American life, as is reflected in a number of current books already noted in these pages. One of the latest is William L. Chenery's *Freedom of the Press* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). Mr. Chenery has enjoyed a long career as editor of publications which can hardly be described as left-of-center, including the *New York Sun* and *Collier's* (he edited the latter for eighteen years). A Virginian by birth, he alludes proudly to his family's deep roots in this country. He is alarmed by the assault on our heritage of free expression, and he hits out with vigor and bluntness at the "Inquisition into the political creeds of American citizens."

"The notion," writes Mr. Chenery, "that a citizen may not talk about Communist doctrines or believe in Communism is historically about as un-American as anything that could be found." He proves it in a rapid, popularly written review of the teachings of Roger Williams, the trial of printer John Peter Zenger, Jefferson's fight against the Alien and Sedition Acts, the unambiguous guarantees of the Bill of Rights, the protest against the unconstitutional suppression in 1917 of *The Masses,* predecessor of our own magazine.

Mr. Chenery, to be sure, dislikes Communist ideas as deeply as he misunderstands and mispresents them, which is saying a good deal. But he keeps his eyes on the real issue: the threat to American liberties, as he insists, comes not from Communists but from those who would erase the rights of Communists, and those rights are unqualifiedly the rights of all other Americans to think, speak and write as they please.

"Up to now," observes Mr. Chenery, "the only danger has come from the reactionary politicians and their supporters who would deny their fellow citizens the benefits of their constitutional guarantees." And again: "Those who from the privileged position of Congress, and particularly of the Senate, speak contemptuously of constitutional immunities that belong to all citizens

are themselves the fifth column, the Trojan horse deceptively brought in to confuse the people and so to take away their inheritance."

That makes a heap of sense, and coming from a man who has been a leading journalist and editor for nearly half a century it should make influential sense too. It signifies the rising climate of opinion in the country. As Mr. Chenery suggests at one point, the very extremity of the attack on the Bill of Rights is stimulating among all thoughtful Americans a re-examination of our deepest values and a re-dedication to them.

THE ultimate futility of all attempts to suppress thought may be studied in another current book, George R. Havens' *The Age of Ideas* (Holt, $6). Subtitled "From Reaction to Revolution in Eighteenth Century France," this engagingly written volume sums up the life and thought of great Enlighteners like Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot. Mr. Havens, a well-known scholar in this field, is very much aware that his subject has more than academic interest today. "No doubt," he writes, "the hopeful slogan of the French Revolution, 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' sounds a bit quaint in the ears of cynics today. Yet the world is never likely to rest until these ideals are achieved much more fully than at present."

True, even if we may question some of Mr. Havens' other conclusions (for example, he winds up a book extolling the French thinkers with the judgment that "the Anglo-Saxon tradition," which he has not examined, offers a superior path for progress). The French Encyclopedists revolted against superstition, war, the brutal repressions of an outworn social system. Apostles of reason and science, they abominated thought-dictation. And they forged a body of creative ideas that deeply influenced the founders of the American Republic as well as the architects of Scientific Socialism.

The philosophical revolution of 18th century France ushered in the political collapse of tyrannical feudalism, as Frederick Engels noted. And in reading the lives of these thinkers how often we are reminded of the penalties they had to pay for clearing men's minds of ancient rubbish! "The French," said Engels, "were in open combat against all official science, against the Church and often also against the State; their writings were printed across the frontier, in England or Holland, while they themselves were often in jeopardy of imprisonment in the Bastille."

Here is Diderot in the dungeon of Vincennes, Voltaire in the Bastille and then in exile, Rousseau fleeing in a carriage to Switzerland because the Archbishop of Paris was offended by his *Emile.* They were marvellously resourceful in evading the book-burners of their day. Voltaire published

Candide anonymously, attributed it to another author, and to throw the censor off the track wrote in one of his letters: "I have finally read *Candide.*" "Strike, and conceal your hand," advised Voltaire, and the philosophical rebels devised ingenious literary forms like the *Persian Letters* of Montesquieu or the fabulous *Zadig* of Voltaire.

The editors of the great *Encyclopedia,* Diderot and D'Alembert, saw to it that their ideas got across in the least suspected places. "One of Diderot's sly methods for transmitting ideas in spite of the watching censor," Mr. Havens tells us, "was by means of short innocent-sounding articles on mere grammatical definitions or synonyms." Example, the word *multitude:* "When is the *multitude* right? In everything, but only after a long time." The Protestant philosopher and critic, Pierre Bayle, concealed his dangerous thoughts in lengthy footnotes which the censors skipped because of the fine print and the Greek and Latin references.

The philosophers were brilliant literary artists. They wrote with clarity, wit, imagination. They were in a titanic battle, and they wanted to be heard and understood by their people. They ranged over every field; Diderot was a great literary critic as well as an expounder of materialist views of the universe, Voltaire was a historian as well as a satirist, and Rousseau made a rich contribution to educational as well as to political theory.

"Seldom has literature been forged into a more potent weapon in the slow battle for progress," writes Mr. Havens. And the fact is that a study of these writers shows how anemic and impotent is the notion, so widely taught in our universities, that literature and politics are separate worlds. For the Enlighteners they were inter-related forms of expressing truth and fighting for the advance of the nation and humanity.

Delinquents in Danbury

By WILLIAM L. PATTERSON

I RETURNED recently from Danbury Prison, in Connecticut (a so-alled correctional institution main-ained by the federal government). As the reader may recall, I was sen-enced to ninety days imprisonment nd sent to Danbury because the gov-rnment officials could not get from ne the names of courageous Ameri-ans whose funds enabled the Civil Rights Congress to develop a mag-ificent defense for Willie McGee, he Trenton Six, the Martinsville even, Rosa Lee Ingram, Steve Nel-on, and a host of other Negro and hite persecuted men and women.

Prison life was not entirely new o me, but the conditions in Danbury resented various unique features. I m not speaking of the deplorable noral and social conditions which xist in most of American prisons, ut rather of the composition of our rison population and some of the easons why this youth finds itself in nese institutions.

There were "delinquents" there by ne hundreds—black and white. bout the entire prison population was made up of young men. Among the national and racial groups the Negro lads predominated, outnumbering all others—30% of the inmates at Danbury are Negroes, with an average age under 25.

This seemed an astonishingly high percentage to me. Later I looked over the federal prison statistics for the years 1930 through 1952. They gave the answer. While this is an aside, nevertheless let me pause just for a moment to expose the facts. They are astounding, to say the least.

Not a federal penitentiary in all of the U.S.A. but has a Negro population proportionally far in excess of whites. Some have an absolute majority of Negroes. In some states the percentage of Negroes runs as high as 80%. Speaking of the insecurity of Negroes in industry we say that: they are the last to be hired and the first to be fired. With reference to their position before the "bar of justice" we can well say that: they are the first to be jailed, the last to be bailed and seldom paroled. But the real attitude of the gentlemen

from the Department of Justice and the Bench toward Negro lads is reflected in the following facts. Between the years 1930 and 1952, 3219 men and women were executed by verdict of all-white juries. Of these 1732 were Negro—1049 were white (an absolute majority of 53.8% of Negroes).

In that same period—24 women were sent to the electric chair. Of these 10 were Negroes—14 were white. (Remember, in our society generally there is one Negro to every 12 white citizens).

This is an expression of the national oppression of the Negro people that has a direct bearing upon all that follows. It distorts the realities of Negro life. It is calculated to show that Negroes are a vicious people, a criminally minded people, a lawless people, a people morally and culturally inferior. On this foundation the jim crow policies of government are built and "justified."

But let me return to the Danbury situation. The sensationalized maneuvering with "juvenile delinquency" in the press and by political propagandists at the present time impells me to write. I write because the future of American youth presents our country with one of the most vital problems it ever confronted. The terrible tragedy of these lads, whose distorted and warped lives were evident in all they said and did, filled me with angry horror.

What was manifest here was that the term "juvenile delinquency" was a misnomer—the delinquency lay with the society which seeks to shield and absolve itself from the responsibilities of building strong human beings by condemning those lads who will not adjust themselves to the oppressive life with which they are confronted, to the ghetto life, to the constant cold and hot war tensions, to the impact of a myriad of sex and crime comics, to limited educational opportunities and more limited recreational facilities.

THE lads in Danbury talked freely with me. I played cards with them. I played handball and even boxed a little with them. I became as nearly one with them as a person my age could. I wanted to understand them, to understand the thinking or lack of it which determined their reaction to the hostile atmosphere in which they were born and grew up. What were the realities of the lives of these lads?

The majority of Negro lads were from Washington, D. C. I found this an extremely interesting fact. I searched out the reasons. As these lads talked, I saw, as never before, the impact of the frustrations of the ghetto life for a Negro in our nation's capital. It became clear why these tensions and frustrations were even greater there than the dehumanizing psychological impact upon Negro youth of the black ghettos of

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Detroit, New Orleans, and America's other great cities.

There in the capital of this country the Negro lad sees the pattern of jim-crow set for the rest of the nation. He sees the Dixiecrats dominating legislative action relative to him, preventing the passage of anti-lynch, anti-poll tax legislation. He reads about corrupt politicians, and sees these men who have ordained for him the "separate and unequal" life, parading and flaunting their political and social immorality while they proclaim their right to the moral leadership of the world. He hears of Supreme Court decisions which deny to Negroes equality under the law. Working at the most menial of jobs—running elevators, waiting on tables, serving as messenger boy—he hears the plotting and plans of the lobbyists and the legislators to loot our country. He does not know how to fight these evils, he has no vote and no recognized rights. His share in the whole affair is catering to the whims of the white man and garnering the crumbs that fall from the table. The emotional impact is extremely disturbing.

One lad, I shall call him John Smith, was sixteen years of age. He had been given five years. At home, in Washington, he had been sent to the Boys Home when he was eleven. He told me about his sleeping in the same room with an older sister, and his father and mother, under slum conditions that were nauseating. He said he had come in contact with what for him was life in the raw from his earliest days—sex, gambling, dope were the only subjects he talked about. Those who try to place the blame on family simply refuse to face some of the realities of America. His family was not to blame. The pressures upon his father and mother to keep "body and soul" together were terrible.

He had been forced by poverty to stop school in the fourth grade. It was extremely difficult to get him to pause for a moment to even think of the deeper meaning of life. The social forces that had created these horrors were for him an unknown quantity. He resented everything that he had come across so far. He was conscious only that his color had been made a badge of dishonor. The only method of fighting back that he knew was to outwit those who had forced him into such conditions. Those who rode in Cadillacs, managed "harems" and flashed plenty of green were the escapees from all he hated. Here was his measure of human values. He too wanted to escape.

His first "crime" had been taking a joyride in a borrowed automobile. He had crossed the District line into Virginia and was picked up. He told me of his long craving to be in an automobile and that when the older

boys suggested taking a short ride he had gone along with them. The court before which he had stood was one inured to the handling of "inferior" people. It did not send him back to the broader Washington prison—his black ghetto—it sent him to a real school-for-crime, the jim crow Washington Boys' School.

He told me of his life there; some of the mean things he did not know before then he learned—sex abnormalities, how to steal, how to make a knife and how to use it—he was being prepared for his return to "normal" society. When he came out he put his "learning" to good use, adding dope to the other vices superimposed by ghetto life—to be caught again within a very short time by those whose only remedy was found in the circle—arrest, conviction and prison. He had never received anything of real value from society—outside of his home he found an environment dominated by racial hatred, moral filth gilded with platitude and piety in the midest of political decay—inside of it he found no understanding.

THERE was another lad there in Danbury from an entirely different environment. He came to the penitentiary via the Boston ghetto and the Army. He was one of Lt. Leon Gilbert's sergeants. You will perhaps remember the Lt. Leon Gilbert case. Leon Gilbert was a young Negro, an Army lieutenant who was sentenced to death in Korea because he refused to lead his command on a suicide task. Ray Jones told me the story—he told me how he had welcomed the Army as a relief from the Boston ghetto life where Jim Crow and the frustrations of segregation had placed their deadening blight upon his attempts at clear thinking.

He had found that those who must accept a second-class jim-crow citizen's life are regarded as second-class soldiers. Jim Crow followed him into the Army. He told me how the Negro soldiers in Korea had been kept on the line sometimes as long as 79 hours without relief. He told me of the insults to which they were forced to submit from white soldiers as well as white officers. In the presence of these Negro lads there was constant talk by white officers of killing "gooks" and "chinks" and using "niggers" in the main to do the job. He belonged to the colored peoples of the world, those whom the rulers of American monopoly regarded as "expendables."

This was a lad of heroic stature. A lad who told me he had to escape from this country or he would go berserk. Racial persecution had made a deep impact upon him. He too had been sentenced to life by an Army court-martial. It was the protests of those who had fought to save the life of Lt. Gilbert that also had secured the reduction of his sentence to

twenty years, then to ten years, and lastly to five. He was strongly opposed to remaining in the land of his birth. He hoped, he said, to go to Japan when he came out of prison. Race relations in the land of the former enemy were for him on a much higher social, moral and economic level.

I talked him out of that voluntary departure. I showed him why "your fight is here." I said to him: "These conditions are destroying the moral fibre of white America and, if they are not relentlessly fought, they will destroy the human dignity of black as well as white. This development of racist patterns and arrogant nationalism in the American people must be relentlessly combatted and you who have passed through hell and have learned to fight must learn how in a democratic political way this enemy is to be fought here at home. Nowhere on earth, save here at home, is the security of Americans threatened. The racist, the anti-Semites, the political bigots of our country are the enemies of all peoples seeking equality of opportunity." Before I left Danbury, this lad had learned some facts about his responsibilities to this country its schools had never taught him.

ANOTHER Negro lad from Washington, Howard Smith, comes clearly to my mind. He was a University graduate, a draftsman when he finished school. He could find no job in civil life after graduation, and no job consistent with his training awaited him in the government service. He elected voluntarily to go into the Army. There, after a great struggle, he was given some craftsman's work, but never given the status of the white lads who worked alongside him.

Deeply insulted by this racist attitude he left the Army and returned to civil life only to find that despite a war to end fascism, jim-crow conditions of a fascist-like character were still a "bar sinister" to his advancement.

Howard Smith returned again to the Army. On this occasion he had hardly gotten into a Texas encampment when a fight broke out among Negro and white soldiers during which a white soldier was killed. Five Negro lads, he among them, were sentenced—some to twenty years, some to twelve, and one to five years. He had been given twelve years. The altercation arose out of the privileged social position occupied by the white troops—the fracas had taken place in Texas.

Ray Jones in some respects was an exception. Not in his hostility to racist environment, but to the need to fight it as a dangerous foreign growth on the democracy of our country. With the other lads the seeds of our general social decay had made deep inroads—the society through which

they had come had done a terrible job on them. They did not know what it was all about. Human corrosion is a terrible thing to see.

Most of the "juveniles" were not from the Army. They were the products of unemployment, the labor market which had no place for them; of frame-ups by local prosecutors seeking a "record" to guarantee their personal promotion at the expense of justice. They were the products of the deeply ingrained inhumanity of judges dominated by or unconsciously reflecting racial prejudices nurtured by our government; of police brutality which makes of the Negro lad a special target for "Genocide under cover of the law." They were the product of the press that glamorizes the "call girl" and her pimp; a press that makes heroes of gangsters like Al Capone and Frank Costello; a press which writes reams about the gangsters' luxurious estates in Miami Beach and California, and lauds them as defenders of the free world; a press which lavishly reviews such books as the one Al Capone, "that one-hundred percent American," produced dealing with the "Evils of Communism and Why We Must Save Our Children From Its Clutches."

These lads are the product of the press that glamorizes the Nevada gambling halls and praises the senator protecting them because he happens to be the author of anti-Communist legislation; a press which cannot, however, be brought to crusade against racism. They are the product of a venal press featuring sensationalism and crimes of force and violence. They are the product of segregated, ill-equipped schools that make a mockery of our Constitution, teaching and advocating openly or by inference the methods of racism, of superior and inferior people and maintaining a quota system when not strictly jim-crow. They are the product of teachers who dare not deal with the realities of our economic, political and social way of life. They are the product of mental illnesses to which today's society pays little or no attention, as is shown by the large number of American youth rejected by the Army because of neuroses. The result of these pressures and influences is the mental illness which now is widely prevalent. These cold war tensions and their accompanying mental illnesses are matters for which this society as yet has no remedy, save prison and more repression.

THE language of these lads struck me with terrific force. It disclosed their dehumanization and, as well, their despair. They had inherited from the streets the worst of the conversational technique of a decaying society. Endlessly their talk was of sex (normal and abnormal), of living fat off the product of women's bodies, of gambling and of dope. These lads had not been

orn mentally deformed. They had nce desired and hungrily sought ormal lives—some still wanted to nd a way of life that was different, nt hope was fading fast.

One lad, Richard Davis of Philaelphia, said to me: "Mr. Patterson, do not want to come back here, nt when I get out I do not want to arve. I am not going to permit the le of an automobile engine to and between me and a decent place live and decent food to eat." Deep ar for his economic security obssed him. Others expressed the me fears or others equally disrbing.

Why do I write of Danbury? Beuse Danbury faces are to be found l around us. To those who say that e root of juvenile crime is in the me, or in lack of police forces, say that they overlook the roots nd see only the surface. In a Danbury, or in any prison, you can see the roots.

You can see that the argument about "the home" makes parents and children appear to be independent of society, which they are not.

Juvenile delinquency—as I could see so vividly in Danbury prison—is merely the barometer of a social sickness which has been eating into the vitals of society with tremendous speed in recent years, the sickness of "inevitable war," of Jimcrow racism, of the dollar-grab as practiced in all the top layers of the nation, of cynicism and contempt for every idea of progress which reflects "the menace of Communism," so say the nation's leaders. Our national battle against delinquency is a *political battle* for democracy, equal rights and a national determination to prevent atomic war. That is what Danbury proved so vividly to one inmate.

books in review

NOVEL OF VIENNA

NO FAREWELL, by Gerda Lerner. Associated Authors (P. O. Box 274, Cooper Station, New York 3). $3.

IN THE New York *Times* of May 29, Robert Gorham Davis writes from Innsbruck, Austria, of his troubles as a visiting Fulbright Profesor lecturing on 20th century American literature. Having to explain such books as *From Here to Eternity, Lie Down in Darkness, Invisible Man* and *The Naked and the Dead,* he writes, "The Fulbright Professor cast desperately about in his mind to see how he can counter these images of brutality and despair."

It is really not so desperate a problem. He might discuss, for example, Gerda Lerner's *No Farewell.* And he might discuss with it such companion novels as *Iron City, Burning Valley, Silas Timberman.* I am sure that these books would make a hit with most of his audience, who would recognize that what they had suffered under fascism was not lost on American writers.

But of course to mention them would raise some embarrassing problems. He must try to describe the United States, he writes, as a land of "incredibly many opportunities." But one opportunity that did not exist, was for the authors of the abovementioned books, including Gerda Lerner, to get a commercial publisher, although their works are so much more readable and profound literature than tons of books that are published. Nor are they given the opportunity of having their books reviewed, and their thoughts discussed, in the book columns of newspapers and magazines that willingly devote space to so much drivel.

And what is the great crime committed by these writers, which makes them pariahs? It is that they are whole-heartedly against fascism and against war. They speak for the point of view and interests of the working people, and accordingly take no part in the "cold war," which is so destructive to the American people as a whole.

Our visiting professor does not have the freedom to talk about what is most deep in human sympathies and hopeful in U.S. literature. The cold war destroys even honest scholarship. He writes, "As a semi-official representative of American culture,

e (the Fulbright Professor) is likely
become a propagandist in spite
himself." And so, out of despera-
on, his solution is to propound the
ng discredited theory that literature
as no relation to real social life.
Why, he asks, do people read fiction?
e answers, "To be entertained, to
are other people's interests, to
magine what it is to have certain
inds of experience, and to enlarge
ne's sense of artistic and human
ossibility." In Vienna and Stock-
olm, he continues, "the American
n much more easily see American
ction for what it is—something
nagined, universal, invented, which
the property of all men who ap-
reciate it."

But this little balloon filled with
ot-air phrases doesn't float very high.
or a question still remains. Why is
that among the novelists he men-
ons, all of whom have passed every
yalty test in respect to the "free
orld" that is now busy reviving fas-
sm, "entertainment" is found now
nly in images of brutality? Why is
that the "enlarged human possibili-
es" he speaks of are exhibited ex-
usively as loneliness, hopeless ignor-
nce, suicide and despair?

And by ignoring the anti-fascist
cial realist books, he misses an in-
resting esthetic problem. Why is
that in precisely those books which
ce directly up to fascism, reaction,
d the destructive forces in life
day, we do not find pervading
images of "brutality and despair?" Rather, we find along with a deep love for people, a confidence in the fact that the forward movement of human progress has already erected a barrier against which the tides of superstition, fear and cruelty, dredged up from the past, will dash themselves in vain.

Gerda Lerner's *No Farewell* is a profound, enlightening and stirring novel dealing with the coming of fascism to Austria, between 1934 and 1938. It is a subject very close to us, for there is much that is similar between the Vienna of those years and the New York, or San Francisco, of today. It deals largely with the middle class, such as one family headed by a Social Democratic deputy, and another which, devoted to music and painting, abhors any mention of politics. And yet it is thoroughly working class in its point of view and thought. Its approach is not satiric, but deeply analytic and sympathetic, showing carefully and in a completely convincing manner the development of each character, with some becoming paralyzed in the face of the fascist threat, others surrendering to it, still others gathering strength to resist, finding unsuspected resources of courage, making firm ties with the anti-fascist working class.

And not the least of its values, apart from the theme itself, is the lesson it gives to young writers of

today in the great tradition of the social novel, which is also the great tradition of the novel. There is not a hint in it of the Hemingway hard-boiled lingo, which so effectively drives ideas out of writing; or of the Faulkner stream of associations, with its inevitable irrationality, both of which haunt so many progressive-minded writers. It is analytic of character and poetic, without subjectivity. It is full of love for Vienna, and out of this springs much of its poetry. An example is the little interlude on why the Danube is not always blue:

"Where the Danube has been channeled stocky bridges span the water, tired eyes of slum apartments rest wistfully on the river's burdened flow. Under the bridges live the unemployed, the homeless sleep there hearing waves rush even in their dreams, boys learn of love in the gaslight's yellow pools. On foggy nights cries of brawling stab the air and drunks stagger home when the morning mists rise. At night the river belongs to the troubled, it washes their wounds and gives them final rest.

And to them the waters of the Danube are black like their lives."

But there is also a time for love, for walks hand in hand through the woods, for picnics and children's games, *"the fresh touch of moist grass, the tangy smell of wood and apples. It is then that the Danube is blue like a holiday."*

This novel is also important because it remedies the partial disservice done by a number of the anti-fascist novels, plays and especially films of the late 1930's and war years. Among them were some that were very fine. But all too many, with the best of intentions, failed really to examine fascism, and stressed its brutalities in melodramatic fashion. It seemed to be a creation of unbelievable monsters. And at the same time the anti-fascist fighters were portrayed in petty-bourgeois melodramatic terms of groups of dedicated suicides and heroic martyrs. The effect of such works was both to disarm the readers and onlookers, and to terrify them.

With the right feeling of a fine dramatist, Gerda Lerner starts her story not at its historical beginning, but at the time when events are rising to a climax. The tremendous opening section tells of the armed fight of the workers to defend the Karl Marx houses, the low-rent apartment houses built by the Social Democratic government, against the *Heimwehr* troops of Chancellor Dollfuss. In the course of the narrative the threads leading from the end of the first world war are succinctly laid down. And the reader is also given a fine picture, through Deputy Joseph Bergschmidt, of the paralysis of the Social Democratic politicians whose ties to the workers have long decayed. They cling to strictly legal

ests even while the Chancellor estroying democratic institutions arrests and armed violence.

he middle section of the book s the regrouping of forces during next four years. The closing sec- describes the rallying of the peo- to a powerful anti-fascist stand, e time of the announced plebis- deciding whether Austria is to e" with Nazi Germany. It ends efeat, and yet in a sense, a par- victory, for Hitler, alarmed at strength of the tide for Austrian pendence, is forced to call off the iiscite. He sends his troops in, the connivance of the Austrian rnment. The reader closes the with a feeling that the people begun to know their strength, they will not be crushed. They outlast Hitler.

he emphasis of the writing is not the political events themselves, on the reactions and changes of characters to the movement of ts. Masterfully handled is the ne of love; such as the touching affair between the son of Dep- Bergschmidt, Gustl, who allies self with the Left, and Leni, who ing from a wealthy family, wants o something against fascism but it difficult to win the friend- of the workers. And with this e is also the fine depiction of the radely relations between the left- worker, Sepp Sanger, and his ; the degeneration of relations between Deputy Bergschmidt, as he makes his peace with fascism, and his wife, Martha; the hysterical affair between Aggie. Gustl's sister, and a music-loving, cynical young baron, who is a monarchist, impoverished by the Socialist reforms, and who finds his future with the fascists; the sick and degenerate erotic relationship of the fascists themselves.

Along with the five main characters, Joseph Bergschmidt, Martha, Gustl, Leni and Aggie, there are a number of finely drawn minor characters. A whole society makes its appearance in these pages. And along with the major events of the drama, a number of brilliantly written little scenes stick in the mind. There is the visit of Marie, a working class organizer, to Gustl in jail, where she imparts information to him while playing the role of a garrulous, simple minded cook; the looting by a gang of Nazi hoodlums of a haberdashery shop owned by a Jew, and then their turning upon Aggie, first making advances, then accusing her of being Jewish, while all she can do is scream hysterically, "I'm no Jew, I'm no Jew. . . ."

No Farewell is one of those literary works which, seizing on essential social truths, can help a country rouse itself against the peril of fascism—if the book gets around, of course, and get around it must.

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

MARTINIS AND MASSACRE

SOMETHING OF VALUE, by Robert Ruark. *Doubleday.* $5.00.

WHEN Sen. Kefauver and his committee were, a few months ago, investigating the comic books, there appeared before them a comic book publisher who stated that he had begun censorship of his own publications. He showed the committee a cover that he had disapproved for use, he then proudly showed them the revised cover.

Sen. Kefauver allowed as he could not see any difference. In both, a monstrous figure was holding a severed head.

Yes, the voluntarily controlled publisher said, yes, but in the revised cover *there is no blood* flowing from the head.

Mr. Ruark doesn't hold with this sort of thing. In his kingsize comic book the heads are severed, and the blood flows, gurgles, spouts, pours, runs. It is nearly always the blood of black men, or of animals—one has the feeling that Ruark doesn't find there's too much difference.

Mr. Ruark, his publishers tell us, comes from Southport, North Carolina (this is an affirmation, not a contradiction). Obviously, he found in Kenya some years ago his spiritual home, that heaven on earth where the black man knows his place and the livin' (for white folks) i easy. His novel opens in those idylli days when these conditions still pre vailed. There is a wedding to begi with, this terribly nice, terribly Brit ish couple, you know, Jeff and Elisa beth. When they come back fron their honeymoon to take up life to gether on Jeff's farm, he has a gran surprise waiting for her: a new win to the old house. Elisabeth inspect the new quarters and is particularl taken by the boudoir (which is wha bedrooms are called in Kenya) bui specially for her. It contains a bec and Elisabeth, unzipping her skir says to Jeff: "Last one in is a nigge baby."

As you can see, Ruark does thes tender love scenes with great skil but he is also (perhaps not surpri ingly) very good at entering int the mind of a child. Listen, if yo will, to the voice of one of his chi dren who has just bathed in Mummy bath salts: "They make you fe just lovely all over, don't they?" this makes you think of advertisin copy rather than any little girl yo ever heard, that is because you can stand success—Ruark's success. Th is the way Ruark explained the bi terness of some of his critics to *Times'* reporter. They can't stan it because I'm such a success, he w quoted as saying. Here I write th successful novel and 60 magazin articles and I also went out an bagged three leopards, six buffs, an

elephants. (Ruark has passed erty but he still tries to talk like ningway.)

ke many others before him he taken the worst of Hemingway none of the best and made a t success of it. Rather than at- t an understanding of what the teenth-century novelists used to "the human heart," Ruark and friends talk about guns, muzzle cities, the good old Mannlicher and the Smith-Wesson .416. e is an example of Ruark being wing about guns:

Peter walked over to the first he'd shot, holding cold on the t, curious to see what sort of act a soft-nosed .416 would make a man. . . . Peter turned him with his foot. The impact a -nosed .416 would make on a man considerable. The man had no whatsoever for the space of a re foot. I think I'm using too h gun, Peter thought, before he embered for a moment that this a man and not an animal."

ortunately for Ruark, the Book he Month Club, and Hollywood, conscience-stricken moments pass kly and hardly, you might say, ede the progress of the novel.

or the happy few who have not heard of it, perhaps it ought e said at this point that Ruark's el is about Kenya and the Mau Mau. There are many scenes of horror that are meant to show that the Kikuyu are bloodthirsty savages. There are chapters in which the whites are seen torturing and killing the Kikuyu; these are meant to show how heroic the whites are but that they can be beastly if they have to be.

Ruark's novel has a Foreword; this is always a sign of a Serious Novel. In it he anounces that this "certainly is not a political book." In one sense, perhaps, this is true: no work of such mindlessness can be political. But the fact that this mindless effort is published, rises to the top best seller lists, is purchased by Hollywood, and selected by Judge Fadiman and Judge Marquand for the Book of the Month Club (Judge Amy Loveman did enter an honorable dissent)—these honors and this success do make it political. For if a nation's foreign policy is a reflection of its domestic policy, so is its culture a reflection of both; and at present our culture is dominated by the Ruarks, the trigger-happy word slingers, and their "respectable" sponsors, the Fadimans, the Marquands, and the Doubledays. At the moment their banner waves proudly over Broadway in the form of the half-naked figure of Marilyn Monroe, six stories high, advertising a movie called *The Seven Year Itch.*

Along with the Foreword there is

a Glossary of words that runs from *ahoi* ("tenant farmer or share cropper") to *wattle* ("long thin tree"). It then gives us nine Kikuyu or Swahili phrases that will be of interest to all tourists and linguists among *M&M's* readers. These phrases, besides their usefulness to prospective travelers to Africa, also give a quite accurate indication of Ruark's sentiments and preoccupation. In translation, they are:

"Go and look for the Tommy and bring it here in a hurry, you bloody baboon."

"Bring the gin for the master in a hurry."

"Take out the big gun for the little master in a hurry and put in the bullets."

"Slit the stomach here."

"Double martini on the rocks."

"Bring the soup today, not tomorrow."

"Bring the hot water here for the lady in a hurry."

"Fetch the beer for the master."

"Here is the tea."

For us stay-at-homes it is interesting to note that the most useful of these phrases, apparently, is: *Martini a maui mbile.*

The publisher of this novel i Doubleday. Reading this book could not help thinking of anothe book that was published and the suppressed by the same publishin house. That was about forty yea ago and the book was *Sister Carri* Mr. Doubleday (who described him self as a *gentleman*) found Dreiser' novel obscene. Now the firm o Doubleday has brought out Ruar Who says we haven't made prog ress?

Ruark, we learn, had intended buy ing a farm and settling in Keny but then the trouble started and h moved to a more restful country— Spain. He bought a castle there. Bu I suspect he will have to move agai before long, and soon there won be any place to go. The "native are getting restless everywhere, bw na; and not least in Southport, Nort Carolina. Come home while the g ing is good, Bob—who knows? Th might be the last good year for you kind of *martini a maui mbile.* Ne year you might have to mix it you self or even say *please* to the waite It's a word conspicuously absent fro the Glossary.

JOHN BOTHWELL.

Faulkner's Stand
ON SEGREGATED SCHOOLS

litors, *M&M*:

I BELIEVE that your readers will be greatly interested in the way William Faulkner, Nobel Prize novel-, has entered the debate raging re in the press on de-segregation our schools. In the Memphis *mmercial Appeal,* Faulkner wrote series of letters which showed him xing a definite and outspoken po- ion in favor of integration in the ississippi schools. He now takes his ace, along with Hodding Carter, itor and Pulitzer prize winner of reenville, Mississippi, as a favorite hipping boy" of Southern racists. On March 20, 1955, Faulkner's st letter on the school situation ap- ared. He stated that Mississippi- s already knew their present hools were not good enough. He d that the young people have oven that by going elsewhere for eir education and that too often ey don't come back. He declared: he present schools are not even od enough for white people," that ssissippi education "is not of high ugh quality to assuage the thirst even our white young men and men. In which case how can it possibly assuage the thirst and need of the Negro, who obviously is thirstier, needs it worse, else the Federal Government would not pass a law compelling Mississippi (among others of course) to make the best available to him." Faulkner ends by denouncing "separate but equal," saying: "The question is not how foolish can people get because there is no apparent limit to that. The question is, how foolish in simple dollars and cents, let alone in wasted men and women, can we afford to be?"

In the following *Sunday Commercial,* March 27, 1955, three Mississippi "stalwarts" assailed the Nobel Prize winner. W. C. Neill, North Carrolton, questioned Faulkner's "gumption" and said: "economic slavery (sic) of whites and blacks" has been preserved by the fortitude of rural teachers. He maintains that Negroes and whites who "thirst" for knowledge can go north—or to Africa. He says the basic economy of Mississippi is threatened by integration. He is no doubt correct in that assertion. C. J. Martin of Greenwood states that Faulkner creates an impasse while

offering no concrete solution. (Mr. Martin refuses to consider integration as a solution!) Martin further declares that "rightness or wrongness has no bearing on the immediate solution of this problem." Representative Dave Womack, a Mississippi State Representative, takes a feeble poke at the author's reputation, and wants to know how many degrees he holds from Mississippi schools.

On April 3, 1955, the "Intruder in the Dust" author comes roaring back. He takes on all three adversaries, declaring:

"Whatever the cost of our present state-wide school system is, we will have to raise that much again to establish another system equal to it." Then: "Let's make our present schools . . . not just the best in America but the best that schools can be; then the schools themselves will take care of the candidates, white and Negro both, who had no business in them in the first place."

He continues: "Though I agree this only solves integration; not the impasse of the emotional conflict over it, but at least it observes one of the oldest and soundest maxims: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

Faulkner pleads for integration on the basis of ability. Those who haven't academic ability to go to trade and craft schools. He avers we need "more Americans on our side. If all Americans were on the same side, we wouldn't need to try to bribe foreign countries which don't always stay bought to support us." He finishes by answering Womack, says he has no degrees, that he is a veteran six-grader. Says: "Maybe that's why I have too much respect for education that I seem unable to sit quiet and watch it held subordinate in importance to the color of a pupil's skin."

Snuday April 10, 1955, Faulkner was joined in battle by James R. Nation of West Point, Miss., and a "Student" from Dorsey, Miss. Both corespondents defended Faulkner as an author and rallied to his position on school integration.

Representative Womack appeared with another personal attack on Faulkner. He implied that the author was cowardly for "bowing to integration." That Faulkner was loyal to the Constitution and that Womack was guilty of plotting its overthrow didn't seem to bother the Mississippi legislator. The representative claimed that Faulkner was holding Mississippi up to ridicule by the world for the past 25 years. That the world might consider Mississippi ridiculous for electing such a representative as Womack would probably be correct.

In the latest letter, April 17, 1955, the Oxford, Miss., author urged a student survey for the students' opinion of integration. He called for reconciliation with the national government decree. He felt that the students, given their choice, will choose

egration. He decried the hysteri-
pitch which has developed forcing
ne integrationists to send letters to
paper unsigned:

"And what a commentary that is on
that in Mississippi communal
ılt opinion can reach such emo-
nal pitch that our young sons and
ughters dare not, from probably a
y justified physical fear, sign
ir names to an opinion adverse to

Faulkner was joined on April 17th
a "Mississippi Teacher" who for
vious reasons did not sign her
me. She said she is "Happy to
w to the decision of people much
er than I, and if there are Ne-
children in my room this fall
hall be glad to do the best I can
them."

The opposition gained in strength
numbers). Two Tennesseans
ned two more Mississippians in ad-
ating continued segregation. The
of all the letters was that segre-
ion must be maintained at all
ts—that Faulkner, Carter and all
o favored integration were "dupes"
Northern "thinkers" and were at-
ıpting to "indoctrinate" the South.
st of the letters showed a decided
ti-intellectual" slant and consid-
l those in the South who speak
for integration as betrayers of the
t of their fellow-citizens.

That William Faulkner has shown
ingness to carry on this verbal
le in the public forum of as influential a paper as the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* is noteworthy in itself—that he has taken a stronger position each week and has been able to win adherents amongst white Mississippians is outstanding. A few years ago no one would have dared to come to his defense. That the *Commercial Appeal* has been willing to print as many letters on the subject is also newsworthy and indicates a significant change. This writer knows that many letters of his and others, especially Negro letter writers, have never seen print.

Another interesting phenomenon in this verbal debate is that no one has "Red-baited" any of those who have urged school integration. It may be that the May 17th decision of the Supreme Court has lifted the status of Southern advocates of integration to that of "respectability." Until then, no white person in the Mid-South could be outspoken against jimcrow without being subjected to the "Red-baiting" and "foreign agent" attack.

When a progressive tells a liberal or even a white supremacist that in the past he has been called a "Communist" only because of his outspoken criticism of Negro discrimination and segregation, the liberal or white supremacist will invariably scoff—yet that has been the case of many white southern progressives, who have first entered the progressive movement exclusively because

they were repelled by and resented Jimcrow.

The South's most famous author, William Faulkner, has taken a step forward in the fight for humanity. The rest of our American intellectuals could well follow in his path.

JOE STEELE

Memphis, Tenn.

More on "Morning, Noon and Night"

Editors, *M & M*:

I hope the author will be permitted to comment on Phillip Bonosky's twice-told criticism of *Morning Noon and Night.*

I don't like defending my work. A book should achieve its artistic communication without coaching or post-mortems. But silence, as Ilya Ehrenburg said in a similar situation, might be misinterpreted as indifference. I am not at all non-partisan in this matter. My book (the second half of which is to appear in the fall) took six years of hard labor to write, and it shall not, if I can help it, be dismissed in five minutes' reading time.

Nor, however, shall I defend it as flawless. I do not yet know all about the writing of novels, and certainly the book has faults which a critic is bound to point out.

So, too, am I bound to point out *his* errors.

Bonosky has two main points to make about *Morning Noon and Night*: 1, that the book is "important" and "merits a wide audience"; 2, that it is a "naturalistic" novel dealing with "villains" and "'good' people" including Mexican-Americans and Communists, written in a "synthetic style, inhuman in essence" and employing "coarse images echoed from the prevailing commercialized style of the 'tough school.'" The Mexican-Americans, who constitute a majority of the "good" people, are stereotypes, says Bonosky—"quaint, 'earthy,' unspoiled children, speaking a colorful patois." As for the Communists, Bonosky says of the character of the section organizer that "he's a pathetic, cowardly, helpless person," and for other Communists in the book he has no kinder words.

Well! Is this a book that "merits a wide audience?"

Bonosky can't have it both ways. If the book reduces Hispano-Americans to stereotypes and Communists to cowards (by means of a coarse and synthetic style), then it ought to be denounced as a weapon of the class

nemy, no? Is this his intention?

If on the contrary the book is ally important and merits a wide adership, then the critic is under bligation to point out how it is nportant why it deserves to be ad, and *what* extraordinary virtues utweigh such grievous vices as nglo-Saxon supremacy and anti-ommunism couched in Mickey pillane prose. Instead, Bonosky ives away the readers he says the ook deserves, by alleging vices that utweigh the virtues a hundred to ne.

Bonosky's contradiction is not a uitful, dialectical contradiction hich moves history forward, but a erile, selfcancelling, irrational con-adiction, product of an idealistic, l-or-nothing, scholastic approach to iticism.

As for questions of fact—why ar-ne? I leave it to the reader to decide r himself whether such Mexican-merican characters as Tranquillino e Vaca and Conception Candelaria e "quaint children" or mature work-g-class leaders; whether Hamilton urner is a coward or a brave man apped in a conflagration. Many aders—including writers, workers, d Communists—who read the book manuscript found no stereotypes cowards among its leading "good" aracters.

Bonosky's rigidity misleads him to morally questionable tactics, as hen he treats a passing thought in the mind of one of the characters as if it were the author's own "'mierda' conception of heroes." Would it be proper to call this the mierda theory of criticism?

I wish there were space to go thoroughly into the matter of literary naturalism, because it's a point on which there is needless confusion. Not in defense of the method but merely as a matter of fact, it ought to be pointed out that some of our best friends are naturalists (or accused of naturalism), starting with Emile Zola, the father of the technique, and including such progressives as Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Vera Panova and many more. Naturalism is the literary equivalent of mechanistic materialism, which dominated scientific thought in the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth, but which is now being successfully challenged by the more realistic materialism of dialectics and its literary application, socialist realism. The coming of the movies, with their microscopic close-ups, their plethora of accurate detail, greatly reinforced the naturalistic tradition in literature. It is not surprising, therefore, to find traces of its influence in the writing of a Mailer, a Killens, a Fast. Scarcely a modern writer is untouched by it. Even Sholokhov, even Bonosky is affected.

There are among us as yet few

masters of dialectical materialism in literature, though many are struggling for such mastery. They make mistakes. As Lenin wrote to a writer launching a new magazine: "Only those who do nothing make no mistakes." The important thing is not so much to make no mistakes, or to prosecute the erring, as it is to help them correct their errors.

At the recent congress of writers in Moscow, Simonov said in a speech, incompletely quoted by *M&M*:

"In the literature of socialist realism, as in any other literature, the people in it argue, make mistakes, even commit crimes. While not closing its eyes to this, the literature of socialist realism passes unambiguous judgment upon it, a just judgment from the point of view of the great interests of the people.

"The aesthetics of socialist realism does not demand softening the picture of life where life is stern and even merciless. It does demand that the goal should always be seen beyond the deed; beyond sacrifices, the cause for which they have been made; beyond temporary defeat, the prospect of final victory."

I hope it's a fair question to ask Bonosky whether *Morning, Noon and Night* does or does not see and communicate the goal beyond the deed, the cause beyond the sacrifice, the victory beyond defeat—or, shall we say, the ability of a still-frail balloon to rise and move with the winds of history.

I believe we may be at the threshold of a revival of progressive writing, following an arid period of do-nothing correctness. My plea to Bonosky, to *M & M,* and to all creative artists left of centre, is to help that revival attain the highest level of excellence, not to trample each other's works with well-meaning hobnail boots.

LARS LAWRENCE

Editors, *M&M*:

Phillip Bonosky's reply to Albert Maltz compounds the serious disservice he did to Lars Lawrence's *Morning, Noon and Night* in his original review of this important novel.

In the review, after giving lip-service to "what promises to be a remarkable work," and providing the reader with a brief synopsis, Bonosky proceeds to pound the novel into a pulp on the anvil of his own prejudice against what he calls "naturalism."

In his reply to Maltz' protest over the review, Bonosky is less than honest. He denies that he has any objections to the use of the interior monologue; yet in the review he contends that this useful literary device, which has been part of the armamentarium of writers since long before Joyce, is "able to expose best,

nd served to expose historically, the
pocrisies of bourgeois life. . . . But
cannot meet the challenge which
story has brought to writers every-
here: show Man, the Prometheus-
Vorker of our times, the human force
liberate all humanity."

Why can it not? Because Bonosky
ys so? It has been used effectively
v Louis Aragon, by Sholokhov,
oris Polevoi, by James Aldridge
nd any number of other writers
hose allegiance is to the working
ass, and it will continue to be used
ecause it provides ready access to
ie minds and hearts of characters,
whatever class.

The examples Bonosky chooses to
lustrate his thesis seem to me not
nly literal-minded and humorless,
ut they are taken out of context,
ecisely to "prove" his point.

Lawrence portrays several *kinds* of
ommunists; several *kinds* of work-
g class people. Does Bonosky deny
ey exist, or are all workers and all
ommunists cut to a pattern?

Ramon Arce is a "romantic" radi-
l who is quite aware of his own
ilings, his lack of study, his ten-
ncy to shine in dramatic situa-
ons where his natural leadership
mes to the fore; to fail when the
ork is "dull" and day-to-day.

Ham Turner is a relatively inex-
rienced organizer, an Anglo, sent
to a situation in process of explo-
on and required to hide out against
s will until he can find out what
is happening. This is the point where, to his own humiliation, he must hide under a bed—*to save his life*—and has the half-ironical thought to which Bonosky objects: "He wished he could feel more like Lenin in a sealed boxcar en route to triumph."

Tranquilino de Vaca, one of the most brilliantly realized characters in the first volume of this extended work, is trapped in a situation where he is forced to make a decision alone, despite his deep desire to consult with his comrades. His self-admonishment, to which your reviewer so objects ("Leftist gestures are cheap. All radicals dream them a dozen times a day," etc.) is but one passage from a long and vivid sequence in which Tranquilino, caught in the the enemy camp, brilliantly thinks out what he must do in the interests of his people.

Despite his disclaimer, what Bonosky *really* wants are "idealized, that is to say falsified, characters"—Communists who are perfect in act and thought, workers who have no weaknesses and are not "complicated"—and I would like to know where they exist.

I would also like Bonosky to point out a single Mexican-American character who is "simple," "quaint," "earthy" or like "unspoiled children." Every one of Lawrence's Mexican and Indian characters—as well as the Anglos—is sharply differentiated and —insofar as possible in an introduc-

tion to a novel—motivated in differing ways.

Each of these characters is realized in a spectacular fashion—in so short a space—and they bring with them to the situation in hand differing backgrounds, environments, original equipment, pressures and prejudices.

In Bonosky's prudish objection to "coarse images" I am reminded of certain criticisms of my book on Spain, *Men in Battle.* For there were those who objected to the obscene language soldiers speak at the front, feeling that "heroes" of the Lincoln Battalion (and they *were* heroes) shouldn't talk like that. To which there is only one reply: "Mierda!"

The *Masses & Mainstream* review of Lawrence's novel, I am told, has practically killed its sale among progressives, since progressives look to *M&M* for a sound evaluation of what to read and what to overlook on the contemporary literary scene.

This, to my mind, is criminal, for we have not had a novel like *Morning, Noon and Night* since Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath*—a story rooted in the struggles of real people who speak in their own tongue, who suffer and fight despite their obvious weaknesses and shortcomings—whether they are Communists or non-Communists, literate or illiterate.

ALVAH BESSIE

San Francisco

Editors, *M&M*:

The controversy between Albert Maltz and Phillip Bonosky over the book *Morning, Noon and Night* sets in relief two very interesting cross currents today. One, Albert Maltz's, the fact that a working class novel should be praised and pushed, and he even mentions it as a "collective" novel, makes one realize the deadly war of extermination that the bourgeois world is carrying on against anything they can brand "Communist." The use of the word "collective" makes one think that a number of writers are involved and that their economic future is bound up with the book. Albert Maltz chides Phillip Bonosky almost as Shelley once chided his wife: "How now Mary, art thou critic bitten?"

Phillip Bonosky on the other hand stands up for something to my mind much more important and ethical in the deepest sense: the relation of art to life and the responsibility of the writer to reflect in the most advanced and humanistic way any part of the life of his day.

I think we have all realized for many years now that the "hero" lives and has lived. Many heroes are now in jail, cut off from their families and participation in life outside. Many of them are ill and so doubly heroic. Or one may think of those

great heroes, the Rosenbergs, realize the depth and force of at heroism. In the light of these events, the folksy, rather cute, er monologue of Ramon—"pri-ely Ramon thought heroes were t of mierda. But maybe they were essary too, to make people weep, make them laugh, to make grow party—as mierda was necessary grow the corn"—becomes the aking of an amused tourist, used to see how a more innocent, ve people are getting contami-ed also. I also felt the inner nologues of the other leading racters were Freudian in nature, chanistically keeping alive the sex rest.

As a contrast to this conception of non there is the Mexican father *Salt of the Earth* who deeply re-ts the fact that his American nrades do not recognize the pic-e of the great Mexican hero rez.

Morning, Noon and Night is an portant book and criticism only nonstrates the fact of how great interest was and how one feels down at certain phases of it. The ndid descriptions of nature and whole setting and people of the k are powerful magnets drawing to it. The telegraphic style be-es wearying as one reads on—a series of news items.

Today we must be on our toes ause such great and important events take place in the real world that literature, unless it reflects truly, becomes only a pale and falsified reflection of life. A strong wind is blowing and meager is the heart who cannot see the heroes.

ALICE NEEL
New York City

Editors, *M&M*:

Full understanding of the Bonosky-Maltz correspondence around the Lars Lawrence novel, *Marning, Noon and Night,* can come only with a fundamental analysis of the *source* of their difference in their general life experience and pattern of creative development. For Maltz is defending his own in upholding this novel!

That is, Lawrence and Maltz represent one group of writers historically, and Bonosky a new type. This controversy is the inevitable surface appearance of the cleavage. But is important to know how the earth moves under the rift.

Lawrence and Maltz both tend to write by a *synthetic* method, smacking of the professional school of dramatic craft. A student of middle-class background gains a desire for theatre and learns the craft of drama. In the 30's he develops genuine social concern and turns toward the workers, but deep inside he continues a special relation to them. He seeks out themes and synthesizes them, from the outside, as it were.

An example is the famed short story by Maltz, "Happiest Man on Earth." This effective, but limited and therefore overrated story, is dramatic formula from the title on. The bones of the tour-de-force stick through, or at least show under the flesh of this type of work.

Such writers rarely reveal genuine poetry, though they often achieve a studied lyricism as a dramatic component. Essentially their works lack resonance, the reverberation of deeply-lived experience.

Actually, *Morning, Noon and Naght* is an important phenomenon in the emergence of our people's art, being a transitionial work from the other side of the direction of Bonosky's *Burning Valley* toward the fulfillment of the truthful rendering of reality. Whereas Bonosky's was the talent from the inside working for artistic power without losing the values of his people, Lawrence is the other type of writer seeking salvation from the split between his own history and what he considers the main event. He has imbibed folk wisdom but still limited to atmosphere, not essence. What is important and new in this book is the mark of struggle to achieve this knowledge. However, the author was unfortunately unaware of the portent and scope of the necessary achievement. For the fault is visible throughout the novel as an incongruity between aspects derived from close observation of expressive realities and sequences obvious as the author's own inadequate improvisations, recognisable by gauche and inorganic images and purplish prose.

Now in contrast, *Youngblood* is the work of a man in common with Bonosky, emerging from deep in the life he is rendering. It, however, bears marks of another sort, of a faint kind of chauvinism expressed mostly by omissions, occasionally by unemphasized overt reference. His honesty in publicly accepting criticism directed at his omissions is noteworthy, but his defense that he did not know positive white people, while mute testimony to the exclusion in his growth as a man, nevertheless must be overcome. For his role as writer is to put forth articulate, informed and truer testimony.

There is no automatic road for talent to travel to powerful and authentic artistic expression from out of the main experience. Witness Richard Wright, diDonato, Llewellyn. And conversely, artists from all origins can find ways to their own genuine materials or to master the material they want.

Creative, fundamental criticism can only help. Fulsome and uncritical praise for effort can only gloss over and obscure the situation.

LEE JENSON
Los Angeles