MASSES & MAINSTREAM

THE WOUK MUTINY

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HOMAGE TO GEORGE GERSHWIN

ARAM KHACHATURIAN

THE VOICE OF GENE DEBS

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

AN AMERICAN "J'ACCUSE"

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The Wouk Mutiny

By SAMUEL SILLEN

HERMAN WOUK's new novel, *Marjorie Morningstar,* has stormed to the summit of the best-seller list under a remarkable banner, the banner of rebellion. It is "The Wouk Mutiny," as *Time* magazine announced (Sept. 5) in a special article celebrating the event. Wouk, it appears, is far more than a cagey story-spinner who made the cash registers dance with *The Caine Mutiny.* He is that most awesome of literary wonders, a "spearhead." And what he is valiantly spearheading is nothing less than a revolution "against three decades of U.S. fiction dominated by skeptical criticism, sexual emancipation, social protest and psychoanalytic sermonizing."

In short, here is the answer to *Life's* fervid editorial appeal (Sept. 12): "Wanted: An Americal Novel." The Luce publications have for years been heralding a new literature. This literature has been assigned its mission. It is to show how far capitalism has gone "toward creating a truly classless society." It is to replace Dreiser's image of the financier with a knight in shining armor. For Sinclair Lewis' restless brooding on the spiritual poverty of babbittry, it is to substitute Meredith Nicholson's assurance that "if there is any manifestation on earth of a divine ordering of things, it is here in America." The new literature is destined to dissolve criticism in the rosy mists of faith, and to free its readers from morally disturbing speculations on the horrors of atomic war.

In Herman Wouk we have evidently found at last a writer who, unlike Melville or James or Mark Twain, "gives the U.S. straight A's in his fictional report cards." He leads the revolt against those surly and haggling scribblers, infected with foreign propaganda, who are not yet certain that we merit more than a B plus. This mutiny of self-congratulation is aimed at the democratic heresies of Whitman and the realistic probings of Dreiser. We are finally to celebrate in our literature the

acquisitive rather than the inquisitive instinct. Forward to the New Conservatism!

BUT it would be folly to ignore the fact that this mock mutiny has a plausible basis in the American literary situation today. For the malady is real. A terrible sickness of spirit has in the past decade of cold war affected many of the country's most talented writers. And it is the growing public revulsion against sick writing that the Revolutionists of the Right are now manipulating for their own ends.

Life's editorial does not invent when it speaks of "the obscenity-obsessed school of 'new realism' "; it is the palpable existence of such a school, with its debilitating effect on American letters, that makes it possible for demagogues to bring genuine realism into disrepute. The truth is that readers, and a growing number of writers too, are getting fed up to the gills with novels that glorify irresponsibles, neurotics, alcoholics, homosexuals, nymphomaniacs; and this fact gives plausibility to the "rebellion" of orthodoxy and officialdom.

People want something more than cynicism in their books; they want to be ennobled instead of soiled and reviled. The finest American critics, like Van Wyck Brooks and the late F. O. Matthiessen, have often deplored the decadent and degenerate strains in the writing of our time. Certainly the Marxists, contrary to the Woukian image of them, have always set themselves in opposition to that dreary literature of nihilism, bereft of purpose and hope, loveless, self-pitying, merely violent and merely sensational, which has been steering the country away from its great tradition. We have many times shown that monopoly capitalism, in the course of creating *Life's* "truly classless society," has generated and encouraged a literature hostile to the will of man and the hopes of the nation.

Now we are confronted with a new turn of affairs. The reactionaries in literature have proved themselves more canny than we may have supposed. They have shrewdly sensed the growing public distaste for what *Life* calls "the papaya-smelly, overripe school of the Truman Capotes." They have sensed a hunger in people for values and for direction. And they come forward as the ardently rebellious champions of what is healthy and sound in the mood of many readers.

HOW they manipulate this mood is another story. *Marjorie Morningstar* may serve as an example. Even though its literary merits are

less than formidable—it is absurdly padded, its style insipid, its characters made of cardboard—there is a good reason why the Luceman have seized it as a symbol.

The central character of the novel is really not Marjorie at all, nor is the central theme middle-class Jewish life in New York. That is all showcase. It is Noel Airman (*luftmensch*), the "Bohemian," the playboy of ideas, who is the target of Wouk's attention. And here he has pulled a fast one truly. For he has made it appear that our choice in this country today is between the footloose morality, the ludicrous intellectual gyrations of an Airman, and a smug, passionless conformity to whatever is least inspiring in the status quo.

Airman is a heel. He has turned with a sneer on his Jewish background. He has frittered away his talents as a songwriter and playwright in a loveless, intolerably wordy existence. He winds up during the war as a sort of kept man of a German woman in Paris. He is so conspicuously a phony that any respect we might have had for Marjorie Morgenstern, the Hunter College girl who aspires to be an actress named Morningstar, is dissipated in the interminable necking sessions with this chatterbox who monotonously tempts her with forbidden bacon and oysters.

Here is how the brilliant man talks to poor Marjorie:

"The word was out that I was a fascinating loafer. It was quite true. The peculiar thing was that I affected Shirley the way whiskey hits an Indian. She knew I was bad for her, but I drove her crazy. Marjorie, I have my conceit, but it doesn't extend to my romantic career on the West Side. I tell you soberly I was like a man with a cane walking down a lane of hyacinths, smashing flowers right and left. . . . Intellectual snob? Certainly, it's the breath of my life. Bohemian? Yes, sure. Anti-Semite? Not any more. I had a spell of it. . . ."

The ruse becomes obvious. Wouk has drawn a fake antagonist. He would have us identify Airman with intellectual dissent, just as his target in *The Caine Mutiny* was the questioning intellectual Keefer, not the mad martinet in command of the ship. Through Noel Airman he manipulates the reader's just dislike for the snobberies, somersaults of principle, and exhibitionism of so many people the same reader has encountered as heroes in current literature. In this way Wouk makes his "mutinous" appeal to anti-intellectualism and to distrust of those who do not follow an officially approved groove in their lives. Abandon all hope, ye who start to question the status quo and the ancestral sanctions and taboos. Behold your fate in this human flop Airman.

AND the alternative is equally subtle. In a hastily tacked-on epilogue, which has no true relation to character or structure, Wouk has Marjorie settling down after her foolish fling with Airman. She has married a "substantial" man. She has happily forgotten her misguided desire for a creative career in the theatre. And now Wouk would have us believe that marital happiness is incompatible with the heresies of independent thinking. With propagandistic fervor he identifies the joys of children and home, which all normal people cherish, with the serenity of the tomb. Wouk paints the conventional, and untrue, portrait of a middle-class suburbia in which the real world of conflict, anxiety, and aspiration magically vanishes. And so, by one of those corny ironies of fiction, it turns out that Airman really spoke for Wouk when he pontificated on the modern woman:

"What she wants is what a woman should want, always has and always will—big diamond engagement ring, house in a good neighborhood, furniture, children, well-made clothes, furs—but she'll never say so. Because in our time those things are supposed to be stuffy and dull. She knows that. She reads novels. So, half-believing what she says, she'll tell you the hell with that domestic dullness, never for her. She's going to paint, that's what—or be a social worker, or a psychiatrist, or an interior decorator, or an actress, always an actress if she's got any real looks—but the idea is she's going to be somebody. Not just a wife. Perish the thought! She's Lady Brett Ashley, with witty devil-may-care whimsey and shocking looseness all over the place. . . ."

Always the Woukian tie-in threat. If you don't want to bust up the Navy, don't question the orders of a maniac. If you don't want to wind up as an irresponsible heel, don't question the ways of your father. If you want to be a good wife and mother, forget about your desire for a career or the nymphomaniac Lady Brett will eat you up. So this novel, which has some pretense of defending the dignity of women, pleads that they be content with their nook in a patriarchal universe. Now we can understand better why Marjorie never emerged as a character with a spine of her own. She was only a convenient symbol: the temporarily deluded victim of heterodox modernism, with Airman as the Great Seducer.

The passion for social justice which exalted the Prophets is beaten out of recognition in this novel which gives the appearance of cele-

brating traditional Jewish ways. Virtue is equated with worldly success. I like what the *Nation's* critic Maxwell Geismar has to say about *Time's* tribute to Wouk: "And he also, as we discover, has spiritual or hidden assets. He comes from Russian immigrant stock and is a devout Orthodox Jew 'who has achieved worldly success in worldly-wise Manhattan while adhering to dietary prohibitions and traditional rituals which many of his fellow Jews find embarrassing.' *Time* is more at home in this murky element, which carries the latent threat under the guise of parental blessing. As a descendant of the same tradition myself, and with great respect for its true achievements, I find this passage not only embarrassing but vulgar. After all, Moses did not offer his people the choice between eating the Golden Calf or worshipping it. . . . Thus the Luce organization has redefined the meaning of the Jewish tradition in the New World (to make money) and the meaning of American literature itself (to write good report cards)."

THE peculiar morality of *Marjorie Morningstar* is perhaps best suggested by its treatment of sex. Here too there is a certain gesture of mutiny. Much has been written in the press about the apparently revolutionary fact that, as *Life* puts it, "Wouk's book even endorses premarital chastity." The endorsement will, I trust, win widespread approval, but how real is it? Wouk has merely moved from the bedroom to the living-room. As Wouk told *Time*: "Some people may get impatient and think, 'She's going to sleep with this guy, what's all the fuss?' But it's still a great suspense thing to a girl. If you don't think so, take a poll. The question may be more serious to Marjorie because of her Old Testament upbringing. But it is a key problem for any girl. It's a general American dilemma."

Wouk plays this "American dilemma" for all it's worth, and the result is very possibly the longest tease in literary history. And also the most boring and tasteless, including the scene in which Marjorie lets the louse have his way. But if you plough through the "suspenseful" necking scenes, you will at last come to Wouk's endorsement. Marjorie feels she must tell her husband-to-be that she was Noel Airman's "bed partner." She muses: "How could she face the moment that would follow the shattering of his picture of her—the one good girl in a world of chippies? The fact that he made free with chippies—it was obvious that he did—had nothing to do with it. He wasn't supposed to be pure; she was. It might not make sense, but that was exactly how things

stood." Finally she brings herself to tell. Her fiance runs away in agony. Then there is a reconciliation: "But she never again saw on his face the pure happiness that had shone there during the drive across the George Washington Bridge in the sunset. He loved her. He took her as she was, with her deformity, despite it. For that was what it amounted to in his eyes and in hers—a deformity; a deformity that could not longer be helped; a permanent crippling, like a crooked arm."

I shall leave it to the reader to judge where the moral deformity lies.

THIS, then, is the revolt "against three decades of U.S. fiction," heaven help us. The malcontents have had their inning, and now, as *Time* proclaims, we have found "a Sinclair Lewis in reverse." Philistinism is shedding its inhibitions and going on the offensive. As the new-style businessman hero of Cameron Hawley's current novel, *Cash McCall,* explains: "We have a peculiar national attitude toward money-making. We maintain that the very foundation of our way of life is what we call free enterprise—the profit system—but when one of our citizens shows enough free enterprise to pile up a little of that profit, we do our best to make him feel . . . ashamed of himself." The new literature is to be as unabashed as Texas oil millionaire Clint Murchison, who instructed the country only the other day: "I consider money to be the same as manure. If you pick it up and put it out in the fields and till it, you get good returns." (*Time,* Nov. 7). And this omnipotent fertilizer will be sprinkled with the perfume of moral pretense.

"In the Age of Wouk," Maxwell Geismar suggests, "the new writing will certainly have the impulse of revolt, but not the act; just as Marjorie Morgenstern—the 'American Everygirl,' as we are told—must first rebel against her environment in order properly to conform to it. There will be a little, or quite a lot of sex, so long as it is never fulfilled and has no meaning. There will be the usual periods of doubt, heart-searching, and despair in the lives of these new folk-figures of the American Way —in order to have a happy ending. Marjorie will always marry the man in the gray flannel suit in the typical configuration of the classless —and mindless—society. Well, what does it all really mean? I suspect that the final impact of the atomic age has had the effect of a lobotomy upon the national spirit. Don't look now, but we're all dead."

Perhaps not quite. I prefer to think the Wouk-Luce mutiny signals a new and more promising shift in the literary scene. Maybe it is not so much a mutiny as a putsch calculated to head off or distort a gaining

impulse among many writers and readers. There is a widespread feeling that the literature of morbidity and impotence has come to a dead end and that it is time to take a fresh look at American reality. The literary recipes of the cold war decade aren't working.

The "American dilemma" is not, as Wouk would make out, Will She Or Won't She? Nor is it, as Sloan Wilson appears to believe in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit,* whether to risk personal happiness as a $200,000 a year man or nail it down safely as a $20,000 a year man. There are a few other uncertainties troubling the repose of people in this country. The happy ending is not quite so cosily built into our lives. No bank has yet underwritten the longing for a more secure and generously meaningful existence.

The salesmen of smugness do not represent the living imagination of the country. I believe there will come to the surface a searching for more creative literary ideas and forms that are relevant to this time in which the hope for peace no longer seems a mockery, and in which the right to think as one chooses is being re-discovered. When the Lucemen wave the banner of Wouk's mutiny with such energy, you may be sure that they detect the signs of a true rebellion in the making, a rebellion of those who, in our most valid tradition, want to illuminate and enrich the life of America with their realistic art. They may not give us "straight A's" in their fictional report cards, but they will have the perhaps superior merit of being faithful to the needs and hopes of believable human beings.

The Heart of Huckleberry Finn

By CAROL REMES

120 YEARS ago this month America gave birth to Samuel Langhorne Clemens, known and beloved throughout the world as Mark Twain. Yet despite the passage of time, there exists among his readers and critics a wide divergence of opinion as to the essential meaning in his work. Some see him principally as a humorist and children's author, others as a social satirist and seeker of justice, while critics with a Freudian bent tend to psychoanalyze away the social criticism inherent in his work.

A particular area of critical investigation about which there is the least clarity, however, is his position on the question of slavery. Although this was a recurrent theme throughout his writing, especially after the betrayal of reconstruction, opinions as to whether he was anti-slavery, pro-equality or merely indifferent to the issue are many and varied. Professor Lionel Trilling claims Twain "no more condemns slavery than Tristram and Lancelot condemn marriage," while William Dean Howells asserts it "took great stature to put into a novel a 'slave thief' like Huck Finn." One group of critics hold that Twain was against all forms of injustice of which slavery was just one, while Marxists generally have not dealt with this aspect of his work.

The pre-Civil War America dealt with by Mark Twain in his writings concerning the South in general and slavery in particular, was characterized by certain features long since become myth. The open frontier and what Lenin referred to as "that peculiar feature of the United States . . . the availability of unoccupied free land . . ." reflected themselves in the shaping of an ideology based on the concept of rugged individualism and free enterprise. The class structure inherent in capitalism was yet to jell, and it was still possible

for a Huck Finn "to light out for the territory." The incipient working class was directing its struggle not towards changing the existing social order, but towards realizing the promises of 1776 as expressed in the Declaration of Independence. Unification and standardization of the country was yet to evolve, and sectional differences expressed themselves vividly in the literature and culture of the times.

While contradictions were at work that were to undermine the social and economic structure of this period in our history, the basic contradiction was the existence of a slave economy side by side with a free economy.

To a large degree. Twain's presentation of Southern mores and attitudes was affected by the nature of slavery in his boyhood town of Hannibal, Missouri, where it bore less harshly on the Negro slave than on the large plantations of the lower Mississippi. Because the land here did not lend itself to large plantation farming, slave trading, as well as river commerce, became the chief sources of revenue. Dixon Wecter, in his *Sam Clemens of Hannibal,* records that ". . . The buyer of slaves was William B. Beebe, forwarding and commission merchant of Hannibal, who made a specialty of commerce with New Orleans. From his traffic in human flesh he was called behind his back 'the nigger trader,' and despised by those who owned slaves themselves but shared the recoil of their own black chattels from the mysterious cruelty of being sold 'down the river,' where the rigors of the plantation system made slavery more galling. Young Sam Clemens never forgot the sight of a coffle of slaves in Hannibal, lying on the pavement waiting shipment down the river, with 'the saddest faces I have ever seen.' "

Typical of Hannibal was the intermingling of Negro and white, young and old, and Twain's early friendships with Negroes in this more democratic southwestern atmosphere must have been, in part, what made it impossible for him to be wholeheartedly a Southerner, in spite of all his Southern tradition. Still, he was to recall in his Autobiography: "In my school-boy days, I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible, if he wished to settle his mind. . . ."

Although his father John Clemens said he would have freed his own slaves if he could have done so without inconveniencing his family, life was made easier by his two slaves doing such chores as butchering, curing meats, making soap, spinning,

weaving, sewing and cooking. He tried, nonetheless, to do a little slave-trading and wrote of the profit he could make on a sale.

Discovering this letter in the family papers half a century later, Mark Twain commented wryly upon his father's mention of Charley as if the man had been "an ox—and somebody else's ox. It makes a body homesick for Charley, even after fifty years. Thank God I have no recollection of him as house servant of ours; that is to say, playmate of mine; for I was playmate to all the niggers, preferring their society to that of the elect, I being a person of low down tastes from the start, notwithstanding my high birth, and ever ready to forsake the communion of high souls if I could strike anything nearer my grade." Referring to summers spent on the farm of his uncle who owned 30 slaves, he wrote in his Autobiography: "All the Negroes were friends of ours and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of and which rendered complete fusion impossible.... It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for the race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more, and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then. . . ."

THAT Mark Twain came to view slavery not only as a gross and miserable injustice, but as a basic contradiction to the precepts put forth by the founding fathers as well, is demonstrated by the manner in which he wrote of it in a major portion of his creative writing. His presentation, far from implying a passive sort of nostalgia for his youth, as some of his critics claim, demonstrates an insight and keen awareness, an indignation (although he refrains from righteous preaching) that can only enflame the consciousness of the reader.

Unlike the majority of his contemporaries, he presents his leading Negro prototypes against a background of struggle; they are shown in movement, and with dignity and strength. One has but to "recall Cable's honest but pedestrian sketches of Negroes . . . or Uncle Remus, who, tho' he greatly tells the great fables of his race, is himself false-face and crepe hair . . . ," writes Bernard De Voto. "Or think of the faithful slaves whose function in literature has been to croon in the honeysuckle while the Old South dies and whose apparently endless line began in April, 1884, when Thomas Nelson Page published

'Marse Chan' in the *Century,* two months after *Huckleberry Finn* appeared there . . ."

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn is Twain's finest work. But like *Gulliver's Travels,* it has too often been treated as a child's tale. That it has a quality which delights and entertains children is of no small merit. Its humorous situations, Huck's maneuvering himself out of towering difficulties, the picaresque quality of life on a raft—all go to make it a delightful adventure.

But it is much more than a child's tale. It is, in reality, an acute judgment of Southern society, of its ideology and mores. Moreover, it is unique in American fiction in that it presents the issue of slavery from the viewpoint of a Southern white youngster, torn by an allegiance to his Southern background, inculcated with its white supremacist ideology, and at the same time, attached to the ideals of freedom and equality upon which America was founded.

The main theme around which the book revolves is the escape to freedom of the Negro slave, Jim. He is kind, staunch and brave, and Twain imparts in him a sense of the heroic. Under the threat of being sold "down the river" for a profit of $800, he is determined to flee to freedom where he can work to buy his wife and children out of slavery, . . . "and if their master wouldn't sell them, they'd get an Ab'litionist to go and steal them." There is grandeur in him, for he moves against the greatest of odds, and the magnitude of his struggle takes on life and death proportions.

INNER conflicts do not figure in Jim's flight to freedom. Personal and historical necessity make it imperative that he flee. There is never any thought of turning back.

Huck, however, has a moral and historical choice. He is torn with conflict over his decision to help Jim to freedom. Through Huck, Twain's depths of understanding of the fundamental moral values which motivate men into action come to the fore. For one does not think of Huck as a boy. He seems to be the embodiment of the conscience of a decent humanity confronted with the evils in society and wanting to right them. If Huck had been a mere boy and had Twain been unconcerned with the larger view, Huck might have run off without Jim, had a series of exciting adventures, and the book would have told another tale. But Huck's identification with Jim's flight to freedom overshadows his own and belies Twain's insistence that the book has no motive and no moral.

Huck identifies himself with Jim but cannot admit that he is right in doing so. He had been brought up to regard a slave as the white man's property, as less than human, as be-

reft of feelings. In one of his many moments of vacillation, his soul tormented by the "crime" he is committing, he takes pity on "poor Miss Watson" who is being deprived of her "property." Yet Huck himself is running away from the likes of Miss Watson and knows deep down that Jim too is justified in his flight.

At times it becomes too much for his Southern loyalties and he tries to persuade himself that Jim would be better off at home, after all, with his family. He weighs the advantages of betraying Jim, realizing that he would become a hero in the eyes of his home town. But he can't do it. His conscience pulls at him from all directions. "I got to feeling so . . . miserable I most wished I was dead. I fidgeted up and down the raft, abusing myself to myself. . . ." He tells himself that if he had gone to Sunday school he would not be in this predicament, that he would have learned that to help a slave to freedom meant going to "everlasting fire. . . . So I kneeled down. But the words wouldn't come. . . . I was trying to make my mouth *say* I would do the right thing and the clean thing, and go and write to that nigger's owner and tell where he was, but deep down in me I knowed it was a lie and He knowed it. You can't pray a lie—I found that out."

As the conflict soars, Huck decides to be done with it and to write the letter to Miss Watson informing her of Jim's whereabouts. Here the love between Jim and Huck is depicted with an eloquence hard to match. ". . . I didn't do it straight off but laid the paper down and set there thinking—thinking how good it was all this happened so, and how near I come to being lost and going to hell. And went on thinking. And got to thinking over our trip down the river; and I see Jim before me all the time: in the day and in the night-time, sometimes moonlight, sometimes storms, and we a-floating along, talking and singing and laughing. But somehow I couldn't seem to strike no places to harden me against him, but only the other kind. I'd see him standing my watch on top of his'n, 'stead of calling me, so I could go on sleeping, and see how glad he was when I come back out of the fog; and when I come to him again in the swamp, up there where the feud was, and such-like times; and would always call me honey and pet me and do everything he could think of for me, and how good he always was; and at last I struck the time I saved him by telling the men we had smallpox aboard, and he was so grateful, and said I was the best friend old Jim ever had in the world, and the *only* one he's got now; and then I happened to look around and see that paper.

"It was a close place. I took it up, and held it in my hand. I was a-

trembling, because I'd got to decide forever, betwixt two things, and I knowed it. I studied a minute, sort of holding my breath, and then says to myself: 'All right, then I'll *go* to hell'—and tore it up."

With this soul-searing declaration, Huck's democratic American conscience triumphed over his Southern allegiances and man's essential knowledge of what is right prevailed. The noble purpose to which, with such finality, he allied himself, brought to the surface his own nobility of character. For in that moment he rejected for all time the whole fabric of social pressure that had been an integral part of his being.

To deny that this is the pith of the book is to belittle man's ability to triumph over social corruption and to change himself in the course of his struggle. Professor Trilling's reference to Jim as Huck's "true father," his statement that "the boy and the Negro slave forms a family, a primitive community . . ." and his placing of the moral question primarily in terms of personal behavior serves to obscure the political and social magnitude of Huck's decision to free Jim free.*

The moral essence of Huck's and Jim's quest for freedom is heightened by vivid description of Southern attitudes and mores. The undercurrent of fear and the abiding superstitions, so typical of a people living in a pre-scientific, semi-feudal milieu, and more especially of the Negro people, brutally whipped into the status of slaves in a foreign land, weaves like a fine thread throughout the dialogue, augmenting the feeling of veracity of the book.

Such musings by Huck on once seeing Jim "his head down betwixt his knees, moaning and mourning to himself. . . . I do believe he cared just as much for his people as white folks does for their'n. It don't seem natural, but I reckon it's so"; or his remark elsewhere that "it was fifteen minutes before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger," give a more piercing picture of Southern white supremacy than a dozen tracts on the question.

The "almost" lynch scene where Colonel Sherburn accuses the people of being soft because they can't carry through a lynching "in the dark, Southern fashion"; the evangelical camp meeting attended by the South's poorest and most backward populace; the neat conciseness whereby Twain describes the Southerner's hatred of Abolitionists, in which he has Huck tell Jim that he will keep mum about his running off, even though "people would call me a low-down Abolitionist and despise

* Consonant with this approach, Mr. Trilling supports the mystical thesis of T. S. Eliot that it is the *Mississippi River* which gives the book its structural unity rather than the quest for freedom. See the very worthwhile contribution to an understanding of Huckleberry Finn by Prof. Leo Marx in the *American Scholar*, Autumn, 1953, entitled "Mr. Eliot, Mr. Trilling and Huckleberry Finn."

me"; his masterful portrayal of Old Man Finn as the prototype of the backward reactionary, ignorant Southern white who would rather see the country rot than see a Negro vote, Huck's realism in questioning how a respectable, "well brung up" boy like Tom Sawyer, with "a character to lose" could lend himself to the doubtful proposition of helping free a slave (implying that he, Huck, had nothing to lose and something to gain in his identification with Jim's struggle); all this raises to a monumental height the many-sided nature of the moral decision Huck comes to make.

"I DON'T care anything about being humorous, or poetical, or eloquent, or anything of that kind," Twain wrote. "The end and aim of my ambition is to be authentic—is to be considered authentic." This insistence by Twain upon exact reproduction brings into sharp focus certain questions which arise in literature dealing with the Negro people in America.

The use of dialect, for example, has been a moot point in criticism, due to a well-warranted concern that it might abet the ever-rampant ideology of white supremacy. And it is true that through the distortion of an accurately-presented dialect, through its mis-usage with the purpose of mocking and degrading the Negro people, white supremacists do indeed try to further their ugly cause. But does this negate the existence of dialect, does it, used authentically, slander the Negro people? Should it be ignored as a cultural manifestation in Negro speech? Indeed no less a figure than Frederick Douglass acknowledged the "slave accent" in his day as a fact. James Nathan Tidewell, a linguistic scholar who made a study of Twain's use of Negro dialect, wrote that he was "both sincere and competent" in his representation of Jim's dialect, that he "revealed the salient low colloquial, Southern, and Negro features of Jim's speech, not by a thoroughly 'consistent' spelling of every word, but by what is better, an accurate one."

Twain, himself, explained his most careful study of the question by writing in his explanatory notes: "In this book a number of dialects are used, to wit: the Missouri Negro dialect, the extremest form of the backwoods Southwestern dialect, the ordinary' Pike County' dialect and four modified varieties of this last. The shadings have not been done in a haphazard fashion or by guesswork, but painstakingly and with the trustworthy guidance and support of personal familiarity with these several forms of speech. . . ."

THE reader with a political and social consciousness cannot help recoiling at the more virulent racist expressions and concepts to be found

in Twain's book. He is wary lest the pointing up of degrading references to Negroes by Southern whites might hinder the cause of Negro equality today, perpetuate the myth of Negro inferiority, and in general give additional impetus to white supremacist ideology.

But the historical accuracy of a novel is determined by a concrete presentation of what is *typical* to a period or milieu. Typical to the South was the existence of slavery and its superstructure of white supremacist ideology. But a system based upon the oppression of people implies the struggle to freedom of the oppressed. This struggle is historically progressive and ultimately victorious; it is heroic by its nature, for it moves against great odds—power, wealth and force of arms. Consequently, the literary type chosen to represent it at its particular level of development, must reflect its general positive, forward, heroic movement in all its complexity.

Historical truth emerges through a clash of opposites. If the truth of a given situation is represented by a struggle against oppression, the dialectical fact is that the ignoble, impeding factors must also be depicted. If the latter is given the position of dominance, however, and the primary character of the struggle ignored or distorted, the work of art is then an untruth, or at best a half-truth. If Twain, for example, had written a piece of buffoonery in which he typified the Negro slave as acquiescent and subservient to the slavocracy; if he had shown only the slaveholders' mentality unchallenged by resistance—*Huckleberry Finn* would not have given us the basic historical truth of its times.

True, Twain is unable to resolve the contradictory position in which Huck finds himself in helping Jim to freedom. Consequently, while the book's conclusion shows Huck "lighting out for the territory" (an historically consistent resolution to his problems), Jim is *willed* his freedom by the same Miss Watson from whom he ran away to avoid being sold down the river. Determined to see Jim free, Huck is unable to admit he had done "right" in aiding the cause. Therefore he has it both ways: Jim is freed, and those he ran away from are pardoned and redeemed. It is noteworthy that this point of content adversely affects the literary quality of the book. For the concluding quarter loses its heroic aspect. The struggle becomes secondary to Tom Sawyer's pranks and sense of adventure. Huck's character deteriorates as he succumbs to Tom, while Jim loses control over his destiny and takes on some characteristics of the stereotyped Negro.

Much more can be said about the greatness of *Huckleberry Finn.* Its sense of a universal humanity which transcends national cultures; the

Everyman quality of Huck with which all readers, young and old identify; Twain's special genius in his use of humor; the specific American philosophy of pragmatism revealed in it—are among many themes in themselves worthy of development. But the question of slavery remains central and thus deserving of particular study. Too easily accepted is the generalization that *Huckleberry Finn* is another example of Twain's over-all sense of justice; too little appreciated is the special contribution it makes to our understanding of Negro history in America and of the ugly reactionary forces which obstruct full equality today, as well as yesterday.

Many of Twain's other writings are permeated with acute and detailed observations on the nature and effects of white supremacy. *A True Story, Puddn'head Wilson, A Scrap of Curious History,* and his slashing essay, *The United States of Lyncherdom,* are perhaps the most outstanding. His paying the way of a Negro student through Yale, as "part of the reparations due to every black man by every white man," and his intervention with President-elect Garfield to ask that he retain Frederick Douglass in the post of Marshal of the District of Columbia ("I honor this man's high and blemishless character and admire his brave, long crusade for the liberation and elevation of his race. . . . He is a personal friend of mine. . . .") are but a few of many examples pointing to his deep personal concern over the generations of enforced bondage suffered by the Negro people in America. Although slavery was dead when Twain wrote *Huckleberry Finn,* the slaveholder's spirit, the slaveholder's blunted feeling had not died. Its roots were in the still-living possessor's rule. . . . Between 1882 and 1949—in America—3,430 Negroes were lynched, no single year unbloodied by that form of slaveholder's justice. Not a small part of Twain's genius lies in the fact that through his many-sided presentation of this important question, he makes us respond to the nature of its reality and hence come nearer to its mastery.

An American "J'Accuse"

By RICHARD O. BOYER

THE JUDGMENT OF JULIUS AND ETHEL ROSENBERG, by John Wexley. *Cameron & Kahn.* $6.00.

WALT WHITMAN said of *Leaves of Grass,* "He who touches this book, touches a man." He who touches John Wexley's book, touches dynamite; enough dynamite to blow the Rosenberg case wide open.

One reviewer, who had believed the Rosenbergs guilty, said he "walked the floor in agony," after reading Wexley's book, and that if it was true, and he seemed to believe it was, J. Edgar Hoover, Judge Irving Kaufman, who tried the Rosenbergs, and Irving Saypol, who prosecuted them, "should be indicted and tried for conspiracy to murder them." If the book was not true, he wrote in his paper, let the three sue the author and his publishers. There has been no suit. There will be no suit. This definitive exposure of frame-up is as true as death; in this case politically inspired death.

In instance after instance, as in the case of Elmer Davis, noted radio commentator and wartime chief of OWI, those who have considered the Rosenbergs guilty have been convinced of their innocence after reading this book. Their anger has been such that it seems apparent that if enough people read it, Morton Sobell will be released from Alcatraz, the Rosenbergs will be vindicated, and a mighty blow will be struck against frame-up to forward war.

Because this is true, most newspapers, themselves implicated in the Rosenberg tragedy, have refused to mention or review Wexley's *The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg,* 672 pages in length, a masterpiece of documentation, a modern-day tragedy, its horror as terrible as anything written by the ancient Greeks.

Some books are only literary events. The newspapers are equipped to handle them. But this book is a bomb, not only blowing into complete wreckage the structure of the Rosenberg-Sobell frame-up but de-

stroying as well the reputations of the politicians who framed them. A book is one thing. But a potential political scandal is another, particularly when it involves a plot abetted by the press itself as well as the greatest names of the country.

That is why the New York *Times,* unconcerned by the fact that the manifestly innocent man Sobell is in a cell at Alcatraz under sentence of thirty years, has for five months failed to review John Wexley's great work even though it is patently the equal of anything written by Zola when fighting for the vindication of Dreyfus. That case rocked France to its foundation. This book may similarly rock the United States unless it can be buried by a conspiracy of silence.

It is too unanswerable an indictment of too much of the current American scene for most of the press to dare to review it even when they know that silence is a tacit plea of guilty. It shows too definitively that press, judges, and prosecutors, the Department of Justice, and even the Supreme Court, combined to send an innocent man and wife to death. The motives were various, including ambition in some cases, anti-Semitism in others, and what were thought to be the necessities of the cold war in still others.

THE conspiracy of silence, keeping Sobell in prison as one of its products, can be understood when it is realized how the book affects those who hear of it and read it. The reviewer mentioned above is a case in point, one Brett Halliday. He reviewed *The Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg,* in a small Connecticut paper, the *Fairfield County Fair,* last September 15. Apparently, before picking up the book, he had never for an instant doubted the guilt of the Rosenbergs.

Apparently, too, he was aghast and shocked at its revelations, at its macabre proof of the kind of world we live in, but he could not let it be, could not set it down and read on and on until he at last finished its 672 pages at some hour in the early morning. If he was indignant, he was also afraid. Did he dare review the book in the first place and what would it cost him if he indicated his pain and concern? Would he be thought a Communist himself? But Mr. Halliday, a more or less typical American, has his own share of bravery. Knowing the facts, he felt he could not run. He sat down at his typewriter and began to write, feeling that in this America of 1955 he had to explain that he was not a queer eccentric, or worse, because of his concern for justice.

"I am not a 'bleeding-heart, social reformer," he began.

"I am not a Jew.

"I am not a Communist.

"I am a native American, 51 years

old, a registered Democrat who occasionally votes for a Republican candidate. I am married, the father of one seven-year-old daughter, the owner of a dog, a cat, a canary and two goldfish. I own my own home in Westport, (subject to a large mortgage held by the Prudential Insurance Co.), and I manage to eke out a fair living under our system of Capitalism.

"Reading this book of John Wexley's has been a soul-shattering experience for me. It is a huge book: terrifying and sick-making. I finished the last page . . . about an hour ago and I have been walking the floor in agony ever since then . . ."

And then he said that the book was so convincing that only two courses were open—that the judges, prosecutors and officials charged in it should either prove their innocence through civil suit or failing that should be themselves charged with conspiracy to murder the Rosenbergs. It is this kind of reaction which could be expected from thousands of ordinary decent Americans if only they could read the book. But they do not even know of its existence.

It is an unusual volume, this *Judgment of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg,* unusual in more than its concern with a case so bitterly tragic that it seems to dehumanize those who brought the tragedy to pass. It is unusual in its total character, one of dignity and scholarship, its passion leavened by painstaking care and accuracy, its eloquence heightened by the author's preference for fact over polemic. And yet its impact is so shattering, the issue it presents so overwhelming, that it is doubtful if it will ever be properly evaluated as three dimensional social commentary as complete in its presentation of reality, of tragic reality, as some truly great novel. Here is the ambitious politician who sells his soul as thoroughly as Dr. Faustus ever sold his; here is the degenerate caught by his character, the time and the political police and forced to the will of the latter; and here is great love and purity and suffering and patriotism that endures to the end.

THE truth the book revals, of a great nation permitting its elected servants to cruelly kill two young parents, is so overwhelming that the numbed senses can scarcely concentrate on the skill and devotion with which the book was written. What hurts most of all, as one turns its pages, is the realization that the anti-Communist disease has so eroded the official American character that any assassination of truth, any violation of the Bill of Rights, any subornation of perjury or creation of frame-up, is widely regarded as

proper if this murder of American liberty is only directed towards framing Communists or those thought to be Communists. What hurts is the wide willingness to kill the most sacred American principle in the effort to kill something else.

An example of this willingness to assassinate American justice, as well as the Rosenbergs, was the eager, conscious use of a sick and pathological liar, known to be such a liar, by Prosecutor Saypol and Judge Irving Kaufman. The mental case was Harry Gold, perhaps the most important cog in the case against the Rosenbergs who had been revealed to be a man who lived in a fantasy world, who had testified to a life, wife and children he had never had, in a previous trial before Kaufman, in which Saypol was the prosecutor. Knowing that one of their chief witnesses had been proven a sick romancer, unable to tell the truth and living in a world of fantasy, Saypol and Kaufman nevertheless used him again to murder a man and wife and never intimated to the jury trying the Rosenbergs that chief witness against them had been proven in open court to be a pathological liar.

At the previous trial before Judge Kaufman, prosecuted by Saypol, (and assisted as in the Rosenberg case by Roy M. Cohn), Gold had been the chief witness against Abraham Brothman, his former employer. The charge was that Brothman had conspired with Gold to impede a grand jury inquiring into espionage, and the trial was generally considered as a kind of dress rehearsal for the Rosenberg trial then being prepared.

"For four and one-half days of the one week trial Harry Gold was on the witness stand," Wexley writes, "and it is from his own direct examination and cross examination that we have the astounding tale of his romances, courtship, honeymoon, marriage, children, separation, and divorce as recounted to Brothman, to fellow employees, to friends, and acquaintances over a period of six years. Here, culled from the Brothman trial record, are the highlights as Gold told them 'in intimate detail':

"While riding in a trolley car one day in Philadelphia he had met and fallen in love with a beautiful girl named Helen who had 'one brown eye and one blue eye.' He had tried to court her but a wealthy rival named Frank, whose uncle manufactured peanut-chew candy had won out.

"However, through Helen he had met another Philiadelphia girl named Sarah, 'a young, gawky, long-legged girl' who worked as a model in Gimbels and in time 'developed into a comely- good-looking young lady.'

"While courting Sarah, Gold had learned of another 'suitor'—an 'un-

derworld character . . . with a reputation for conscripting girls for brothels.' 'In order to save her' from this sinister fate Gold was spurred into marriage despite some drawbacks about Sarah's family . . .

"In the year 1935 Gold's 'wife' gave birth to twins, a girl and a boy named Essie and David. Soon after Gold purchased a house 'for his wife and family.'

"In the years that followed, as the twins grew older, Gold would tell incidents of their growing up, of their progress in school, how at one time little Essie broke her leg while playing, and another time how the boy David had developed polio but had fortunately recovered.

"When in 1945 Brothman had first suggested to Gold that he work for him full time in New York Gold had declined, giving as his reason that 'his wife would not like to be transplanted' to New York City from Abington, the suburb of Philadelphia where they had bought their new home. In fact, whenever he had to leave home on business trips Sarah had 'resented' his absences. Eventually this had caused a serious 'rift' between Gold and his wife, since she had started to have an affair with an 'elderly, rich real estate broker.'

"When this situation had finally resulted in his home being 'broken up,' Gold would sadly tell friends that he traveled on week-ends to Abington to secretly watch his children 'playing in the park,' and that he surreptitiously 'looked at them from afar,' since he was unable to bear the pain of visiting them in his formerly happy home.

"In addition to this tragedy of his 'family life,' Gold had also told of 'the death of [his] brother while in service for his country.' In 1945 he had tearfully described how his brother had 'died overseas' while completing a parachute jump in Hollandia, New Guinia. Later he had gone on to tell that his parents in their grief had sought to replace their hero son, Joseph, by 'taking into the family like a son,' a cousin, also named Joe.

"Toward the conclusion of Gold's direct testimony," Wexley continues, "We find the following admission:

" 'Contrary to that story . . . I actually had no wife and two twin children . . . I was a bachelor and had always been one . . .

" 'Sometime before I came to work for Abe (Brothman) I had told him my brother had been killed in action in the South Pacific and (after the FBI visit of May, 1947) I told Abe that this was not so, that my brother was still alive.' "

Wexley adds, "Thus, each and every detail of the above incidents was shown to have been entirely

fictitious from start to finish! In short, Gold had created a completely mythical life, never having paid court to any Helen, never having married any Sarah, never having had a wedding or a honeymoon or children or a house in Abington or anything resembling the family and circumstances he had described so elaborately and so successfully for so many years."

Later the author emphasizes:

"Only two men at the Rosenberg tried were in full possession of this highly significant information, the same two who had served as prosecutor and presiding judge at the Brothman trial, namely—U. S. Attorney Saypol and Judge Kaufman.

"And let it be stated emphatically that it was largely on the basis of Gold's supporting testimony against the Rosenbergs, which Saypol declared was 'the necessary link' in the chain of their guilt, that their conviction was obtained and their sentence of death imposed.

"It was the testimony, as Saypol and Kaufman both knew, of a self-admitted pathological impostor whose only means of gratifying a lifetime of starved emotional needs was in the acting out of a spy career based on nothing more than his 'fantasy wish-fulfillments.'"

Wexley shatters the testimony and integrity of every other witness as completely as he does that of Gold but there is not space here to adequately illustrate. Nevertheless he shows the sorry sequence of government witnesses, most of them in the clutch of the F.B.I., usually for some offense far afield from espionage, forced to testify as their coaches wished them to or face the prospect of prison. David Greenglass, indeed, faced the prospect of death, unless he could transfer the danger he faced to his innocent sister and her husband. Elitcher, the only witness to mention Sobell and that not in connection with the alleged atomic theft, frankly admitted that he was "scared to death" of possible imprisonment on a perjury charge.

This book not only exposes the Rosenberg frame-up. It exposes the whole red scare. It strips the entire fabrication of those who have wished to forward war by fomenting fake stories of espionage on the part of American Communists. One of the chief mouthpieces of this vicious legend was Harry Gold, described as a daring spy master who controlled a whole stable of lesser spies. Moreover, it is shown here that he apparently never even met his alleged superior, Dr. Klaus Fuchs. Even Fuchs, it appears, was not a Communist but a Nazi who eagerly sought imprisonment as a Russian espionage agent after the war and

a comparatively short imprisonment rather than the risk of being tried as a traitor for giving secrets to the Nazis during the war. The penalty for that offense was death; for the former, as it turned out, it was fourteen years.

If this unique volume shows the shape of evil, shows the F.B.I. and federal prosecutors propagating a sinister myth by forcing those in their power to testify to it, shows the depths to which ambition can sink ward-heeling politicians, it also shows sublime courage. It shows the people of the world fighting that justice might be done, fighting to such effect that the iniquity was almost stayed. And it was not alone on humanitarian grounds that the millions the world over rallied to this cause. It was also because they knew that the forces executing the Rosenbergs were the same forces that would execute mankind by atomic war.

Geneva, the improved world situation, the better chance that now exists for humanity to live rather than die in atomic destruction, all of this owes a good deal to the bravery of the Rosenbergs. There are better chances for fighting for progress now than there have been in many a long year. The Rosenberg case and the Rosenberg vindication still remain an important part of the fight for world peace. The liberation of the innocent Morton Sobell becomes possible and practical not only in view of the revelations in Wexley's book but in view of the improved political situation. By offering new documentary proof that Sobell was violently kidnapped from Mexico to face this tragic, trumped-up charge, Wexley has erected a legal base, in view of past decisions by the Supreme Court, through which Sobell may be freed.

I cannot conclude this review without expressing my admiration for this book's publishers, Angus Cameron and Albert Kahn. In this and other books they have given a standard to which all American publishers may aspire but which not many have achieved. To publish not primarily for profit but in behalf of the American people is quite unusual. To place reputation and even liberty in jeopardy when one is convinced that a book serves the national interest is more than the best in publishing. It is also an example of American courage at its best.

Homage to George Gershwin

By ARAM KHACHATURIAN

ONE would like to believe that the relaxation of world tension that has come about latterly will stimulate international intercourse in the field of music and closer creative contact between composers and musicians of all countries.

That closer contact is particularly desirable between the musicians of the Soviet Union and the United States in view of the long period of estrangement and misinformation that has existed.

Of course there still are, and most likely will continue to be, plenty of grounds for controversies of a professional nature on cardinal problems of modern musical development. But surely that does not preclude the possibility of friendship and creative exchange.

I have long been a warm admirer of some of the compositions of that fine American composer, George Gershwin, and was glad to see his music figure again on Soviet concert programs this year, and to hear selections from his opera *Porgy and Bess* broadcast over the air.

One of the most valuable attributes of a composer is the gift of melody, the ability to create vivid and pleasing melodic images. The gift of melody is indispensable to any composer, but for one who works in the medium of light instrumental and vocal music the ability to create expressive, tuneful melodies is altogether imperative.

In my opinion, George Gershwin was a true master of melody, a composer who during his lifetime earned wide recognition among the general public and who was clearly underestimated by his fellow musicians. Many of them regarded his work with scorn and resented his name being classed among the leading American composers. They evidently believed that a composer who had written a great many light operas and songs but no sonatas, symphonies or quartets was not worthy of representing the music of his country.

This view prevailed even after Gershwin wrote his first and, regrettably, only opera *Porgy and Bess.*

But time is the best judge. Eighteen years have passed since Gershwin died. Thousands of sonatas, symphonies and quartets written during those years have vanished into oblivion. But Gershwin's music lives and flourishes. It has become of the order of a classic, of which the American people are justly proud, so that today it is impossible to speak of American music without considering the musical heritage of George Gershwin.

AND of course the value of Gershwin's music lies not only in the wealth of beautiful vocal and instrumental melodies (always original and always in good taste) that he composed, but also in his ability to absorb, subtly perceive and critically select all the best that existed in the musical life of America in the twenties and thirties.

He owes a great deal to jazz music. That is undeniable. But in his best work he was able to avoid the vulgarity, the affectation, the unbridled eroticism and stereotyped form of commercial jazz. He took from jazz some elements of harmony and rhythm, freshness of color and freedom of improvised expression, and, transmuting it through his art, raised it to a higher plane.

Gershwin's power as an artist lay in his passionate love for his native land, for the people of America, to whom his art owed so much.

Gershwin possessed a thorough knowledge and understanding of Negro folk music. It is well known that before setting to work on his opera *Porgy and Bess,* which deals with the life of the Negro poor, Gershwin left New York and went to live in a little Negro fishing village in South Carolina. He stayed there for nearly a year, listening to folk songs, taking part in the people's festivities, sharing the lives of the simple folk, and becoming deeply aware of the poverty and oppression under which they labored. All this was vividly reflected in the dramatic pattern of the opera, in its folk idiom and spirit.

I consider *Porgy and Bess* one of the most talented of modern operas. I know it from a gramophone recording made by Negro artists, and also the rendition in Moscow in May 1945 by a Soviet operatic group. The score of it now lies before me as I write. Turning over the pages, I return again and again to such superb fragments as Clara's lullaby, the funeral song "Ol' Man Sorrow," Porgy's ironic song "I Got Plenty of Nothin'," Porgy and Bess's charming duet, the delightful little song "It Ain't Necessarily So," and the impressive mass choruses, written with great polyphonic skill and a fine sense of folk color.

IF HIS opera is a striking example of contemporary American musical drama, his songs and instrumental pieces (*Rhapsody in Blue,* the *piano concerto*) are full-blooded lyrical works that have won tremendous popularity both in America and in many other countries. The *Rhapsody,* excellently performed by Alexander Tsfasman, is invariably a great success here. At the end of last season it was played at a concert in the Moscow Hall of Columns, conducted by Nikodai Anosov. Gershwin's fine sense of harmony and sensitive taste are evident also in such little song gems as *The Man I Love, Lady Be Good,* and *Liza.* Only a consummate master of the art of composition could have written songs like these.

I sincerely hope that *Porgy and Bess* will be produced on the Soviet opera stage as well. I believe that a closer acquaintance with the music of George Gershwin and other talented American composers, as well as the performance of Soviet music in America, will greatly contribute to the establishment of genuinely friendly relations between the Soviet and American peoples and serve to strengthen mutual confidence and respect.

Music does indeed play an important role in bringing peoples closer together. Independent of language barriers, it is a direct means of communication between millions of people of all countries, races and conditions, a vehicle of friendship, unity, happiness and concord—the ideas so powerfully expressed in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony,* inspired by the noble challenge of Schiller's *Ode to Joy*—"Embrace, Oh ye millions!"

Notwithstanding all differences of historical and geographical origin, all differences of a national and professional nature, the true musical culture of mankind is *united and indivisible* in its humanist conception.

In this connection one cannot but recall the words of the great Russian critic Belinsky: "The lives of all nations make up a single chord in human history, simply because each nation sounds its own particular note in that chord, for there can be no chord of identical sounds."

May the chord ring out ever louder in praise of peace and happiness, friendship and co-operation among nations!

THE VOICE OF GENE DEBS

By ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

In commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the birth of the great American Socialist, Eugene Victor Debs (November, 1855), we publish an excerpt from the writings of Elizabeth Gurley Flynn on his extraordinary influence as labor organizer, agitator and propagandist for Socialism. The letter of tribute which Debs sent to Elizbeth Gurley Flynn, who is now in a Federal prison as a thought-control victim, is taken from her forthcoming book, I Speak My Own Piece, *to be published shortly by* M&M.

"One of the best loved leaders of the American proletariat, Eugene V. Debs. I am not surprised that this fearless man was thrown in prison by the American bourgeoisie."—V. I. Lenin.

TO HEAR Eugene V. Debs speak on any occasion was an unforgettable experience. He was a matchless orator. No one who heard Debs came away entirely unaffected. People who came merely from curiosity were held spellbound by his torrent of burning eloquence. He exemplified Wendell Phillips' advice on how to be a speaker. "Be so full of your subject that you flow over like a pitcher!"

Debs paced back and forth on the platform, like a lion ready to spring, then leaned far over the edge, his tall gaunt frame bending like a reed, his long bony finger pointing—his favorite gesture. His deep blue eyes appeared to look searchingly at each one in the audience, he seemed to be speaking directly to each individual. Such intimate eloquence is hardly possible in this era of mechanized speech.

Debs' voice was strong and clear and could be heard in the largest hall and outdoor places. He spoke with imagery and poetry of expression, drew word pictures of the lives of the workers, of child labor, of men in prison, or at war. He was full of loving kindness of those who are heavily laden, and had a searing contempt for "gory-beaked vultures" who fatten on their exploitation. His strong sense of labor solidarity never wavered. He responded to appeals from

the most obscure workers.

I met him in the small town of Minersville, Pa., where we spoke together, on an old wagon, to the daughters of the miners who were engaged in a textile strike. He had been lecturing in the state. We telegraphed asking him to come to encourage the strikers, hardly expecting him, as we were quite far away. I have a precious snapshot of 'Gene Debs leaning eagerly out over the tall wagon in his characteristic pose, smiling encouragement to those young girl strikers. No audience in a great auditorium of a metropolitan city heard a more beautiful and moving speech than 'Gene Debs delivered that day thirty years ago in the Anthracite.

He was *an agitator,* born of the first national awakening of American labor. The shame of servitude and the glory of struggle were emblazoned in the mind of every worker who heard Debs. The first definition of agitator was given when Pontius Pilate called for the accusation against "this just man" and the bloodthirsty howl went up: "Crucify him—he stirreth up the people!" Debs did stir the people, because of his deep roots in them.

WHEN he was twenty, Debs became a charter member of a trade union, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and was made Secretary of the Terre Haute local. Old Josh Leach, the founder of the Brotherhood, remarked in St. Louis a few days after, "I put a tow-headed boy in the Brotherhood in Terre Haute not long ago, and some day he will be at the head of it." One of the few boasts Debs made was that he never missed a union meeting in ten years. In 1880, when he was twenty-five, he became General Secretary-Treasurer of the national union.

Debs describes his life at that time:

"My grip was always packed; and I was darting in all directions. To tramp through a railroad yard in the rain, snow or sleet half the night, or till daybreak, to be ordered out of the roundhouse for being an 'agitator,' or put off a train, sometimes passenger, more often freight, while attempting to deadhead over the division, were all in the program, and served to whet the appetite to conquer.

"I rode on engines over mountain and plains, slept in the cabooses and bunks and was fed from their pails by the swarthy stokers. Through all these years I was nourished at *Fountain Proletaire.* I drank deeply of its waters and every particle of my tissue became saturated with the spirit of the working class.

"I had fired an engine and been stung by the exposure and hardship of the rail. I was with the boys in the weary watches, at the broken engine's side, and often helped to bear their bruised and bleeding bodies back to wife and child again. How could

OFFICE OF
THEODORE DEBS
TERRE HAUTE, IND.

February 1st., 1926

th Albert,
Executive Secretary League for Mutual Aid,
New York City.

dear Miss Albert:

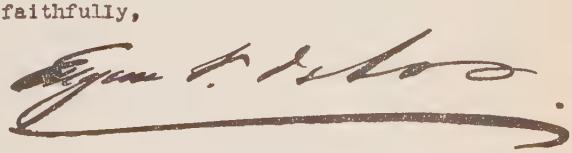
Please allow me to thank you for your kindness in writing me in gard to the Dinner proposed to be given to our loyal and dearly loved comrade, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, on the fourteenth instant. e invitation to participate in the happy occasion honors me and appreciated accordingly, and were it at all possible I should be ppy indeed to present my personal compliments to the guest of hon- and to mingle with the good comrades who will honor themselves this very beautiful and fitting celebration.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn holds a proud and enviable position in American labor movement and yet she is one of the humblest and st unpretentious of its members. Ever since I first heard of s brave, dauntless leader of the working class she has been at the refront, one of its most eloquent spokesmen and one of its most secrated servants. She has espoused and championed the cause of weakest, lowliest, most despised and persecuted, even when she od almost alone, and in this she has never weakened or wavered a ent but faced and fought the enemy without fear and without ref- nce to consequences to herself.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is a typical proletarian leader, an intrep- warrior of the social revolution, and after twenty years of single- rted devotion and unflinching service to the cause she is loved honored throughout the labor movement of the United States.

And so I gladly join as do also my wife and my brother and his e in the loving and appreciative testimonial to Elizabeth Gurley nn, our faithful friend and our high-souled comrade, and with all dial greetings to you all and wishing you a most joyous and in- ring celebration I am,

Yours faithfully,



I but feel the burden of their wrongs? How could the seed of *agitation* fail to take deep root in my heart?"

The nationwide railroad strikes of the late 'seventies particularly affected the Middle West. This spurred him to organize not only his own craft but all others on the roads. His union, which had sixty lodges and a $6,000 debt when he started, soon had 226 lodges and no debts. He organized brakemen, switchmen, telegraphers, shopmen, trackmen. In 1893 he organized the first industrial union of railroad workers in this country, the American Railway Union.

He gave up his $4,000 a year salary with the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to work for $75 a month for the "unification of all railroad employees for their mutual benefit and protection." The new organization successfully won a struggle on the Great Northern Railroad—97½ per cent of their demands—a monthly increase of $146,000 in wages.

In 1894, the American Railway Union entered into a life and death conflict—a sympathetic strike in defense of the Pullman Company shop workers who struck against a wage cut. Federal troops were sent in by President Cleveland to break the strike, over the protest of Governor Altgeld of Illinois. Sweeping injunctions were issued by the federal courts. Debs and the other strke leaders were arrested. They were held in the old Cook County Jail, in Chicago, now happily torn down. Charges of conspiracy, treason and murder simmered down to violating the injunctions.

DEBS served six months in Woodstock County jail. Here, he says, "Socialism gradually laid hold of me in its own irresistible fashion." A volume of Marx's *Capital* and other Socialist books were brought to him in jail. Debs was never anti-political, although then he was absorbed in union affairs. He had been City Clerk of Terre Haute for four years, elected on the Democratic ticket, and a member of the Indiana legislature in 1885. The defeat of the A.R.U. by troops, courts, and the 3,600 United States deputy marshals (who rode the trains to "protect the mails") marked the beginning of Debs as a Socialist leader.

"I was baptized in socialism, in the roar of the conflict," he said. He devoted the balance of his life to it.

He served as a special organizer in 1897, in the West for both the United Mine Workers and the Western Federation of Miners. After that he concentrated on politics. He organized the Social-Democracy of America in 1897. In 1900 this group joined with a section which split away from the Socialist Labor Party, and formed the Socialist Party. Debs was the Presidential standard bearer of the Socialist Party in five cam-

paigns from 1900 to 1920. In 1920 he polled 920,000 votes whle "silenced" in Atlanta Penitentiary.

When Debs declined to run in 1916, the S.P. lost over 300,000 votes, which indicates that Debs was the natural leader of the party. Yet the party officals deliberately isolated him. They created the impression that Debs was only a great heart and voice but that they were the brains. Such was not the case. It was because he took a more advanced position on trade union work, working class political action, immigration, labor defense, the war, the Russian Revolution and the Soviet government. Alexander Trachtenberg, speaking from twenty years' personal observation, says:

"On many occasions Debs was in open conflict with the S.P. leadership. Although considered as such, Debs was never the real political leader of the party. He represented perhaps the greatest peculiarity in the American Socialist movement. Considered by the rank an dfile as the personification of the fighting spirit of socialism and looked upon by the outside world as the outstanding personality in the American Socialist movement, Debs never wrote a platform for the party, never sat on its executive committee, except for the last two or three years of his life when he was brought in more for window dressing, never was sent as a delegate to a national or international convention, never was permitted to participate in the councils of the party to formulate policies and work out tactics. The leadership of the S.P. studiously avoided bringing Debs into the organization. He was kept on the platform where his eloquence was capitalized, or he was allowed to write in fugitive and privately-owned Socialist journals rather than in the official organs of the party.

"The S.P. leadership feared Debs' revolutionary attitude on the burning quetsions which agitated the membership of the party. . . . Debs should have never permitted himself to be placed in such a posiiton by the S.P. leaders. His place was among the proletarian members, guarding the party against the reformist leaders and guiding the membership in his own spirit of militancy. *He should have been the political leader of the party* instead of letting that leadership fall into the hands of lawyers and ministers."*

Like a caged lion, he roared occasionally at his role as a captive celebrity. On several historic issues he broke loose. So today workers remember Debs while those who tried to hold his mighty spirit in leash are forgotten. Debs was a logical forerunner of the Communist Party.

* *The Heritage of Gene Debs*, by Alexander Trachtenberg. International Publishers.

Guatemalan Roots

By LUIS CARDOZA Y ARAGON

Once upon a time a little boy played with his sailboats; the puddles of the street were oceans where each drop of water lit up a map of the world, and the night-blooming forests were crossed with thunderbolts and rivers. . . .

There is no exile for me.
From dream to dream
my heart raises each morning
a banner of love and hope.
I am thirsty for the dust of my country
but each day's music dries up in bitterness.

There in Antigua, my birthplace,
my childhood ran with the water in the fountain
and my young parents conceived me in love.

You, my father,
sang in your sunflower mornings
from the ripening fields of wheat
and my mother smiled at you from the cornflowers
her hands alive with geraniums

Seed of my life—lime of my bones—
I speak to you in a low voice, in your ear,
so that you will not know if I kiss you
or that my grown-up voice grows silent
dissolved in a sigh.

Poetry, empire of practical things
where sirens live
on chrysanthemums and bread and truth—
I know your touch
and because of it I do not dream,
I make others dream.

My people, my own people,
I know the smell of your deep earth,
your mahogany forests, your fresh bread,
and the whir of your humming birds.
I am living on your memory
and dying, I will remember you.

Now I must speak
clearer than ever before;
only so, the pain escapes.
I am no longer a root
blind with open eyes;
a gunsight has let daylight
into my throat.

My heart has become a lover
going out to meet the world.
Poetry is a tower lighting up what is real—
a song that says *yes*
to all mankind.

I do not complain.
I endure your torn sky
with its purple shroud over the dead
I sing of the living
and when I sing I live
and the world swings in my voice.

The Tower of Poetry has been blown to hell.
The center of its marble light
lit up that June sky
with you, my people, with your land
belonging to everybody.

I remember your rivers singing their song of fishes
and the shipwrecked clouds above your singing earth.
The water can never forget you, even as today
cannot forget the morning star that has gone.

Oh voice stripped bare
Oh voice rich and pure

Oh poppies of Guatemala
crucified in the light.

Indians fill the air,
like aerial roots
like sleeping thunderbolts:
with the sound of Guatemala,
for feet without shoes—
a hymn of tides
rising from the rumbling bowels
of human hunger.

Like a hurricane whirling around my shoulders,
Like seeds that have no place to go,
like a night that goes on and on without end,
like honey so thick it cannot pour,
like a sudden wound that never stops bleeding,
I touch your blind eyes.
I know their light flows like an underground stream,
I know the flayed tassels of your corn,
I feel the kiss and curses of your mouth.

O sleeping thunderbolt—
your funeral trumpets
are muted behind Indian serapes,
but in the foaming silence of your anger
I hear the whisper of clenching fists.

The land has been taken from you.
You have been stripped of your earth.
You are shipwrecked on a patch of dry leaves.

The sweet honeycomb of your forests
has been destroyed forever.
Your soil is lined with larks and the song of tyrants.
In the flint of your silence
your vines are open and their velvet moss
creeps over disemboweled virgins.

The ancient arches of your ruins
are forever tumbling
and forever being built up.

Someone is cutting off your hands,
choking off the waters from your springs
walling up your doorways.

Someone is always pushing ahead
putting up enclosures and barbed wire fences
around your fields.
Someone is tearing out your eyes
tearing out the light that feeds my pen.

Someone is thundering *NO!*
sending out lightning flashes
that break the darkness.

Someone is always being crowned with abortions
setting himself up as king over stumps and slag
pouring water into the wine
and never understanding.
A pain, deaf and dumb,

comes from the earth
shadowy, like a rock
creeping upward in the soil.
Already in the cosmos of your night
I feel the touch of your seed
murmuring like moss in my mouth.

From your bones
and out of my dreams
your voice issues;
your agonies
give forth these little sounds—
such small words
for such deep pains.

Mexico, April, 1955

(English adaptation by Lillian and Walter Lowenfels)

Portrait of a "Fanatic"

By HANK BEAM

Recently a Federal judge addressed a gathering of judges and lawyers in Kingston, N. Y., on the topic: "Communists and what to do about them." The judge said:

"The defendants went off to jail with exactly the same attitude as did Christian martyrs being led off to face the lions in the Colosseum. The light of martyrdom was in their eyes and the ecstasy of martyrdom was on their faces."

Then—like Faust holding up a cross-shaped sword hilt to ward off the advancing Mephistopheles—he added:

"Unfortunately, that doesn't make them any the less dangerous."

The judge found that the Communist defendants were "all intelligent and most, well educated. . . . Some of (their) speeches were magnificent and deserve to be recorded in the reports of state trials."

The Federal judge, who had himself presided at a Smith Act trial, seemed to find it difficult to square what the Government attorneys and J. Edgar Hoover had all proclaimed about Communists regardless of what he saw and heard.

In concluding his talk before the Kingston meeting, he solved his problem in this manner: the 13 Communist leaders, he found, were "sincere, misguided, idealistic, credulous, religious fanatics." And that was that.

ONE OF these "martyrs" and "fanatics" was Arnold Johnson, national legislative director of the Communist Party. At 51, Johnson has been a Communist for 19 years. In age, background and temperament he can truly be said to represent the average among his co-defendants and among Communist leaders in general. An examination of Arnold Johnson, therefore, gives a good indication of what makes a Communist tick.

Johnson was born in Seattle, Washington, on Sept. 23, 1904. His parents had moved west from Minnesota, where both had come as immigrants—the father from Sweden, the mother from Finland. The elder

Johnson was a lumber worker and young Arnold, as a boy of eleven, entered the box factories and the lumber mills, first during school vacations and later to earn his full-time living.

When he was twelve, the family moved to Hoquiam, Washington.

Of the ensuing boyhood years, the *Seattle Times* reported, after Johnson's Smith Act arrest:

"Johnson was valedictorian of his 1922 Hoquiam High School class . . . His former scoutmaster recalled that Johnson was 'quite a leader' among Hoquiam boys, and not only was a 'fine Boy Scout' but also made good records in Sunday School, in high school and with the Hoquiam YMCA. He was president of his senior class in high school . . . The family was 'highly respected' in Hoquiam, acquaintances there said."

After his graduation, the family moved again, this time to Los Angeles. There, Johnson entered Christ College, now Chapman College. He graduated *magna cum laude*. He then left for Washington, D. C., where he worked nights in a legal office while studying law for a year at Washington University. Later he took a degree at Teacher's College in New York and another, as Bachelor of Divinity, from the Union Theological Seminary.

In these formative years, Johnson moved in academic circles but remained—by necessity and temperament—close to the working class from which he came. He had won some scholarships, but these only covered his tuition. To eat, he had to work. And, as a worker-student, he was drawn strongly to Marxism. While still in college, Johnson joined the Socialist Party.

BUT the time was 1931, a crucial year in American working-class history, and there was much to be done. Johnson could not remain closeted with books alone. As a representative of the American Civil Liberties Union, he went into Harlan County, Kentucky.

It was "Bloody Harlan" then, literally a battlefield. The backwoods miners of Kentucky, hit hard by the depression, had attempted to organize to improve their conditions. The coal bosses fought back viciously, bringing in squads of hired killers, buying up police and judges and riding roughshod over the most basic civil rights.

The miners defended themselves as best they could and Harlan County became an armed camp, more reminiscent of the Wild West than of peaceful Kentucky. Blood flowed freely and often on the blue grass, and the reports that filtered out aroused people everywhere. Investigations were launched by many organizations.

Strangers in Harlan were suspect by both sides until they showed their

colors. Sometimes, they never got a chance even to do that. Johnson, arriving in the area, naively decided to talk first with the mine operators. And when he emerged, aghast at the callous attitude towards the miners, he found that the strikers, too, eyed him with suspicion.

However, he was soon accepted by the miners. And in time, word filtered down from the operators to Johnson:

"Get out of the county or stay here forever."

"Let me tell you, I was scared," he admitted later. "Plenty scared. Even 'impartial' newspapermen who had come into Harlan had been attacked and shot. One 'deputy,' Bill Randolph, was facing his fourth murder charge in another county when he was bailed out and brought to Harlan. There he had shot a union sympathizer in the back.

"I knew they meant business. But the miners needed help. I just couldn't leave."

He ignored the warning. And, at nearly the hour when the operators' 24-hour ultimatum was to expire, he was walking along a Harlan County road, but not away from the forbidden area. A man driving a horse and wagon overtook him.

"Want a lift?" the driver asked. Johnson mounted the wagon. He began a converation, eyeing the shotgun which lay on the driver's seat. But then, almost everyone in Harlan was armed those days.

The wagon rolled along for several miles, the two men in animated conversation. Discussing the miners' struggle, while telling his companion about the warning to get out, he looked at his watch and smiled:

"My 24 hours are just about up."

As he tells it now, Johnson is almost apologetic at his story.

"I known it's fantastic," he relates, "but I swear it's true. That guy just turned around and looked at me and said, 'Yeah, I know your time is up.'"

"How did you know?" Johnson asked.

The man grinned. "Because I'm the guy that's supposed to bump you off. Now get down."

Johnson did as he was told.

"But I guess I've plumb changed my mind," the driver laughed. And he drove off down the road.

Thwarted by at least one of their hirelings, the mine operators didn't stop. For distributing Civil Liberties Union pamphlets, Johnson was charged with attempting to overthrow the Government and thrown into Harlan County jail. He was never tried, but spent six weeks there before being released.

AS THE depression intensified, the focus of working-class struggles shifted from the unions to the unemployed. And Johnson, now graduated from Union Theological Seminary, decided to work with the quickly mounting ranks of the un-

nployed. In 1932, he became Ohio ganizer with the Unemployed eagues, one of several groups then orking to help the jobless in their ght for relief and for jobs. It was tough, 24-hour-a-day occupation, it a good school for leadership. It eant working with individuals and ith groups, teaching and guiding orkers into the proper channels of tion, wrestling with relief-agency eople for every crumb of welfare. was a job in which Johnson was th teacher and student.

By 1935 one of the lessons he arned was the role of the Com-unists. Among the unemployed, hnson found that the Communists d a single, undeviating goal—to cure the rights of the jobless, to ite them, to wring every last ounce relief out of the official agencies, at the greatest personal sacrifice. As he explains it, "The Com-unists were *doing* something for e workers and their personal am-tions or comforts were pushed to e background." Johnson joined the mmunist Party in 1936.

Within a short time, he was the rty's Ohio state secretary. Well-own among working class ioans, he received 43,000 votes Communist condidate for the eveland Board of Education in 43. Two years later, running for e same post, he got 56,000 votes. Johnson became the party's na-nal legislative director in 1947 and was arrested on Smith Act charges on June 20, 1951. His "overt act" under the indictment was authorship of an article on the Fourth of July, which contained this quotation from Abraham Lincoln:

"All that serves labor, serves the Nation. All that harms labor is treason to America."

THAT is Arnold Johnson, the Communist.

What is he as a man? What is the temperament, the character, of the human being who is a Communist leader?

His interests and his curiosity are limitless. Instead of fitting the standard bleak picture—that of a single-minded, blind fanatic—Arnold Johnson is the very epitome of the free man, the questioner, the wonderer —who enjoys all of life and its myriad freedoms and beauties to the fullest extent.

His greatest regret, for example, during the long months of trial and appeal, was the court order restricting him to the Southern District of New York.

Not as the government would have us believe, because Johnson was champing at the bit to roam the country, preaching force and violence. Not at all. His regret at the restriction was because it kept him from the quiet pools, the brooks and the lakes that are his favorite fishing spots!

Fishing is one of Johnson's most passionate interests. He can talk for hours, and does, about spinning reels, bait, flies, rods; about the bass he caught along the Hudson and the pike that got away. He often recalls the fish that lurked in the tumbling, roaring streams of the Cascade Mountains in his native Washington—"they're really hills, but what Easterners call mountains"—and then goes on to recount, by name, the thousand and one types of trees, bushes and shrubs that make up the forests of the Pacific Coast.

Fish and plants absorb Johnson, not only in nature, but in their "citified" state as well. In their Greenwich Village apartment, Johnson and his wife maintain a small jungle of potted plants and vines and several large tanks, filled with guppies, swordtails and other tropical fish. He qualifies as an "amateur expert," too, in all phases of their culture. He has been known to spend hours at the kitchen table with a ruler and pencil, plotting—not a bomb, but a new way to support an exuberantly growing ivy vine.

Nothing that is real and alive escapes Johnson's joyful interest. He saa passion for walking the colorful streets of Greenwich Village and the rest of the city, carefully stopping to study each store window; appraising the sights, the sounds and the smells of everything that surrounds him.

In the Village, he is known by shopkeepers everywhere—a big blond man with a soft voice, a ready smile and an insatiable curiosity about even the most prosaic things.

"Where does that cheese come from?" he asks an Italian grocer on Bleecker Street. "From Parma? Is it like provolone? More like mozzarella? It has a good color. And a fine smell."

From a fruit-seller on Greenwich Avenue he wants to know: "Do mangoes grow on a tree or a bush? Has anybody tried growing them in the north? How much care would they need?"

Questions are always on Johnson's tongue. He never seems satisfied with a subject; there is always more to learn. From an artist, he asks the source, the composition, the merits of his pigments—and teaches himself to paint in oils as a hobby. Elevator operators, taxi drivers, newspapermen, doctors, garment workers—each has knowledge of his own daily life and work that Johnson wants to learn.

BEFORE going to Harlan, Johnson was secretary for two years to the lecturer Sherwood Eddy, who conducted a series of "Open Road" tours around the world—including the Soviet Union—for Congressmen, educators and others. He still has not forgotten the sights and sounds

of other countries and is avid to hear about them.

A traveler from Europe is besieged with questions, not only of political affairs, but of the daily life of Frenchmen, Germans, Englishmen, Swiss. What do they eat and drink these days? And Johnson—an accomplished amateur cook—nods knowingly at the recitation of European foods and smiles at the name of a good vintage wine.

He is full of the need for knowledge. Johnson is indeed a fanatic—about Scrabble. He will argue warmly—and usually be right—about the spelling and meaning of a strange word. In prison, he decides to study physics, only to find that "I don't have enough mathematical background."-Instead, he takes up the study of art and has been able to read for fun—and complains that "I don't have enough time"—in prison!

But this passion for facts and for impressions of life is not a dead end. All that Arnold Johnson has ever learned and all that he learns in every crowded, waking day—free or behind bars—is put to use. He is a man who is constantly growing, developing, widening himself. As a growing man, as a non-stagnating man, he is a better Communist. And being a Communist enables him to apply all that he learns and absorbs. The two, he maintains, are intimately interwoven, and rightly so.

"Don't veto yourself," Johnson has said. "Don't close your mind to anyone or anything. Be interested in what you can learn, from people and from the world they live in. There are people you might not agree with, they may be dead wrong, but you may learn something from their wrongness."

This openness, which is Johnson's hallmark, has won him literally hundreds of personal friends. Workers and intellectuals, Negro and white, men and women, comrades and even his political enemies, all who know Johnson have an immense respect for him.

As time is reckoned in the struggle for peace, security and democracy, it is a long time since Arnold Johnson and his comrades entered prison. Since that time, Judge Dimock has had more opportunity to weigh his words. For he has had a chance to measure, even further, the dignity and humanity of men and women, like Arnold Johnson, against the lies and evasions of renegades like Harvey Matusow, the rabid rantings and shoddy legal strategems of government attorneys like Myles Lane, Roy Cohn and others of their class.

The contrast is clear. Dignity, humanity, clarity—these belong to Arnold Johnson, to his comrades and to the working people for whom they fight. The fanatics are on the other side.

Opinion and Reality

By GEORGE MARION

The recent death of George Marion, newspaperman and author, at the age of fifty shocked the progressive movement. The author of Bases & Empire, The Communist Trials, Stop the Press *and* All Quiet in the Kremlin, *Marion was also a contributor to this magazine and a former member or the* Daily Worker. *His devotion and talent were remarkeble. His vigorous intellect and vivid personality won him wide affection and respect. He died as he was planning new and important works. We reprint, in tribute to him, part of the preface he was writing for the new Czechoslovak edition of* Stop the Press.—The Editors.

THIS foreword won't fool anyone: every reader will recognize it instantly for what it is—an afterword. But then I really didn't mean to deceive; it wasn't my contention to palm off hindsight as foresight or present ex post facto understanding as wisdom before the event. No, this foreword has quite a different objective: to look at world events from early 1953 (when I wrote *Stop the Press!*) to very late 1955 (when this piece is written).

Last year, or even last month, I might have said: "What's the use?" Not that there is a lack of news; there is something of major significance every third day. Ours is a time of tremendous events. As I have said at the beginning of this book: Oh what a story our time has to tell! To the journalist, or to the layman who particularly follows world events, what could be more stirring, for instance, than the marvelous gathering of all Asia and all Africa at Bandung? To the citizen of the United States, before all others, that should have proved a soul-shaking event.

Only yesterday our country was born in the first great anti-colonial revolution. And we—the native-born, the foreign-born, and the first generation Americans alike, Americans all—are raised on the story of the gathering of representatives of the several rival, jealous and competing colonies who met in our First Continental Congress for the express purpose of organizing joint resistance to the colonial slavemasters of that earlier day. Now here is Bandung—the First Inter-Continental Congress! It ought to . . . It should . . . But does it?

No, it doesn't. Never in the history of human events have so many known so little about so much—and cared less. And the role of the press in fostering this informed indifference and studied ignorance, is exactly the role I had already described at booklength long before Bandung. Therefore neither Bandung nor the myriad events which brought about the change it symbolizes, has so changed things here as to justify my writing a foreword to this edition.

THE stubborn remoteness of American public opinion must be experienced to be believed. From May 1, 1954 to the middle of last January, I toured the country for lecture purposes. Alike in cosmopolitan San Francisco, the lumber ports of Oregon and Puget Sound, the green dairy pastures of Wisconsin, the rolling wheatfields of North Dakota, or the timber country of Northwest Montana, the brave handful of Americans to whom I spoke knew they courted the risk of fresh economic and legal persecution, not to mention social ostracism, by attending my lectures. Perhaps forty persons came to my meeting at a small lake resort near Glacier National Park, while another hundred or so persons were there for pleasure purposes and could freely observe that nothing more than a talk on world events was transpiring. Yet the American Legion patrioteers raised a shout in the newspapers of a vast thinly-populated region, vigilantes in automobiles some time thereafter burned a fiery cross, Ku Klux Klan-style, at the resort, and the whole hullaballoo was carried over into the Fall elections, the Farmers Union and the Democratic Party in some strange way being blamed for my having come to disturb the patriotic peace of Montana.

You will perhaps understand, now, why Bandung failed to convince me that anything had changed in America to warrant my writing a foreword to *Stop the Press!* Nevertheless, throughout that lecture tour, I had to face and answer the question: What future? If nothing were ever going to change in the United States, why should I bother to lecture or my auditors face persecution to hear me? It is not my custom to dig up encouraging signs for the sake of morale. I said frankly that I had seen nothing and heard of nothing happening in the United States that could be interpreted as an overt sign of a hopeful change present or future. But I also said that I was nevertheless certain of such a change in the relatively near future. Indeed, and I am rather pleased with myself for having gone on record with this: I said I could not see how such

a change could be delayed another eighteen months or even twelve months!

My reasoning was not involved: the world is one, and the United States cannot live by one law while the rest of the world obeys another. I learned twenty years ago to look beyond the limits of any one country for the forces that must determine the future of even that one country. Spain taught me that lesson. I spent several months there in 1934-1935 during the clerical-Fascist terror of Lerroux and Gil Robles. When I left, I wrote in my notebook:

> "The spirit of the workers is marvelous. Gil Robles complains that they are still not 'pacified'; they still enter their factories with clenched fists raised! But their organizations appear to have been smashed while reaction seems able to count on the loyalty of the Army, the Police and the Civil Guard. I cannot see how Spain can rise again for twenty years."

That was July 1935. Not twenty years but barely five months later, hundreds of thousands of Spaniards walked boldly out into the streets of Madrid and openly held a meeting in defiance of the decree-laws; openly they organized then and there the People's Front which forced reaction to submit, four months later, to the ballot and to defeat at the polls.

I asked myself how it could have happened or how I could have missed all the signs, and I saw that the answer was that I had looked too narrowly to Spain for the signs of Spain's future. It was the whole context of world events that altered the relationship of forces within Spain itself, making the forces of reaction far less strong than they appeared and the popular potential far greater than it seemed to the local observer. Never again, I said, would I ignore world context.

AND so, a year or so ago, looking at the tremendous pace of world movement, in an era where the oneness of the world is undeniable, I knew that no matter how uniformly our press might choose to dance its great Ostrich Ballet, events would come rolling past the heads buried in the sand. What is happening must find an early reflection here, an early acknowledgement.

Geneva was that acknowledgement and reflection, the cautious American admission that United States policy, too, must be aligned with world reality. And despite the efforts of officials and the press to damp

own the "Geneva spirit," it has unmistakably penetrated American ublic opinion. The intense interest with which a recent visit of Soviet armers was followed, is clear evidence. After that the word went out o "play down" the tours of Soviet housing experts, journalists and so on. Yet this past Monday, when tickets went on sale for a virtually unannounced concert by violinist David Oistrakh, 7,000 to 8,000 people were n line for far fewer tickets at least two hours before the box office pened! No question of the meaning: the American people burn with ager desire to know more about the strange and wonderful—though of ourse horrible!—happenings and inhabitants of the lands where capialism had moved out to make way for socialism. . . .

All the same, these manifestations find expression not through the ress, much less with the encouragement of the press, but despite the ress. The press remains spitefully anti-Geneva, stubbornly insistent that othing has changed, nothing must change. When the United Nations oted to debate the issue of France versus the people of her North African olonies, the *New York Times* raged at the breaking of the "free world ajority."

> "Now in the days of Soviet smiles and the 'spirit of Geneva,' we not only see this majority shattered but we also see some of the free and independent nations of Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America voting with the Communist slave states to drive a democracy like France out of the General Assembly. . . . On this issue the Soviets have now succeeded in enlisting a disconcertingly larger number of non-Communist states which still fight the already victorious battles of the past and for their own reasons turn against the retreating colonial powers of the West, perhaps to pave the way for a far more ruthless colonialism and imperialism."

You can't even say, *Plus ca change. . . . Ca* doesn't even pretend to hange! Hence even Geneva has given me no proper theme or pretext r a foreword. I could write: the press is now doing exactly what I deribed it as doing hitherto. Its function is the same; its performance is e same. I could write that and then stop: end of foreword.

BUT just yesterday dispatches from Geneva brought detailed reports of an event that must, at last, break through the cold-war rules of even e self-regimented free press. The four Foreign Ministers have got down

to detailed proposals for eliminating obstacles to exchange of visits of persons and freer movement of information and ideas. They are by no means in agreement on specific proposals and how much they will now accomplish I don't care to guess. But the discussion itself is a fact. And it is a fact that Secretary of State Dulles, in making his contribution to the discussion, was able to announce that the United States had that very day lifted the ban on travel by American citizens to your country and to several of your neighbor countries including the Soviet Union. Dulles also proposed periodic exchanges of broadcasts. That is, the great American networks, privately owned, but evidently not so remote from matters of State policy as we have been led to believe, would be made available to the Soviet Union for Soviet-prepared and Soviet-delivered material. The state-owned and controlled networks of the Soviet Union would simultaneously be made available to a program of American origin and direction.

Now I know there are lots of difficulties in the way of completing such a deal. It would be rather disconcerting to the Russians, for instance, to find out that their broadcast on the American air—say in the middle of a speech by Premier Bulganin—had been interrupted for a "commercial" proving that Chesterfield cigarettes not only do your throat no harm but cure your lung cancer. All the same, I fervently hope that some such exchange—with or without tobacco trust sponsorship—is negotiated.

It is true I have a selfish interest in this business of easier exchange: this summer I was denied a passport to attend a conference of journalists in Berlin, and now I may hope that in five or ten years the Department of State will change its mind or the courts will decide that the constitutional guarantees of freedom of the press extend to me, too. All the same, my interest in freedom of movement and of information is broader than that. It starts with the fact that I am an American.

The American, whether he be of the Left, Right or Center, who does not believe in the ultimate benefits of freer exchange—yes, even with Chesterfield and Coca Cola hitch-hiking along—has never felt the poetry of the American revolutionary tradition. I have an especial duty to make my position clear here. I have written, in the present volume and in earlier works, what I regard as the truth about the "free" press. It makes harsh reading; it amounts to an indictment. All the more then should I—and so should all progressives who similarly spend much of their energies exposing the undemocratic realities behind the gold-plated facade of bourgeois democracy—cling to the good essence that survives the abuse and exploitation.

Situation Wanted

By ROBERT FRIEDMAN

T IS the first time I have been inside an unemployment insurce office in fifteen years. Is this omen? Have my country's affairs, e my own, come full cycle? But I ve no time for economic analysis ht now. First I must find the letter " and the line behind it. Still, I n spend a moment to admire the cor. Not like the dim, drab, wded little hole of last time. Clean lls and cheery color, fluorescent hting and inlaid floor-coverings. !

Other differences, too. The people e seem better-dressed than my npanions in misfortune of fifteen rs ago. They're more purposeful, somehow, seem to know their y around.

Not everybody, though. Me, for innce. Even with my glasses on, an't seem to find that letter "E." pleasant enough fellow behind the g desk which runs the width of the ce waves unprecisely and informs: s over there some place." Of rse, he could have looked up long ugh to point accurately, but if I remember correctly it's important that the unemployed nurture their spirit of initiative. (How quickly one adopts that gray mantle of a name—the unemployed!) But it's not over there, or over here, either.

I turn resolutely to the "Information" sign. A husky, graying gentleman at the desk is smoothing out a crumpled *Daily Mirror*. It is open at the racing results but, perhaps because of the policeman's uniform he wears, his eyes, deep blue and glazed, are fixed sternly on a distant wall.

The opening gambit in such situations is to cough, cold or no. I cough. I speak. Loudly. Again. My captain does not answer.

Yet I have faith. My eyes drink deeply of the sign which not only says "Information" but "Information" underlined, and I return to the combat refreshed.

A third time. The husky gentleman retreats. He is ready to coexist with me. He replies: "Why you bothering *me?*" I point, not unreasonably, to the sign. Outraged as if at

some slanderous insinuation, he chops out: "I'm not here to give out information. I'm here to keep order."

NOSTALGIA envelops me. Things, despite the fluorescent lights, have not changed entirely. I leave my captain, cold and deadly, wondering if he has noticed that a horse called Uno Somthin is running in the third at Jamaica.

The brief tilt has set the juices of my memory aflow. After that it is easy to find the letter "E" resting on its side and looking like an overgrown "W."

No, not everything has changed. The long lines of the jobless still snake across the room. Of course there are chairs at either end of the office. Are these for the people who must wait days, not merely hours? And there is the water cooler, and there the lavatories; visible, but out of reach. You are unemployed now. You have betrayed the government. Oh, idle, reckless, improvident one. How could you let yourself come to this? Thus wastefully to seek the funds your state has thoughtfully, thriftily accumulated for your time of need. Water and toilets for you? Not hardly.

The line has moved. Not hours after all. Fifteen minutes? Twenty? Who can tell? I wait and I think. All of us, we stand, and we wait, and we think. Me? I call the roll of jobs and bosses; bosses tall and bosses short; bosses mellow, bosses shril but bosses all. Their eye on a buc and their throat practiced in th line, "I have to let you go." "I' sorry, but," the preface from the ten der-hearted. How many bosses un derstand the terrible, corrupting na ture of the power that is theirs, t tell a man at the snap of a whi or the yen for another dollar, "You' through, you're fired; skip th month's payment on the '50 Dodg borrow the rent; lose the depos on Junior's bike, and let the dent work go for another year"?

My turn next. I hand in the *a* plication card, the bare bones my history inscribed upon it. I'm m tioned to a seat. They'll call m name. Oh, no! Not a seat, not a other wait.

People are more chatty sittin down. In a line you're alone, an i land of worries bounded by u charted seas. A line is official, i strange, you're in enemy territo Sitting down you can relax, almo forget that you're out of work a out of step with a hustling, bustli world outside. (Lines? But I remem ber lines on which friendship tingl its way from one end to the oth shouting, singing, single-throat lines: "Give the Bankers Home R lief; We Want Jobs.")

PEOPLE talk with me. They as "Your first time here?" Th say: "Boy, another wait."

leaf through the *Times* for the rd time. The Ford family has gen- usly decided to let the public buy o their company. The stock deal l net the Fords or their Founda- n about $400,000,000. I look at unemployment insurance book of ulations. I can get up to $36 a ek for not more than 26 weeks.

The woman at my left is talk- to me. "Is this your first time e?" She is, poor lady, still nbed by the terrible thing that happened to her. Her voice is , well-modulated—a good sec- ary's voice. But her fists lie tightly nched upon her lap, as if there grasp the remnants of her tidy ld.

Her tale bursts forth in low-pitched sms. "Twenty-four years"; "hos- l"; "notice"; "you're not sup- ed to get sick."

ust an ordinary woman. But what mpeting actor's voice has ever ng from those words the bitter- s, contempt, the loyalty betrayed ard in her murmurings?

he is in her mid-forties. She is ved; she lives with her invalid her. For twenty-four years she convincingly pretended that the hine tool company for which she d has made her life meaning-

fter twenty-four years as secretary a succession of executive vice- idents, a sudden, serious illness; weeks in the hospital, flowers from "the office gang," recovery, re- turn—and a notice of dismissal.

I have only one ear—I confess it —for the distraught lady. The other is turned toward the long, long desk. Unhappy the man who fails to catch the first mumbled mangling of his name. Empires will rise and totter, his children grow, wed and leave home and supper will chill upon his table before that name is called again.

The woman at my left has told me that her name is Mary Margaret. "Mary Margaret," her old mother had said this morning, "have faith in God. He will take care of you."

For twenty-four years Mary Mar- garet had never dreamed that God and Company might one day be sev- ered. But now the company had forsaken her. Who but God was left?

I speak casually of unions, note that our 'insurance,' scant though it be, is the fruit of much struggle. I observe that machine tool compan- ies, and others, have a way of de- manding loyalty and devotion, not to mention diligence and just plain, sweaty overwork, without yielding one bit of loyalty in return. I wonder by what mystic rite, what secret test of glands, what hidden comparison of reflexes, Mary Margaret had been tried by her company and found wanting? Had some machine tool ex- pert, alarmed by her first illness, de- cided with brisk boldness that the

old machine was going? Was it time for a 1956 model?

Ah, but Mary Margaret has been too long in the toils. Part bitter memory, part politeness, she smiles and nods agreement at my diatribe. But in her soft, sweet voice she finds reason in rottenness, excuses for this best of all possible worlds: "It never would have happened if the chairman of the board wasn't in Chicago. They shouldn't let vice-presidents fire in a case like this. They should leave it up to the chairman of the board."

My name is called. I rise and wish her luck. She touches my shoulder ever so lightly: "Good luck. Have faith in God. You'll be all right. You're young."

IT IS my turn at the long desk but, again, I wait. This time I don't mind. For the old man who preceded me is reluctant to leave before the dark forebodings in his mind are cleared away. He is small and shiny bald. A snow-white fringe maintains his hair's last outpost before it is driven off the battlefield forever. The tonsure gives him a monkish look, but it is in a Jewish accent that he speaks. I listen.

"I went to two places. I have the names here. Somewhere." He explores a lean, worn wallet. Takes out pictures. Grandchildren? Lodge cards. Social security—surely not more than another year or two to go?—doctor's card, dentist's card.

The woman behind the desk ta her pencil sharply. Teacher callin "Come, come, children." The old m is bewildered and dismayed. She h suggested that he has not actua sought work at the two places has mentioned. "We have ways finding out."

Her tone is not malicious, n even hard. Only devoid of all membrance that it is a man w stands before her. A man, old a tired, but most of all frightened th he cannot prove to her that he able and willing to work. For d not the state in its majestic certain of what is right provide that t unemployed must prove his capaci his zeal to find new work?

Finally, he leaves, troubled s by the suspicion that this vast, stran complex of files and forms may grind out a ruling to rob him of t pittance due him until the next e ployer comes along—the next b who will be kind enough to hire 60-year old and enterprising enou to draw a 30-year old's labor from gnarled fingers.

My turn. No questions, no pr lems. (The problems I will find o side.) Questions? Not me. I h read the "claimants booklet of formation" four times. Anot reading should divulge its hid message. I must sign here. I m report there. After a waiting per which is a trifle if you have mo and were not a worker in the f

ce, I will receive my first check. I am ready to leave. I pass the row chairs. Mary Margaret sits there l. It is not easy to tell for sure, t is she crying? She is. I stop.

She must wait there still. There l be a hearing in her case. They l try to persuade her old employ- to take her back. "I'll drop dead ore I'd ever go back there," Mary rgaret whispers defiantly. Mean- ile, no check.

This time I am the one to say good k.

No, it is not a room full of Mary rgarets. I have seen this day men l women who are knowing and tain, whose season has just ended will end soon, and who never ubt that the next job is there for taking.

Yet, except for the very young, clear-eyed kids who waited to be n until their parents weathered last economic storm (Hurricane nger), I feel a great unease in this ght-lit, smooth-slick office. When y moved, did they bring the mories of 1930 and '31 and '32? ey must have, for the air is heavy h them.

walk toward the door. At the ormation desk my captain still ges fiercely his fight for the right be unhelpful. A young Negro ker has asked him to locate the er "R." The man at the desk has rged his aims. He required now the privilege to be insulting, too. "Can't you read?"

"Yes, I can read." Hands in leather jacket, the well-built workman waits there calmly.

But Mr. Information is not only niggardly with his knowledge, he is sorely lacking in it. He doesn't really know. I point out the letter "R" to my fellow-unemployed. It is painted on a placard, standing upside down.

"You can't get much more than a pound of butter with what we'll get," I comment. "But we're entitled to it. Some people forget that."

"You're not kidding, brother," says he.

I have exaggerated. I have lied shamelessly about my country's way of life. For $30 I can feed half a family for a week. (Shall the other half visit with the Fords?) I can buy three pairs of shoes for three pair of feet, and watch the paper in them rise coyly to the surface, like a flirtatious fish, after two weeks.

I WALK out the door. Life is standing upside down, just like the letter "R."

Three ten-year-olds are calling off the models of the cars that hurtle by. A good game. It takes study and a flair to tell apart the rear ends of a Buick or a Mercury in motion.

One boy, the clean-faced one, is

riding the smaller of the other two: "You're cheap. Your family is real cheap. Every car on the street is a 54 or a 55 and you still got a 49."

The ridden one unseats the critic. "Who asked you, General Mouth?"

General Mouth—a brave title for all who mount the barricades of braggadocio—the touts of the big boom and the prosperity forever.

And still—I walk the busy streets and dodge the shiny cars. A terror fills my heart. Ray Bradbury's earthman, strolling the alien streets of Mars—can he know the weird aloneness, the queer divorcement of the unemployed who walks amid hi lucky fellows?

I look back. I am not alone. To an from the shiny new office ther streams the steady flow of the unem ployed.

Will the hundreds yet become th thousands? But I have no time fo analysis right now. I will not con jecture about the Ford family an their hypodermic for a nervous Stoc Exchange. I will not count the car I pass and calculate their loans an mortgages.

I am going back downtown now Looking for a job.

Padlock Law

By LOUISE HARVEY

(*Louise Harvey, Canadian poet, writes us from Westmount, Quebec: Ten days ago the anti-Red squad, under our provincial Padlock law, entered my house. They left three hours later carrying away most of my Marxist library, as well as my personal journals, diaries, letters, stories, articles and poems. They took Chekhov and Gorky. And all my back copies of M & M. . . .*")

This is not a lyric song,
This is dirty, halting, and mad.

The cops entered our house with a knock,
Five of them filed in.
The biggest one showed us the warrant
"to search the premises for Communist propaganda."

"You know me," he said.

Yes, I knew him. Strikebreaker. Strongarm guy. Legal thug.
They spread through the house like evil smoke,
Sifting, looking, prying, poking, peering.

The young daughters of the house cried with rage,
The boys said: Someday we'll push them around.
The little one asked: Didn't they pay you for all those books?

So many cartons (At least they should have paid!)

They stamp our house into a shambles.
They remove our beautiful books

And all papers—every poem I ever wrote is gone.
But they can never take the vision from our eyes.
No cop can take that from a Communist.
My stolen poems were flowers in my life.
I shall forge new verse:
swords of anger, nuclear weapons fighting for the unstifled Song of Man.

They came in
They brought tears to our children.
In their brute hands they took away our books.

My pen burns the page as I write.

This is 'democracy'.
This is the 'free world'.
This is Canada today.

But Canada's tomorrow!
The one we make.

Who can padlock that sunrise?
Who can raid our inevitable dawn?

Youth Festival

By SANDRA GARRETT

WAS August 6th—ten years ince the Hiroshima atom blast— the house on Ozcki Street in rsaw was buzzing with activity. American delegation was pre- ng to meet the Japanese youth. e were arranging the dining n table, the perpetual hunt was for the accordion, and every in a while someone would peer ide to see if our guests had ar- l.

Ve had been at the Youth Fes- one week and the impact was beginning to hit. Most of us arrived not knowing quite what xpect—and within the space of eek we were already mobbed activities. It was like a fifty circus with exhibitions of life ifferent countries; cultural com- ions in all fields of the arts; assive pre-Olympic sports com- ion; performance day and night hoirs, dance groups, musicians acrobats; and numerous delega- meetings. Warsaw, the city h was 85% destroyed only ten years ago, sported banners, flags, and posters of greeting to the 30,000 foreign delegates who had gathered for these two weeks of the 5th World Festival of Youth and Students.

Our meeting with the Japanese was one which I shall long remember. There were 72 of them, including the Central Chorus of Japan, and they came to Warsaw representing 600,000 young people from all walks of life and with all kinds of political opinions. They were as eager to meet us as we were to meet them and they plied us with questions. Uppermost in the minds of all of them was the question of peace, for they came to Warsaw with extensive exhibits and literature describing the results of the atomic explosions and what the Japanese people were thinking and doing.

"What do the American people think about banning the Atomic bomb?" asked one young woman. "Do the American people want war?" asked another, and a shy young man from the Association

of Democratic Scientists of Japan who could speak no English looked to an interpreter and then handed me a printed card with his name and address on one side and on the other side in English was the question, "How do you study science for peace?"

After the questions and discussion had gone on for a while, members from the Central Chorus sang to us and then we, in our own exuberant though untalented way, sang for them some of our songs. In the course of this meeting and in the days following, I became quite friendly with a quiet, modest girl from Tokyo who was the President of the Japanese Women Students Federation. She was only 21 and had organized it herself two years ago. As we were ready to leave Warsaw she came to say goodbye to me and gave me a bundle. "These," she explained, "are cranes of colored paper. Each one was made by a Japanese woman student to symbolize our desire to be at the Festival." There were 3,000 of them and she gave them to me to bring to U. S. women students. All of the Japanese youth, in fact, gave us individually written messages to their counterparts in the U. S.

THROUGHOUT the time of the Festival we were swamped with invitations for meetings. Out of the 114 countries represented in Warsaw, almost every delegation want to meet with the Americans. And fact wherever we went we were giv a most warm reception—peop would cheer and wave and mob for autographs. At these meetin we had the opportunity to disc with young people from all over t world what has been happening our country and what conditions like for students, workers and p fessionals.

Some of the delegates still had t "streets paved with gold" idea a thought that every worker lives a mansion, some thought that th was fascism in the U. S., many ask us about passport restrictions a we tried in all of our talks to expl what life was really like and wh the American people thought a were doing. We felt that thou there were serious repressions the U. S., people were speaking against them and we were not livi under fascism. And we laughed a added that despite the fact that standard of living was indeed hig than any other country in the wo at the same time they should mistake the U. S. as a paradise wh all workers live in the lap of luxu

But we also learned a great d from them. We found that alm everyone was eager to visit U. S.—to see the tall buildings New York and to meet and talk people.

We were hardly settled a

s when we were visited by sev- of the Soviet student editors o were supposed to come to the S. last Spring. I showed them ne of the American college news- ers which dealt with their pro- ed trip and I was plied with stions. Did the American students nt the Soviet students to come? w did they react when the trip called off? Would they like to another group come over? They ressed again their desire to visit S. colleges and hoped that an- er invitation would be issued and the McCarran Act restrictions uld be eliminated.

OME of our informal jaunts around Warsaw proved the most fitable in terms of personal ex- iences. Once, while we were ting a housing development, we a group of teen age boys who hed on to our teen age members. next day all of them were out ying ball together and the Ameri- s came back talking their heads about the activities of Polish n school students. Wherever we nt the Negro members of our egation were perpetually mobbed admirers with autograph books. simply couldn't walk down the et with one of them without ing around and finding that he she was amidst a crowd again. got so bad that we had to form human chains to extricate them.

In the evenings we would sometimes wander down to the open square where nightly outdoor dances were held and there we discovered that jazz is a phenomenon known and loved by young people all over the world. Of course none of it matches our jazz bands in rhythm or style but it was good to hear anyway.

As time went on we realized more and more what a large responsibility we—a small group of 32 young Americans—had in showing a true picture of life in the U. S. We were the ones to meet with delegations, we were the cultural performers (and though perhaps the talent was a little short we matched the best of them in spirit), the sportsmen, and in fact we had all the duties that a delegation of 700 with months of preparation had. I realized there more than ever what a rich culture we have in the U. S. and what a great contribution a large and representative delegation from the U. S. could make, with sports groups, performers, and representatives from major youth organizations. I think, too, that I am not alone in looking forward to seeing such a delegation having the wonderful experience, as I did, to meet and discuss with young people from all over the world at the next Festival—Moscow, 1957.

On Franz Weiskopf

NEWS of Franz Weiskopf's death in Berlin, at the age of 56, came as a shock to the many American friends of the German-Czech writer who spent the years of his anti-fascist exile among us.

I first met this gifted novelist and poet in 1939, not long after he escaped with his wife Grete as the Nazis marched into his native Prague following the Munich betrayal. It was a gray time. But the thing that struck us most was Franz Weiskopf's unfailing buoyancy and confidence. Under strange skies he not only continued to write his own books and his keen articles for *New Masses,* but managed, through tireless correspondence and immense sympathy, to function as a living center of the writers-in-exile.

For progressive American writers life was a lot easier in those days. We had formed a committee, under the League of American Writers, that helped bring over the distinguished European writers hunted by the fascists. We little dreamed that some of the American hosts would one day be going to jail in this cou try for their anti-fascist ideas, at th very time that their guests we returning to their liberated lands be hailed as national heroes.

Yet were we not the great gainers? From Franz Weiskopf a his colleagues—Thomas and Hei rich Mann, Egon Erwin Kisch, Li Feuchtwanger and the others—w gathered a new understanding what fascism means and how threat must be fought if we are be faithful to our country and o humanity. No writer could tru know a Weiskopf and then be ab to knuckle down to McCarthyis None could live with him and th be able to swallow the lies abo Communism which Hitler had us to blind people in his warfa against mankind.

Franz was a modest, good-humor man who never permitted the dif culties of his own situation to wa his large and proportioned view people and events. I remember wi joy our talks in the Weiskopfs' t apartment on East 15th Street

York or along the dunes of Cod during one priceless sum- when we were neighbors. He stuffed his passionate literary political interests into separate es. I marvelled most at the skill selfless devotion with which nit together the literary move- of the anti-fascist exiles. He ed hard to get the books of colleagues published here; he d anthologies of the anti-fas- German writers' work, of Czech y.

ow he found time and energy oduce his own novels, like *Dawn és* and *The Firing Squad,* was to understand. In recent years ve often thought of how much rs of the American Left could by his example that all are d by the victories of each, that re hurt by the bickerings and dgings of each. It is in keeping the man that his last literary ct was a volume in memory s friend Egon Kisch, to which vited a number of us here and her countries to contribute.

AST saw Franz Weiskopf in 949. I was visiting Prague, and vening I returned to the Hotel n to find a note in my box. d: "Welcome to Prague. I am oom 226. FW." Since I was oom 223, this seemed a reason- close place to wind up with who had once at a New Year's party in New York raised his glass with this toast: "To the day when I shall invite you to visit a socialist Czechoslovakia." We had drunk the toast, but in those bleak days I suspect some of us thought Franz was braving it a little.

But his unquenchable optimism had been more than justified. Here he was now, in a People's Czechoslovakia, and he was on his way to Stockholm to serve as the Ambassador of his country. Later he was to go to People's China as Ambassador.

While he lived and worked in Czechoslovakia for many years, Weiskopf belonged as much to the literature of Germany (he wrote in German) as to that of his native country. The last few years of his life were spent with the German writers whom he knew so well in Berlin. On his death of a heart attack, the Central Committee of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany issued the following statement signed by its first secretary, Walter Ulbricht: "He was for many years a member of the Communist Party of Germany, the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia, and later a member of the Socialist Unity Party of Germany. He gave all his strength to the fight against fascism and war, for the freedom of the working class, for strengthening friendly relations between all peoples and nations and between Germans

and Czechs in particular. He was a brilliant writer who held a high place in the new German literature. He will live on in the German working class and in the German people."

And he will live on with us, this warm-hearted man who spared nothing of himself to help bring about a new world of peace and socialist advance. To the end, he devoted himself to the cause of fruitful cultural exchange among nations for which he had won the Herder Prize as far back as 1937. In this country he came to know and love the classics of our literature, and he was always a vigorous spokesman for the best in American culture.

To his wife Grete, brave companion and herself the author of wonderful books for young people, we send our love and gratitude.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Franz Weiskopf has passed away. As always with a good comrade, a dear friend, a man of personality and vitality, it is hard to believe, hard to comprehend—hard to understand that we will never embrace him again when gates have opened and the warmth of peace has spread o the whole world.

This, I know, I had always pro ised myself. Always, it was so Franz—soon we will meet aga sit down together, break bread, t Now that will not be.

Yet Franz Weiskopf, as we kn him and as we loved him, rema with us. He came to us long a when a great cloud of darkness l settled over his beloved Europe, for many years, he lived among joined in our own struggle, giv us so fully of his experience, wisdom, and his calm certainty the future.

When his own land was libera in the good time of man's strug he left us to go home. It was farewell, but until we met ag and the warm human memory him will remain with us always

May I offer my condolences the condolences of my colleag who knew him and loved him his widow, Grete, and to his c rades in Germany and Czecho vakia.

Farewell, good comrade, and well and in peace.

HOWARD FA

Scholars in Blinkers

By VICTOR PERLO

NEW wave of mergers has caused popular concern, and the pages have chronicled a series rposes of the big business-Gov- ent marriage, involving the rape e public on a colossal scale.

rtainly the Princeton University has chosen an excellent time to ut a book on monopoly,* out of n people might hope to obtain eeper understanding of these s.

t unfortunately all the reader find is proof of the bankruptcy resent-day American university of economics, and of the es- lly strict reins held by big cor- ions over the research they ce.

is recent book is a printing of s and discussion presented at a conference. Perhaps the best o illustrate the narrow, abstract, ach of the participants is to he complete absence of any reference to the living environment in which the 1952 conference took place. The whole economic development of the United States for a decade had been governed by World War II and its aftermath. We were at the height of the militarized economy of the Korean War. The growth of monopoly power, its extent and direction, were closely linked with the war economy. Yet to judge from the economists, World War II might never have happened, no armaments industry exists, and utter peace might have reigned outside the conference hall.

Out of a dozen papers, six deal with statistical measurement of business concentration. Now statistics are necessary tools of economic analysis. But here the statistics are limited to a particular job, measurement of the percentage of a given type of products turned out by the largest several firms. This is a mere trifle in the analysis of the complex expressions of monopoly power. A real analysis must go on to examine the concrete interrelationships between firms, the

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usiness Concentration and Price Pol- A Conference of the Universities- nal Bureau Committee for Economic rch, Princeton University Press, ton, 1955, 511 pp., $9.00.

linking of tens or scores of industrial companies and banks through interlocking directorates and common control; the exercise of monopoly power through government "regulations," especially in a militarized economy, the exploitation of millions of workers in all countries of the "free world" by the foreign expansion of Wall Street monopolies.

BUT our economists wear blinkers that forbid viewing these and other central problems. So we find prolonged and sterile discussion about whether the "best" measure of concentration deals with the 4 largest firms or the 8 largest firms, the "Lerner index" or the "Gini index."

The economic theory of most of the economists is that of the "marginal utility" school of Alfred Marshall, the English economist of the 1870s and 80s who attempted to demolish Marx. Here is a theoretical gem of the marginal utility school, as presented by one of the conferees (Tibor Scitovsky):

"Under pure competition, the profit of the most profitable firm is supposed to be kept at or near zero by the free entry of newcomers. All the less profitable firms therefore are suffering a loss" (p. 106).

In short, capitalism, before the modern period of monopoly, was a loss system, not a profit system!

Our academic economists fear to deal with serious theories of m
opoly capitalism even in argum
There is no mention of Lenin,
of Anna Rochester, the outstand
American Marxist student of m
opolies. Nor, for that matter, is th
serious treatment of the lib
critics of monopoly, but merel
technical criticism of Gard
Means by one of the participants.

One of the papers that dealt v
a matter of substance was Jesse
Markham's "Survey of the Evide
and Findings on Mergers." M
ham, however, is less concerned v
the objective results of mergers t
with the desires of the monopoli

"While mergers in the 1920's
creased oligopoly" (the econom
term for monopoly in its most c
mon form—VP) "oligopoly provi
a motive for no more than a sm
fraction of them" (p. 169).

Wartime and postwar mer
"had no pervasive motives at all
(p. 179) Through this crass exer
in subjective idealism, Markl
waves away the problem he is st
ing. His conclusion is that the
nomist must study mergers concre
to find out which are good for c
petition, and which are bad fo
(p. 182). This is the same line
by Morgan partner Perkins 50 y
ago in persuading President Theo
Roosevelt to let Morgan's steel
flourish while suing Rockefeller's
trust under the Sherman Act.
we see it in practice today in A

General Brownell's "selective" w of the current rash of giant ers.

UT of 33 economists who pre- sented papers or discussions on papers, only 3 showed a sig- nt degree of revolt against pro- poly apologetics. Walter Adams Michigan State College attacked ham's apologetics, and explored ecent development of monopoly ections of industry which had ously escaped monopoly control. stressed the connection between levelopment of monopoly power big business control of govern- , concluding with the statement mergers are:

ntimately connected and inex- ly intertwined with the permis- protective, or promotive policies vernment toward the monopol- n of the economy." (p. 190).

e well-known student of cartels, ge Stocking, also exposed some Markham's arguments, and ex- ed fears of the apparent contra- ns brought to the surface by nt trends in capitalist economy. rwin D. Edwards of the Uni- y of Virginia made the only ve contribution, with his paper 'Conglomerate Bigness as a e of Power." Fifteen years ago rds wrote about finance capital the illusion that New Deal ition had drawn its fangs. Now es the development of giant companies "in close affiliation with important banks" or "interconnected with large banks by interlocking directorates and interlocking stock holdings" (p. 349). He traces the exercise of monopoly power beyond the traditional means of price fixing —through squeezing out of rivals by control of transport facilities and raw materials, through discriminatory pricing, through the granting of reciprocal favors by related trusts, through domination of channels of distribution.

Most important, Edwards stresses the "nonmarket" advantages of the giant companies in "litigation, politics, public relations, and finance" (p. 345). In the course of this, he develops the special power derived from the marriage of financial and industrial monopolies; the ability of the big firm to influence government decisions, and the growth of a small ruling oligarchy, at the top of the large corporations, moving towards "an authoritarian system of business" (p. 351).

NOTHING new, perhaps, in what Edwards said, but he deserves credit for bringing forward again the New Deal approach to monopoly power.

The contributors all failed to offer answers to those questions which are the ultimate test of social science— what will happen in the future, and

what can people do to influence that future?

For example, the conference was held during the initial stages of what has since developed as the most conspicuous wave of mergers since the 1920s. None of the participants foresaw this. The extended monopolization of the 1920s deepened of monopoly power in the war and postwar years in the particular forms fostered by an armaments economy will have profound effects on the timing and characteristics of future economic crises.

There can be no more important task for an economist in this field than to warn us of the shape and form of the next big bust, and to suggest what people might do to offset its worst effects. Nobody touched on this subject, except in the negative manner of Richard Ruggles, who endeavored to "prove" that monopoly pricing had no effect on the severity of the economic crisis of the 1930s.

Why do the universities and their corporate sponsors spend so much to foster sterile research and publications like that under review? Professor Stocking said of one of Markham's apologetic statistics:

"I would not be surprised if this figure became a part of the folklore of industrial combination" (p. 194).

The folklore goes much further. Out of the welter of petty argument and technical jargon, the big business publicity men can find occasional nuggets of apologetics, suitable for popularization and mass distribution, with a propaganda value worth many times the total investment in economic research.

Politically alert people without specialized interest in economics need not study books like this. But they should learn to answer the defenders of monopoly, to lead the trade unions, farmers and middle classes in effective struggle against reactionary monopoly power.

TO THIS end, the reader's attention is called to a little volume scarcely one-tenth the size and one twenty-fifth the cost of the volume under review. That is the recent Labor Research Association pamphlet "Apologists for Monopoly." We learn from this that genuine economic research is going on in America today without benefit, unfortunately, of university sponsorship and stipend. We find the apologists for monopoly demolished in the battle of ideas, scientifically yet without the confusion of technical jargon.

While published a year later, "Apologists for Monopoly" explains the current alarming growth of monopoly power, gives the basis for understanding the Dixon-Yates and Talbott scandals. So this reviewer can find no better conclusion to his review than to recommend most strongly the purchase of this one volume not under review.

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