MASSES & *MAINSTREAM*

DEMOCRATIC REVIVAL and the MARXISTS

JAMES S. ALLEN

HOLLYWOOD LIBERAL'S DILEMMA

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"MARTY"

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A SONG TO SING

PAUL ROBESON

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POEMS

MARTHA MILLET and AARON KRAMER

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Democratic Revival and the Marxists

By JAMES S. ALLEN

EVENTS follow in rapid succession to indicate that the cold war is coming to an end. The Geneva conference of the big four heads of state in July marked a turn in world affairs, which had been in gestation for some time, away from atomic war toward negotiations envisioning a state of peaceful coexistence between the capitalist and socialist parts of the world. This turn in world affairs, still to be completed and secured against the resistance and obstruction of the prime movers of the cold war, opens stimulating and exciting perspectives for reversing the reactionary trend in our own country as well.

THIS is not the place to explore in detail the powerful role of the world peace forces, the great social and political changes, and the circumstances and necessities which enter into the shift of direction which is occurring. Suffice it to point out that the policy of atomic war is being wrecked in a world desperately seeking peace. Our national policy built up during the last decade, expressing the world ambitions of an aggressive monopoly state in sharpest contradiction to our own national interest, must be altered in accordance with the world trend if the United States is not to be disastrously isolated. For the turn toward peaceful coexistence is too solidly based on the national requirements of all powers concerned to be a passing phase, although we may well expect new difficulties and crises in the process.

The important thing is that we stand at the dawn of a period in which working relations of coexistence are about to take form, most likely in many separate measures and gradually, creating a rather mobile framework within which the main currents of world history and social change will unfold. An extended period of peace will be conducive to the most rapid evolution of the socialist-type countries, and also to the maturing of progressive changes in the capitalist part of the world.

UNIVERSAL release from the fear of atomic war is the cardinal outcome of the Geneva development. The perspective now opened presents great opportunities for changing the course of events in this country. But they have to be grasped and pursued to the full by progressives, if the policy of peace, from which the positive domestic potentials flow, is to be firmly established and its durability assured. There are too many factors at work within capitalism, making for its essential instability and therefore for sudden changes to permit us to take for granted that once a turn in policy has begun it will proceed along a given course. Powerful forces in positions of power would like to stop the world peace trend and push along the path to fascism in this country. Other unsettling forces are at work within our social system, chief among them the ever present prospect of an economic crisis, with the capacity for disrupting peaceful policies and world relations, and requiring social programs on a scale never attempted before if the recourse to war is to be averted. The demise of the imperialist colonial system, initiated on fundamental and broad grounds by the great Chinese revolution, will proceed apace, and the imperialist diehards will seek to drown it in blood. The unremitting political crises of France, Italy, Germany and other countries, are not spontaneously solved by a turn to peace: they continue within the new framework of world policy, and new crises will arise. In sum, a state of peace, even if it should prove to be durable over a more or less extended period, does not solve the underlying conflicts by which history proceeds, but it does create a climate favorable to progressive outcomes providing the essential people's forces strive to achieve them.

THE principal point I wish to explore, in certain aspects, is the role of the Marxists and progressives in the democratic revival that must come within the country if we are to win and retain a durable peace. The democratic stream must again flow vigorously and full force, cutting new channels for social progress. The years that follow must be made the era of the democratic revival in the United States if they are to be years of peaceful coexistence.

We start out from a different set of premises and in a world changed in many important ways from the decade of depression and anti-fascist struggle when the popular democratic upheaval of the thirties took

place. We have much to learn from the experiences of that decade, particularly from the vigor and breadth of the popular coalitions against the fascist danger, impelled primarily by the great upsurge of labor. But it would be utterly unrealistic, it seems to me, to expect that the turn to peaceful coexistence under present conditions would recreate the circumstances and the political atmosphere of the New Deal days and of the anti-fascist war. Naturally, all periods of democratic revival and social advance have things in common, but each new period has its own ground, its own contour, its own necessities.

The country now suffers from the accumulated wounds of a decade in which the most blatant aspects of our big business civilization came to the fore. During these gloomy years the democratic and humanist current, the mainstream of our historical progress, came closer to extinction than at any time in our national life. The progressive forces, which had gathered during the years of great ferment, were seriously weakened and dispersed, the broader democratic camps was almost completely routed and confused, while the Left, especially the Communists, was isolated from it and also in the labor movement. Damage was done to the very fabric of what we have come to know as the democratic way of life, to the basic thinking of the nation, to our culture in all its varied aspects. The prosperity of the era helped blunt the sensibility of large sectors of the people, especially the upper tiers of workers and the middle class, including the intellectuals, to the national catastrophe being prepared by reaction in the name of anti-Communism. This is not to say that the democratic trend was entirely suffocated, for it is a symptom of the strength of this trend in America life that even during this dark period its influence could still be felt, and its spokesmen, although few in number, could still be heard.

Nevertheless, reaction has held the upper hand for a decade, exerting the decisive influence in American life, shaping the mentality of the nation and especially of the younger generation. The younger people, who neither lived through the ferment of the thirties nor felt first hand the world achievement of the victorious war against fascism, and have experienced mostly the reactionary aftermath in this country, grapple with life from premises which stand in direct contradiction to the best in the American heritage. The entire system of public education and of higher learning, the mass media of communication and entertainment, as well as the arts and the sciences, are permeated with the obscurantist ideas of

the intellectual underworld, while ideas of enlightenment and progress must fight for recognition.

WHERE are the forces to be found to undertake the gigantic task of stimulating the democratic revival in all its aspects—the reconstitution of the democratic camp, the gathering of the progressive Left to impel the broader grouping, the awakening of labor, the inspired intellectual endeavors needed to topple the new idols in the temples, to open the mind to progress again, to win allowance for the give and take of free political discussion, for the play of creative work and intelligent thought?

The forces are here, alive, resident in the people, but they have to be aroused. A dynamic movement of the masses, the popular upheaval that always creates intellectual ferment and provides the soil for social and cultural progress, cannot be created at will; only the conjuncture of social forces can set such a movement in motion, and labor is usually the central generator. But the progressives, in the process of regathering their forces, and acting along parallel lines with other labor and democratic currents coming to life, can seek to inspire and stimulate that combination of Left and Center which alone can form the broad people's coalition needed to reverse the reactionary trend, to restore democratic rights in full force and to assure a broadening policy of peaceful coexistence, butressed by the necessary measures against economic crisis. There is a mutual relation between mass movement and program: they stimulate each other, they grow out of each other, they mature together. This is the process that must be set into motion. The effort to bring about a democratic revival in American life, without which we cannot hope to insure an extended period of peace, must be carried through in every field, in every phase of our national life, by such fighters as can be gathered in every battlefield.

THE need for a democratic revival is felt by varied political sectors and groupings, from the Center to the Left. It is true that an anti-Communist bias pervades many of these circles, and that not all see the problem of peaceful coexistence in the same light. They will have to be relieved of the bias and the confusion in the process of common action along a democratic front and on the way to effective people's coalitions. In the meantime, what is needed is a thorough reassessment of approaches

and programs in the light of what now has to be done.

Such a reassessment on the part of the Marxists can go a long way toward overcoming the anti-Communist bias within important sectors of the labor and democratic camp. Among the latter there is evident a growing understanding that illegalization of the Communist Party and the banning of Marxist thought as heresy provide no solution, for the bans soon enough apply to them as well, and sap the very foundations of the democratic republic. But misconceptions and suspicions linger on, and the barriers still have to be overcome before Marxists are welcomed back to their rightful and natural place within the democratic camp. For the Marxists are an indispensable part of that camp, notwithstanding all the laws, measures, and prejudices which would make it otherwise. This is a fact of contemporary life, which other democratic forces must again learn to accept, and which the Marxists themselves must realize fully in thought and action if they are to overcome the temporary isolation imposed during a decade of reaction.

The Marxists, then, face the necessity of restating their outlook in the context of the new period and with a view to encouraging and stimulating a democratic revival. The restatement is necessary because, on the one hand, many serious misconceptions of their role and their aims have been deeply ingrained in the thinking of the American people during the past years, and, on the other hand, because the Marxists themselves have permitted certain fundamental aspects of their position to fall into the background. The aspects I am referring to are those well established axioms of Marxist thought which identify their program for a given period, as well as the advocacy of socialism, with the national interest of the country and with the enduring national tradition.

MARXISTS are what they are because their goal is socialism, because they are rooted primarily in the working class, because fundamental to their concept of historical development is the leading role of the working class in the progressive movement of this period of history, a working class transforming itself into the leader of the nation in alliance with the Negro people, the farmers and other middle class strata. The direction of this movement is toward the socialist transformation of society, an historical necessity if our nation is to continue to grow, if our democratic and humanist tradition is to mature, and if we are to have permanent peace and prosperity. These concepts of the basic class

alliances and of the underlying historical development leading to socialism are shared internationally, but come to life and are applied in each country within the national context. As has so often been said, and as recent experiences in Eastern Europe and China have shown in practice, each country necessarily finds its own path to socialism, thus expressing the national interest in accordance with the prevailing conditions, and in the light of the national tradition.

It was in the thirties that the Marxists in this country first began in a consistent way to encompass within their general view not only the specific working class interest and tradition, with which they are most directly identified, but also the concept of the national interest and tradition. This was an integral part of their developing policy of alliances and coalition, of democratic and people's fronts. If, as a consequence, during the depression decade they could appear as the foremost fighters for social security and for democracy as opposed to fascism, and during the war as the staunchest advocates of victory, why should they not today, in the new circumstances and in view of the new necessities, come forward as the leading agitators of the democratic revival to assure the end of the cold war and the beginning of a durable peace?

The point is to do this as part of a broadly evolving democratic revival, in which labor must again be induced to play a leading role. If meaningful and effective coalitions are to emerge in the process, characterized principally by the reconstitution of an alliance between Center and Left in the labor movement, it becomes necessary for the Marxists again to clarify their perspective of the road to socialism in this country along the lines we have been emphasizing.

This has always been a problem of the advocates of socialism, especially during periods of isolation when sectarian moods arise and when it becomes necessary to restore the vital ties in the labor and democratic movement. At times this has been attempted in an opportunistic fashion, in the face of reactionary bias or pressing immediate needs trimming down the principles of Marxist socialism until they become unrecognizable, and the Marxist trend itself begins to lose its identity. Then coalitions and united fronts lose their essential meaning. For it is as a clearly defined trend in the labor movement and in American life that Marxists should play their proper role in coalition movements. They cannot play this role if they suffer from sectarian diseases, nor can they play it if they permit their identity as Marxists to melt away. But it

should always be clear that the Marxist identity is just as American as anything in our national life, the product of our national development, and specifically of the American working class, as the Marxists in this country have affirmed many times. But today, after the damage done by reaction to the national mentality, it is necessary to put this concept forth with greater emphasis upon the component aspects of the national interest and the national tradition.

NATURALLY, this clarification of perspective in the context of the paramount struggle to assure a policy of peaceful coexistence by a democratic revival within the country cannot be expected to placate the reactionaries dedicated to the maintenance of monopoly capitalism and its anti-social practices, even at the cost of atomic war. But it can go a long way to reassure the progressive and democratic forces that the Marxists have no desire to force changes in the social order which are not called for by the needs of the time and which are not desired by the bulk of the people. It will be more clearly understood that the Marxists are duty bound, by their beliefs and by their ties to the people, to work within the democratic mainstream of American life of which they have always been part and from which also arises the century-old tradition of Marxism in this country.

DURING these years of reaction, the chauvinists and the cold war patrioteers have sought to identify the national interest with their own programs, redefining "loyalty," "patriotism," and "Americanism" along blatantly jingoist lines. People were sent to jail, and others still face that prospect, as a result of thought-control Smith Act trials and committee inquisitions in the name of the same "national interest," and a reign of intellectual terrorism was let loose against all who identified the national interest with peace and the welfare of the people. The Geneva commitment of our government to a policy of peaceful coexistence, a policy still to be realized in life, stands in direct contradiction to the reactionary interpretation of the national interest and the entire body of anti-Communist laws which resulted.

The democratic camp did not present a proper challenge to this criminal distortion of the national interest largely because it was confused and disrupted by the mania of anti-Communism. But now, in the changing atmosphere, it is possible for Marxists, as well as a broader circle of progressives, to give effective battle on this score.

IT MAY be helpful to recall that the Marxist concept of the national interest has gone through an evolutionary development, just as the components of the national interest itself have varied in the historical process. In general, as the Marxist concept of the role of the working class in history has broadened to include its pivotal position in a wide class coalition, including the small and medium farmers, the Negro and other oppressed peoples, and the mass of middle class and professionals, and at times, even sections of the capitalists (as in China or in national colonial liberation struggles, and also even in advanced capitalist countries during the people's fronts against fascism), the concept of the national interest has increasingly become an integral part of the Marxist outlook. In fact, this in inherent in the basic Marxist position. The concept of the working class as the impelling and leading force in social progress is a *national* concept, for the Marxists envision the working class emerging as the leader of the nation, and acting in the interests of the entire people. This holds true not only when socialism arises, but for the preceding stage, including the present time in the United States, when labor is called upon to act in the interests of the entire nation by stimulating the democratic revival to assure measures of economic security against an economic crisis and to establish and consolidate an era of peace.

What is the national interest? In general terms, it may be described as what is needed for survival and for development as a nation. The threat to the nation may be internal as well as from the outside, and it presents itself in different forms as different times. In colonial times, the emerging national interest (the recognition of which was in itself revolutionary) was independence from Britain, and the ruling classes of the time, the merchant capitalists and the planters, with popular support, served the national interest by organizing the war of independence and launching the United States as a nation. In the period of the Civil War the survival and growth of the nation were threatened by the slavemasters, and the emerging industrial capitalists, leading a people's coalition, served the national interests by defeating the counter-revolution. During the period of fascist aggression, the very survival of the nation was at stake, and at that time the dominant sector of the capitalist class, prodded and supported by a broad people's front, led the nation into the anti-Axis war, thus serving the national interest. Since the end of the war, the national interest has been to avert atomic destruction by assur-

ing peaceful coexistence between the capitalist and socialist countries, but the national policy has been the opposite. Only now, in the face of the world realities expressed at Geneva, does the possibility arise for bringing our national policy into accordance with our national interest. It often happens that the true spokesmen for the national interest are heard long before it is transformed into national policy: witness the Abolitionists before the Civil War, the "premature" anti-fascists during the fight for collective security in the thirties, and the advocates of peaceful coexistence during the entire period of the cold war.

Perhaps now potential allies in a democratic revival will come to understand that the Marxists, in advocating a peaceful coexistence during the entire period of the cold war, were better spokesmen for the national interest than those who put them in jail.

MUCH THE same can be said about the approach to the national tradition. When they participated in broad people's movements the Left forces enriched the popular appreciation and understanding of the vital democratic and humanist tradition of our country, the tradition by which social progress is measured and which is characteristic of our history. During the period of temporary isolation of the Left in American life, with the consequent encouragement of sectarian moods, this broad and dynamic vision of the national tradition was dimmed, at a time when reaction was glorifying everything that was backward in our history, as part of the aggressive imperialist course and of the suppressive policies at home.

What is the national tradition that Marxists should rightfully adhere to, seek to perpetuate and to build? If national tradition means anything it means that which is enduring in our history, which has survived as a vital force during the various stages of our development, which is a continuous stream from the past into the future. In this respect, we are unusually fortunate. For that which is most enduring, most continuous, is the democratic and humanist mainstream, enriched by two great revolutionary periods, which has impelled the nation forward from colonial times to the present. It has left a deep imprint upon the mentality of the people, upon our customs and institutions, which persists despite all the distortions and pollutions, diversions and infiltrations of reaction in the monopoly era.

True, the democratic fabric and the constitutional Bill of Rights

have been seriously damaged and violated by reaction, particularly by the anti-Communist and anti-labor laws, congressional inquisitions, executive loyalty procedures, and the systematic poisoning of our cultural heritage. But this is not the first time in our history that counter-democracy held sway for a time, although this is the most perilous period. In each case it has been followed by a revival of the democratic movement, impelled increasingly since the Civil War by the upsurge of labor, in the course of which the democratic-humanist tradition has been revived and enriched. This is the way our most enduring national tradition has been built—by the struggle of the people against reaction, in each case around the paramount issues of the period.

THERE HAS been a certain tendency over a long period to counterpose the specific working class tradition, with its rich militant heritage, to the national democratic and humanist tradition. This tendency has always been wrong, in terms of hostorical fact and also in outlook. The labor movement, in its formative stage as well as later, participated in every major democratic advance, and as time passed constituted the most dynamic element in it, its tower of strength, as we saw most recently in the great advance of the thirties. The best of the democrats and humanists in our history welcomed this new force as the prime mover of social and cultural progress, and some identified themselves with it completely. It was primarily within this tradition of militant trade unionism and class struggle that the Marxist movement in this country arose. The Marxists have always been proud of this heritage and their own contributions to it, viewing the specific working class tradition as the most fruitful part of the national tradition, for it imbues the working class with an appreciation of its own accomplishments, with confidence, and with a sense of historic mission.

The Marxist approach to the national tradition deepened with events, the working class heritage remaining the base and core of a broader view. The fight for constitutional liberties and democratic rights has always been part of this heritage, as labor fought to protect its gains, thus defending and extending these rights for all. Other elements of the enduring national tradition are of longstanding—such as the anti-imperialist and the anti-monopoly currents, shared by the farmers and the middle classes, the fight for the rights of the foreign-born and of women, the part played by the striving for public education and social welfare—

the strong internationalist bonds in the battle for human welfare. In time, the Marxists also began to assess properly the national revolutionary traditions flowing from the War of Independence and the Civil War, in contradistinction to the muckraking and debunking approach for so long prevalent on the Left. After the period of the great Negro migrations from the South to the North which began in the first world war and extended into the twenties, the Marxists came to appreciate fully the importance of the great Negro liberation tradition as a vital part of the American heritage.

THESE and other elements accrued over a period of time. They were not fully grasped or fused into a general concept of the national tradition as part of the Marxist outlook until the thirties, when these insights were constantly sharpened by struggles to defend democracy against fascism. As with the concept of the national interest, a basic view of the national tradition, as expressed in the democratic-humanist mainstream, was developed in the process of participation in the broad labor and people's movement of the time, and in connection with democratic and people's front programs. The defense of democracy and democratic institutions, within bourgois society, and of the humanist cultural heritage was seen in a new light, in view of the pressing need to defend the nation against the rise and threat of fascism. This experience of a broad gathering of forces on a national scale, culminating in wartime national unity to defeat the fascist Axis, based as it was on a coalition of Center and Left forces not only in the labor movement but in American life, provided a deep insight into the possibilities of social progress. We must not permit the intervening period of reaction to blind us to the positive lessons to be drawn from this experience, and to the real advances made by the Marxists in the evolution of broad coalition and people's front programs.

The Marxists and progressives should revive and mature these concepts of the national interest and the national tradition as an inherent part of their outlook. Much else is needed for a democratic revival within the country to assure that the policy of peaceful coexistence lives and grows. But this broad approach is essential if the Left is to play its proper role in the people's movements of the period now opening.

We invite comments and discussion on the above article by James S. Allen.—Eds.

A Song to Sing

By PAUL ROBESON

We are pleased to present the following article which was written for a forthcoming album of photographs and background material on Joris Ivens' latest documentary film *"The Song of the Rivers." The album, to be issued by the trade union publishing house of the German Democratic Republic, will contain 300 stills from the film and contributions by the various artists, including Paul Robeson, who took part in the production. Mr. Robeson was asked to tell about his experience in recording the theme song.*

FRIENDS in Europe were working on an important cultural project—a film for the World Federation of Trade Unions—and they wanted me to record a song to be used in the production. That was the gist of a letter that came to me last summer.

The letter was brief and few details were given. The words and music of the song were enclosed, but the lyricist and composer were unnamed. The lyrics were in German, but the song was to be sung in English. The various verses and choruses were to be sung in the precise number of seconds specified for each; and I was to sing unaccompanied.

It was a song for peace and freedom, a song of brotherhood for working people of all lands—of course I would do it.

But how?

I remember how it was in London and Hollywood when I sang for films . . . the elaborate, soundproof studios with perfect acoustics, the director, his assistant, the sound engineers, the conductor with his earphones, the orchestra in full array, the small army of technicians, the clutter of expensive equipment —and the only thing I had to do was sing!

Evidently this would have to be a little different. Now I must become some sort of associate producer here in New York for a film being made somewhere in Europe. Well, all right. . . .

Producer Robeson's first task was not difficult: he instructed Singer Robeson to get busy learning the

song. Time was short and the singer could practice it in German until the producer could find someone to write the English version.

The "studio" for this production would be my brother's home in Harlem—the parsonage of the church which he has served as pastor for more than twenty years. And soon there could be heard in his study the new song that I practiced with my accompanist, Alan Booth:

"Old man Mississippi wütet,
Schleppt uns unser Vieh weg
und das Land sogar . . ."

It was a stirring song of six mighty rivers—the Mississippi, the Ganges, the Nile, the Yangtse, the Volga, the Amazon—and of the people who toil in their fertile valleys; and there was beauty and passion in the German lyrics.

But English lyrics were required, and one day when a friend, the Negro writer Lloyd Brown, stopped by during one of the rehearsals, I told him about the project. Would he like to help out by by putting the words into English? He agreed, and soon there was a new version to be practiced:

"Old man Mississippi rages,
Robs us of our cattle, plunders
field and shore. . . ."

FINE . . . the singer was ready now with words and music, but what about making the recording, Mr. Producer? Time is short, you said.

Here was another problem. The large recording companies belong to Big Business and would flatly refuse to rent their studios for such a job; and the smaller companies would be afraid. Then, too, there were recent experiences of sabotage done by recording engineers whose ears, keenly attuned to the snarls of McCarthy, were deaf to a singer of Peace.

My son had the answer. Paul Jr. is an electrical engineer, and in recent years has become quite expert in making recordings. He would be the sound engineer for this job; and his portable equipment would be set up in the parsonage for our recording session.

Conditions were not exactly ideal when we came to make the recording. The small children in the household could be admonished to be silent (*Sh! Uncle Paul is trying to make a record!*), and the telephone disconnected lest it ring, but who could guarantee that a taxi would not honk on the busy street outside and spoil a perfect "take"?

Under the circumstances it would have been forgivable had the producer shown signs of being disconcerted, but in this case he was too busy playing the part of singer and keeping an eye on his son who stood across the room, frowning with fierce

concentration at a stop-watch in one hand, the other poised overhead to signal the split-second when each verse must end.

Well, taxis did honk, and a small boy shouted, and an airliner roared over the roof, and the six rivers of the song became sixty through all the re-takes—but finally the job was done. The mighty rivers now ran their course on a thin ribbon of magnetic tape that was packed into a little box and sent across the sea. . . .

MONTHS later we were delighted to read clippings from the European press which told of a new documentary film titled "Song of the Rivers," made by the great Dutch moviemaker, Joris Ivens. It was, said the critics, "a masterpiece," "a monumental work," "a hymn to Man, honoring labor and assailing colonialism."

The reviewers described as "magnificent" the score, composed for the film by . . . Shostakovich! And the "unknown" lyricist was the famous German writer, Bertolt Brecht. The commentary was written by Vladimir Pozner, the noted French novelist; and Picasso was making a poster to publicize the film!

Masters of culture, champions of peace—what a wonderful film-making company I had become associated with! And there was a warm glow of appreciation for the invitation they had sent me, making it possible, despite all barriers, for a Negro American to join with Hollander and Russian and German and Frenchman and all the others in creative work for peace and liberation.

As yet I have not seen this film which carried the song from a house in Harlem to audiences around the world. Millions in many lands have seen "Song of the Rivers," and heard the commentary in Arabian, Japanese, Persian, Czech, Polish, English, Russian, Spanish, Chinese, French and many other languages; but we here in America have been denied that opportunity.

But we know that films for peace shall one day soon be welcomed to our land, and singers of peace shall be given passports to travel abroad. No barriers can stand against the mightiest river of all—the peoples' will for peace and freedom now surging in floodtide throughout the world.

Hollywood Liberals' Dilemma

By ADRIAN SCOTT

SPEAKING before the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith in May of this year, Dore Schary, vice-president in charge of production at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, said:

"If we eliminate from our academic ranks the opinions and voices of professors only because we disagree with them, we will be embarking on a program of sterile education. . . . We must speak out against it. Once we start burning books, the inevitable next step is to burn the bodies and minds of men."

Schary continued: "The questioning and searching attitude must be maintained. The intellectual must be deeply concerned always by the forces that abuse him or attack him, but he cannot permit himself to be panicked or frightened by them because, if he does, his judgment becomes confused, and his effectiveness is weakened."

These brave good words are liberal expressions at its best. Yet what Schary says as a liberal and what he does as an executive of a major Hollywood studio are in clear conflict. Within his studio there exists an office which engages in the equivalent of the book burning that Schary's speech deprecates.

The office clears liberals with the witchhunters and arranges statements and interviews when a letter attempting to clarify past associations and acts is not sufficient. Here Schary's fellow liberals are required to repudiate acts of liberalism in order to work for Schary.

There is no bonfire in the clearing office to which books and plays are consigned; but works are indexed, proscribed and denied access to the screen because their authors are unacceptable to the witchhunters. It may be that Schary, the liberal, finds great pleasure in the novels of Albert Maltz and the plays of Lillian Hellman—but Schary, the executive, will not authorize their purchase for film.

Schary may respect the skill of screenwriters such as Dalton Trumbo, Carl Foreman, Ring Lardner and Michael Wilson, whose works have been honored by the Academy, but he will not hire them to work at his studio.

Two Scharys exist today: one the maker of benevolent liberal speeches, the other the persecutor of liberal ideas; one who opposed the blacklisting of professors, another who actively engages in the blacklisting of writers; one who supports the right of educators to dissent, and one who denies employment to dissenting actors; one who urges intellectuals to be unafraid, but one who is himself afraid.

Schary is a dramatic example of the conflict that besets the liberal, and the dilemma of all liberals who work in Hollywood today.

It is no secret when the liberal's dilemma began. In the closing months of 1947, the Un-American Activities Committee conducted its first hearings on Hollywood. At that time liberals were active in the campaign to resist the Committee's objectives and for this purpose worked in the Committee for the First Amendment.

This group chartered a plane and sent a delegation of Hollywood's most prominent stars, directors and writers to Washington, where they held press conferences, issued statements and petitioned Congress for a redress of grievances.

The group also sponsored a series of radio broadcasts that were an eloquent and memorable defense of the First Amendment and a formidable counterattack on cultural inquisition.

These Hollywood liberals were not babes in the political woods. Most of them had a history of active involvement in the program of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Under Roosevelt's leadership, Hollywood liberals had performed valuable services for the New Deal.

Although it was the custom of reactionaries to speak contemptuously of the political activities of Hollywood people, particularly actors, it was a contempt born of enmity to the New Deal and calculated to destroy the effectiveness of their appeal to large sections of the people.

Therefore, when the Un-American Activities Committee in 1947 made clear the purpose of its hearings—to seek out subversive propaganda on the screen, and to end the Communist "threat" to Hollywood—the liberals along with others attempted to give lie to the assertion. The charge was patently untrue.

Every liberal knew there was a small group of Communists in Hollywood. He knew further that though there were areas of disagreement with Communists, there were also large areas of common concern; he knew that in activities to strengthen guilds and unions, to strike out at minority prejudice, to prosecute the war against fascism, to support rent control and rationing, to secure more liberal allowances for the unemployed —that, in all these and other areas, the Communist was an important and militant ally.

The liberal well knew that Communist ideology had never found a place on the Hollywood screen. There had been progressive ideas on the screen, but they were ideas that gave cultural expression to the political spirit of the New Deal.

They were humanist ideas, anti-fascist ideas, ideas that flowed from the mainstream of Roosevelt's liberal democracy. They were the liberal's *own* idea.

THE initial attack of the inquisitorial Committee, therefore, was a prelude to McCarthy's charge of "twenty years of treason." The blacklist began as a blacklist of ideas.

The fight in Washington in 1947, under any ordinary rules of combat, would have been won by the forces opposing the Un-American Activities Committee. The charge that a "Communist conspiracy" threatened big business in mass communication went unsubstantiated and unproved. The charge that Communist propaganda had infiltrated the content of motion pictures was so feebly introduced, and so scorned even by large sections of the conservative press, that even the Committee was to have difficulty in repeating the lie.

But the fight was lost. It is now clear that it could have ended no other way so long as the national administration, and subsequent administrations, decided the Un-American Committee was a necessity in the prosecution of the cold war. The Committee's role was to storm the citadels of reason with fear and unreason, to make the public believe that the menace was terrifyingly alive and monstrously evil.

Under the guise of exposing a handful of alleged Reds, the Committee's objective was to debase the liberal's political and cultural heritage and to bring him to heel in the prosecution of the cold war.

At the end of 1947, the reactionary offensive was under way in Hollywood; and the blacklist, a necessary component of the offensive, was established. Threatened by blacklist, the adherents and organizations of liberal democracy began to crumble. The liberal, driven into a corner, had the choice of continuing to defy the Committee (and face blacklisting), or to conform. Increasingly, he conformed and, with rarer exceptions, he has continued to conform since 1947.

A set of rigid requirements has been established to make him employable. A clearing office exists in every studio. Here the liberal is required to sign affidavits, denying or explaining positions of his past inconsistent with the "new loyalty."

If he had been a member of the committee for the First Amendment, he must state that he was "misguided" or that he did not "understand." If he signed the Amicus Curiae Brief

which asked the Supreme Court to review the case of the Hollywood Ten, he must confess that he was "naive" or "duped" or say that he was dead wrong in affixing his name to the document.

All his past liberal acts or attitudes are subject to scrutiny; thus many an actor, director or writer, desperately trying to avoid a wholesale repudiation of his past, has found himself "greylisted"—employable at one studio, blacklisted at another.

It should be noted that the studio clearing office is set up *specifically for the liberal.* It is not designed to handle the ex-Communist turned informer. The latter's purification is handled by the Committee itself. The apostate makes himself employable by one simple, but by now commonplace, act: he appears before the Committee, denounces himself and others—and turns informer.

Thereafter, he is not harried by studio clearances—although he is sometimes called back by the Committee to denounce other people whom he somehow "overlooked" in his first confession.

For the liberal, however, the process of studio clearance is a continuing one. His dossier is not closed and forgotten. Any new activity—political or cultural—which does not square with the witchhunters' standards of Americanism, is promptly noted and filed by the studio G-2.

The result is that the inquisitorial cabal and its allies control both the liberal's employment and his political life. Some liberals have willingly embraced the new loyalty, announcing their approval of the blacklist and their support of the Un-American Committee's objectives. Others, sickened by the demands made upon them, have refused to repudiate their past values and are out of the industry.

For those who remain—and they are the majority—inertia, fear and retreat are the common denominators of their lives. They may deplore the blacklist, but they dare not oppose it for fear of being victimized by it. As the cabal intended, the once clear voice of the liberal is silent. The effect of this silence on the content of motion pictures is the subject of this study.

INEVITABLY, the conditions under which creative artists live must be reflected in their work. It would indeed be surprising if the liberal film-maker were an exception to the rule. But before examining current trends in the content of pictures, let us be reminded of the trends in content that existed before the Un-American Committee began to police the Hollywood product—so that we can demonstrate what *is* against what *was.*

The great upsurge in the social and political consciousness of the

American people in the mid-Thirties, when progressive concepts fired the imaginations of millions, found some expression in Hollywood film. While it is true that Hollywood has never been an accurate barometer of the national consciousness, and that the bulk of its product has little to do with the realities of American life, the New Deal period gave us a number of notable pictures.

Such pictures included *The Informer, The Plough and the Stars, Dead End, Wuthering Heights, Counselor at Law, They Won't Forget, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Young Mr. Lincoln, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Life of Emile Zola, Juarez, Of Mice and Men,* and many others.

During the war years a number of men responsible for the above films went into the service. Those who remained continued to explore new and vital areas of content, and new writers and directors emerged with significant contributions during the war period.

Their contributions included: *All That Money Can Buy, The Grapes of Wrath, Citizen Kane, How Green Was My Valley, The Long Voyage Home, Hail the Conquering Hero, The Great McGinty, The Oxbow Incident,* and *This Land is Mine.*

War films of the same genre included *A Medal for Benny, So Proudly We Hail, This is the Army, The More the Merrier* and *Casablanca.* In these films, an emphasis on democratic values was often coupled with irreverence and satire—a sharp contrast to the rigid, humorless demands of Herr Goebbels' film section.

With the end of the war, the same tradition was carried forward in such films as: *The Farmer's Daughter, The Best Years of our Lives, Gentlemen's Agreement, Wilson* and several others.

All these distinguished films reflect, in varying degrees, some aspect of the humanist, democratic and anti-fascist values that were the life blood of American thought during the New Deal and the war against fascism. Many of them contained elements of vigorous social criticism.

The "controversial" subject—whether it be political corruption, minority prejudice, a violation of civil liberties, the struggles of working people or the nature of fascism—was scarcely if ever tackled head-on, but liberal film-makers did not run away from it, either.

And hereby hangs a point. All the above films were made by *employable* people. I have excluded from this list the works of writers, directors and producers now officially proscribed by the blacklist.

By "officially" I mean those men and women identified by informers, erroneously or not, as Communists or former Communists in testimony before the Un-American Activities

Committee, and who have not themselves appeared before the Committee as informers.

Let us then have a look at the contribution of now-blacklisted filmmakers during the same period. The following list represents only a fraction of their output: *The Little Foxes, Watch on the Rhine, These Three, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo, Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, Kitty Foyle, A Man To Remember, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, The Howards of Virginia, Over 21, Here Comes Mr. Jordan, Talk of the Town, Counter Attack, Action in the North Atlantic, Sahara, Blockade, Destination Tokyo Pride of the Marines, The House I Live In, Naked City, Act of Mercy, Another Part of the Forest, City for Conquest, Yellow Jack, Dragon Seed, Keeper of the Flame* and *Love Affair.*

What is immediately apparent in the films of these blacklisted people is their striking similarity to the humanist, democratic and anti-fascist content found in the films of the aforementioned non-blacklisted people. There was nothing alien to American interest in any of these pictures. But if the Un-American Committee could charge that the alleged Communist was injecting dangerous ideas into film, the same charge, by simple logic, applied to the professed liberal—and his ideas.

It should also be apparent that I am directing the reader's attention to the cream of the film crop—not to the bulk of the Hollywood product, but to a small and significant cluster of pictures that dealt with some aspect of reality in our time. Hollywood's run-of-the-mill picture—with its salacious treatment of sex, its preoccupation with crime, its tendency toward unmotivated violence—has been with us for a long, long time.

Blacklisting did not debase this staple commodity; it was already debased.

But for anyone to conclude thereby (and I have heard it said) that there has been no appreciable change in the content of pictures, is to miss the point. Would we say of the publishing industry that there is no significant trend in American literature merely because murder mysteries and trashy sex novels have long been with us?

In describing *what was,* I have confined myself to Hollywood's "best"—because it is my contention that this "best" is no longer with us.

All the pictures I have so far listed are pre-1947, pre-blacklist; all were financially successful; most of them received critical acclaim and broad audience response; and each of them —whether created by Communists or non-Communists, New Dealers or maverick Republicans—reflected and

enhanced the spirit of liberalism.

So much for *what was.* As to *what is,* an initial examination of the recent work of a number of distinguished (and employable) film-makers may prove illuminating.

JOHN FORD once directed a series of socially oriented films that is without equal in American motion pictures. (*The Informer, The Grapes of Wrath, Young Mr. Lincoln, How Green Was My Valley* and others). In recent years, however, his themes have not been distinguishable in general from the bulk of Hollywood product.

In *The Quiet Man* (1951), he offered stereotypes of Irish quaintness, moodiness and violence in place of the deep compassion and pride he expressed toward the Irish struggle for independence in *The Informer.* His most recent film, *The Long Grey Line* is a sentimental institutional tribute to West Point and the career officers of the U.S. Army.

William Dieterle's tributes to the capacity of the human intellect and human integrity to forge a better world, in *The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Life of Emile Zola, Juarez,* and *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet,* have no counterparts in his output since 1947. His most recent picture is the romantic drama *Elephant Walk,* in which white plantation owners in Ceylon are the protagonists. Their security is threatened by their appropriation of lands traditionally the preserve of the local elephants.

Since 1947, William Wyler, held by many to be the finest director in the film business, has produced and directed *The Heiress, Carrie, The Detective Story* and *Roman Holiday.* They are outstanding still within the total product of the industry. Their values were humanist in the main, and Wyler's endless impatience with shoddiness is evident in them, but they are limited expressions of his known abilities.

Compare *The Little Foxes* (1941) with *Carrie* (1950), one based on a play, one on a novel, both of which made powerful and original social comments. The comment of *The Little Foxes* on the elevation of money values above human values was rendered faithfully and even improved in its translation to the screen. The comment of *Sister Carrie* on poverty as a crime against the human spirit, was watered down and lost its power on the screen. The final disintegration of Hurstwood as a scab in a streetcar strike, an active and graphic screen ingredient, was omitted entirely from the film.

Compare *Dead End* (1937) with *Detective Story* (1951). *Dead End* presented juvenile delinquency as a social problem requiring a social solution. *Detectvie Story* dealt with police brutality wholly in terms of the personality of an individual

police lieutenant, without relation to social responsibility in how he wields his authority.

In *The Heiress* and *Roman Holiday,* Wyler focusses on overprotected, emotionally frustrated young women of great wealth, in one as tragedy, in the other as comedy, in both with little reference beyond the unique circumstances of the story. There is no approximation of the richly human and social context of Wyler's *The Best Years of our Lives, Wuthering Heights,* or *Dodsworth.*

Writing the screenplay of *The Grapes of Wrath* towers in the record of Nunnally Johnson. In recent years, having become a writer-producer-director, Hollywood's pinnacle of creative "independence," he has made two sex comedies (*How to Marry A Millionaire, How to Be Very, Very Popular*), a murder-mystery featuring two appalling women characters (*Black Widow*), and a melodrama of sly, extra-legal, East-West conflict in Berlin *Night People.*)

Dudley Nichols, who wrote a number of John Ford's productions in the Thirties, including *The Informer, The Plough and the Stars, Stagecoach* and *The Long Voyage Home,* has most recently written a story of royal intrigue in the Middle Ages, based on the comic-strip character Prince Valiant. Nichols has not denied the announcement that he is now engaged in writing the script for a super-colossal remake of *Birth of a Nation,* a project that has been angrily protested by Negro organizations and others.

FEW, if any, of the films made by these men and their colleagues since 1947 have dramatized the humanist, democratic and anti-fascist values that illuminated their work in the Roosevelt era. They have produced nothing with the humanist import of Tom Joad struggling to maintain himself and his family, identifying himself with the struggles of the working man; of Juarez, himself a common man, an eloquent leader of common men; of Gypo, the political informer, betraying his Irish comrades in their struggle for freedom; of Al Stephenson, an ex-sergeant newly returned to his job in a bank, risking his job to grant a loan to a returning soldier without collateral.

And nowhere is anti-fascist content apparent—in the years following a world-wide anti-fascist war, in the years that saw the rise of McCarthyism.

Their latter-day work is characterized by the absence of the very content that, fashioned with talent, brought them distinction as artists. Their talents remain; but the ideas to which they applied their talents have been eroded or forbidden.

The cycle of post-war "Negro problem" films offers a case in point. These pictures, conceived about the

time blacklisting began, were released within a period of two years. Although they contain elements of subtly vicious white chauvinism, these films did represent concessions to the growing strength of the Negro liberation movement, and might have paved the way for better films on the question. Two of them, *Home of the Brave* and *Intruder in the Dust,* were written by men later blacklisted. All of them were created by white film-makers in a lily-white industry—a factor that accounts in part for the distortions they contained.

By 1951, when blacklisting became widespread, the cycle has ended, not to be resumed. Hollywood had merely scratched the surface, and any attempt to probe more deeply into the realities of Negro life would only have increased the wrath of the witch-hunters.

It goes without saying that the content of the Hollywood product was not transformed overnight with the initial assault of the witch-hunters in 1947, because a continuing resistance to the inquisition retarded wholesale blacklisting for nearly four years.

During this period, a small minority of film-makers did manage to retain elements of humanism in their work. (*Born Yesterday, Broken Arrow, Another Part of the Forest, Rachel and the Stranger* and other films.) But by 1951, with most of the liberals in full retreat, and with the blacklist enveloping more than a hundred top-flight artists, liberal ideas in film had reached a vanishing point.

With the deterioration of humanist and democratic themes, other themes have moved in to fill the vacuum. They reflect specifically cultural demands of the Committee on Un-American Activities and in general followed the ideological trends of the cold war.

In 1947, the Un-American Activities Committee bluntly asked executive producers appearing as friendly witnesses why no anti-Communist film had been produced. The reply was that there would be, and there have been.

Most of them have been cops-an-robbers stuff, spy melodramas, in which old formulas were dusted off and Communists were substituted for jewel thieves, gangsters, kidnappers and murderers. Efforts to deal with Communism as a political philosophy or as an economic program have been all but non-existent.

Leo McCarey's suggestion in *My Son, John* that reading books and uninterest in competitive sports contributed to an American youth's susceptibility to Communist ideas, was not well received by the critics, who may tend to prefer reading to football.

None of the anti-Communist films

have fared will with the critics, who often applauded their political intention but reported regretfully that they were dull, bizarre or unconvincing. None of the films has been included in the *Film Daily's* annual poll of the "Ten Best" films. Almost all of them were box-office flops, and none of them was included among the twenty-odd leaders at the box-office listed annually by the trade journal *Fame.*

IN RECENT years, public protest against brutality in Hollywood films has become an international chorus. Senator Kefauver, the Catholic Church, film boards in Europe and Asia, women's organizations and prominent members of the industry itself have adopted common ground in their opposition to the senseless brutality in which the screen abounds.

Yet, whether there is more brutality on the screen today than last year or eight years ago, is not the fundamental question. More important than the *quantity* of brutality is the *nature* of the brutality and *why* it exists.

Brutal ingredients were contained in many of Hollywood's most honored films. Vigilantism and murder appeared in *The Grapes of Wrath.* Peons were slaughtered in *Juarez.* In *The Little Foxes* a woman is shown allowing her husband to die. Yet to my knowledge, there were no large protests against the brutality in these films.

They were honored because they posed humanist values effectively *against* brutal values. They dealt with brutality in order to dramatize and strengthen humanist values.

The persecution of the Jew in *Gentleman's Agreement* was delivered in a context of impassioned anger against persecution. *The Lost Weekend* presented the degradation of alcoholism in terms of a struggle against it, as a problem that could be overcome. *The Oxbow Incident* excoriated the lynchers it dealt with.

The significant change in the presentation of brutality can be seen in two recent films, *The Blackboard Jungle* and *The Wild Ones,* dealing with an increasingly pressing social problem, juvenile delinquency. In both, the cruelty of the youths was rendered vigorously and dramatically, but it was shown to be directed against protagonists who were either totally impotent or incapable of answering the challenge with effective humanist counter-measures. Both films ended in despair, tossing in a scrap of hope that several boys might "reform."

Neither film stated or illuminated the problem in social terms. Both made the false assumption that social films can be made without engaging in social criticism. And there is the key to their failure as pictures and contributions to the fight against

juvenile delinquency.

Social criticism is on the blacklist. The liberals among those who remain employable in the studios are not only denied access to social criticism as movie-makers, but deny it to themselves.

The dilemma that dominates the liberal's personal and political life dominates his creative life as well. Thus, given a social subject to translate into film, the internal gauleiters of self-censorship set to work in the liberal. He prevents himself from coming to grips with his subject-matter. His justification is that if he did come to grips with it, the studio would order revisions or stop the film's production.

It is not that restrictions on content are new. They have always existed for the liberal in the studios. Many themes were *verboten* and those available to him were subject to surveillance or veto of the men controlling the purse strings. But despite the restrictions, the liberal was able to function culturally in the past.

Moreover, the films that expressed his humanist and democratic convictions were successful. They had to be. They would not have been made otherwise.

IN 1947, a number of "friendly witnesses" before the Un-American Activities Committee expressed concern for the low estate to which the business man had fallen on the screen. Members of the committee heartily concurred in the view that unsympathetic treatment of the business man is fundamentally subversive.

The only immediate response of the industry was to point out that several of its productions, notably *American Romance,* had lauded the industrialist; and thereafter the industry forbade itself films like *The Little Foxes* and *The Best Years of Our Lives.*

Recently, however, the industry appears to have undertaken a campaign to glorify the business man. In *Executive Suite* the vice-president who wins control of a factory is the one who views business as service to the public. The picture states thematically that business awards increased power to the idealists in its executive ranks, and shunts aside those who are primarily interested in making profits.

In the comedy *Sabrina,* a seemingly cold, hard-working industrialist proves to have not only superior sex-appeal, but a loving nature, wit and idealism about the function of business. The capital expansion of his company into Puerto Rico, he explains, is gratifying to him because it provides employment for the natives and puts shoes on their children.

The sophisticated industrialist in *A Woman's World* selects as best-

qualified for promotion to General Manager not the man who is happily married, not the man who pretends to be happily married, but the man with the strength of character to get rid of the wife who is a handicap to him.

Patterns, originally a television play showing that a brutal executive is really a heroic figure, was grabbed up for production in Hollywood. Its author was immediately given a studio contract. Industry may destroy weak individuals in its forward march, the teleplay said, but it brings to the heights of human development those who will fight for its welfare mercilessly. As I recall, the industrialists said, "This company is my religion." But perhaps he said it only in effect.

Previous articles in *The Hollywood Review* ("Hollywood and Korea," Vol. I, no. 1; "From Here to Eternity," Vol. I, no. 3) have analyzed recent trends in the treatment of the military in Hollywood. It can be noted in addition that the treatment of the military in recent films is similar in certain respects to the treatment of business. The glorification of the services as institutions, and their officers as individuals has become an end in itself.

Frankly unconditional tributes to the services produced within the last year include *The Long Grey Line* (West Point), *Strategic Air Command* (the service responsible for atomic warfare), *An Annapolis Story* (Navy), *Battle Cry* (Marine Corps) and *The Eternal Sea* (the Navy jet command).

The Bridges at Toko-Ri, From Here to Eternity and *The Caine Mutiny* are more complex tributes. *The Bridges at Toko-Ri* indicates that service in a war for which the civilian population has little taste and does not understand has a special kind of gallantry, and death in such a war a special kind of glory.

From Here to Eternity (Army) and *The Caine Mutiny* (Navy) show men in the ranks at the mercy of cruel officers, but in the climax the military and its officers are fully exonerated. The first indicates that the finest regulars in the Army may despise the occasional vicious commanding officer, and yet love the service itself more than life. In *The Caine Mutiny* the exoneration of the Navy is so thorough-going that even the vicious officer is held to deserve the nation's gratitude.

EIGHT years have passed since the forces of reaction, spearheaded by the Un-American Activities Committee, inaugurated the blacklist in Hollywood. With the evidence at hand today, the conclusion is inescapable that the immediate victims of the blacklist—those who refused to submit to the Committee's demands—were not its ultimate target.

It was the liberal who would re-

main employable that the Committee was after; and the ultimate objective was the elimination of the liberal's ideas from the screen.

In this objective the Committee has largely succeeded. By succumbing to political conformity, the liberal film-maker has accommodated to cultural conformity. He has been "duped" indeed—not by his erstwhile leftwing colleagues, but his own employers, who promised him that once the industry cleaned house, once he was rid of associates who might subvert or corrupt him, he could go on to make great humanist pictures.

It didn't turn out that way. The housecleaning swept out his own ideas along with the men and women with whom he had worked.

In this connection it is interesting to note the cultural role of the informer, since the Committee delights in publicizing its informers' "liberation" from the thralldom of communist thought-control. The record of Elia Kazan will serve, because he is perhaps the most talented of his kind.

Prior to turning informer, Kazan directed a number of excellent liberal films: *Boomerang, A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *Gentlemen's Agreement.* Since purging himself, the liberated Kazan has given us, in succession: *Viva Zapata* (theme: power corrupts revolutionaries); *On The Waterfront* (theme: courageous stool-pigeon frees sheep-like longshoremen from tyranny of corrupt union); and *East of Eden* (theme: good is really evil and evil really good in this hopeless, meaningless world).

But informers are a special breed, and we are not here concerned with their artistic deterioration. What concerns us is the future of the liberal —the decent American who wants to make decent American pictures, the film-maker who saved his job and lost his democratic heritage. What prospect has he of regaining this heritage? Of expressing it in his art?

Today a clean new wind is blowing across the nation. The McCarthyite blitz has been definitely retarded, and in the struggle to preserve their civil liberties the American people have recently won some significant, if not yet decisive, victories, Most important of all, the prospect of a lasting peace seems brighter now than at any time since the cold war began.

This change in the political climate is only beginning to be felt in Hollywood. There is no reflection of it at all in the current product. Reaction's eight years of siege and assault have immobilized the Hollywood liberal. He is still riven with fears and doubts; his allies have been dispersed, and he feels himself alone in a company town.

This is not to say that the Hollywood liberal is beyond recovery. A great democratic upsurge in the

country would certainly help to restore his morale. But that alone would not cause him to renew the struggle for humanist values. The liberal will not recover his initiative—as artist or citizen—until he fights the very thing that has brought him to this pass—the blacklist, for the blacklisting of other men was, in essence, the blacklisting of his own ideas. Unless the liberal squarely faces up to this fact, and acts upon it, he is not likely to create the kind of motion pictures that once gave him stature.

(Reprinted from *The Hollywood Review*)

Tompkins Square

By AARON KRAMER

Here. Stop here. And for one hour keep still.
It may be worth your while to look around.
Things may be noticed when you're on the ground
that never struck you from a window-sill.

Those women, there—it may not be profound
what they are murmuring—but, if you will,
listen a while: one's angry, another is ill;
each brings her sorrow, like thread, to be unwound.

Move over a little; this peddler, with nothing sold,
sinks down at your left, unbuckles his boots, and sighs.
And soon at your right, make room for a man without eyes
who gapes toward the sun as if he thirsts for its gold.

Perhaps, this very afternoon, some thing
will happen here—and then, what tunes you'll sing!

Lucas Street

By V. J. JEROME

The following is an excerpt from a sequel to V. J. Jerome's autobiographical novel, A Lantern for Jeremy. *This new work was interrupted by the imprisonment of the author as a result of the thought-control Smith Act persecutions. Jerome's 59th, birthday, October 12, is being spent in Lewisburg Penitentiary. We urge our readers to send him birthday greetings. His address: Mr. V. J. Jerome, Box No. P.M.B., 21948, Lewisburg, Pa.*

"'EADS!" Big Ike called.

The ha'penny came down in a wide, fast-moving spin.

"Look out!" there were cries. Feet dodged quickly out of its circling path. Shimmele shoved Solly Mirsky back just as it swerved to his toe. The boys bent over to watch the curving, spinning copper racer as it weakened, as it faltered and grew unsteady, as it fell back spent on the cobblestones.

"Tails!" Shimmele cried. "I pick Sandy."

Sandy Platt went over to Shimmele's side. He was the best goalie in Lucas Street, everybody knew. You'd have to kick two footballs, in front of him and behind him at the same time, to get one past.

"I pick Ginger," Big Ike said.

"Barney," Shimmele tapped his friend.

"We oughta myke this Lucas Street boys," Big Ike objected.

"What'sa difference?" Shimmele shot back. "They take us into their games in Jubilee Street."

"Yeh, lerrim play," some spoke up.

"Awroight," Big Ike gave in. "I tyke Solly 'ere."

Shimmele looked about him. His eyes passed over some—over Jeremy too. Jeremy knew he wouldn't be picked till the end, and then only because there wasn't a full eleven for each side. He knew Big Ike would never pick him. He knew Big Ike blamed him for the flogging he got from the Headmaster. No one would pick him. Why had he come along with the rest into the backyard anyway? What if his younger brother

was captain of the fourth standard team and could bring the football home every Friday till Monday? That didn't make *him* wanted. Six had been picked.

Maybe he shouldn't play altogether, instead of waiting to be chosen last. He looked along the straight gray wall of tailor-workshops facing the backs of the houses across the yard. If he slipped into one of them, no one would miss him. But this was the Sabbath, and the doors were padlocked. Maybe he should have stayed away from playing today, like Nathan Simonson, whose father was the sexton in the Lucas Street Synagogue and whose mother wore a wig like the married women in Vokyrts, and who wouldn't let him out on the Sabbath to play with the boys. He looked at the goals marked by piles of bricks and boys' coats. He looked down at the hard stony ground. He saw the tall grass behind the windmills in Vokyrts where he used to play—he was running barefoot in the fresh green grass, racing with the schoolroom boys, playing leapfrog and turning somersaults. . . .

"My brother."

Shimmele had picked him seventh! He felt like throwing back the favor and shouting—with all his strength —*You can't leave me to the last, you don't dare, because the boys know I'm your brother!*

Big Ike picked Timmy Shanahan last. It wasn't Timmy's fault that he couldn't run fast—because he wasn't strong. But he was brave. Jeremy remembered the plucky way Timmy had stood up for him that time in the classroom against the boys who were on Big Ike's side. Timmy had helped him with English words when they first got into the fourth standard and they often ate their lunches together. . . .

Fatty Maxie, the referee for the day, blew his tin whistle. The game was on.

Jeremy played full-back. Because you're husky, Shimmele had said. His side had lost the toss, and Big Ike kicked off. The ball came soaring from center-field.

"Here, lemme!" Barney at half-back shouted. He jumped and stopped the ball with his chest. But Ginger rushing at him passed it nimbly to clamoring Solly at the touch-line, who sent it speeding toward goal. Sandy rushed out and gave a long kick to Barney. Barney passed to center-forward. And center-forward was Shimmele! How he dribbled the ball, dribbled and passed and got it again, how he curved and dodged and leaped over, and always the big round ball came back to his toe—how he charged and shot—

"Go-o-al!"

"One—nil!"

The shouting was loud.

"Good old Shimmy!"

"Carry on, Shimmy!"

They pumped Shimmele's hand. They slapped him on the shoulder. Sandy Platt did handsprings before the goal-line.

THE game was on again. Jeremy watched for a chance at the ball. But it didn't come to him. The half-backs in front kept blocking it. It was coming now, in a long kick from the inside-right forward. If only he could do something—a great and wonderful something—to win for his team this day—with one long drive of his toe to send the ball—*it's soaring across the field—all eyes look up in wonder—a swift straight cannon ball—Goal!* . . . A great hurting heave from Big Ike's shoulder hurled him to the ground. He got to his feet. He wanted to cry. It wasn't the pain in his shoulder, but the hurt at missing his chance.

Now the ball swooped through the air back and forth like a threatening crow before the goal. Only Timmy, playing outside-left forward on the attacking team, didn't get a chance at the ball. Ginger and Solly and Big Ike kept passing it to one another. Again and again Sandy stopped it at the goalline and hurled or kicked it into mid-field, only to have it shot back into the danger zone. The defenders now scattered, now crouched, before the stormed fortress. The ball swerved to Big Ike's toe. There! It was coming—flying straight toward goal past Jeremy—he mustn't let it! —he had to stop it!—his arm shot out—

"'E touched it!" "'Is hand touched it!"— "Penalty!"—boys shouted.

"Garn, yer barmy!" "What 'appened t'yer eyes?"—boys on Shimmele's team rushed up waving their arms.

"'E touched it, Dutchy did!"

"Not 'arf 'e did—we all seen 'im!"

—the other side shouted back, making fists.

"Maxie'll tell yeh!"—they turned to the referee.

"'Ere, 'arf a mo'!" Fatty Maxie shoved the shouting boys aside and took over. "Penalty!"

He placed the ball on the penalty mark for the kick. Jeremy felt everybody's eyes on him. It was so near the goal. He didn't look at Shimmele. *Oh, don't let them score! Don't let them get a goal!*

Big Ike stood ready for the penalty kick. Sandy Platt crouched in the goal-line—alone, no one with him in the penalty area. Would he stop it—could he? Big Ike kicked.

Sandy jumped—he jumped high —but lower than the sailing ball—

"Go-o-al!"

"One—one!"

Yells of joy rang through the yard. The shouting was louder even than for the other goal. Boys were leaping

in the air, slapping shoulders, hugging Big Ike.

"Good try, Sandy!" Shimmele said, running up to him. He looked at Jeremy and said nothing.

They were running again with the ball—at the other end, passing, heading, dribbling—

But Jeremy stood sunk in gloom. The yard had shrunk away from him, and the running and the shouting came in faint sounds. . . .

"Hey Shlubadubdub—he's come!" a voice boomed into the yard.

Heads turned around. All stopped suddenly.

"Hey Shlubadubdub—'e's 'ere!"

"What'sa marrer?—let's play!" Big Ike shouted.

"No, we can go on later," Shimmele opposed him. "I want to go and see Hey Shlubadubdub."

"Me too!" others joined in. "We can finish afterwards!"

"Afraid you'll be beat, yeh, that's what y'are," Big Ike sneered.

"Yeh, we got the last goal," Ginger helped.

"Garn! Who's afraid of being beat?" Shimmele shot back, showing a fighting elbow. "It's one—one, ain't it?"

"Yeh, an' you got your 'un cos o' the free kick," Barney joined in. Jeremy felt his look.

Timmy spoke up:

"I want to see Hey Shlubadubdub too."

Big Ike turned on him.

"Bleedin' trytor t'yer own team!—I'll bloody well give yer a lift under the lug."

"Who says I'm a traitor?" Timmy clenched his fists.

Boys stepped between them.

"Game's called orff!" Fatty Maxie held up his hand. "One—one! Game's a draw!"

The ball bounced along the ground and rolled forsaken against the wall.

"Game's a drore!"

"Let's go out into the street!"

"Yeh c'n leave the ball in my 'ouse, Shimmele."

"Hey Shlubadubdub!"

Jeremy crept into the street alone.

FROM past the railway arch, all the way from Cable Street, boys and girls came running, and they came running from the Commercial Road end. Heads were stuck out of windows all along the straight stretch of houses. Grownups stood together in doorways. Children were rushing out. A holiday had come into the street.

"Of all the singers who come to our street, he's the best," Ginger's grownup sister said to Sophie the school teacher.

'Yeh don't never know when 'e's acomin', but yeh knows 'e's acomin'," the wheezy voice of old Jack the barrowman spoke aloud to no one. Jeremy had heard him talk this way

to the barrow-loads of garments he wheeled from the backyard to the City every day.

"That's 'im! See 'im?" people pointed.

Now Jeremy could see a big, lanky figure. He thought the face would be round and jolly. But he saw a bony face, sad and long—longer still under the big top hat, battered and not shining any more. His mustache drooped downcast at each end. Under his dark eyebrows you couldn't tell what his eyes were thinking. Were they sad? Were they planning fun?

"Used to be a fymous singer wunst in the West Hend moosic 'alls," the barber from Jubilee Street was saying, "till 'e chummed up wi' the bottle arter 'is wife upped an' offed wiv a blighter."

Was that the way the famous singeres in the West End music halls used to dress—in a dark coat, tight at the waist, with two tails hanging, and such a bright yellow waistcoat? It must have been a long time ago, Jeremy thought, because he looked so poor.

Now he began—bobbing up and down, in his short trousers with gaiters up to his knees, lunging and running a little, with his coat tails flying, running back and flinging his top hat in the air.

"Why does he do that?" someone asked the barber.

"Could 'ave 'is wife's photygraph stuck in the bloomin' topper, if y'arst me."

"What's that to do with it?"

The barber looked proud.

"What's that to do wiv it? 'E chucks it an' chucks it till mebbe someone from a winder might 'appen to reckernize 'er fyce an' lead 'im on to 'er."

"Hey, Jeremy!" Shimmele pulled him from the pavement to the others in the middle of the street. "Come on, get into the line!"

Jeremy looked at Shimmele. Had he forgiven? Slowly he moved into the line.

Behind Hey Shlubalubdub they all danced—girls along with boys—he leading, they close behind. Shimmele mimicked his every move, jutting his hand out this way, and his other hand that way, craning his neck forward and drawing out his face to look long and thin. Everybody laughed to see him do it.

Hey Shlubadubdub stopped—stopped suddenly and turned, the children almost toppling, turning with him—he spurting into a trot, they trotting with him—he throwing his top hat in the air, they throwing their caps and catching them, throwing them, catching them—he tom-tomming like drum-beats, they tom-tomming after him—

"Dubdub—dubdubdubdub—

Hey Shlubadubdub, Hey!"—

curving like a snake, this way, that

way, laughing, shrieking—

"Hey Shlubadubdub—dubdub-dubdub"—

taking long strides, long strides, jumping in the air, standing suddenly still!

This was a signal. All seated themselves in circles in the middle of the street, the smaller ones in front and the taller ones behind them—but with a big wide circle left for Hey Shlubadubdub in the middle. That's how he wanted it, if he was to sing—and you had to be quiet. Big Ike and Ginger took charge. They went round shouting, "Sit down!", shoving and pushing everybody, even those who were sitting straight. Some of the boys growled back and made fists.

THEN Jeremy saw Timmy.

"Come over!" Timmy called, making room for him. Big Ike tried to push him back; but he ducked and broke through. Why does he always have to push everybody around, he muttered.

He felt better sitting with Timmy.

Some tall boys stood round the outer ring with handkerchiefs in their hands to motion to carts at either end of the street not to turn in. More people were watching from the windows.

"Look—look at all the people up there!" Timmy pointed.

There were faces even in Nathan Simonson's window—he could see them peeking from behind the curtain—and on the Sabbath!

Hey Shlubadubdub was singing. In the middle of the big circle he stood, singing. He had changed. He wasn't running up and down in front of the children any more. He was singing more to the grownups. His eyes looked up to the windows. Was this how he stood on the stage of the West End music hall, his breeches and waistcoat and high top hat all new and shining and his eyes shining too as they looked up to the people, all the way up to the gallery? His strong voice came out of its cloud of huskiness clear and bright—

"There'll be no war
So long as we've a king
like Good King Hedward.
There'll be no war—
'E 'ates that sort o' thing.
Mothers—"

he stretched up his arms to the windows—

There'll be no war—Jeremy wished his mother could hear. . . .

"don't worry
So long as we've a king
like Good King Hedward.
Peace with honor is 'is motter—
So——"

he lifted his top hat—

"Gawd syve the King."

Ha'pennies, pennies came flying into the stone circle about his feet, like little birds hopping. Hands from

windows pitched down paper-wrapped coins. Boys scrambled to pick them up for him. Jeremy was too filled with wonder to move.

"Thank yeh kindly," he bowed to the people on both sides. "Now, ladies an' gents, I see by the papers as 'ow a certain kind o' leech commonly known as the quack doctor is at it again bloodsuckin' the public. Which brings to my mind a famous song o' bygone days that I'll now persent in the manner o' the one an' only Arthur Lloyd, with who I 'ad the pleasure an' honor o' sharin' the bill."

"Look at him, look at him!" Jeremy nudged Timmy. "He's different."

Those sudden black gloves on his hands—and the funny black hat with the three corners! And the short polished black stick with the knob he held pointed to his hip—from what deep pocket had he pulled it? With a sweep of his arms he began to sing—

"My friends you see before
you now
The famous Doctor Squill—"

Everybody bent closer.

"An' 'e's the boy to give you joy,
An' cure you when you're ill.
I've cordials got for achin' 'earts,
An' liniments for sprains:
With pills an' draughts to give
relief
An' ease you of your pai-i-ins."

He drew out the last word, drew it out long, and—then came down with a merry little stamp of the foot and a lift of the hat and a turn-about—

"For I'm Doctor Gregory
Bolus Squill.
Lotion, potion, powder, and pill.
I'm the boy that can make you well.
Whatever your ill may be."

"Once again, the chorus—everybody!" he waved his little shining black stick like the band master in Victoria Park.

"For I'm Doctor Gregory
Bolus Squill—"

More and more voices were joining in—young voices, and voices from the windows too—first low, then growing louder, and heads were wagging to the funny tune—

"Lotion, potion, powder, and pill—"

All the children were singing—Jeremy and Timmy sang too.

"Lotion, potion, powder, and pill—"

Ha'pennies and pennies, more than before, came rolling into the circle. If this weren't Saturday, more people would toss him coins, Jeremy thought. But all the grownups who were listening should give him something because they were making him work for them on the Sabbath. . .

"An' now, ladies an' gents, the things that's all the rage—I mean that puts all sides in a rage—is, as yer know, 'Ome Rule. 'Ere's the way an Irishman I know feels about it."

"Home Rule!" Timmy whispered excitedly to Jeremy. "That's about me, about us, the Irish. My mother told me all about it."

Jeremy looked in wonder at the singer.

Vanished were his black gloves, and rough and knotty now was the stick he held. A red rose bloomed out of his right lapel and out of the left one a bright green flower with three leaves. All the sudden, darting changes in his voice, his face, his step! He had made himself new again. He could do anything. Maybe he could even fly, like Sinbad on his carpet. . . .

"I love me native counthry,
an' I am not to blame—"

His voice wasn't broad and loud as before. It was sweet and high like the clarinet Jeremy had heard his Uncle Gershn play at weddings in Vokyrts. His words came out the way Timmy's mother spoke.

"An' every man, no matther who,
he ought to do the same.
The Englishman loves England,
an' why not I love mine?
For Englisman an' Irishman
their hearts an' hands should jine."

He slowed down for the chorus—

"When the rose an' the shamrock
in love are entwined
An' England an' Ireland
in friendship combined—"

he turned the two lapels toward each other, and the two flowers kissed—

"So!—it's spoonin' in the park they are—England an' Ireland!"

Timmy jumped up. "My mother!" he half cried out and sat down again.

A sharp bony woman's face out of a window! Timmy's mother—she was leaning far out—her face red with anger, and she shook her fist at the singer below.

"It's by those love-entwinin' English hands that me own fadher was taken away in irons never to see his home an' land again. An' it wasn't for stealin' or robbin', no!—but for wantin' to shake th' bulldog breed off th' back of our sufferin' people. An' is it speakin' for an Irishman you'd have us believe y'are wi' that lot o' blather about billin' an' cooin' an' blowin' o' kisses between th' shamrock an' th' rose? You kin have your bloody English rose. But as God is me judge I'd like to come down an' tear off our pure Irish shamrock from th' false Saxon front o' yours!"

For a moment—nothing. Then—

"Shurrup, woman!"

"Go on with the song!"

"Yerss, yerss, sing us some more!" Big Ike took up the cry.

"She didn' oughta hev broke into 'is singin', is wharr-I say."

Jeremy looked round. Timmy was gone. He stood up. He saw Timmy running into his house—to his mother.

"Let 'er talk! She's right!"

Who said that?

"An' there ain't many as would 'ave 'er pluck, I'll say!" a man in a brick-colored cap and muffler spoke up. Jeremy had often seen him come out of the rope factory round the corner. He added: "Now, I ain't for bein' too 'ahd on 'im—Hey Shlubadubdub. 'E don't know no better."

PEOPLE were moving into the middle of the steet.

"She's never 'ad no call to meddle wiv 'im, she didn't," the barker from Jubilee Street said in a loud voice. 'Lorlummy wot's this 'ere country acomin' to if a bloke can't hopen 'is mouf to sing wivout a blarsted Hirishwoman givin' 'im a jawing?"

"Mebbe she *'ad a call,"*—it was the man from the rope factory—"mebbe we'd cry out too if we was done by the same way."

"It's like us Jews," Sophie said. "Don't we cry out when they hurt us?"

'It 'yn't hall the Irish as wants 'Ome Rule," a little short man in a brown bowler shouted. "Ulster don't."

Old Shapiro from Jeremy's father's workshop answered back—

"There's always an Ulster in every Ireland. That's why it's taking so long."

"Garn! 'oo yeh gitting' at?"

The man in the brown bowler tapped the side of his forehead and winked to the others—"'E's up the pole." He walked off whistling—

Ginger, you're balmy—
Git yer 'air cut!

People were talking loud and walking away. Jeremy looked about him anxiously. Everything was broken up. Where was Hey Shlubadubdub? He was gone! Where were the boys? Who was Ulster? . . . What was the row about over there? Timmy was back .

"It was your muvver as done it, yeh-h-h!" Big Ike's bent arm was ready to let a fist fly at Timmy.

"Yeh," Ginger joined in. "Now 'e won't never come round agyne t'our street, 'e won't."

"Serve him right for singing that kind o' song," Timmy faced them.

Jeremy stood by Timmy: *Yes, serve him right.* Still he wondered: Won't Hey Shlubadubdub come round again?

"'S'marra wi' the song?" Big Ike challenged.

"A lot's the matter!" Timmy shot back. "What they done to my grandfather—"

"I'll bloody well give yer a thick ear!"

Big Ike put up his hands to fight.

Timmy stood up to him, his hands balled into fists. He looked small next to Big Ike. Fright rushed through Jeremy—for Timmy.

"Fight someone your own size, why don'tcha?" Shimmele stepped up to Big Ike.

"Yeh, 'e 'yn't yer size, Timmy 'yn't," other boys spoke up. Jeremy spoke up among them. He stood now right in front of Timmy. Big Ike turned on him with a mad look in his eyes—

"Gawblimey, I'll fight *you,* yeh bleedin' Dutchy four—eyes! What right've you got to mix in about Hingland and Oireland?"

Boys about Big Ike laughed. They stared at Jeremy, waiting. Shimmele and Barney edged closer to him.

Jeremy stood without speech for a moment. Then he shouted—at Big Ike, at them all—

"I—I got right like you!"

"Ho, ho, didja 'ear that?" Ginger mocked. *"Right like you*—where did yeh git yer English?"

"Dutchy got 'is Hinglish in the monkey 'ouse!"

"Right like you," others near Big Ike chanted, *"right like you!"*

Big Ike came close to Jeremy.

"Come inter the backyard if yeh got any pluck in yeh!"

A CUTTING chill passed through Jeremy. . . . *Hard, sharp knuckles were beating him, bruising his head, hammering, smashing at his face, his chest, his ribs—killing him.* . . . He breathed hard as he faced rough Big Ike. He had never fought —never the English way, the boxing way. Why couldn't they see who's stronger the wrestling way, like in Vokyrts—and like the men at the Wonderland, where he'd gone with his father?

"Yeh, tyke yer glarses orf!"

"Come on, Dutchy, show yer pluck! Put up yer dooks!"

"Go inter the backyard wiv 'im!"

Boys were shoving and crowding about him. Timmy pushed his way forward.

"I'm going to fight 'im! I'll fight 'im! It's agen my mother 'e joined in.

"I'll foight yeh," Big Ike was ready. "I'll foight Dutchy 'ere too— it's all the syme to me."

"Dutchy—let *'im* fight—'e's a'most 'is size."

"'E don't wanter fight!"

Boys pointed at him, pointed and sang together:

"Cowardly cowardly custard,
Dipped yer leg in the mustard."

He caught Shimmele's look. It said *—don't know what'll happen, but you can't say no.* He took off his glasses.

"'E's goin' to fight!"

There was a rush for the backyard.

Shimmele and Timmy and Barney went alongside Jeremy. Timmy had

his glasses. Shimmele took his jacket.

"Don't give 'im an opening, don't hold yer hands wide—remember that!" Shimmele warned him.

"You can beat 'im, Jeremy," Timmy pressed his arm. "Just make up your mind to win— e's just a mouldy coward, 'e is."

Jeremy stood in the ring of boys, facing Big Ike. If only he could fight with his glasses on. If only it could be the way it used to be before he got his glasses. Everything was blurred before his eyes. He put up his clenched hands the way he had seen the boys do. He looked at Timmy—at Shimmele. *You can't say no.*

Big Ike swung at the side of his head. It made him reel. The ring of boys shuffled and broke up and closed again. There were shouts—

"Another one, Ike!"

"Biff 'im in the nose!'

"At 'im, Jeremy' Hit straight! Yeh can beat 'im!"—Timmy's voice.

Jeremy came back and hit out wild. Big Ike's fist landed on his lip. It was bleeding. He stood still—dazed. Shimmele shouted—

"Keep yer guard up, Jeremy!'

Jeremy crouched. His arms were out in front, lower now, and his hands were half-opened. Big Ike came at him. Jeremy pounced, his head forward, and he held him—held him tight.

"Bryke aw'y!" boys shouted.

"Git outer the clinch!"

Big Ike struggled to get out of the grip. He punched Jeremy hard—on the head, in his face, all over. He tugged at Jeremy's hands, he pushed, he pulled. But Jeremy held on.

"'E's a-wrestlin!—Dutchy's a-wrestlin', 'e is!" cries went up.

"No fair wrestlin'!' a boys shouted.

He can fight any ol' way he wants to!" Shimmele shouted back.

"Yeh! An' who's Big Ike to myke the rules?"

Jeremy got a leg behind Big Ike's heel and was bending him backward—

Big Ike swayed. He got his hand flat against Jeremy's face and was pushing it back, pushing it back. Jeremy ducked and battered his head into him from below. He tightened his hold—

—bending him, bending him—*I'll break him! I'll pay him back for the eye!—pay him for Dutchy!—pay him for Timmy and Timmy's mother!*—

"'E's given' Big Ike the backbryke!"

—bending him—until he fell!—Jeremy on top of him.

"'E's done it!"

"Dutchy's gorrim down!"

"Pin 'im, pin 'im, Jeremy!" Shimmele's voice rang out.

Big Ike twisted on the ground. He tried to wrench his shoulder free.

"'E's doin' it!—look, 'e's pinnin' 'im!"

"Give, Ike. You gotta give!"

"'E's gorrim flat! Hooray! Jeremy's finished 'im! 'E's done it!" Timmy leaped in the air.

—done it—like the real wrestlers he'd seen—like Hackenschmidt—at the Wonderland—

They carried him off on their shoulders—Shimmele and Timmy and Sandy and other boys around them—cheering and shouting and waving hands. His swelled lip was bleeding, and the red drip from his nose trickled over his shirt that was ripped down the back and flying loose in two shreds over his trousers. A bump was on his forehead and the eye under it was bloodshot.

They'd never been this way to him before. They'd never hugged him and cheered him before. *Jeremy*—they were calling him Jeremy!

Mississippi

By MARTHA MILLET

The blood cries out

speaking truth to your lies,
Mississippi.

Indians named you "great waters";
the Spaniard de Soto after them
looking upon your river,
dark, impassive, suspect,
prophetic with blood of first Americans
slaughtered for empire, for gold,
for the gold of men's sweat;
prophetic with blood of the black man
dropping relentless into the flood
under the lash of Bourbon and cotton forever . . .

The blood cries out.

"What have they done to me?"
cries the voice of the child—
"What have they done?"

"Did I come from the North,
from my mother's embrace
to fall beneath the two-pronged fang
of the serpent that goes like a man . . .
striking and striking
into my just-formed flesh,
destroying designs of nature and man,

crushing my brain and my small
marvelous organs and bones
into the seal of their sadist
hate . . .?"

Mississippi, stronghold of the Old South,
like a cancer spread over
a shuddering world,
over the straightforward sweetness
of early freedom roots—

Mississippi
madman who holds the time bomb,
swaggering dwarf,
with your knout of fire . . .

In the invisible congress of these States
united—
which exists—
it is us—
breaks out a voice of held-in power
over the coil of flame that snarls
from Mississippi's borders—
voice of John Brown, Thoreau, Mamie Bradley,
demanding:

"This day shall forever be proclaimed
a day of national mourning
and retribution!"

"What have they done?" cries the child.
"Why have they beaten me, tortured me,
wound me in wire from the cotton gin
that tore our years across,
that made them rich . . .
sunk me deep in the river of no forgetting . . .?"

O Mississippi——

Out of the folds of the Father of Rivers,
heavy with juices of black men
rearing a feudal domain on breaking backs,
the body propels upward.
Light abandons the world.
It is all gathered here, on this spot,
focused in horror and
supreme reckoning.

crying out
crying out

"Do unto others . . ."

yes

this nation under

God!

In the courtroom, she, the mother,
stared, a hairsbreadth away
from the killers, the willing fingers
of ghoulmakers in
a southern Third Reich.

O Mamie Bradley, how you stood
in the courtroom confronting them,
where every white calls the juryman
cousin, and slips a wink.

You stand up. You are proud. The blood of your child
rose up in you for their damnation.

Yours is the immemorial
hammer of God,
God of men.

Does the river know color of men,
arms heaping sandbags,
throwing up
resistance of man,
thrusting the rage of waters back?

Survivors cling to the trembling roofs.
Rescuers come,
strongly moving the boats
with weary arms
through liquid avenues.
Do they ask the color—the savers, the saved?

When the river floods
what can stand it off?
Only man.

Mississippi,
huddling in arrogance
with your tobacco-spitting words
that rot the air—

Shut your eyes of death.
The child comes
vaster than any sun
that burned down on your cotton fields,
while you drove hard bargains at county seats,
piling land, cotton gold;
told your exploits under shade trees,
under magnolia essence—your flower,
like a palliative applied to a corpse
in the embalming room . . .

fathering forcibly young
on the black woman in nights
your romances do not record,
never record;

selling the fruit of your lust
under the hammer . . . goods
like your cotton, corn . . .

Mississippi
the judgment hangs over you,
the storm long warned of.
Will all your stone cellars suffice?
Will your strongest locks hold up?

Where are you, O federal government
with your laws, your justice forces;
laws that were made *for* men, *by* men,
not in man's despite . . .?
Where have you hurried away
that scrap of paper, our
Constitution, written in blood
on drumheads on this soil
that was lava with men's
high hopes, brightness, love . . .?
What have you done with the equal right
of all Americans
to life, to liberty, to
the pursuit of happiness . . .?

Mississippi—

Distant and near the grief-rage
spills into your waters, onto
your soil of sweat

selling democracy everywhere,
at home
lynching it . . .

Emmett Till
Emmett Till . . .

You too Mamie Bradley
in the one-gallus courtroom
where jokes are cracked
where the killers pose
for family photos; where
a body bleeds mutilations.

Where is the boy?
What is this thing
You send back to me?

"And do you positively
identify the body
as that of your son,
Emmett Till . . .

Swear on the Bible——
Swear."

They swear on the Good Book still
with the old southern flourish
that whips a slave to death
between juleps.

Mississippi

when the avenger comes among you,
what will you do,
where will you hide,
what crevice of earth will receive you?

The blood cries out.

What have they done to you,
Emmett Till——?

What curse is it that causes
the southerner, Faulkner, to cry:
We do not deserve to survive
and probably we won't.

Mississippi,
in what grave
will you hide your curse;
in what eternity . . .?

The blood cries out.

"Marty"

By MILTON HOWARD

WE CAME out of the movie house after seeing Paddy Chayefsky's *Marty* and we could not contain our feeling of pleasurable excitement. Amid the rocks of McCarthyite desolation and the weeds of Cold War decadence the grass of human warmth and affection pushes upward inexorably from the soil of daily American life, and the national hunger for this affirmation of peaceful human love turns gratefully toward Chayefsky's shy Bronx butcher and the school teacher who meet in a dance hall. The audience around us was chuckling at this slight tale, almost anecdotal in its fragility, yet freighted almost unknowingly with such a cargo of meaning that even amid the light pleasure of the screen-play, taken from the famous TV show, here and there are a few furtive tears.

Why this effect? *Marty* after all is only the briefest glimpse into an ordinary life. The plot is casual, unstartling, without any extraordinary rises—the butcher clerk Marty, Italian and Catholic, shy with women, and getting on toward forty meets the plain-faced and awkward woman. They fumble toward each other, and Marty, defying the mockeries of his friends, and the suddenly aroused loneliness fears of his mother, cries out in the climatic act of affirmation: "What am I hanging around with you guys for? . . . You don't like her. My mother don't like her. She's a dog and I am a fat and ugly little man. All I know is I had a good time last night. If we have enough good times together, I am going to get down on my knees and beg that girl to marry me. If we make a party for New Years I gotta date for the party. You don't like her, that's too bad."

And Marty, the shy one, the conformist, the unfulfilled, marches into the phone booth to drop his dime to phone—it is the courageous act of life, of the assertion of dignity and freedom. It is the most private of actions, intended so by the author; yet stirs a wave of communal, that is to say, of social feeling. Are we putting too heavy a load of meaning on this art work? It would be easy to do so, no doubt, just as it is fatally easy to be diverted by Chayefsky's Freudian bias in his critical musings

on his own work.* But in this *Marty*—and I am sure that it is true of of his other plays in varying degree—the sensitivity of the artist has caught truth, and social truth at that, despite his own "false consciousness," to use a phrase of Frederick Engels, of his own truth.

JUST SEE the way he does it. Marty's mother presses him to go out, to go to the Waverly Ballroom where he might meet "a nice girl." Now listen:

MARTY: . . . *I don't wanna go to the Waverly Ballroom because all that ever happened to me there was girls made me feel like I was a bug. I got feelings you know. I had enough pain. No, thank you.*

MOTHER: *Marty . . .*

MARTY: *Ma, I am going to stay home and watch Sid Caesar.*

MOTHER: *You gonna die without a son.*

MARTY: *So I'll die without a son.*

MOTHER: *Put on your blue suit. . . .*

For me, this is superb. It is dug up from the heart of life by a writer with an ear attuned to those phrases of daily life in which an entire life is drawn. "Put on your blue suit." With that one slashing outburst which he must have heard in his youth, hundreds of thousands, even millions of homes in America are brought into the range of our experience by that pathetic mother-cry "Put on your blue suit." My own youth leaped into my memory the moment I heard it, as I am sure it did with many others. The onlooker may not even be aware of this quickly muttered plea, but the artist's use of it makes its unerring effect on his emotions.

The writer's ear is remarkable. When the young in-law mother tugs at her husband to leave she says the first time: "I promised the baby sitter we'd be home by six o'clock," but when she has to repeat it she says, "Tommy, we gotta go, I promised the baby sitter six o'clock." It is a trifle perhaps, but the marvellous accuracy of the wearied repetition in which the sentence is no longer "correct" but is cropped into a sort of half-way speech different from the older immigrant speech but yet not fully emerged from it. I am sure that this is exactly the way it would have happened; it is a triumph of re-creation, and the script is filled with such effects.

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* *In this respect I find myself in disagreement with the opinions of my colleague, V. H. F. as expressed in his September review of Chayefsky's work.*

There is the scene in Marty's home where his starved emotion bursts rth in his clumsy effort to kiss his shy companion, an effort which ightens her and yet stirs her deeply into an awakening love. The reply hich Chayefsky puts into the awkward and confused woman's mouth is quisite in its sensitivity:

MARTY: . . . *All I wanted was a lousy kiss! What am I, a leper or mething?*

GIRL: (*Mutters, more to herself than to him*) *I just didn't like it, at's all. . . .*

. . . *I'd like to see you again very much. The reason I didn't let you kiss e was because I didn't known how to handle the situation. You're the ndest man I ever met. . . .*

Consider the seemingly artless, but searching clash of the two old omen. These are the mothers whose children must leave them alone in eir single rooms. This is in the context of the modern American family here each generation sunders its ties, in terms of tradition, and moral tlook, from the immediate predecessor. This is a process, made even ore anguished by the immigrant nature of millions of American fam-es. Chayefsky seizes it perfectly: *"It's gonna happen to you. Mark it well. hese terrible years. I'm afraid look inna mirror. . . . What am o do with myself? I have strength in my hands. I wanna cook. I wanna of use to somebody. Am I an old dog to lie in fronta the fire till my es close? These are terrible years, Theresa! Terrible years!"*

The camera takes us to the dance hall, the profit-making joint where nicism, brutality, salacity mingle with shyness, eager-seeking tenderness, dor, and the search for pleasure and marriage. It is the product of an omized society, of a society which has few human rituals and patterns here the dance of human life can take place without being chilled by he icy waters of egotistical calculation," in Marx's phrase. Where else all they go in the search for affection and a sense of solidarity amid the ngles of a cash-and-carry commodity society? Their humanity is at war th the alienation which this most bourgeois, most cash-minded of all cieties, imposes on them. Their sexuality takes on the form of a series wary maneuvers.

The climax of this insight is given in the marvellously satiric "Mickey illane" scene. Here are the men who "hang around" and display their rface boastfulness to each other:

CRITIC: . . . *So the whole book winds up, Mike Hammer, he's inna om with this doll. So he says: 'You rat, you are the murderer.' So she*

begins to con him, you know? She tells him how she loves him. And then Bam! He shoots her in the stomach. she's laying there, gasping for breath, and she says: 'How could you do that?' And he says: 'It was easy.'"

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD: *Boy, that Mickey Spillane. Boy, he can write.*

In the context of the scene, this is uproariously funny, for the Spillane formulas are reduced to their absurdity. But there is more, for we not only are shown the social irony of these drifting and lonely men, all of them "Marty" too in their desire for normality and love, posing as "too wise" to "get caught"; we are also shown the brutalization process which the tidal wave of literary degeneracy in the country works on its main victims, the youth.

I HAVE just read all of Chayefsky's published plays. I do not intend to discuss them here. But this hallmark is on all of them—the common folk of America are making their re-appearance here after a decade in which the Un-Americans sought in vain to drive them out of our literature as "Communist dupes," a decade in which the Un-Americans bellowed for an art that would replace the "subversive" literature of the Thirties for a literature in which the Business Executive would be the domestic hero while the smiling bomb-dropper over the blood-bespattered cradles and burning huts of Asia would be its glamorous adventurer.

BUT WHAT does Chayefsky think of all this? He has a lively critical consciousness and does not hesitate to say what he thinks of his art and the social and "literary situation" in the United States.

Here are some of his thoughts on *Marty,* for example:

"Television drama cannot expand in breadth, so it must expand in depth. In the last year or so, television writers have learned that they can write intimate dramas—'intimate' meaning minutely detailed studies of small moments of life. *Marty* is a good example of this stage of progress. Now, the word for television is depth, the digging under the surface of life for more profound truths of human relationships. This is an area that no other dramatic medium has handled or can adequately handle. It is an area which sooner or later will run head-on into taboos, not merely of television but of our entire way of life."

He continues:

"Yet I cannot help but feel that this is where the drama is going. These are strange and fretful times, and the huge inevitable currents of history are too broad now to provide individual people with any mean

ıg to their lives. People are beginning to turn into themselves, looking or personal happiness. The offices of psychoanalysts are flooded with isturbed human beings. . . . The theatre and all its sister mediums can nly be a reflection of their times, and the drama of introspection is the ama the people want to see. . . ."

Of *Marty* and his other work, *The Mother,* he says:

"The essence of these two shows lies in their reality. I tried to write ıe dialogue as if it had been wiretapped. . . . In *Marty,* I ventured lightly ıto such values as the Oedipal relationship, the reversion to adolescence y many 'normal' Americans, and the latent homosexuality of the middle asses. . . . An excellent story could be written about the latent homo-xuality of the 'normal' American male, and television would be the nly medium I know of that could present the problem as it really exists."

Chayefsky is quick to point out that "*Marty* of course was not in-nded as a study of homosexuality or even as a study of the Oedipus mplex. It was a comment on the social values of our times and as such s characters were not probed to the bottom."

WELL, it should be clear from all this that just as Chayefsky's characters, so observed, present a conflict between their struggling umanity and the social situation which distorts and stifles them without ieir knowing how, so in Chayefsky's work there is a conflict between his tistic achievement and the stifling banalities of the Freudian schema of fe. He views the "social values" in which his Marty characters move as eing less profound than their allegedly instinctual impulses which—ank God!—he did not "probe to the bottom." For the delusions of the reudian sickness can only lead the artist into morbidity, and a perverse eory of human life in general and of the American situation in par-cular.

In Chayefsky there are at war two visions of experience and of art. e can thus say: "In television, you can dig into the most humble or-nary relationships: the relationship of bourgeois children to their mother, middle class husband to wife, of white collar father to his secretary—short the relationships of the people. . . . Every fibre of relationship is orth a dramatic study. There is far more exciting drama in the reasons ıy a man gets married than in why he murders someone. . . . What ıkes a man ambitious? Why does one girl always try to steal her kid ter's boy friends? Why does your uncle attend his annual class reunion ery year? Why do you always find it depressing to visit your father? . . ."

Chayefsky, it seems to me from these opinions, is torn like many another modern writer between a genuinely creative view of art and a mystical one. It may present itself to him as a technological result of the television medium (the close-up, the small screen, the limited time, etc.) It may even present itself to him as a theory of the new historic position of the human individual in which the individual can no longer view himself as anything but the helpless victim of huge social forces beyond his ability to grasp or participate in, so that he turns "inward" to find "happiness."

But, the social truth is that the writer of honest art for audiences of twenty million is in collision with the dominant social and political ideologies of the big business forces which pay for this culture. There is the hunger of the nation for genuine art, for a sense of its dignity, beauty and for the tragic purgation which gives meaning and direction to its life. There are the calculations of the hucksters for whom this art is nothing but the bait with which to trap the market for soap, cosmetics, vacuum cleaners, razor blades and canned beer. There is the artist himself, the hired hand, who knows, or finds out quickly, that his art creation must be moulded within the fixed limits of an arbitrary series of social values dictated "from above" in many mysterious ways. These are the elements of the social and aesthetic struggle—for it takes an aesthetic form no less than a political or social one—which are observable in the battle for a new humanist-democratic decade in American culture.

The Freudian doctrine is the gold-mine for many writers in this new of antagonistic elements; it is the way out. It will not alarm the alert watchdogs who own the machinery and supervise its content, and it will provide the illusion of real drama, real illumination, real tragedy.

It is all so easy too. The Freudian formulae can be mastered in a few hours—the mother-devours-the-son and vice versa; the son-hates-the-pap the kind man is a hidden and "unconscious" rapist of little girls, and the mother who is "ambitious" for her child to be a TV star is an unconscious Lesbian. The cascade, indeed, has begun. The "sex war" is truly a path to triumph in this new "art," combining the highest degree of political immunity with the well-tested market bait of "scientific" pornography.

THIS IS not to deny that the search for the significant "literary" subject" in the United States of the second half of the century, with all the vast changes in the country, is a most difficult one in which doctrinaire biases are sure to lead the artist astray unless his doctrine roots h

rmly in truth. We know even that the insights of Marxism require sub-
ety and mastery for their fruitful influence on the individual artist if
e is to avoid "formulism," that is, schematic art in which there is no
enuine life, no genuine communication with the country on the basis of
s own experience.

It is an unalterable fact that psychological tensions, struggles and
ntagonisms enter into art, into the contours of character. It would be
olly to imagine that the rejection of the Freudian "instinct" psychology,
ith its fundamental irrationalism, means a rejection of any study or
epiction of psychological antagonism. It is the falsehood of a mechanical
stimate of Marxism which can advocate a purely "external" man, mov-
ng like a puppet in response to external pressures. In fact, Marxism, with
s enormous emphasis on the liberating force of social action, on the
nity of idea and act, on the immense power of thought and the role
f human will and aspiration, would be unthinkable as a belief in a
echanical, behavioristic "empty" man.

Nor is it true that significant and beautiful art cannot come from
ne seemingly-trivial "little" subjects which Chayefsky listed above. We
now that a single glimpse of a submerged, solitary human act or hope
n reveal an enormous range of meaning. We know that the "social"
nd the "psychological" are inextricably woven together in human char-
ter, and that the creations of art can best be understood in this way.
his is indeed the search for the typical in literature, for the creative
evelation which "goes beyond" the surface of life in order to enrich and
arify it.

THE problem Chayefsky presents us with in the above quotations from his thinking is, in reality, the problem of how contemporary story enters into character and art. For a study of all great art leaves no oubt whatever that such is the case.

Chayefsky affirms his view that history is now too awful, too power-
l for the individual to feel a stake in it, or to feel that happiness is to
e found there. This is,in my opinion, profoundly mistaken. It is wrong
theory and is disproved daily in fact. The vast struggle of the decade
stay the hand of the atom-bomb maniacs, Humanity's most mortal
emy, was carried out not by some mystique of History, but by men
d women, by millions of individuals, by heroes and heroines, each with
s own character, his "quips and his quiddities," his personal and his-
ric exaltations mingling to provide the raw material of our real con-

temporary "tragedy," our real art. The underlying moral struggles inside America which produced the new situation, and which will emerge in new shapes in the coming decade, have yet to be fully embodied in art.

The Freudian schema can explain little of the antagonisms and contradictions, including the sexual, which provide the battlefield for literary character; they are recipes which provide automatic answers in advance. These answers are superficial since they pretend to restrict human behavior to a struggle between instinct and society. There is therefore a logical connection between the Freudian recipes of the non-social man torn by his instincts and an aesthetic theory which views human character as helpless before the new Fates—politics and history. Can this provide anything but a pessimistic art whose fault would not be merely its pessimism, but its unfaithfulness to human character and social reality today?

To seek for the great American dramas in the "homosexuality of the middle classes" is to risk the collapse which struck down the young genius of Eugene O'Neill. Now, the American middle class—given its present social situation, its prolonged prosperity, its conflict between old idealisms and the rapid rise of an aimless existence which seems to have no moral outlet, or is prevented from having one, with its new material problems in the specific culture of the American '50s, etc.—is a subject for significant drama. But can this subject be explored with self-limiting formulae about sexual perversion? It seems to me it can only produce untypical clinical descriptions of special cases. Many Europeans, the Andre Gides and an army of imitators, have munched this rotten stuff endlessly. There is nothing left of it. Only the standard American culture lag behind Europe could account for the belief that we will get illumination, art and happiness from this dreary banality where we wallow in speculations of why Uncle Reggie never got married and collects old cigars while Aunt Sissie likes to fondle wet cats. It is impossible either to create or to love literature on this pseudo-clinical basis, if one were to stick to it.

The flight from history, from the giving of any significance to literature, the theory that literature goes "inward" to the instincts and the "unconscious," the effort to separate art from history, is a reflex of the dangers in the political situation where critical thought has been hounded as criminal. But the people in Chayefsky's plays defy him. Their meaning leaps over his excuse that he is only a tape-recorder. If he tries to write under wraps, his achievement is always threatening to break the bond

He should give ear not only to what Marty is saying, but to what America and the world are saying. They are not saying that all is lost except our "hidden drives" to be perverts.

For what surges with life in Chayefsky's plays is the social life which his aesthetic denies. That life, with its moral complexities, its search for heroism, its combination of the private and the political, cannot be seized in art, in art true to the great traditions of literature, if it is to be frozen at the level of a literal reporting, or submerged in mystical Freudian despairs. The imitators of Chayefsky—and it is easy to start grinding out these "folksy" Mama-I-am-going-to-the-movies-with-Charles soap operas—will debate his achievement. But those who do what he did in his affirmation of people will have to go beyond that, or die as writers. And he could be a strong influence in leading the way if he wants to. He has the stuff.

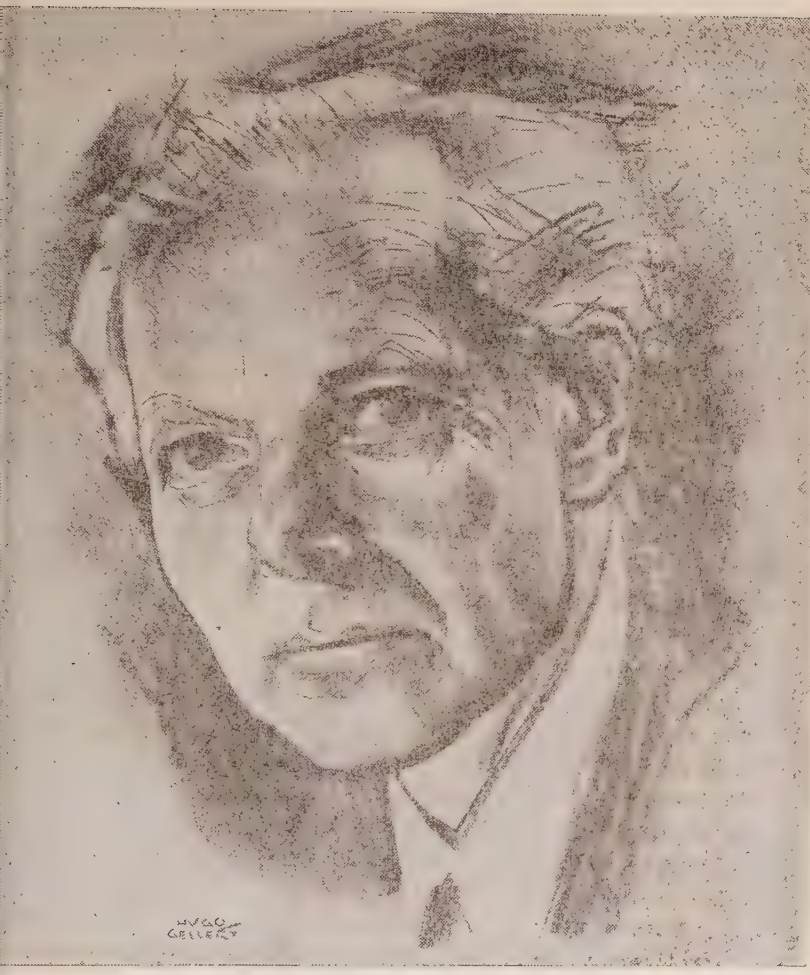
Bela Bartok

THE names of Bela Bartok and Franz Liszt are ringing up and down the cultural life of Hungary as the government organizes an enormous commemoration of their achievements in music. While the Liszt anniversary will reach its height next year (his dates are 1811-1886) the Bartok celebration has been taking place in every major city of the country, with the government making every effort to bring the genius of this Hungarian composer to the consciousness of the whole people.

Bartok died ten years ago in the United States where he had lived as an exile from the reactionary, stifling regime of the old government. Born in 1881, Bartok had spent an extraordinarily rich life of creativity, both in musical composition and in creative criticism and musical research. He was a master of the Hungarian folk music heritage, a good part of which he was the first to discover and organize into usable form. A master of the classic heritage in music, Bartok sought unceasingly to find new paths for music, a search which sometimes took him into difficult and even anguished experience. In the years immediately preceding his death, Bartok was creating a new style which promised to be his greatest achievement. But death cut him off before he could fulfill his hopes.

The People's Democracy of Hungary is publishing a collected edition of his letters. These are remarkable for their range in subject matter and for the world-wide connections they show Bartok had with leading men of thought in many countries. They include his opinions on musicology, folk art, and modern problems in music. A series of Bartok radio broadcasts has been featured throughout the year. All his piano works have been played, some in recording versions by Bartok himself. These recitals will be issued as part of a complete recording of all of Bartok's music, including his chamber music, opera-ballets, the violin concerto, orchestral works, and songs.

Bartok's stay in our country was marked, unfortunately, by lack of a full public recognition of his genius which is now coming into its own, here and abroad. Bartok is buried at Bear Mountain, New York.



A drawing by Hugo Gellert

BELA BARTOK

American Voices:

William Faulkner and Robert Hutchins

New voices are being heard in America. Or, one might say, they are the old voices of that democratic America which was muffled for several years by the onslaught of fascist-style McCarthyism and the terrorism of the "anti-Communist" plot against American liberties. We print below the full text of novelist William Faulkner's statement on the lynch-murder of the 14-year-old Negro boy, Emmett Till, and the staunch statement of Dr. Robert Hutchins, head of the Fund for the Republic, as examples of the growing resistance to reaction and racism.

I

WHEN will we learn that if one county in Mississippi is to survive it will be because all Mississippi survives? That if the State of Mississippi survives, it will be because all America survives? And if America is to survive, the whole white race must survive first?

Because, the whole white race is only one-fourth of the earth's population of white and brown and yellow and black. So, when will we learn that the white man can no longer afford, he simply does not dare to commit acts which the other three-fourths of the human race can challenge him for, not because the acts are themselves criminal, but simply because the challengers and accusers of the acts are not white in pigment?

Not to speak of the other Aryan peoples who are already the Western world's enemies because of political ideologies. Have we, the white American who can commit or condone such acts, forgotten already how only fifteen years ago, what only the Japanese—a mere eighty million inhabitants of an island already insolvent and bankrupt—did to us?

How then can we hope to survive the next Pearl Harbor, if there should be one, with not only all peoples who are not white but all peoples with political ideologies different from ours arrayed against us—after we have taught them (as we are doing) that when we talk of freedom and liberty, we not only mean neither, we don't even mean security and justice and even the preservation of life for people whose pigmentation is not the same as ours?

And not just the black people in Boer South Africa, but the black people in America too.

Because if we Americans are to survive, it will have to be because we choose and elect and defend to be first of all Americans to present to the world one homogeneous and unbroken front, whether of white Americans or black ones or purple or blue or green.

Perhaps we will find out now whether we are to survive or not. Perhaps the purpose of this sorry and tragic error committed in my native Mississippi by two white adults on an afflicted colored child is to prove to us whether or not we deserve to survive.

Because of we in America have reached that point in our desperate culture when we must murder children, no matter for what reason or what color, we don't deserve to survive, and probably won't.

II

WHAT has happened to the great American principle that the chief qualification for a job is the ability to perform it? In almost no case that I can think of, from the Hollywood Ten to the teachers suspended in New York a few days ago, has it been suggested that the alleged political views of the individual had any effect upon his work. The question of competence is never raised.

The object of universities, hospitals, and foundations is not the preservation of the status quo. It is the improvement of the conditions of human life and the clarification of its aims. A university that does not try to improve the educational system and the environment in which it operates, a hospital that does not try to improve medical practice, a foundation that is not dedicated to the welfare of man, is a failure. Yet universities, hospitals, and foundations that do these things must inevitably engage in criticism of existing practices, and if they do they must expect to be criticized in turn.

They will be "controversial." As Mr. Fulton Lewis, Jr. has so well said, "Controversy is the lifeblood of American society." But such a statement usually turns out to have little meaning when a controversial person is in question. How often have we heard of people of undoubted loyalty like Bishop Oxnam and the American Civil Liberties Union being denied the privilege of speaking or meeting because they are controversial! How do you become controversial? By being attacked, and it makes no difference how innocent you are or how silly, stupid, or irresponsible the attack may be. It will be remembered that Bishop Oxnam was re-

refused permission to speak in the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles after he had been "cleared," as the saying goes, by the House Un-American Activities Committee. The principal attack upon the American Civil Liberties Committee was delivered by the most disreputable of the various State Un-American Activities Committee, the Tenney Committee of California.

The winds are shifting. The demise of Senator McCarthy, the bipartisan vote for a commission to look into the loyalty-security programs, the apologies distributed by various agencies of the government to persons wronged by mistake or by frivolous or perjured testimony, the judicial decisions and the changes in regulations affecting passports, the improvement of the procedure of congressional investigations—all these things may encourage those who believe that we do not have to jettison our liberties in order to protect them.

Mr. Truman would have been impeached if he had proposed that the Russians fly over our country and photograph our military installations. He had a bad time because he once said that he liked Old Joe; but his successor can correspond with Zhukov, and the Vice-President feels free to say that one of the most important results of the Geneva conference was the establishment of friendly personal relations between the Russian leaders and the President of the United States. As the wind blows today, those who believe that universities are centers of independent thought and that foundations are accumulations of venture capital dedicated to pioneering are doing fairly well. But irremediable harm was done to these conceptions in the last wind, because the timidity that it created lingers on.

And what about the next wind? The administrator ought to have a vision of the end that is clear and true regardless of meteorological conditions.

IT IS not merely inevitable that we are different and have different views; it is desirable that this should be so. From the clash of opinion truth emerges, and the human race advances.

Hence the essence of Americanism is discussion. It is not name calling or suppression. It is certainly not dogma or prejudice. The only political dogma in America is that discussion is the road to progress, that every man is entitled to his own opinions, and that we have to learn to live with those whose opinions differ from our own. After all, they may turn out to be right. . . .

etter:

tor, M&M:

When *M&M* arrives I know all it's going to be good, but I scan cover to see what's first. This nth, I went first to the piece on TV playwright, Paddy Chayefsky. e title should have been a tip-off: ectronic bard," indeed. The man uldn't be labelled by his medium. ll! To V. H. F., your insulated ic, I have a few things to say.

think his review of Chayefsky's k is evasive, haughty, and most nsitive.

n what purports to be a serious iew of a writer's collected work, H. F. concentrates on two aspects, ther of them relevant. First, he re- ws in detail the mechanics of the -eyed machine. He discusses, y learnedly, the close-up, tape us film recording, flexible camera les, the value of actors. All of ch may define television as a lium, but what does it have to with Chayefsky? Only this: his s, says V. H. F., have "reaped e benefits." It's like the cereal "delicious with strawberries and m." What isn't?

he critic's second focal point— here I admit he has the author's —was Chayefsky's own fairly ldled analysis of what he has ten. An interesting piece might written on the contradiction between this writer's actual work, and his afterthoughts. V. H. F. will never write it: he has concentrated on the afterthoughts, and conveniently ignored Chayefsky's plays.

With both feet on the Mount, and a withering word about "myopic social outlook," V. H. F. has managed to underrate one of the first humanists to appear in years, a skilled craftsman who can create live characters whose lives touch ours.

Let's grant, quickly, that Chayefsky's essays, which follow each play in his book, are loaded with psychoanalytic patter, almost as if he were his own Harry Schwartz, paddling after his own Harrison Salisbury.

But what counts is the work, which I insist was written by a different process. Chayefsky says—and V. H. F. takes him at his word and parrots it—that his TV plays are introspective.

Let's see. The only play in the collection your critic didn't discuss is a piece called *Printer's Measure,* and I think it's typical of the material Chayefsky grasps. It's the story of a hand-setter, displaced from his craft by the linotype machine. There are no villains in the piece (for that matter, in any of his work): Both the printer and his antagonist, a young boy whose loyalty to the old man loses to the economic need to learn

linotyping, are both understandable, even lovable. The conflict stares at you as a social one.

Chayefsky is no Balzac . . . but like Balzac, who thought he was a royalist but exposed them in his novels, the young playwright may really believe that this, and the others, are freudian situations. I feel he's eluded Freud but enriched the rest of us.

Now, take *Marty.* Here is a play with dignity and tenderness, about a butcher. Specifically, a butcher, and his work is discussed onstage, V. H. F. picks up—and incidentally, misinterprets—one line from this play, dismisses the whole of it, and moves on to what Chayefsky says about it. I'd like a word on what's in it.

A slight piece, *Marty* . . . yet it manages to evoke tremendous themes: the situation facing old women in our society . . . the rightness on both sides of the mother-in-law problem' . . . the vicious impact of Spillane ideas on relationships with women . . . and the central theme: be yourself, don't judge or live by the phony standards of what is good or beautiful.

What Chayefsky thought he was doing in *Marty,* or said later, is fascinating because it contradicts what most people saw. Your critic, sneering now at the audience as well, says, "In the end Marty and Clara find t way ahead. Audiences were very ha py that it all turned out so well a so am I and so, I'm sure, is Chay sky . . ." and so he ends with gleef seizure of large quotes from the afterthoughts.

I feel that whether Chayefsky re izes it or not, his plays grip a move us because he tackles "origin themes, the problems of worki men and women. People respond b cause he is authentic. Whether will become more profound, a touch on some of the solutions these problems, depends on ma things: the changes around us u folding so dramatically, his grow in understanding, as a writer and citizen; the direction he takes.

One thing I'm sure of: V. H. F patronizing attitude was no help.

MILLY SALWE
Trenton, N. J.

A CORRECTION

We regret that in the Septem issue, owing to a technical error, last five lines of Bill Storch's po "O, Social Problem" were in vertently omitted. The lines follo

Or, kill his drafted enemy;
without grief;
Without belief;
O, honest thief;
O, social problem.

Just Out!

WOMEN AGAINST SLAVERY

By SAMUEL SILLEN

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