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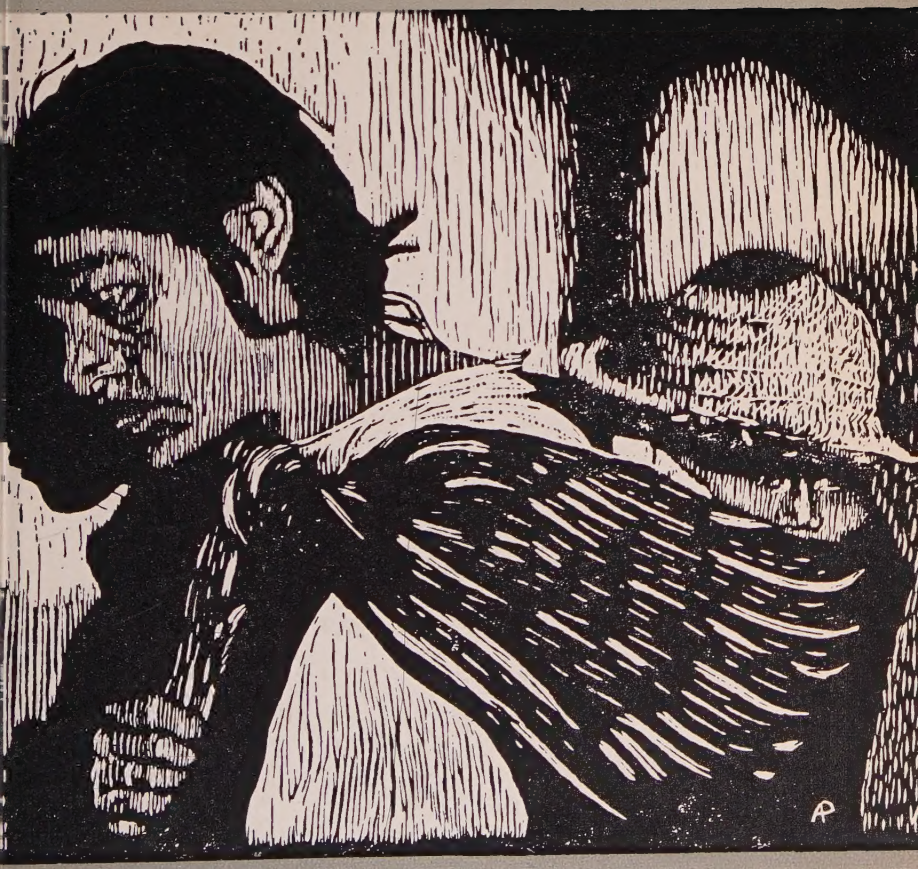

Herbert Aptheker: THE NEGRO STRUGGLE
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S. Finkelstein: PROKOFIEV

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STUDY FOR A ROSENBERG
MONUMENT

Theo Balden (GDR)

Vol. 14, No. 6

Mainstream

JUNE, 1961

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Among Our Contributors

Dr. Herbert Aptheker, historian, lecturer, and educator, is author of numerous books, the most recent of which is *The World of C. Wright Mills. Sidney Finkelstein* is well-known in the field of aesthetics. His most recent book is *Composer and Nation. Oakley C. Johnson* is a veteran scholar and educator. International has published his *The Day is Coming,* a biography of Ruthenberg. *Robert Forrey* is assistant to the Editorial Board of *Mainstream.* P. A. Luce is a graduate student in an American university. *Jiri Marek,* the Czech writer, was born in 1914, and teaches secondary school. *William L. Patterson* is the popular Negro Communist leader. Among the younger poets *Susan Griffin* is an eighteen-year old college student from California. *Carl Bloise* is also from California and is active in peace and youth groups. *Gita Isaac* is in her early twenties. She is from Chicago. *Peter Nurmi* is nineteen and a college student in the midwest.

Next Month

We look forward to *Phillip Bonosky's* first-hand report from Hungary, to *Philip Stevenson's* examination of important developments in Mexican literature, and to poetry by *Atlee Washington,* a Negro from Illinois. We will also have art by *Maurice Becker,* and reviews and communications.

in the mainstream

June 5 Infamy

The decision of the Supreme Court on June 5 to uphold the constitutionality of the Internal Security Act of 1950 which requires that the Communist Party of America register with the Government as an agent of a foreign government, supplying names and financial records, as well as all other related data, is a blow to the Constitutional liberties of the American people. When the same court also held that, after requiring such registration of members, membership itself would be considered a crime—then it compounded one violation of democratic liberty with a further one. It took a Frankfurter to argue that there is no monstrous violation of personal freedom of conscience and belief in this tortured formula, or that by erecting vague standards for deciding what is or what is not "subversive," the floodgates for new and endless witchhunts have not, once again, been opened. "Nothing," he says piously, "that we decide here remotely carries such an implication."

The Chief Justice and three Associates, considering the same evidence, think otherwise. Justice Black stated: "The first banning of an association because it advocates hated ideas—whether that association be called a political party or not—marks a fateful moment in the history of a free country. The moment seems to have arrived for this country."

Our country only recently suffered the gethsemane of a decade of McCarthyism, during which tremendous damage was inflicted upon the American people and upon the prestige of America in the eyes of the world. When it had the opportunity to do so, the American people

forthrightly rejected McCarthyism and all its works. That the clear will of the people in this case was not carried out by Congress or the executive branches of our government is further evidence of the power that lies in the hands of a few to frustrate the will of the many.

NO ONE can claim that the Supreme Court was conforming to the expressed demands of the people. The Supreme Court, in this action, was complying with the demands of the Cold War and with that small clique of American adventurers for whom the Cold War is a way of life and a source of enormous profits, as well as the brutal means for maintaining power in the face of the people's evident wish for peace, for co-existence, for the ending of the Cold War. The decision therefore is a blow against peace. It is an ideological preparation and justification for further, and even more extreme, acts against the hopes of the world and our own people for an end to anxiety, fear and uncertainty.

We shall not, in this editorial, attempt to analyze in detail the reasoning of the voluminous document which Frankfurter so eagerly put forward as his summary contribution to human enlightenment. Other documents, of exactly the same content, have also been written by the Nazis in their day, by the Francoites, by the Japanese in their day, the Italian fascists in theirs. There need be no pride of authorship, and there is of course nothing original, nothing new, nothing that has not already been hacked out by men whose names are utterly forgotten today for ruling classes that have utterly disappeared. Only in passing will we note the Tartuffian hypocrisy implied in this "finding" which is aimed against "teaching and advocating" the violent overthrow of the government—by an organ of the very government whose hands are still bloody from the deaths of Cubans whose government our ruling class tried to overthrow precisely with force and violence. It is public knowledge that our government has promoted for some time now, through its Project X's, the CIA, and other organs, the settled policy of attempting to overthrow any and all governments which it does not accept, by force and violence, intrigue, assassination and all other means available to it. The CIA, it is now perfectly clear and widely affirmed, was decisive in the overthrow of the Arbenz government in Guatemala, the Mossadegh government in Iran, in the murder of Lumumba, and in dealings with the insurgent generals of France who tried to overthrow by force and violence the present government of that country.

Any reasonable person also must turn with dismay from the fact that at no time does the law, such as it is, punish *deeds;* it explicitly punishes in advance the *teaching* and *advocacy* of deed which may or may not

transpire in some absolutely hypothetical future! Even the *New York Times* notes that "only speech is involved in the Smith Act prosecution . . . those charged under the act . . . are *accused* only of *advocating* illegal acts in the future. . . ."

THE undeniable fact is that Communist parties have come into existence—and continue to come into existence where they have not existed before, as in some countries of Africa—and develop without any contact with a single Russian. or Chinese. Communist Parties appear because of objective social needs, no sooner and no later; the concept of "international conspiracy" is the essence of Hitler's Big Lie which filled so many graves in Europe. The bond which all parties that are Marxist-Leninist have in common is the bond that is implied in sharing common ideas. Nikita Khrushchev made this fact explicit in his speech in Moscow, January 1961, when he reported on the meeting of 81 Communist parties shortly before. He said: "It is impossible to lead all the socialist countries and Communist Parties from any single centre. It is both impossible and unnecessary. . . ."

The decisions of the Supreme Court casts a pall over all thought and action in America. But, as the people of America have done on other occasions when unpopular laws have been inflicted on them, they will find their own way of nullifying the effectiveness of their application until the time comes when they can be completely discarded. For let there be no mistake—this law is ostensibly aimed at a few thousand Communist Party members; but its real target is the American people.

Not the least diabolical effect of the present decision is that it attempts to impose on the Communists precisely that image and that behavior which the Communists have vigorously denied and endlessly fought against. The Communists are accused of an inordinate love of secrecy—so a law is passed that imposes secrecy upon them; they are accused of advocating force and violence and so a law is passed closing the doors to them for discussion, agitation and action toward peacefully effecting a significant change in the structure of American society. The Communists have declared their independence of any other Party in the world, and a law is passed that demands that they register their dependence upon another Party. They are damned if they do, and damned if they don't.

The decision closes the road of peaceful discussion and agitation for meaningful change not only to the Communists, but also to the Negro people, whose struggle for equal rights is an explosive feature of our

times. The law places another heavy obstacle before the trade-union movement, already severely crippled by Taft-Hartley and Landrum-Griffin laws, so that now every union can be effectively challenged in any instance of agitation and struggle for their rights.

WE BELIEVE it to be the most patriotic duty of every American to resist not only the legal aspects of this decision but also the broader, the more devastating effect that it inevitably will have upon the already gravely wounded mind and soul of the American people. To be free to think as one must, as life dictates—meaning to be free to reject as well as to accept ideas—is as necessary to the human mind as oxygen is. To be forced to reject certain ideas on pain of prison will automatically stiffen in every American his normal human determination to remain a free-thinking American. He will certainly question whether the American ruling class can succeed where Tojo, Hitler and Mussolini failed. But he will not question the fact that the price to be paid today is far too high for a repetition of that experiment. Human society itself hangs in the balance.

As for ourselves, we will continue to publish the best in American and world thought. We would not do otherwise and face our consciences. We believe the American people will agree with us.

THE FIGHT FOR NEGRO FREEDOM

HERBERT APTHEKER

TODAY'S dramatic rise of the peoples of Africa, nations springing into being where colonies once were, states taking form in birth-pain and struggle, finds its corollary on the other side of the globe in the Negro Americans' fight for their rights as citizens. For each African striking a blow for independence, a heart in America pulses more quickly; for each Negro American conquering a seat at a white lunch counter or a school bench in a kindergarten, a man in Africa straightens his back.

The roots of the problem in both hemispheres are the same. They lie in exploitative societies, in racism and in a common struggle for a freedom from slavery which has been granted on paper but denied in actuality. It is the struggle which has been handed down from the African people who were chained, herded into the hold of slave ships, sold on the auction blocks of New Orleans, to the men and women shackled in the diamond fields of South Africa or the cotton fields of Mississippi, relegated to unspeakable African villages or to the tenements of Harlem, New York or Washington, D.C. For each man mutilated by the *Force Publique* of the Belgian King Leopold and his followers, there has been a man lynched by a white Southern mob. For each drum beaten in protest in Kenya, there is a spiritual of protest hummed in South Carolina.

This article forms part of the introductory chapter of a new book, *And Why Not Every Man? The Struggle Against Negro Slavery,* to be published this summer by Seven Seas Books in Berlin.

In the history of the United States there is no more dramatic and illuminating feature than the struggle for Negro freedom. The white conquerors who came upon the fabulous resources of the New World, especially its Northern half, were faced with the great problem of how to exploit them. Their own hands were insufficient. And the indigenous population? It is estimated that when the white man first attempted its settlement, what is today called the United States held no more than a million Indians—a handful of men, women and children when one considers the vast territory (3,000 miles in width, 1,500 miles in length) over which they were spread. Their nomadic existence, their limited numbers, their dispersion ruled them out as a source for the labor power needed for the profitable production of commodities.

But concurrent with the discovery and opening up of the New World came the European re-discovery of Africa. Here lived a teeming population in a highly developed state of civilization—unlike the nomadic North American Indian, the West African was a settled agriculturist.

It was a situation made to order for the bourgeoisie: in Africa, concentrated labor power; in America, untold resources. Between the two might be built up a marvelously profitable business—the slave trade—whereby additional billions could be made by hauling the labor power from one side of the world to the other. It eliminated a second acute problem: The abundance of free or extremely cheap land in the New World made it difficult to hold "free"labor to the necessary tasks. A system of enforced labor, inherited and permanent and costing no more than the barest subsistence, became an "ideal" solution for the bourgeoisie.

The slave trade was blessed and legalized and, second only to war, became capitalism's most lucrative business.

And the slaves in North America (as in South America where, however, they were African to a lesser degree) produced indigo, rice, tobacco, cotton, sugar, lumber, resin, coal, gold, hemp, for sale on the World Market.

The slave trade brought the enormous profits so important to the development of merchant capitalism and to its accumulation of fluid capital wherewith to begin building an industrial capitalism. A second colossal source of profit was the three-hundred-year use of slave labor for the production of the foregoing commodities. Add the two, and one may justifiably say that the African crucifixion and the enslavement of African-derived peoples in America were of decisive consequence for the whole world system of capitalism and particularly

for the founding and development of capitalism in the United States.

One must see the organic connection between the institution of slavery and the whole private-property based system of exploitation that developed in America to understand the tenacity with which the system of slavery was defended. One must see this connection to understand why the slave-owning class in the United States, certainly during the first four or five decades of the ninteenth century, constituted the ruling class in the nation. By its ownership of four million slaves (the total in 1860) this class—numbering about 225,000 people at most —possessed about four billion dollars worth of property. This class also owned millions of acres of the best land in the country, representing additional billions of dollars; and the millions of tons of cotton and rice and tobacco and sugar, etc., produced by the slaves' labor on those lands, totalling additional billions each year. The whole economy of a relatively homogeneous area constituting one-third of the entire United States was absolutely dominated by slavery; and many propertied owners outside its confines—especially merchants, credit houses and banks in New York and in Great Britain—had huge stakes in the viability of that slave economy.

Certainly, in the United States of the era from 1810 to 1850, no other single class possessed wealth and interests as powerful as those of the slave-owning class. So it was that this class ruled the country—not without opposition, but it ruled! Both political parties, Whig and Democrat, were dominated by it. The Congress of the United States yielded to its will; so did the Presidency which, more often than not, was occupied by a slave-owner. The Courts responded to that same will, and usually had a majority of slave-owners. It follows that the foreign and domestic policy of the United States favored the slave-owning class and respected that class's wishes. The country's dominant ideology and culture reflected the ruling class's values and desires. Almost all newspapers, colleges, pulpits, texts, were pervaded by racism and assumed, at least, the propriety or the necessity of Negro enslavement.

THIS is a starting point for understanding the great Abolitionist movement in the United States. The movement was revolutionary; it was not, as most literature portrays it, a reformist, or liberal movement. No, it was a movement which sought the overthrow of the ruling class; which challenged the power of the ruling class at its heart, namely, at its property relationships. That ruling class was based upon and defined by its ownership of slaves; the Abolitionist movement demanded the immediate and uncompensated emancipation

of those slaves. The Abolitionist movement, then, struck at the root of the power and the nature of property relationships so far as they defined the then existing ruling class. This is the essence of a revolutionary movement.

Only with this in mind can one begin to understand the intense hatred, vilification, persecution and torment that the Abolitionists faced. They were called "foreign agents"—supposedly in the pay of England's Queen Victoria who sought to weaken the rising Republic through their machinations. Their meetings were attacked, their halls burned, their leaders jailed and beaten, their publications harassed. Simultaneously, every available means of persuasion and communication was loosed to "prove" the inferiority—if not the inhumanity—of the Negro; to show that slavery was necessary and just and proper and sanctified by the Bible; to "prove" that it was impossible to free the Negroes because what would they do, or who would "care" for them, or how would they be "absorbed" by the country? To demonstrate, in any case, that the slave system was benign; it wasn't slavery at all (shades of *People's Capitalism!*)—it was a "domestic institution," a "patriarchal institution" —any name would do that "proved" slavery to be anything but slavery. And mixed with all this, on a somewhat more sophisticated level, the argument was developed that slavery—whatever you called it—was the only possible condition for the poor. The poor were poor because they were no good; and the rich, being good, were the only safe repository of culture and decency. Once the relationship of superior and inferior was attacked, chaos would descend and all the propertied—not only the slave-owners—would be faced with annihilation. The logical outcome of this inverted class-struggle argument was an attack upon all democratic theory, and particularly a repudiation of the Declaration of Independence, which now was adjudged a conglomeration of "glittering generalities" meant to mislead fools, but not to guide men of the world, men of intelligence.

The great fight for Negro freedom from slavery, then, was a basic part of the whole struggle of mankind for liberation from the rule of the few over the many. It was a stirring part of the world-wide effort to implement the sovereignty of the people, the great mass of the people, in every sphere of their lives—economic, political, cultural, social.

Central to the development of the fight against slavery was the Negro people. The first slaves were the first Abolitionists; it was they who fought longest and most bitterly and most directly. They rebelled and fled; they sabotaged and burned; they assassinated and poisoned;

they feigned illness and slowed down their work; they fought like lions for their dignity and their freedom. And they led in the formation of the Underground Railroad, and in the creation of an antislavery press, and in the formation of a national anti-slavery movement of principle and passion and endurance.

It is a great fact in American history that the Negro people found white allies. Those allies came in the main from among the poor, and throughout the history of the Abolitionist movement, the rich in it could be counted on the fingers of two hands. No, it was the "plain" man and woman, the artisan and mechanic, the factory worker, the yeoman and small farmer, the poor housewife who formed the bulk of the membership of the Abolitionist societies, who constituted the great audiences that filled the anti-slavery conventions, despite intimidation, who contributed the largest part of the pennies and dollars with which the Abolitionist movement printed and distributed the pamphlets and petitions and papers appealing for justice and condemning oppression.

The motivations of the Negro masses are plain; deprived of freedom, they fought for it; treated as beasts, they battled to affirm their human dignity. The motivations of the white allies are less obvious, but no less real. Many were motivated by deep religious conviction, and saw the teachings of Moses and of Jesus daily violated in the horror of slavery; many were motivated by a profound belief in basic democratic values and saw the teachings of Jefferson and the words of his Declaration of Independence spat upon by slavery; many were impelled by a simple feeling of common humanity, and had their imaginations affronted when they thought of what fellow men and women were suffering daily from the torments of enslavement.

Moreover, the institution of slavery was not quiescent; nothing stands still and least of all a challenged social order. American Negro slavery found it necessary to expand if it were to meet the police problems represented by a mounting slave population; if it were to resolve the problem of a falling rate of profit as the soil given to slave cultivation became worn out. Furthermore, the market for slave-grown produce seemed endless—especially as the industrial revolution came to Western Europe. Expansion was needed if that demand was to be met. But expansion brought the system into head-on collision with the non-slave-labor economy of the North; with the farmers and workers, and with the growing industrial bourgeoisie—who wanted the federal lands for themselves and their own use and growth.

The expansionism of the slave system directly involved foreign

policy. It led to war with Mexico, to the announcement that Spain had better give up Cuba, "or else"; and to naval expeditions as far distant as the Amazon Valley in Brazil to discover if that area might not well be added to the U.S. based slave empire. War, as against Mexico—or the threat of wars, as against England and Spain—faced men and women of the North with the need to decide whether or not they wanted to fight in such wars, and how well such a foreign policy served the interests of the country.

THIS system of Negro slavery, if it were to maintain itself, had to vitiate the freedom of the white man. For it was a system that had to put down by force the threats of the slaves themselves. It was a system in which no one might with impunity challenge the justness of the order. A drastic fugitive slave law was needed which required all whites to assist in recapturing fugitives from slavery. The mails had to be interfered with when "fanatics" took it upon themselves to use the mails for the distribution of literature attacking slavery. Freedom of petition had to be nullified when people "abused" it by petitioning Congress for an end to slavery or the slave-trade. Freedom of speech and of press had to be circumscribed when people spoke or wrote in opposition to slavery. In a word, it became more and more necessary to the slave-owners that every citizen show himself not as neutral between slavery and freedom, but as positively partisan on the side of slavery.

On the other hand, the mercantile and industrial and agricultural systems based upon wage labor or self-employment—the classical system of developing capitalism—had not been at a standstill. On the contrary, classical capitalism in the free areas of the United States experienced an accelerated development, favored as it was by enormous expanse, by tremendous resources, by a relatively advanced political form, by distance from Europe's wars and by the rapid growth of population induced by the migrations of millions from strife-torn Europe. But the masters of this development found themselves hampered and restricted by a slavery-dominated state whose policies not only did not support them, but positively sided with the interests and needs of slavery. For example, a protective tariff to assist the young U.S. industries to gain undisputed mastery of their own national market was opposed by the raw-material producing and factory-product consuming planters. These same planters opposed active federal assistance—especially through money—for the building of a great transcontinental system of transportation and communication by which to tie together the national market as well as to bring in millions of additional settlers. The same interests opposed any

forward-looking money or banking or credit or trading legislation. Again, the rapid opening up of the great West to the settlement of millions of smaller and independent farmers (thus enormously expanding the market here) was opposed by the Southern planters. They wanted the land reserved for themselves, if anyone was to use it. They did not want their political dominance in Congress to be challenged by the growth of free-labor-based and highly populated new states.

This socio-economic transformation, which brought farmers and workers and industrial capitalists in opposition to the continued rule of the slave-owners, tended to create new political organizations and to bring forward new and meaningful political contests. It tended, also, in less direct ways, to sap the strength of the planters. Until now, the slave-owners had always met with particular support from the Northern merchants, who had hauled their crops and managed their marketing problems and often secured them the loans they needed. But as the agricultural economy of the North and the new West grew, as the factories multiplied in Pennsylvania, New York, New England and the Great Lakes region, more and more of the merchants gave up shipping cotton and sugar and took over the shipment of corn and wheat and finished goods. The merchants divided up into factions, thus helping to split the old parties, kill the Whigs, create the Free Soil Party, and then the Republican.

The interests of the Western farmers diverged steadily from those of the planters. Their economies became more and more tied to the East, following the lines of the newly constructed railroads and the development of great markets in the cities of the North and in Europe. This ended the dream of some of the more far-visioned slave-owners—John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, for example—of an alliance between the slave-owners of the South and the farmers of the free areas against the industrialists of the North.

THUS the pioneer, radical Abolitionist movement grew because of the leadership and fight of its members, because it was in the mainstream of the best of American tradition and ideology, because it represented the most profound need of the millions of Negro men and women. It grew, too, as the country as a whole went through the socio-economic transformation we have sketched, and as the opposition to the slave-owners' domination became increasingly common. To develop an Abolitionist movement in a country which more and more resented Bourbon domination was a quite different struggle from the attempt to originate such a movement in a country so dominated. By the late 1840's, the

Abolitionist movement had become a bona-fide mass movement wielding decisive influence in the country, politically and ideologically.

It is worthy of note, too, that this movement gave impetus and even birth to other great democratic and popular struggles. This is especially true of the battle for women's rights; for just as it is true that women were of decisive importance in carrying forward Abolitionism, so it is true that in doing so they developed a movement for their own equality. It is also a fact that while racism penetrated deeply into the national consciousness and infected even the working class, the basic interests forging unity between the working class and the Negro masses evidenced themselves even in the days of slavery. In this connection, it is of great interest that the young Marxist movement, taking roots in the United States by the 1850's, actively participated in the struggle against slavery, just as Marx personally did so, especially through his writings in the very influential *New York Tribune*.

Lastly, the Abolitionist movement in the United States was part of a world-wide movement against the enslavement of the African peoples. Hence, this revolutionary movement had its international aspects and ties. There were common conventions, frequent consultations, and important expressions of international solidarity.

AS THE question of Negro slavery was of decisive consequence for nineteenth century United States, so the existence of the special oppression of the nineteen million Negro people today in the United States is of decisive consequence. The elimination of chattel slavery did not bring with it the real freedom of the Negro masses, nor did it bring about even that degree of freedom characteristic of bourgeois society at its most developed. Rather, the system of slavery and racism was replaced by a system of Jim Crow and chauvinism. The bourgeoisie, gaining control of the State, usurping much of the wealth of the South, and desiring the enormous super-profits to be made out of the special exploitation of the Negro people, have maintained and intensified that exploitation.

But, as in the nineteenth century, so in the twentieth, the struggle for Negro freedom constitutes one of the basic progressive forces in American life. Even more than earlier, it merges with all the democratic and progressive struggles of the American people as a whole, and of the American working class above all. It has also the special quality of a struggle against racism and the struggle of an oppressed people for full dignity; in this aspect the struggle of the Negro people in the United States merges with the great national-liberation and anti-colonial movements now shaking the pillars of the "free world."

4 YOUNGER POETS

WHEN I WAKE MY LAST MORNING

Dedicated to Marie, an organiser of Farm Labor in the San Joaquin Valley

Deep in the death of the hot sun
Slowly sweeping the last of vines
For the sweetening fruit
Magnificent empty crates
Curved, hunched
This farm stifling his heart;
The farm stealing the last eager beats.

A flowerless funeral oration in
A cardboard building, at ten A.M.
In the forest of tubercular sheets
"I sing to the last season of grapes
Poison apples and walnuts, like stars and sand
And open trucks, the fertile wind whipping by
And stiff mornings and hard nights
Vast horrifying fields, boney beds
Stinging pitiless cold
I shall dream nightmares of fruitless plants and flowerless funerals
When I wake my last morning live."

Susan Griffin

PROGRESS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

Once bearded wisemen
With stars in their pointed caps
Chanted symbols in a private language
And drew a black cloth of magic incantations
Over the sword and the chain
Now
A learned young woman
With a masters' degree
Delivers very logical lectures
When young men ask why they must die in wars

OLD FRONTIER

We are paying a visit.
It is three miles,
    three miles
To where we are going;
That is a long way to walk,
A long way. We are going to see the wife
Of a man who is in prison
For passing a bad check once when he was hungry
    and had no food.
We walk down a narrow and endless avenue
Lined with the neon signs of bars
And then with houses with their shades drawn.

Three miles; it is a long way.

You must give hope to the wife of a man,
But what can you say to the wife of a man,
In prison for passing a bad check
    when he was hungry
    and had no food?

Peter Nurmi

IT'S HARD TO SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY

It's hard to sleep when you're hungry
It's hard to love when you're dead
When your head's not on your body
It's hard to use your head

When your arms end at the elbow
It's hard to start a fight
When your hair comes out in handfuls
Will you know which side was right?

The guns are cocked and ready
The world is set on alarm
Before they can press a button
Please tell them to disarm!

It's hard to sleep when you're hungry
You'll get no love when you're dead
And who do you think will help you,
When you're looking for your head?

War is the first illusion
This willful world must lose;
There's no need for confusion—
I'd rather live. You choose.

WOULD YOU MIND

Would you mind
Moving over a little
I can't see
I've felt like this for a long time
Like you were in my way
With stories and lies
But I was too small
To think I might be right

But now if you move over
I'll be able to see
And maybe I'll tell you what I see
And then maybe you'll see it
And maybe you won't.

Gita Isaac

TO FOUR YOUNG MEN OF COURAGE

"A cup of coffee"
The young man said
And soon all the stools
In all the plastic lunchrooms
    in the land of the midnight terror and
    hooded hate and back doors and
    the gallows tree
    and porcelain bowls labeled as to hue of skin and
"A cup of coffee"
The young man said
And don't you know
    a young man can't wait too long
Don't you know

Listen my countrymen
Listen
Hear the sound we've often heard before
    the sound of slaves astirring
    singing freedom
    south of Purrysburg
    singing "freedom"
Hear the sound of the blackman crying
    and remember the sound of the whip acracking
    and the blackman going down and so

"A cup of coffee"
The young man says
And the coffee don't come
And the young man don't move
    like he's supposed to

'Cause he is in the land of Lincoln
'Cause he's in the land of Paine and Whitman and Washington
and Valley Forge and Gettysburg and fourteen bright shiny
hardly used amendments and life
liberty and a few other things and you must
Listen my countrymen listen
Listen and hear
The sound we've often heard before
of blackfolks
with guns
aloaded on the Sea Island Shore
shouting
"Where's our acre?"
"Where's our mules?"
It's sister Mary in her robe of glory
ready to step out
and go awalking in the bright noonday sun
therefore

"A cup of coffee"
The young man says
And young men across the blood stained golden land
Say
"give him his cup of coffee"
now
it's about due
the game's over
make this country safe for a young man to
dream in any colors he wants and to grow up with
a dollar in his pocket like a man ought
And the young man is sprayed with the saliva of the remnants
of our combined ignorance and beaten with the hands that
think they're free yet are bound to the ovens
and the swastikas and stakes and crosses and sh-h-h
Listen
Listen
Hear
Now the sound we've often heard before
It's the sound of a child's silent terror
on passing through a mob
of southern white womanhood

shouting "we hate"
"we hate"
"we hate niggers"
to a little girl with terror in her eyes
Hear the bewildered sound of a woman chased by a hood and a baseball bat
swinging 'cause she's better
'cause she walks down the street like a lady
and through the stores in town in the bright noonday sun

"A cup of coffee"
The young man says
And the coffee don't come
No, this time we won't close our ears
America
We can't close our eyes
America
'cause there's no such thing as closing your ears to
a youngman
with cheek turned
that sits in the doorway
waiting for the sun

Listen my countrymen
Listen
Hear the sound we've often heard before
Hear the sound of crying
Hear the sound of silence
Hear the sound of a whole city's blackfeet moving
defiantly towards the sun
Hear the youngman in the slim
slim tie sitting on the stool
he says

"A cup of coffee"
The young man says
And don't you know
a young man can't wait too long
Don't you know?

Carl Bloise

PROKOFIEV AND THE INTEGRITY OF THE ARTIST

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

ISRAEL NESTYEV'S new book on Prokofiev is not to be confused with his book of the same title which appeared in translation in 1946. Although some sections have been carried over from the earlier study to the present one, the new book is more than three times the length of the old. It now examines practically every work which came from Prokofiev's pen from his birth in 1891 to his death in 1953. As such an exhaustive study, it is an immensely valuable book which can serve as the foundation for any future critical work on this outstanding composer of our century.

Nestyev's book has other claims to possessing exceptional interest. The most imposing treatise by a Soviet Union musicologist to have appeared in English, it embodies in its critical approach a development and application of the prevailing views in the Soviet Union, relative to socialist realism, as against what are seen as the decadent trends predominating under capitalism. And it applies these criteria to a composer who is not only one of the most important figures in 20th century music, but also one of the most complex.

For in Prokofiev's first period, extending from about 1912, when he was recognized as a force in Russian music, to 1918, when he left the newly established, and embattled, Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to try his wings abroad, he was one of the leaders and storm centers of Russian "modernism." Yet, as Nestyev points out, there were qualities

Prokofiev, by Israel Nestyev. Translated by Florence Jonas. Stanford University Press, Stanford, California. 528 pages, $8.75.

of sweet and tender lyricism that marked him off as not altogether the sardonic jester bent on shocking traditional ears. Then, in the period of Prokofiev's sojourn abroad, when he made a number of American tours but worked largely in Paris, the formalist and decadent trend, as Nestyev puts it, grew to be paramount, and brought him to the verge of artistic crisis. And from the time of his return to the Soviet Union, in 1932, to his death, the humane and meaningful trends came to the fore, with notable contributions made to socialist realism. Still, even in this most rich and productive period, there were comparative failures, which Nestyev describes in such terms as melodic dryness or inflexibility, and similar effects of modernism.

If some of the terms which Nestyev uses sound strange to western readers of music criticism, it is worth noting how closely the judgements that spring out of these criteria correspond to the reaction of western audiences to the music itself. For out of Prokofiev's early period, which are the works that have been most cherished by audiences in the West? They are precisely those that Nestyev, himself finds to be most lyrical, and suffused with human feelings; works like the *Classical Symphony, Third Piano Sonata* and *Third Piano Concerto.* The violent "shocker" of this early period, the *Scythian Suite,* has not worn so well. Then if we go to the works of Prokofiev's "Paris" period, which include such major and ambitious efforts as the opera *The Flaming Angel,* the ballets *Age of Steel, The Buffoon,* and *The Prodigal Son,* the *Fourth* and *Fifth Piano Concertos,* the *Quintet,* we find that none of them have established themselves in the repertory, in the west. Finally, when we turn to the works of Prokofiev's "Soviet" period, we again find that those works which Nestyev appraises as most meaningful, humane in feeling, realistic, and contributing to socialist realism, those works which are most popular in the Soviet Union, are also most popular in the West; the *Alexander Nevsky* cantata, *Peter and the Wolf,* the ballets *Romeo and Juliet* and *Cinderella,* the *Second Violin Concerto,* the *First Violin Sonata,* the *Sixth* and *Seventh Piano Sonatas.*

Thus, if we abandon critical catchwords and examine the actual life, production and currency of music, it seems as if the influence on Prokofiev of the Soviet Union, with its avid discussions of the relation of music to real life, human progress and socialism, and its sharp critique of modernism as leading to decadence, was not that of ideological repression but musical liberation. It can well be argued that thanks to the presence of a socialist society, a great talent was saved from disintegration, and saved not for the Soviet Union alone but for the whole world.

And the counterpart to this picture appears in what has happened to

big talents, of or near Prokofiev's generation, in the West, where presumably "freedom" holds sway. We must first examine carefully what is meant by "freedom," for it is too important a term, to life and art, to be allowed to become an empty catchword. Certainly, the right of an artist to shape his work exactly as he wants to, to put into it exactly what he feels to be real and true, is basic and central to art, whether under socialism, capitalism or any other social system. But this is not what is commonly meant by Western critics, when they speak of freedom. In fact, it is in the West, with its monstrous growth of a talent-consuming commercialism—something from which socialist society is free—that this freedom is most often and destructively infringed upon and denied. What is meant most generally in Western criticism is this; it is that once the artist has created his work, he should be free from such possibly embarrassing questions as, what does he say, as an artist? What view of life does he project? What relevance does this have to what is going on among people in real life? How does it fit in the currents of our time, with its forces for human destruction, and its possibilities for human progress and growth? What does he actually add to the powers of art? Is the world he projects a private and shrunken one, or does it envelop the experiences, sufferings, strivings and hopes of his fellow men? Certainly an artist has the right to reject such questions. He also has the right to commit artistic suicide. But such questions demand to be raised, if only so that artists may be presented with some alternatives, and those looking for it may find the exacting but fruitful path to the flowering of the talents. There is nothing more important to an artist's growth than to discover how his work actually affects people, or what meaning it has for them, and by so doing, to learn from them. It is not only the artist, but real life, that creates his work for him, but he must let life do this. Criticism in the West, however, does not strengthen these ties, but rather tends to cut them. Instead of opening up a window on life, it holds up a mirror to the craft, at the same time distorting its importance.

In the fury and bluster of so much Western music criticism when it touches on socialist trends, it is not uncommon to find the Western "advanced" music described as "revolutionary," while that of the Soviet Union is scorned as "bourgeois" or "traditional." Underneath the distortion created by these catchwords, lies a fact worth considering. For the term "revolution" tossed about today so lightly in the West, in respect to the arts, is only the furious, despairing disillusion, at the height of the imperialist crisis, with what was most democratic, humanist and social minded in the bourgeois heritage itself. Marxist thought has never regarded

this kind of assault on the past, with its resulting medievalism or primitivism, as a "revolution." It sees each stage in progress, in real life and the arts, as the logical step prepared by the entire progressive achievements of past society. When some sobriety enters these cultural discussions, it may well be that a great debt of gratitude will be felt towards the socialist world for what it has done to preserve the heritage that the bourgeois theory treats so lightly and comtemptuously today.

It is for this reason that what the West calls "freedom," in words, turns out in actual life to be a path leading to unfulfilled promise and wasted gifts. Let us examine the great musical "rebels," who continued this blind path of "no saying" long after it had lost any real significance as a protest; in other words when out of the catastrophes of an imperialist-dominated world, new hopes were stirring among people the world over, and Prokofiev was finding such hopes taking the concrete form of shaping a new society in the Soviet Union. Igor Stravinsky is one of those remarkable talents, with a mastery of the sheer mechanical tools of music approaching genius. He has not found the road to recognition in his own time a rocky one. His music caused an uproar in 1913, but it did not take long for the discovery to spread that he offered no menace to established society. No composer has so numerous a clique of disciples and idolators. Countless treatises and articles have been written explaining and deifying him, while bludgeoning the public into accepting him as one who spoke the language of things to come. Eagerly, in European and American musical centers, each new work from his pen is performed. And yet not a single work of the last thirty years has established itself in the repertory.

So it is with Arnold Schonberg, whose "twelve-tone" or "serial" system, apparently so cryptic when he first evolved it, has now a host of followers. No work of his, created between 1930 and his death in 1951, has attained any currency in the concert world. Or there is Darius Milhaud, born one year after Prokofiev. He was a famous innovator, and today is a most honored composer. Yet no work of his, of the last thirty years, has remained current. And it is not that the more recent music of Stravinsky, Schonberg and Milhaud offers today any cryptic secrets. It is not baffling to listen to. It only begins to sound rather boring. The truth is that it has little to say which people find to be important to them. It seems that these composers who saw themselves as addressing the "future," and won such fame, but worked, to use Nestyev's terms, in increasing "isolation from the life and struggle of the masses," paid the terrible price of having gained the present and lost the future. And by contrast, a humane and meaningful work

like Prokofiev's *F minor Violin Sonata* is far from "easy" music. But it has appeared repeatedly in the programs of great violinists like Szigeti, Menuhin and Stern. And I have heard Oistrakh hold a packed Carnegie Hall audience spellbound with it, for it seemed in its course to crystallize the inner conflicts, tragic losses, and renewal of hope that we all shared in the Second World War. Because this work touches so deeply on the history of our time, in human terms, it can safely be said to have an assured future.

THIS is not to say that the situation in the Soviet Union, between 1932 and Prokofiev's death in 1953, was untroubled and free from errors and harmful tendencies. What is remarkable is that with the rising menace of fascism, backed as it was by the great capitalists of the entire West, with the horrors of the anti-fascist war, which cost the Soviet Union 20 million lives, with the threat of atomic war being raised against the people as they were binding their wounds and turning to rebuild a half-devastated land, so much that was richly creative took place. Certainly the problems of socialist realism tended to be over-simplified, along with the picture of bourgeois decadence. This helped foster bureaucracy among critical journals and performing institutions. One gets a glimpse of this when Nestyev refers to the years 1948-53:

> The theatres displayed an incomprehensible indifference toward Prokofiev's music. *The Stone Flower* was ignored for five years before being produced at the Bolshoi, and the composer did not live to see the new production of *War and Peace*. . . . February 1948 found the composer working intensely on the opera, *The Story of a Real Man* for the Kirov Theatre. He devoted all the spring and summer to it, firmly believing that this opera, written on a contemporary subject, would be a real answer to the criticism leveled against him. But his expectations proved wrong. A private performance at the theatre met with sharply unfavorable criticism, and for all practical purposes, the work was a failure.

As it happens, all three works mentioned are today, after Prokofiev's death, successes in the Soviet Union. Yet one should not be to quick to weep for Prokofiev. At the time when some important works were being too lightly or wrongly appraised, he remained one of the most beloved and respected composers in the Soviet Union. Honors were continually being bestowed upon him. A host of his works, both of older periods and of this period, were being widely and repeatedly performed. He had no problems of livelihood. He had every facility

for work. He had an audience in his own land such as no composer has ever found in the past.

THIS reviewer's main quarrel with Nestyev lies in the Soviet critic's view of the "modernism" of the 20th century as one unalloyed mass of decadence, with an accompanying failure to see the contradictions and conflicts that took place within it. It is true that he traces conflicting tendencies in Prokofiev. But in treating of the early Prokofiev, he tends to see this as a struggle between healthy and unhealthy trends, with the latter fostered by such influential figures as the mystical poet Balmont, or the ballet producer, Diaghilev. Prokofiev, at the time, was much more of a "whole" personality, and the problem he faced was a much more complicated one than that of favoring one tendency over another. If today the lyricism of the *Classical Symphony* is more enjoyable than the primitivism of the *Scythian Suite,* the fact remains that the first-named is also not the deepest of works. If Prokofiev had not reacted to his times with the violence of the second work as well as the tenderness of the first, he would probably not have been able, later, to write a work, so broad in its many sides of life, as *Alexander Nevsky.*

The atmosphere in which Prokofiev matured, in the early 1900's, was quite different from that of the latter half of the 1800's. With the older generation, a criticism of tradition, and a search for new paths, had been combined with a tie, either in thought or in actual life, with the movement for progress among the people. There was a general belief that the backwardness and contradictions of society could be solved by far-reaching reforms. But with the first decade of the new century, and the full weight felt of imperialism—the repressions in Russia after the revolution of 1905, the looming clouds of world conflict, the tighter reins over subject peoples, the American "adventures" in Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines—many artists felt lost. The revolt in the arts took the form of a wholesale rejection of all social ties.

Certainly, as Nestyev points out, there was an abyss between this revolt in the arts, and the revolutionary movement among the people. A Maxim Gorky was almost a lone voice in the arts. But what Nestyev does not show is how much of a world-wide movement this bourgeois disillusion was in the arts, how many of the best talents of the time it drew to itself, and how much it engendered a searching overhaul of all bourgeois culture. And so he finds it difficult to explain why the attacks on Prokofiev's "modernism" at the time came from the most reactionary political circles.

Even more violent were the contradictions in art after the First World War. But of this Nestyev writes:

> The postwar modernist schools in painting, music, and poetry strove to overthrow, once and for all, every known aesthetic canon. . . . In painting this formalist approach expressed itself in an absurd non-objectiveness, in chaotic combinations of incomprehensible lines and constructions put together with no regard for the principles of drawing and perspective. In music, clear melody degenerated and the functional relationship of harmonies disappeared, giving way to arbitrary and unrestrained cacophony. A great number of seemingly contradictory groups and trends sprang up in the bourgeois art of postwar Europe. While constructivism and cubism, with their cult of pure form and deliberate unemotionalism, were flourishing in France, Austria and Germany nurtured expressionist groups (especially Shoenberg and his school) notable for their morbid excitability, which was strangely combined with formalistic methods of serial composition. Basically, however, one common trait characterized the art of all of these groups and schools—a complete lack of meaning and content, the result of their isolation from life and struggle of the masses.

IT IS true that this was a bourgeois revolt, no more to be confused with the working class, Marxist critique of all of class society, than anarchism is to be confused with scientific socialism. It is true that this "revolt" was no preview of the art of the future, and that for the artist in all the arts to embark upon a fruitful creative path, to gain some ground for faith in humanity and confidence in progress, he had to ally himself with the working class and its world view. This meant as searching a critique of "modernism" as that had been of previous bourgeois art. Precious tools for the study of real life had to be regained. It is also true that already, before the First World War, this "revolt" began to show many of the reactionary tendencies that would later become the ideological equipment of an imperialism no longer able to say that it could promise a good life. Such tendencies were the "disillusion" with science, with democracy, with belief in progress, and with the very revolutionary principles through which the bourgeois had risen out of the feudal world; a turn to the middle ages, a revival of theology, a discovering of undying "truths" in primitive magic. This "revolt" came to a dead end of subjectivism. But this wholesale re-examination of tradition was a crucible through which many great talents passed. Mayakovsky rose out of this "modern movement." Picasso became a Communist and used his art to help the cause of anti-fascism and peace. Aragon, Eluard and Neruda passed through this movement. Bartok preserved his ties to the Hungarian peasantry, and inspired by the rising tide against fascism, entered into a rich, increasingly humanist period of composition which was sadly cut off by his death. In other words, there

were contradictions throughout this movement which Nestyev fails to see, other than in Prokofiev.

And even within the ideological limitations surrounding this modernist revolt, much of its work at the outset embodied genuinely human and artistic experiences. A tragic lamentation or an ironic, bitter laughter over a collapsing civilization, for all its ideological short-sightedness, can be a genuinely affecting psychological expression, and as such, may even provide some expressive tools that will find use in an art with a much broader and more hopeful view of life. Certainly, critics in the West have failed completely in the task of analyzing this movement honestly, exploring what it does say and what it doesn't say, appraising what worthwhile tools it did add to the art and what it erroneously discarded, separating the genuine expressions from the shallow and degenerate. And so it becomes all the more important for Marxist critics to make up for this lack.

ONE quality was affirmed early in this "revolt" that is of great importance to the art. It is the integrity of the artist. Of course, integrity itself amounts to little, if it has nothing to say that throws any light. But without it, there is no good art, socialist or otherwise. This is not to say that integrity has continued to be a quality of modernism. On the contrary, today, when there is no justification at all for its existence as a movement, when its "rebellion" is an empty pose hiding the worst kind of conformity, the movement itself has become a set of new academic schools, saturated with frauds, fakes, pretensions and commercialism. The *avant-garde* art and music we now have represents the vacancy of mind engendered by a deliberate scurrying away from the problems which in real life people are resolutely solving. But when the 20th century "revolt" did represent a courageous critique of mounting academicism, when the artist went against the stream of bourgeois smugness, this movement did foster integrity. The artist had to be true to himself. He laid himself bare in his work.

And this quality Prokofiev had, throughout his lifework. It helps explain not only his successes, but also his comparative failures. He would never take the easy way, and produce a superficial work. Others did sometimes produce superficial works, forgetting that their work showed no great truth to socialism if it was not at the same time wholly true to themselves, in the deepest way. Prokofiev may have produced works weak in melody, but when he did create a melody, it generally had a firm, unbreakable and lasting life. His melodies, like the tragic ones in the *Eighth* and *Ninth* piano sonatas, for example, or the serene

ones in the *Seventh Symphony,* or the ironic, sad and tender ones in *Romeo and Juliet,* haunt the mind and are permanent possessions. Because of his integrity, his work shows a constant facing up to the exacting problem of creating a musical form that would be broad and sweeping in its grasp of life, and ring absolutely true. It was a most difficult task, and perhaps even his successful work, with the passage of time, will show weaknesses in this respect. More than most composers, he reworked his compositions. Thus parts of the opera, *The Flaming Angel,* were recast as the *Third Symphony.* Ideas from the ballet *The Prodigal Son* reappeared in the *Fourth Symphony,* ideas from the latter then flowered in *Romeo and Juliet,* and finally the *Fourth Symphony* itself was completely rewritten. A melody from *Alexander Nevsky* found a new development in the touching and whimsical *Cello Sonata.* The opera *War and Peace* exists in two drastically different versions. To understand this entire process of working and reworking, and an output of not only successes but also earnest failures and in-between works, we have to see not only a pull between "realism" and "modernism." We have to see all the shocks and conflicts of an age in which there were more bitter struggles between contrasting views of life, greater catastrophes, greater victories, and more rapid historical changes, than ever took place before. These were difficult times for the artist, and the greater the artist was, the more difficult he found them. For this reason the genuine faith in humanity that finds expression in Prokofiev's works, coming as it does out of hesitations, doubts and tragic expressions, makes them exceptionally precious.

ONE of the great achievements of the Soviet Union, which critics in the West fail to see, is that its ideological examination of the arts has as a main purpose the fostering of an active audience which in the final analysis is the only real judge of what is meaningful. Socialism refuses obsequiously to wait for "posterity" to gather its artistic fruit, and separate the genuine from the sensational. This spirit runs through Nestyev's book, and it is well expressed in his closing pages:

> It is still too early to speak of Prokofiev's works as classics; his music is too firmly rooted in the present. There are still many heated discussions about the composer in both professional and amateur circles. His compositions have not yet taken their place on the shelves among the collections of universally accepted and revered works. Many of them must be played again and again, heard and evaluated anew from the perspective of our day. Only then will it be possible to define more precisely which of the compositions born of passing fashion will be relegated to

obscurity, and which will rightfully become part of Russia's classic heritage . . . Prokofiev's music belongs to our epoch and not only to posterity. Let us study it more carefully, play it more widely, and make it accessible to the millions of ordinary people for whom this great Russian musician worked so selflessly.

This is a proposal in which the West can well join, to its own advantage. And it would be well if the West could find ways and means to subject some other 20th century composers, whose names are more idolized than their music is heard, to a similar searching appraisal.

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THE OLD MAN AND THE FISH

ROBERT FORREY

A BREEZE drifted in through the doorway and touched the old man on the cheek. It was a slight breeze. It was a breeze that comes just before dawn. The old man felt the breeze in his sleep. Without waking, he rubbed the back of his hand across his cheek. But the breeze came again and it woke the man. When he woke he remembered he had been dreaming about the boy. He had dreamed about the boy many times. He dreamed of him more now than he dreamed about the lions on the beach in Africa. That was in a far country and he did not dream of the lions much anymore. He did dream of the boy though, and often just before dawn. Why was that? he asked himself. He did not know. There were many things he felt he did not know.

He rose and threw the army blanket on a chair. He now slept on a surplus army cot. He now had bread to eat in the morning. These were part of the luxury that the new life brought. He yawned and went to the door where he looked out and stretched, not archly as a young woman or man does, but tentatively like an old man whose muscles are no longer supple does. He was an old man now. He might even be called a very old man by those who were very young. He was even older now than when he had caught the big fish that the sharks had taken from him. He had felt very old when the sharks had taken the fish, and even older when the boy went away.

He thought these thoughts slowly, as those who have just waked think slowly. He took his bread from the waxed paper in which it was wrapped. There also was smoked fish. He bit the bread and then bit the fish and when they were together in his mouth he chewed. He

chewed them slowly as old men who have no teeth chew, for he was an old man without teeth.

He got up from the chair and let the crumbs fall to the floor. The mice would eat the crumbs during the day. He would be in his boat dropping his baited lines to the bottom of the sea for any foolish fish to bite. Back home the mice would come out of the walls of his little hut and eat the crumbs. He slipped on his faded shirt and as he unbottoned the two buttons that remained he thought of his fishing and of the mice eating the crumbs and he said aloud to himself, There are some things the revolution has not changed. He went out of his hut down to where his boat was. He had not walked far when he was joined by Manuel who fished in the bigger boat with other men.

Hello old one, Manuel said to him.

He did not like Manuel much.

Hello, young one, he answered.

Perhaps today will be your lucky day, old one?

Perhaps, the old man said.

Although this is not the hurricane season, Manuel said, nevertheless we heard on the radio last night of a storm which would come today.

The old man looked at him from under great bushy eyebrows. Then why do you go out today? the old man said. He did not like Manuel nor the big boat he went out in with the others nor the radio that they used to cheat with the weather.

Because the radio this morning said the storm turned around and is now going to Florida. It would rather face the Yankees, old man, than Cuba. Manuel laughed but the old man did not.

Two others joined them. The others were friends of Manuel. They fished in the other big boat, for there were two big boats. Both boats caught much fish and had radios. When one boat found a school of fish it would call the other boat on the radio. Sometimes the other boat had fish enough of its own and the call was for nothing.

Hello Manuel. Hello old man, the other two said. One of them had a beard and the other a moustache. Everybody seemed to have a beard now, if they did not have a mustache, the old man thought. The fish did not have beards, though, and for this the old man was grateful, for some things did not change.

The old man did not walk very fast but the others slowed down to his pace. The old man walked even slower than he would have, but the others just slowed down with him.

The others will be waiting for you, the old man said. You will keep them waiting.

No matter, the one with the beard said. They will not leave without us. They walked along slowly.

It is not good to fish alone, Manuel said.

He did not always fish alone, the one with the mustache said. Once he used to fish with a boy.

Yes, I know, Manuel said.

The old man had heard them say that many times. Ahead in the first light of the sun they saw shadows of the other men walking down the road to the boats.

They reached the old man's boat and they stopped to help him.

I can manage alone, the old man said. But they did not listen. The one with the mustache pulled the boat closer to the dock. There was seaweed on the rope and he picked it off and threw it back in the water.

What do you think ever happened to that boy, old man? Manuel said.

I do not know the old man answered. He had answered that way many times before. He knew that next Manuel would not ask a question but tell the answer. He was one of those two they hung with their testicles in their mouth, Manuel said.

The old man threw his lines in the boat. He stepped in while two of the others held the boat steady.

I have heard that story many times, the old man said. He was an old man and those stories which were told many times he would be sure to have heard many times.

Nobody knows for sure except those who did it, the one with the beard said. It could have been any two boys for it was not unusual for boys to be in trouble with the old regime.

Yes, the other said. They hated boys for the boys grew into men and men gave them even more trouble. Is that not so old man?

The old man sat down and placed the oars in the locks. I do not know about such things he said, but I think the boy went to the United States. That is why I think he never came back.

Men from the other two boats called that they were late.

Perhaps, Manuel, said to the old man. Who knows?

I know the old man said. I think he went to the United States and that he is a broad-shouldered young man now. He likes baseball still but he likes girls even more.

Perhaps, perhaps, Manuel said.

The old man dipped his oars into the water and pulled his boat forward. The others started trotting toward their own boats. There

was much more light now and the old man could see them running.

They disapproved of his going out in the boat alone. He knew that but he did not care. He was very old and he did not care to change his ways now. You cannot teach an old dog new tricks, he like to tell himself. No, he said aloud, and he pulled slowly on his oars, you cannot teach an old dog new tricks.

Soon the top of the sun appeared on the horizon. It was a bright sun. It was the kind of sun you get late in the year. The sun was very red. Even at his age, the old man believed each day brought a new sun. He did not think that this was the same sun that had gone down on the other side and came up on this side. Each day was new. Each sun was a fresh sun to be burnt out in one day.

He rowed and he rowed. Long after the other two boats had passed him he continued to row. The men had stood in the boats and watched him as they passed. One man had waved his cap. No one had spoken. Their voices would have carried across the water. There was no sound but the sound of motors of the new boats that the government had bought.

The younger men needled him for his old fashioned ways. They thought it was foolish for him to go out by himself far in a small boat for big fish. They did not understand that he had always done so. No matter who ruled the island he had always fished for big fish from a small boat. He liked to think that of those things which would never change one of them was that some man would always fish for big fish from a small boat. That is one of the things he wanted to be always true, like the sun coming up each day, as if it were a new sun and yet is always there.

The sun was over the horizon now. It was ascending slowly like a huge red balloon. The red was not so red. The red was more orange than red.

Overhead seagulls circled looking for their breakfast. The old man's oars dipped into the water, propelled the boat forward a little, and then dipped again.

He did not like to think that the boy was hanged with his testicles in his mouth. He knew such things happened, but he did not like to think they happened to the boy. When he had brought the skeleton of his big fish in, the boy had cried. The boy was not interested in politics then. He liked to fish and read the box-score of the baseball games. He too, was a fan of the great Dimaggio. But things had happened so fast. The bearded ones had fought in the mountains and the government had fallen. Nothing seemed permanent. The great Dimaggio. Where was he now? The bone spur had stopped him short. Perhaps it was best. It

is not easy for the great to grow old. He had married a movie star. Ah well, the old man thought, he probably had passed that kind of thing up when he was young and that was why he was so great for the Yankees.

But who was this one with the beard? Was he as great as Dimaggio? He did not know. There was no batting average by which one could judge.

IT WAS nearly noon when the old man stopped rowing and started baiting his lines. He was out now beyond the bearded ones. He was even out beyond the birds. He was out where the big ones were and that is where he wanted to be.

He unwrapped the bread that was left over from breakfast. When his lines were over the side of the boat and angling deep in the water, he nibbled at his bread and talked to the sea. If you are there, he said, speaking to the big fish he hoped was eyeing his baited hook, know that I am your brother, and though I will hook you and drag you to the surface and beat you senseless with my oar, know that this is necessary, even among brothers.

He nibbled on his bread and stared into the sun reflected in the water. The sea was not as calm as it was in the morning. It heaved deeply and sadly like the old man's chest.

I only ask for one more chance for the big one, he said to himself. I still have tricks which I have not tried and it is only one more chance that I am asking.

He spoke like that to himself for he had been alone for a very long time and when he had struggled with the great fish for days he had even spoken to his hands.

He had lost that fight. He had caught the fish but the fish had not been the only loser. He and the fish had both lost to the sharks.

Do not fight the sharks alone in your old boat, old man, he said to himself. He sometimes said things like that to himself. You are an old fool, he sometimes said to himself, and he meant it. And yet he still wanted one more chance for the big one, sharks or no sharks and he continued to go out far for the big one.

He held one line in each hand. He could feel the slightest touch on his line. He knew what was touching the line, whether it was big fish or just a little fish fooling around with a baited hook too big for its mouth. He did not like the little fish to fool with his line. You could catch many little fish and still have nothing he said, and still not have the big one.

People cannot eat the big ones you do not catch and when you did catch it the sharks ate it, you old fool, he said to himself. He felt

that was the way Manuel would have liked to talk to him. That is what he saw in Manuel's smile when Manuel smiled at him.

But it was not Manuel's smile that was talking now but the old man talking to himself. He sometimes had great doubts. Especially after he had gone out far and caught the big fish and the sharks ate it did he have these doubts.

People were starving and you were after the big one, you old fool, and the sharks ate it. The old man talked like that to himself, and when he did he felt not only like a very old man but a very foolish and selfish one too.

Well that all depends on how you look at it, the old man said to himself.

Yes, that is right the old man answered himself, it all depends on how you look at it. I wonder how the boy would look at it now?

He cried when the sharks ate the big one, did he not?

Yes, yes, he cried, he answered. That is true.

The old man was satisfied that he had got the best of himself for now and that the argument would cease.

The sun was now falling in the sky. But it was still hot and the man was now wearing his hat. The lines still rested in his hands.

He jerked to attention when something nudged his line. He knew that it was a tail. The fish was circling his line and had swished the line with his tail.

He is looking at the bait, the old man said. Look it over, look it over fish, the old man said. He felt the fish nibble and he knew that it was not a big fish. It might even be a little fish.

That is not fair the old man said. I have come out far and rowed hard and am an old man to do these things and yet here is a small fish for my trouble. Although he waited and gave the fish an honest try he was not unhappy when the fish did not come back.

He is probably only a little fish and he has his fill, the old man thought, or he is a small one with a strong sense of smell and smelled the hook.

He did not like small fish much, although people lived on small fish. He did not like the shovel-nosed sharks either. They were small and come in packs. Small things go in packs, he said. Small people go in packs too. That is the conclusion that the old man drew from this line of thought. When he thought of some idea like this he liked to say it aloud to himself. Things carry more weight when they are spoken, he knew.

Small people go in packs, too, he said aloud.

Yes, you old fool, keep talking he answered himself. The sun is hot and your lips are dry and cracked. You are brown and wrinkled like an old shoe. Keep talking old fool.

Although it was late in the afternoon now, the sun was very hot. If I were back in Havana, he thought, I could get a cold glass of wine. Yes that would be good. But he had no glass of wine. Instead he closed his eyes and let the lines dangle loosely in his hands.

If I cannot have a cold glass of wine I can think of it, he said.

Yes, if you do not have big fish you can think of it, he answered himself. And if you do catch it, you drag it back to Havana and let the sharks eat it. But at least now there will be no stupid tourists to mistake the skeleton of the big fish for the skeleton of a shark.

How stupid those North American tourists were, he said to himself.

Were they like the sharks? old man he asked himself.

No, one hates them as much as the sharks but they are not as bad as the sharks. It would not be fair to say that. They are too stupid to be sharks. Tourists travel in packs but they are not sharks.

But there are sharks out of the water?

Yes.

Perhaps they got the boy, too?

It is possible.

You are an old fool?

Perhaps.

There are sharks and there are sharks?

Yes.

You do not dream of the lion on the beach as of yore?

That is funny, as of yore.

You are getting funny in your old age, old man.

Yes, funny.

Go home and die in peace, old man, and stop chasing big fish with a little boat.

The waves lapped softly against the sides of the boat. There would be no storm today, as the radio said, he thought.

But the radio was the one who said there would be a storm in the first place.

But now they catch much fish and there is always someone to buy the fish. In the old days sometimes the best fish went unbought because so many had caught fish and you were glad to get anything for your fish.

Soon they will hunt fish with radar. I do not now what that is, except they say that it is like radio.

Catching fish by radio. What is the world coming to?

Well the people eat, anyway. There is enough fish to eat and none of it goes to waste.

Yes.

If you will not go home and die like an old man, at least fish where there are fish.

It is so hard. I have been after the big ones for so many years.

Excuse me, you are a good fisherman but you have not really ever caught the big one. You have come close. But only close.

That is right but what dignity is there in catching little fish? I am an old man. I want to catch big noble fish.

You are wrong. Wrong.

So you say.

Forget the great Dimaggio. He was good too, but he is now batting coach for the Yankees.

Yes, I read that in the sports column.

Things change. Look at Havana.

The old man began to pull in his lines. It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was not so hot and the water less calm.

Where are you going old man, in closer to shore?

I think I will go home, the old man said.

You will not fish for the smaller fish?

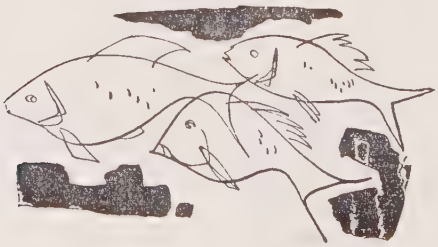
No. Not today.

But you are through fishing for big fish that can't be caught in little boats?

I think so. I leave that for big boats with the radios.

It is a long way home. Please keep quiet, he said to himself. And let me row.

He rowed slowly, as he always had, to save his energy for he had a long way to row. He rowed a long time until he saw the lights of Havana in the dark.



FROM CANDY BARS TO ANTI-COMMUNISM

PHILLIP ABBOT LUCE

THE John Birch Society was originally founded by Robert Welch in 1958. Since its inception it has spread throughout the country and now has set up its Home Chapters in most of the major cities of the country. The Birch Society is named after John Birch, an American missionary. To the followers of this god-like figure, Birch stands out as one of the most American of Americans and reactionary of reactionaries. It should be noted that a close friend of the deceased Birch, however, recently stated that "Robert Welch is doing dishonor to the name of an old friend, who fought for righteousness but not righteousness without humanity." Birch is described in one of the "official" publications of the society devoted to his life as being as American as John Alden and Buffalo Bill, to both of whom he is reportedly related. This same publication also goes on to state that the family lineage of the Birches has been traced back to William the Conquerer.

Birch was born in the Orient, the son of missionaries. He lived most of his life in China while his family returned to Georgia where they still live. Throughout the war against Japan, Birch fought for the Chinese War Lords and then he turned to the Civil War and joined with the same War Lords in their losing war with the Chinese Communists. Sometime following VJ day John Birch was killed under circumstances that the War Department termed accidental but which his followers call murderous. The publications on the life of Birch always turn from this data to a vilification of the State Department and the U.S. Government for its supposed protection of communists and left-

wingers. All the names from Hiss to Lattimore are again brought out and receive the same treatment as they did at the hands of McCarthy.

Having found a paragon of virtue, it seems that Robert Welch then took it upon himself to ordain the new society and to declare none other than Robert Welch as its leader and the only voice of power.

Welch, who comes from Belmont, Massachusetts, is the son of a North Carolina, Baptist farmer. He was an executive of the James O. Welch Candy Company before turning the business over to his brother and taking up the fight against the "red menace." Welch left the company in 1957 and immediately began to declare that the U.S. Government was run by "reds" and that such concepts as social security and the federal income tax were all a part of the communist plot to take over the world.

In the February, 1961 edition of the *American Opinion,* which Welch runs as an official publication of the John Birch Society, an ad from the Cherokee Textile Mills of Sevierville, Tenn. was carried, in which the above concept of the federal income tax was enlarged upon.

> The personal Income Tax, which was devised by Karl Marx and was prescribed by him in the Communist Manifesto for the self-destruction of America, is the source of all evil. It can, and must be repealed if America is to remain a nation of free people.

The errors in this quotation should be obvious. In the first place, Marx was writing, in the section where he spoke of "a heavy progressive or graduated income tax," of conditions in a country where the revolutionaries had secured power from the old bourgeois. Marx was not, contrary to the above comment, the first to think of a graduated income tax and he was certainly not writing of America specifically when he wrote the *Manifesto.* Marx and Engels also in this same manifesto suggested such other "radical" concepts as a "free education for all children in public schools." Be this as it may, this is by far not the most outrageous distortion of the John Birch Society.

Welch, after setting himself up as the "Founder" (with a capital "F") wrote a book which he entitled *The Politician.* A member of the Society recently told me that this was not a fact because Welch had never written such a book and "if he did he only would have shown it to his close friends." Well, he did write just such a book and in it lays the foundation of the John Birch Society. Welch's slanders against the U.S. Government are almost too fantastic for words. I shall, however, give a short example:

John Foster Dulles—"A communist agent."

Allen Dulles—"The most protected and untouchable supporter of Communism, next to Eisenhower himself, in Washington."

Welch has also accused "Tricky Dick" Nixon of being an agent of the "conspiracy," but Nixon, in a letter to the Los Angeles *Times,* was "critical" of the Birchians and their methods of attack.

THE Birch Society has openly dedicated itself to certain goals and tasks. They stand for "less government and still less government everywhere, down to the irreducible minimum necessary for a civilized society." In the *Blue Book* the society also claims that "democracy is merely a deceptive phrase, a weapon of demagoguery and a perennial fraud." The Birchians have dedicated themselves to "being realistic, we are determined not just to oppose communism, but to fight the Communists." They have found Communists in the personages of Truman and Roosevelt, whom they have referred to as "tools of International Communism," and the churches which are leveled with the charge of "preaching outright Communism from the pulpit."

The Birch Society is an organization that is formed and regulated in a strict corporate form. The society is divided into areas which are controlled by Volunteer Coordinators and Coordinators. The local chapters are subdivided into "cells" and these are directly under the supervision of a Home Chapter. "Applications for membership in local chapters should be approved by the Home Office." Yearly membership dues are $24.00 for men and $12.00 for women. No reason is noted for the sex differential, nor is it explained why a life membership is $1,000.00.

The actual Application for Membership in the society reads as follows:

> This is my application for membership in the ..... Chapter of the JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY, for one year from this date, and for automatic renewal each year thereafter, unless I resign in writing. I understand the dues schedule printed on the back of this sheet, as applicable to myself.
>
> If my application is accepted, I agree that my membership may be revoked at anytime, by a duly appointed officer of the Society, without the reason being stated, on refund of the pro rata part of my dues paid in advance.

The filling out of this application is, of course, contingent upon being asked to do so by a member of the society. No one joins because he wants to—he must be asked to. Once accepted into membership,

he is then eligible to attend meetings of two varieties. On the one hand, there are meetings wherein certain set projects are discussed and acted upon (supporting the House Un-American Committee or the movie "Operation Abolition" or getting signatures to impeach Chief Justice Earl Warren), or else the group may have its bi-monthly study session wherein the tactics of the "Communist conspiracy" are discussed and plans made to thwart them. In the later sessions the tapes of Herbert Philbrick are played and reprints of "The Red Menace," from the *N. A. M. News,* by J. Edgar Hoover has been passed out.

Along with an official "handbook," the Birch Society also uses *American Opinion,* edited by Welch and J. B. Matthews, who was the chief investigator for the McCarthy committee and wrote in the *American Mercury* that clergymen were "the largest single group supporting the communist apparatus" in the country, and printed by Henry Regnery, as a source of enlightenment. This publication, neither noted for its scholarship, truth, nor subtlety, recently called for all the members of the Birch Society to write letters to the "Honorable Syngman Rhee" supporting him.

The formal organization of the John Birch Society sets up Robert Welch as a ruler over his various subjects. His position is inviolate and not subject to any form of democratic ideals. Outside of the exalted position of Robert Welch, the society relies on "The Council" to take care of other affairs. The society explains that the functions of this "Council" are threefold:

> 1) To show the stature and standing of the leadership of the Society.
> 2) To give your Founder the benefit of the Council's advice and guidance, both in procedural or organizational matters, and in substantive matters of policy; and
> 3) to select, with absolute and final authority, a Successor to myself, as head of the John Birch Society, if and when an accident, "suicide" or anything sufficiently fatal is arranged for me by the Communists.

At times the paranoia seems to slip through.

This "Council" then is composed of men with "stature and standing" which include:

Spruille Braden (attorney and former ambassador to Latin America)
T. Coleman Andrews (former commissioner of Internal Revenue and now on the boards of two large insurance companies)
Ralph E. Davis (President of General Plant Products Corp. of Los Angeles)

Colonel Laurence E. Bunker (former personal aid to Douglas McArthur)
Adolphe Menjou (movie actor and former leader of Committee to Abolish the Federal Income Tax)
Clarence Manion (former dean of Notre Dame Law School)
N. T. Phelps (former Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Arizona)
Cola G. Parker (former President of Kimberly Clark, former President of N. A. M. and U.S. Employer Delegate to International Labor Organization)

If this list surprises anyone, the Committee of Endorsers of the John Birch Society is equally as terrifying:

District of Columbia
Brig. Gen. Bosner Fellers
Rear Admiral Paulus Powell
Vice Admiral T. G. Settle
Georgia
R. Carter Pittman
Louisiana
John U. Barr
South Carolina
Rober Milliken
Utah
J. Bracken Lee
Ohio
Gordon H. Scherer

That's right, Gordon Scherer. The guiding light of the House Un-American Activities Committee is on the Committee Of Endorsers of the John Birch Society. If anyone is so naive as to wonder why there is no investigation of the Birch group the reason is clear that the results of such an investigation would be a foregone conclusion. Scherer as an Endorser would never allow this group to be subject to the harassement of the committee.

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee did issue a statement on the John Birch Society that certainly did little to curb its activities:

> The John Birch Society, which you asked about is known to be a conservative anti-Communist organization. However, the subcommittee cannot endorse any organization officially. We are happy to state that it seems to be, from our records, a patriotic organization.

This subcommittee is chaired by James O. Eastland of Mississippi,

and besides his obvious character of red-batiting and position as a segregationist, the above list of Endorsers shows another reason why Eastland is in no position to attack the Birch Society. The people representing the states of Georgia, Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi and Tennessee are all connected with the infamous White Citizens Councils which insure Eastland of victory every time he runs for re-election. John U. Barr and R. Carter Pittman were the guiding lights in the formation of the White Councils in Louisiana and Georgia and are, in fact, on the board of directors of the Citizens Councils of America.

IN AN article in the *Jewish Spectator* of September, 1960 I carefully documented the fact that the White Citizens Councils were directly tied up with the anti-Semites who were responsible for the outbreak of swastika smearing that so plagued this country a year ago. In this same article I helped give some background on this James O. Eastland by quoting from a letter written me by John Kasper, the head of the Seaboard White Citizens Council and the notorious anti-Semite and professional bigot. Kasper wrote that "Senator Eastland, I know as a personal fact, knows the score on the yidds. Admiral Crommelin has talked to him about it and Eastland agrees it is so."

The actual membership of the John Birch Society is a well guarded secret. It is evident, however, that organizations of this group have sprung up in cities throughout the country and it is now reported that student branches are being organized quietly on many college campuses—one is already formed in secret at Ohio State. The society is not going to openly admit its membership for obvious reasons. If the numbers are not released, outside observors might overestimate its strength or else do the exact opposite and underestimate its power and resiliancy.

The propaganda of the society does tell us that "there have been one or two periods, such as the early part of 1960, when our membership increased 100 per cent in three months." Welch, himself, goes on to give a most unsatisfactory explanation on the question of membership: "The fact that our rate of expansion must be represented not by a parabola, but by an exponential equation, is significant." This followed by a footnote that is even less enlightening: "For the few who may be interested, the equation is y=A8x, where *y* is the total of our membership, *A* is a constant, and *x* is the age of the society, expressed in years or fractions thereof. And the formula which we hope to maintain, as explained further along, would be y=A4x, where *A* remains the constant."

Once the John Birch Society takes the field it is not anything to be laughed off. Following a policy of harrassment and intimidation the

society takes it upon itself to inform the community of any "menace," real or unreal, that is lurking within. The Birchians, believing that most any means will justify their ends of defeating all liberal thought, have used telephone campaigns to neighbors of the accused forcing community pressure against him, letters to school boards demanding the firing of certain teachers, and who is to say that this group was not behind the original bombing of the home of Frank Wilkerson? The truly fascistic nature of the group was recently made explicitly clear to me when in a conversation with a member, I was told that, rather than giving unemployment insurance, we should just allow all the poor "to starve to death" and that this would help relieve the unemployment problem "by giving people the job of burying them."

Along with their policy of spreading hatred and red-baiting, the Birchians have been a moving force behind the movie "Operation Abolition." Sometimes working through front groups, like the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation, the Birchians have helped to give Scherer and company the support he needs to keep this movie out of the fire. Recently, after the showing of this movie on a college campus, the following exchange took place between students and the sponsor of the movie—a Bircher:

Q. You stated that you think the Supreme Court is guilty of treason?

A. I think the Supreme Court ought to be arrested and tried under Article 3 Section 3 of the Constitution.

Q. Who would they appeal to?

A. No one

Q. Are you aware that Eisenhower has appointed the majority of the members?

A. I am aware of that.

Q. Do you think he is guilty of treason also?

A. I think he is culpable to some extent.

The calibre of attack used by the Birch group is so close to the neo-nazi, Ku Klux Klan attack that it is absolutely terrifying to realize that this group has now become a force in American society. The people that have dared attack the Society have immediately been subjected to the cry of "red" and anything else the Society can slander one with. A letter to the weekly *Time* magazine read:

> The article concerning the John Birch Society was of no surprise to the members.
>
> Our leadership had told us that we were beginning to hurt the Communists and their fellow travelers badly, and to be prepared for tripe such

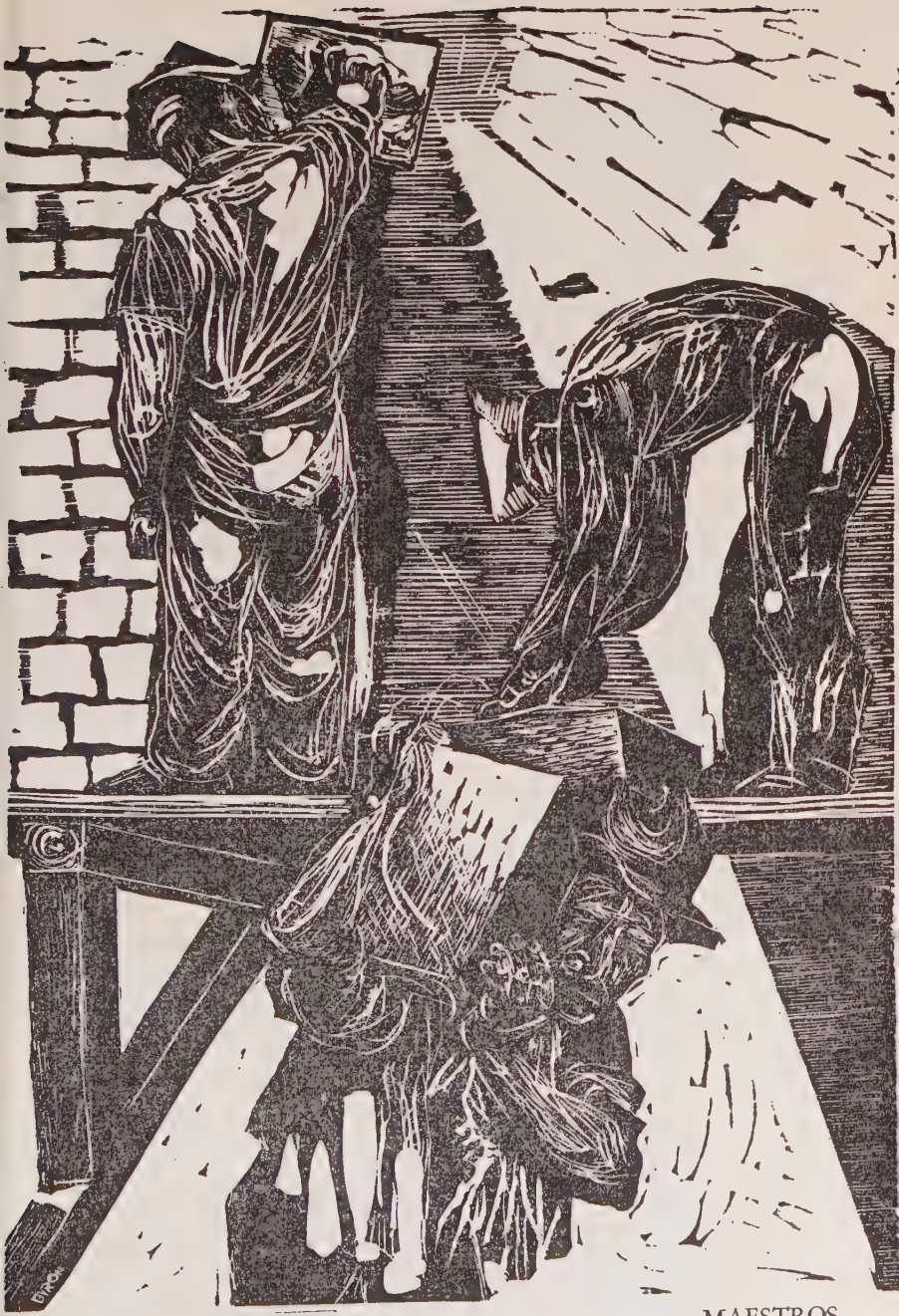
as yours and the sources from which it would come. Needless to say, their forecasting was entirely accurate.

Tell your comrades that they will be hearing a great deal from the John Birch Society in the years ahead.

The Birch Society is not, however, without its critics. Some of the more prominent names include Samuel B. Gould, chancellor of the University of California, Dr. Eugene Carson Blake of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States, Congressman James C. Corman of California; Governor Pat Brown of California has called for an investigation and Senator Milton R. Young of North Dakota has risen twice in the Senate to insert into the Congressional Record newspaper accounts about the society's activities and editorials criticising it.

Here is a group whose avowed purposes and obvious racist connections can only be termed fascistic. Here is the organization that may well be used as the ground work where any attempt made by the right-wing to try a coup of the American government. This idea is not unrealistic but has instead basis in fact. Harrison Brown and James Real in their book *Community of Fear* have expressed this same fear as have Paul Sweezy and Carl Marzani. The Birchians have directly tied themselves in with the big busines elements of the U.S., the military and the White Citizens Councils. Re-read the names of the endorsers and the "Council" of this organization. The John Birch Society has succeeded in uniting most of the right-wing lunatic fringe elements into a new, more terrifying organization.

To have unreasoned fear of a lunatic fringe group could lead to an overplaying of their cause. This organization, with its motto of—"This is a republic, not a democracy—Let's keep it that way!", is not just a fringe group. Here we find ourselves faced with a group which if it can incorporate members of the existing right-wing organizations, is well on its way to becoming a new Nazi Party. Only exposure and constant reporting of the activities of tihs group can help Americans defend themselves against its spread and development.



Byron Randall

MAESTROS

"We Must Find Our Way Out"

IT MAY well be that a painter's best thinking is done with his brush. But it can't do much lasting harm for him to venture a thought with his head once in a while, either. It isn't necessary to probe the very well-spring of creation, of course. That sacred water is easily muddied. Perhaps it is enough for a painter just to pull up long enough to make some sort of rough appraisal of where his art has come from, once in a while. This might give a clue about where his art leads to. We can all take some comfort from holding knowledge of destination.

Growing up in Salem, Oregon, had a good deal to do with the sort of painting I have done and the sort of thing I have chosen to paint in all the years since. The Willamette Valley comprised a built-in measurement to lay up against whatever piece of terrain I ran up against as possible painting matter, in one corner of the world or another. And those who were an influence during my formative years, one does not leave them behind, either. They become rather, a kindly jury—a conscience. It wouldn't do to disappoint their expectations. That, too, has been an advantage more often than not.

These have been bad times for painting, generally. There has been so much confusion about art "styles," or "schools," or the advance guard, or sanities in Art, or the most recent and spectacular production of all—Action painting. And so much that has gone in the guise of contemporary painting has not been rewarding to any numerically significant audience at all. I think that too often we have been given obscurity as a counterfeit for profundity. Indeed, the confusion has become so compounded by now that a prominent painter in the East advances the notion that the only way to save art at this point, is to set up Anti-Art Lovers groups across the country! This to prevent Art from being loved to death.

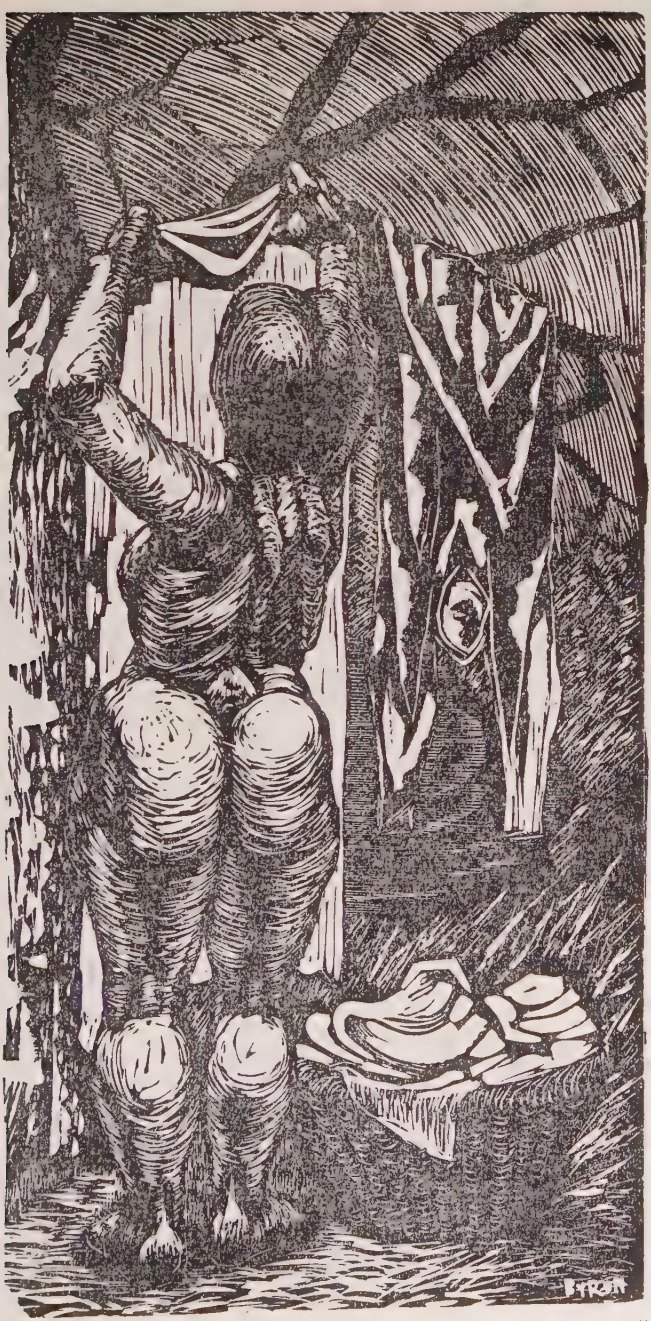
What causes all this confusion about contemporary art?

The answer to that, I think, is that we haven't found—or certainly haven't agreed upon—the use to which art should properly be put. The use of creative painting—or rather the lack of use, to put it more accurately—leaves artists quite free to create any sort of bedlam they wish.

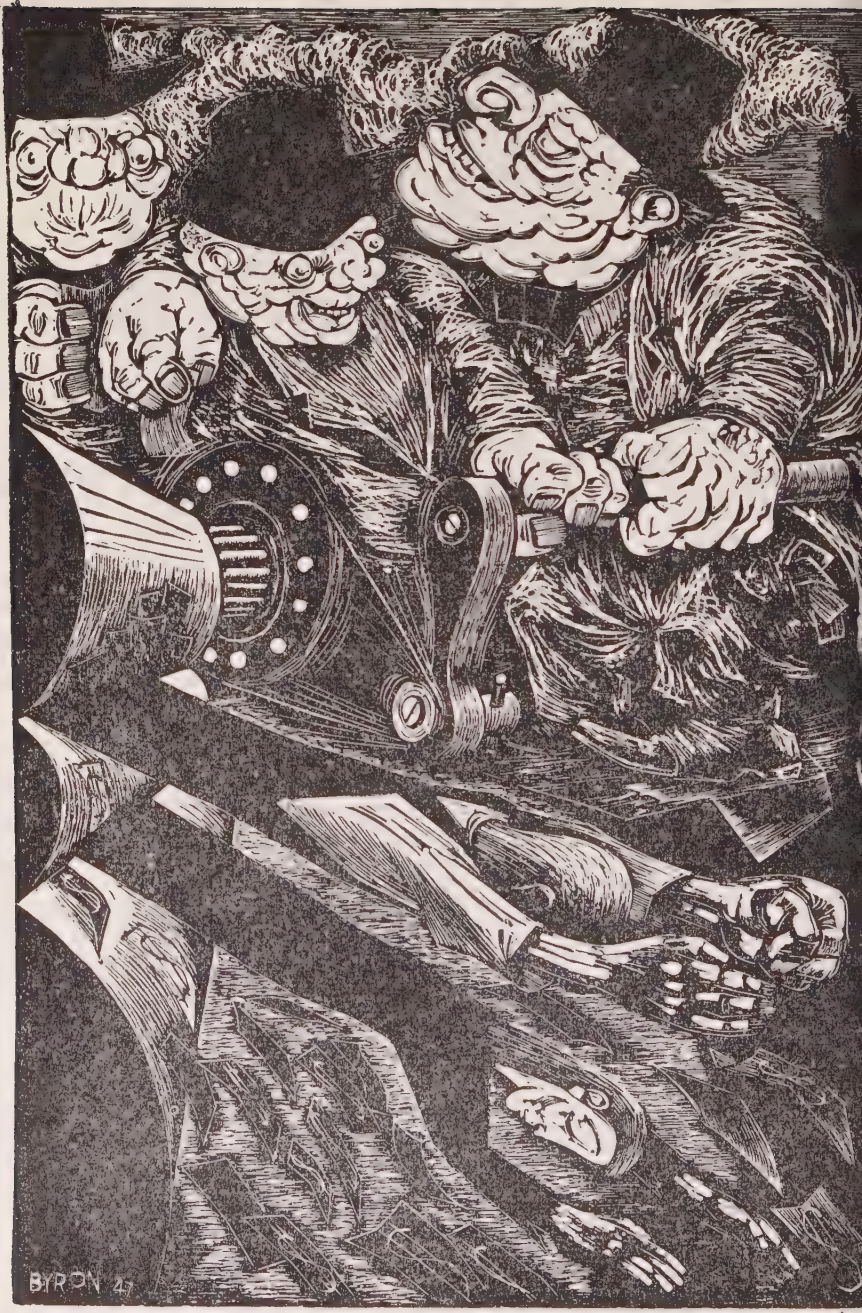
It isn't surprising that there should be such an uproar prevailing—in or out of art circles. We have lived in the darkest age of man's entire history. At a time when unthinkably hideous destruction confronts most of us on earth, the fragile zone of aesthetic poetry has been of relatively small moment amongst the rest of man's affairs. And being thus demeaned, it is quite logical that contemporary painting should have sometimes been used to frivolous, exasperating, futile ends.

We must finally find our way out of the underbrush. It may be helpful in this direction simply to ask ourselves what we are, as artists. And it might be even more helpful if we could become some new sort of hybrid animal in regard to our work. If we could be at once historian and prophet, it would help chart a clear course. When we know what we are, we will know better to what uses the product of our skill and training ought to be put.

Byron Randall



Byron Randall HANGING CLOTHES



Byron Randall "No. 32"

A MOTHER SPEAKS

JIRI MAREK

I WANT to tell you this story, sir, because you do a lot of writing and because it seems to me the time has come for it to be heard by an audience wider than my everlasting solitude. It will be your job to put my simple words down the way writers do—and put all the force and anger and sadness and warning into what you write that the written word can hold. You must do that, and then perhaps people will believe what I'm going to tell you.

I'm just an ordinary woman living in an apartment house and there's nothing remarkable about me. Hardly anybody knows me. My two windows look into a sunless street and through my curtains I can only see the opposite wall. I don't need a pleasanter view, because I'm always gazing back into the past anyway.

Once or twice a day the people in the house see me go out with my black shopping-bag, and then in a little while I go home again. I always walk slowly because I've got a weak heart and I can't get my breath properly. (Have you ever thought how many lonely women there are going in and out with nobody to notice them? The life around them has nothing to offer them; it's not for them that the lights in the shop-windows are gleaming; there's nobody waiting for them and yet they go on living as if they were on the edge of life and nothing but its shadow. And yet everything that happens is as much their concern as that of the people who are enjoying life to the full. But there is some affliction behind them, some sorrow that there is nobody to care about any more—a ruined life nobody ever talks about.)

"The old lady from the ground floor," they say, "off to do her shopqing."

One day the concierge noticed what year I was born and threw up her hands in amazement.

"Why, you're quite young! It's the white hair that does it."

"It's more than just that. I'm not young any more, either. There are times when I feel a thousand years old."

She started to laugh, but she looked doubtful and sad, as though she was sorry for me. But why should she be sorry for me? My life wasn't always like it is now. There was a time when life was wonderful. I and my husband were not badly off, and when our child was born we were very happy.

You see, there's nothing unusual about this story—thousands of people live that sort of life. I'm a bit afraid you'll refuse my story because it's too ordinary to be worth writing down. Be patient with me a little longer, please do.

War broke out. That's nothing special either, of course, we all went through it and we all know only too well what it meant. But don't you think it's far too little just to say "war" like that? It's just a word, three little letters that cannot by far express all the horror they hold. It's not a good word for it, it seems to me—it's too soft; it ought to grate and clash, it ought to hurt, it ought to reek of gunpowder and clotting blood —and still it would be nothing compared with the reality.

MY HUSBAND fought in the war—not with arms, that was impossible; he was caught and condemned for seditious activity. I was left alone with the child.

You must realize two things: on the one hand the horror and the burden of the word "war," when all human goings-on lose their point and when death sits down to table with the living; and on the other hand the tender charm of a little child clenching his tiny fists in sleep as if to catch at a fleeting dream.

You must describe this kind of sight, for instance: the sun shining on a path in the park, and a child shuffling his feet along the middle of the path, hooting and puffing and moving his hand up and down like a piston. Who says it's a path in the park where they're digging air-raid trenches and where people walk past tired out, never lifting their eyes from the ground? It's a train running along its rails—it's a wonderful adventure and the whole world is a wonderful place, for a glance is enough to transform it.

Or then, when he picks up his horse with the broken head—the block

of wood comes alive, a little lad is sitting on his back and shaking his curly head; but he's not being a sweet little thing, he's a big strong man, a knight-at-arms charging along regardless of obstacles and fearless of pitfalls. This ride will never end. And at that moment a sparrow catches his eye, beyond the window, and the horse falls to the ground, a useless block of wood again. There's a sparrow chirping on the window-sill! A little nose is pressed against the window-pane; why didn't he wait for me? Why did he waggle his tail? What does a sparrow say if he can't talk?

In a little while a many-colored ball is far more attractive than the sparrow; there's nothing like a ball flying high up in the sky and then coming down with a silly bump by your side.

(Meanwhile the grown-ups go past notices pasted up, proclaiming war and suffering and death.)

A chubby finger rests on the book and moves over the printed pages, hesitating at the beautiful pictures: people in cars, a coachman with a whip, a steamer on the river. . . . And all at once it stops being a finger, it's a chimney-sweep climbing up his ladder, one, two, one, two. "Mummy, where does the chimney-sweep sleep at night? And who puts out the stars? Is the sun bigger than my plate?"

Children are all beautiful, and most beautiful of all when they are going to sleep; dreams close round them like a feather-bed and before their weary eyes are quite closed a tiny little smile plays round their lips. Then the headless horse, the ball and the sparrow all come to sit at the head of the bed and live on, for the beauties of the world are endless.

Why am I telling you all this? Because I saw my child go to his death.

He wore the wondering look of a child as he went; he was astonished at everything around him. He went hand in hand with other children, a long procession of them. They were going to their death and they were so tiny, so gentle and so helpless.

My darling boy. . . . No, you needn't be afraid I'm going to cry. It's only my voice quivering. My tears dried up long ago and nothing but the horror of it remained. But horror does not weep.

You must describe this exactly as it was, too: the country-side was grim and bare with a deserted pathway running alongside the railway-line. Mud was drying on the path and the children's tiny feet were toddling along in it. There was a grey sky overhead and nothing moved far and wide—not even a leaf stirred, it was too horrible. Even the wind was shamed and the trees stood motionless; were it not for the roots holding them to the ground they would have fled from the horror of

it all. The world around was dumb and silent, a terrible ghastly silence in which nothing breathed. Nothing but this procession moved, these little children who had seen far too many horrors. They went quietly because they could not understand what was happening; the whole long procession walked as if they were going home from school, holding each other obediently by the hand. And the iron-shod boots of their warders clattered. Write it something like that, and don't forget to say the children went to their death.

I caught sight of them through the grating of the truck in which I and the other women were being sent on that long endless journey to the place of death they called the place of destination. It was a cruel journey; we suffered from hunger and thirst and several died on the way. But the greatest suffering of all was their taking our children from us. The uncertainty was the worst thing of all—what would become of them? Would they take them away? They would shut them up in some orphanage and treat them cruelly. It was a dreadful thought, but behind it there was a grain of comfort: that can be borne, if only the children are left alive. We don't matter any more. . . .

And then the procession of children went past the railway-line, went quietly past the transport which had been standing there for so long, went quietly and obediently along that path which led to smoking chimneys.

WE WERE all crowding around the grating of the window when I caught sight of the children—and what is more, I saw my own child. My boy! I shrieked and in the last moment of consciousness I saw him turn around as if he had heard me. Then the other women dragged me away from the window, they wanted to look too and we were all quite frantic. I lay on the floor of the truck and they trampled on me but I knew nothing of that, nothing at all. Later on I was told that such a terrible wailing came from the trucks that the order to move the transport on was quickly given; the weeping of those mothers was like a mighty flood no curses or blows could stem, not even the shots that were fired.

Then the women began to comfort one another (for there is one thing that never dies, and that is hope) that they were not our children at all. I could not possibly have recognized my child, because he simply wasn't there; such coincidences just don't happen. They weren't our children at all, they couldn't have been, because they were going to treat our children better and put them into an orphanage but not put them to death.

No, they weren't our children, the women kept on saying. They were other people's children.

How could they be "other people's children"? It was our hearts that broke for them.

And so my little boy walked along in a procession like that, my rosy, smiling little lad who worried about where the stars went to bed. And if it was not him, it was another boy. Death was the same for all of them, the death of children led along in procession, children whose toes were bursting out of their socks, who rubbed their grubby noses with their hands and whose hair was as soft as a sparrow's nest. Do words exist to convey the horror of it? Is it really possible to put down on paper what the mothers felt at that moment?

Worst of all, I survived—I did not die, although my heart stopped beating long ago. Death was ashamed to look me in the face and so I lived on and came back from it all. But my little son did not come back.

There you are, my story is no more than that: I saw my own child go to his death.

That's the way it is in wartime, somebody said at a meeting, in wartime even the children fight. That's not true—children don't fight, they only suffer. There are always few fighters in a war, but many victims and suffering without end.

Why am I telling you this? Because I want you to write down this cruel story, even if people complain that they'd much rather read happy stories about love and beautiful things?

Because people are talking about another war.

There is nothing left in my loneliness for war to destroy, nothing my empty life can be robbed of. But there are other women whose children are alive and wake up with a smile like my little son and go to sleep just as weary, children who have just the toys he had and whose brows the soft breeze of childish dreams caresses.

FOR all these people write and say I am keeping watch. Tell them that while people talk of war and sharpen their weapons, I hear nothing but the shriek of children being murdered. Tell them to think of that. When I walk through the park I don't see the children playing there— I see those who did not live to see the end of the war. I see processions of wondering creatures condemned to death and on the threshold of death asking whether the sun is as big as their plate.

I listen carefully to what the great ones say about war. I, a mother, a thousand years old, pierced by a thousand sorrows. No man can count

the graves of all my children, for all the dead were my children. And no man can bring back to me that one among them who would hug me with his plump little arms.

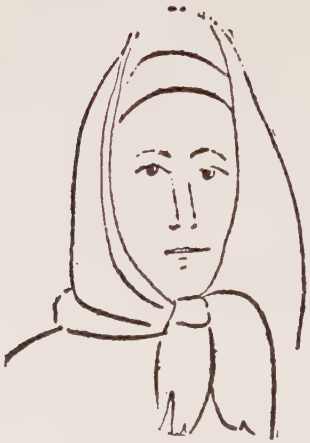
War? No, there must not be; the footsteps of the children who went to their death are like a drum sounding the alarm: there must not be another war!

My name is Mary, my name is Katya, my name is Rachel, my name is Penelope. I have a thousand names and I am the eternal mother of the whole world.

They talk of war, but I do not hear what they say. I hear children's prattle and I hear the shrieks of the slain.

I am stretching my arms wide, look at me, I am stretching out my arms to hold back this great horror.

I will hold it back. And if need be these old hands which will never more caress my child will grip by the throat those who speak of war.



STORY OF A WOMAN: Part 2

OAKLEY C. JOHNSON

There is not much to tell, in a way, for the next few years; or rather too much to tell in detail: singing in the Episcopal choir at church, finishing high school and starting normal school, looking after and training the younger children, cooking and doing housework, and reading *The Nation,* her favorite magazine.

In the family, things were not going well. Money was getting scarcer all the time, but it happened so gradually that she didn't sense the change clearly. Then the blow fell.

Papa committed suicide.

He simply shot himself, with the revolver he had bought for self-protection on his buying trips. He left no note, no explanation.

Slowly the reason for his action came to her, partly from looking over his business papers, partly from remembered incidents, partly from just plain intuition. The partner he had befriended and taken into the business had cheated him shamefully, and had reduced him from the position of head of the firm to the equivalent of a minor employee—loaded down with debts.

Mary Lea finished normal school the following June, became a school-teacher, re-doubled her work at home. That was 1912. She was 18. For the next five years she taught in overcrowded primary school-rooms for white children, and helped her struggling younger brothers and sisters. It was about this time that Judge Griffith, her cousin, stopped a lynching, and she was proud of him; but all the more sickened by the lynchings that were not stopped.

One of the schools she taught in was McDonough No. 19, situated in a working class neighborhood where wages were low and conditions poor. Some six blocks away was the segregated Negro elementary school, a dilapidated wooden building. As it happened, McDonough 19 was one

Part I of this story appeared in our April issue.

of two New Orleans schools in which token integration was to take place forty-odd years afterward.

During this time Mary Lea became increasingly aware of the larger world and its problems, and found pamphlets and labor newspapers in Alyson's Book Shop. She began to read the *Appeal to Reason, Pearson's Magazine* (edited by Frank Harris), and the *National Rip-Saw,* to all of which she subscribed. She was enthralled by Bellamy's *Looking Backward,* with its description of socialist community kitchens and dining rooms which relieved housewives of drudgery. She was excited and aroused by Marx and Engels' *Communist Manifesto.*

It wasn't until years later that she learned of Paul La Fargue, son-in-law of Karl Marx, who once, it appears, lived briefly in New Orleans, but she knew of the La Fargue family that remained, and heard vaguely that one branch was "radical."

The First World War started in Europe, and she was against it. But when the United States itself entered the War in 1917, and young men around her—including her brothers—were joining the Army, she was torn by a dilemma: where did her duty lie? She resolved it by joining the woman's section of the Marines, thus becoming one of the 400 Woman Marines of World War I.

A photograph of Sergeant Mary Lea Jackson in uniform is extant, reveling her as different and yet the same as at nine and at fourteen. She is filled out a little more, still slender, still forthright, still looking straight at you when she talks; but rather jaunty now, at once gay and crusading. She is ready either to compete and win prizes in the waltz at social dances, or to argue in favor of woman suffrage and socialism.

While in the Marines—in which she did recruiting, among other duties—and while the War was still going on, she subscribed to *Masses,* read pamphlets by Albert Rhys Williams about Soviet Russia, and openly expressed admiration for the Russians. The male members of her Post called her "the Bolshevik Marine." To one of them at mess, one day, she said: "George, Russia is going to be a *great* country." To which he replied, in a half-whisper, "Yes, Mary Lea, but don't say it out loud that way, in the Marines!"

The year after the War was over, when she was 25, she joined the Socialist Party, there in Louisiana, in the Deep South, and soon began to read *The Liberator,* which was the successor of *Masses.* She helped organize the New Orleans chapter of the League for Industrial Democracy, and was on its governing board. She greeted Kate Richards O'Hare, editor of the *National Rip-Saw,* who was jailed about the same time Debs was, when she emerged from prison, and entertained her

at dinner. Mary Lea was one of a small group that organized the New Orleans Public Forum, an inter-racial meeting-place where, for more than twelve years, both white and Negro—assembling in the old Woodmen's Hall—could hear talks by IWW speakers, college professors, socialists and communists. One of the speakers was an old Confederate general who repudiated his past, denounced the Confederacy and slavery, and argued for equality of all races.

At last came marriage, and for the next ten years a different kind of life, but still full of work—kitchen work, household drudgery. And still full of determined striving, too, for a higher life. Her husband was a much older man, a dentist. Mary Lea, the young matron, managed to attend Tulane University. In the seminar on labor problems, taught by Dr. Clarence Barnett, her classmates included Hale Boggs, now a congressman from Louisiana; DeLesseps Morrison, now mayor of New Orleans; and Howard K. Smith, now a CBS executive and radio broadcaster. At that time these three belonged to a student group called "Veterans of Future Wars." University girls organized the "Future Gold Star Mothers" and demanded a trip to France to see where their future sons would be buried. They were all radicals—*then.*

Soon came the days of Huey Long, the American style fascist, and from all over the world newspaper men came to observe the phenomenon. Mary Lea the matron set up an informal salon and boarding-house, where she entertained many of these visitors, and presided at their breakfast table discussions. Among those who boarded with her at this time were Harrison Brown of the *Manchester Guardian;* James Rorty, a free lancer; Benjamin Stohlberg of the *Nation;* Oliver Carlson of the *New Republic;* and John Cripps, son of Sir Stafford Cripps. Toni Sender, former woman member of the German Reichstag, came too. Another celebrity around this time was Jennie Lee, wife of Aneuran Bevan, for whom Mary Lea and other New Orleans women provided a formal reception.

A lyceum now displaced the old Public Forum, and pro-Soviet speakers addressed audiences of 500 or more. Among the speakers—they were pro-Soviet *then!*—were Maurice Hindus, Max Eastman, Oswald Garrison Villard, Raymond Gram Swing, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes and Norman Thomas. Rabbi Louis Binstock of New Orleans, who had returned from a visit to the Soviet Union, lectured on its struggles and victories.

When her husband died, the young widow got a job as employment counselor, at first under the WPA program, and later under the regular government employment service. Here she felt in her element. Here for

another ten years and more, she used her warm sympathy and job-hunting ingenuity on behalf of the down-and-out unemployed, especially unemployed veterans. Through and beyond World War II, she worked steadily as a veterans' employment counselor.

She had long since moved further left politically, and the bureaucrats in charge of the federal and state bureaus were vaguely dissatisfied. She was too efficient in getting jobs for members of the Workers' Alliance. They said she "took too much time" on each individual case. At one period they punished her, for a time, by a supposed de-motion: they assigned her exclusively to the counseling of colored war veterans. She was delighted, and worked harder than ever—against harder obstacles.

On one occasion she played a key part in the most progressive legislation sponsored by the FDR Administration (it can be told now, I suppose). Her role was anonymous, but crucial. At a certain stage in the congressional fight over the Wagner Labor Act, telegrams from Southern areas concerned with the lumber industry began pouring into Congress denouncing the proposed law. At this moment a clean-cut young white man applied at the employment office for a job, and was interviewed by Mary Lea. On being asked what experience he had had, he said, "Writing telegrams." She asked for details, and received the curious explanation that he just composed telegrams opposing "that law" about labor. He used the telephone directory for names to sign to the messages, but gave fictitious addresses. He was ingenious in making the telegrams sound different, but they all had the same general demand: *Vote against that labor bill.* The company paid for the telegrams, and paid his salary for many weeks.

Mary Lea expressed no surprise, but noted his name and address, and assigned him to a routine job. That evening she got in touch with her old professor, Dr. Barnett, the authority on "Employer Associations" (international and otherwise). Dr. Barnett reached a congressman friend in Washington, D.C., by telephone. Very soon federal investigators were in New Orleans, and the young man—still unaware of *his* role—was repeating his testimony. Others who worked with him on the same job were contacted, and they told the same story. As a result there were revelations on the floor of Congress that exposed and subdued "grass roots" objection to the Labor Act. It was passed by Congress and signed by FDR.

Not long after this she married again, this time a professor on the faculty of Dillard University, a higher school for Negroes in New Orleans. From here on the story is contemporary, and I cannot write it properly. I will just note down that she did some substitute teaching

in the William Frantz School, the *other* white school that (along with McDonogh 19) began token integration in 1960. I will also note down that this was the time of the Willie McGee case, and the Paul Washington case, and the Ed Honeycutt case and many other battles for civil and human rights, in all of which she took an active and sometimes central part. This was the time of the Progressive Party campaign, and an upsurge in registration of Negro voters.

I will just slip in one incident of this period, that in which Mary Lea foiled a sneak attempt to legally lynch Paul Washington in the Gretna county jail.

Those who have read *We Charge Genocide* will recall that Paul Washington was a young New Orleans Negro, a married man and a father, accused of rape. The Louisiana Civil Rights Congress had secured a lawyer and undertaken his defense. He had been "convicted," as usual in such cases, and an appeal to the federal Supreme Court was planned.

Mary Lea went one Sunday with Mrs. Velma Washington, Paul's wife, to visit him at the Gretna jail, across the Mississippi from New Orleans. This time Mrs. Washington was allowed to see him, but, unlike previous occasions, Mary Lea was not admitted. Velma came back down again, in a few minutes, in tears, and flung herself into Mary Lea's arms. "He says they're going to kill him Friday," she whispered.

Mary Lea had been insisting to the jailer that she had a right to visit Paul, and had asked him to confirm this by phoning the sheriff, which he finally did. Then both Velma and she went upstairs again to the barred cells, and into the segregated side of the jail, to see Paul. He confirmed what Velma had said. The date of the electrocution had been set, they had told him, and the death sentence was to be carried out without public knowledge on the following Friday. From Sunday to Friday: five days!

No notice had been sent to the wife. No notice to the local lawyer, James I. McCain.

At home, Mary Lea phoned her husband long distance (he was in New York, and this was summer, 1949). He contacted William L. Patterson of the national Civil Rights Congress, and the next day two lawyers, Ralph Powe and Al Socolov, were en route by plane to New Orleans. Long distance calls and telegrams went to Washington, D. C. Justice William O. Douglas was finally reached through CRC lawyers in Washington, although he was not home at the time, and by Friday morning a stay of execution was on the way. But would it arrive in time? Paul's head had been shaved where the electrodes were to be attached, his trouser legs at the bottom had been slit for quick attachment

of the apparatus. His "last meal," chosen by the victim—that final refinement of cruelty—had been ordered. The hearse was at the jail door to take the body.

But the Justice's secretary managed, finally, to reach the Louisiana attorney-general at Baton Rouge, and the latter phoned the jailer at Gretna to call the execution off.

The racists did get Paul Washington in the end, but it was nearly two years later, after Mary Lea left Louisiana, and after the Civil Rights Congress—listed as a "subversive" organization—was forced to disband.

From New Orleans Mary Lea moved with her professor husband to Tillotson College in Texas, another colored school, and then, after a year, to New York City—dogged by the FBI.

In New York there were new problems, new undertakings, new drudgeries. She spent some months working in a hotel, more months in industrial opinion poll jobs. But there has been no let-up in the other side of her life, the forward-looking activities, which have included the organizing from her neighborhood of a bus load of young people in the 1958 Youth March to Washington, and the picketing of Woolworth's to support the Southern Negro students' sit-ins.

When she met Henry Winston in New York, before he was taken to prison, they talked about Mississippi, and about Hattiesburg, the Mississippi town that was Winston's birthplace.

She spoke of the dreariness and backwardness of Hattiesburg, and remarked: "If you were born in Hattiesburg, a Negro, and were able to become the outstanding leader that you are, you are a miracle."

"No, Mary Lea," he smiled back, "if you were born in New Orleans, a Southern white woman, and have become the fighter for equal rights that you are, *you* are the miracle."

Henry Winston became blinded and crippled in prison, and is still held there. She asks: Will the United States Government, which has called for "humane treatment" for prisoners in the Congo, be humane enough to release Winston?

Of things on a world scale, Mary Lea hails the community dining rooms now being set up in the "communes" of People's China, as forecast in the old utopia of Bellamy's. It will take more than the invention of American kitchen gadgets, she says, to make women really free.

This is *not* the end of the story of this woman. She still carries on. She describes herself as "an old woman of the new order," and she wants to see a real *change* in *all* the world.

COMMUNICATION: A Study in Infamy

WILLIAM L. PATTERSON

EBONY magazine is one of the very few Negro periodicals in which American Big Business has any advertising. That fact gives some indication of its character and its status. Big Business never lends a "helping hand" unless the profits are there. It serves only its own interests, although it always attempts to translate its interests into terms of national advancement. Rarely indeed does the Negro get into the picture.

Ebony has "made it" in this world of greed, overflowing with racism, violence and hypocrisy.

In its March issue Ebony carried a story featuring the career of a Mrs. Julia Brown as an agent of the F.B.I. in the Civil Rights Congress (C.R.C.). The record of that now non-existent organization shows it to have been one of the nation's foremost defenders of the constitutional and legal rights of Negroes and their democratic friends persecuted for seeking through struggle full enjoyment of all the benefits of American democracy. These struggles of a hundred years duration are proof that rights are not given. A hundred years of racist persecution and violence offers a thousand testimonials of the character of American democracy.

Julia Brown was a "finger-woman" of the F.B.I. as it harried, harrassed and hounded those who loved democracy enough to fight for it in America.

Perhaps some of the heroic black men and women Julia Brown "fingered" languish in a federal prison. Once a poor resident of Cleveland's black ghetto Mrs. Brown now lives in her own California home. She too, thanks to the F.B.I. "got a break" in a world of racism whose practices of lynch violence the F.B.I. protects. Her story ought to be told. The magnificent peace corp of Negro students harrassed and imprisoned for fearlessly standing-up for human dignity and American democracy by sitting-in ought to know of Mrs. Brown's journey into infamy. It is the story of the American dehumanizing

process in operation. It has many lessons.

THAT the Negro people will produce their quota of stoolies, finks, stooges and members of the F.B.I. is proof that they do not differ from that group from whom the aides of the murderers of Sacco-Vanzetti, the Rosenbergs and other American martyrs emerged. Yet in a world of racism even the black Judas can only get ten pieces of silver. But where hundreds of new heroes and heroines arise to replace those betrayed there is also proof that in courage, moral stamina and deathless devotion to the cause of human freedom the Negro people are second to none. The shadows of the heroic Negro sit-inners fall like a curse upon the Julia Browns. Neither the Judases nor those who dehumanize them will escape from the wrath and hatred of the people.

Julia Brown had joined the Civil Rights Congress when the fight of that organization to defend the Negro victims of racist terror, to defend those Negroes who were victims of frenzied racist efforts to prevent Negro registration to vote, to freely join political parties of their own choice, to go to any school, to walk the streets, or ride in public conveyances with dignity was at its then highest level.

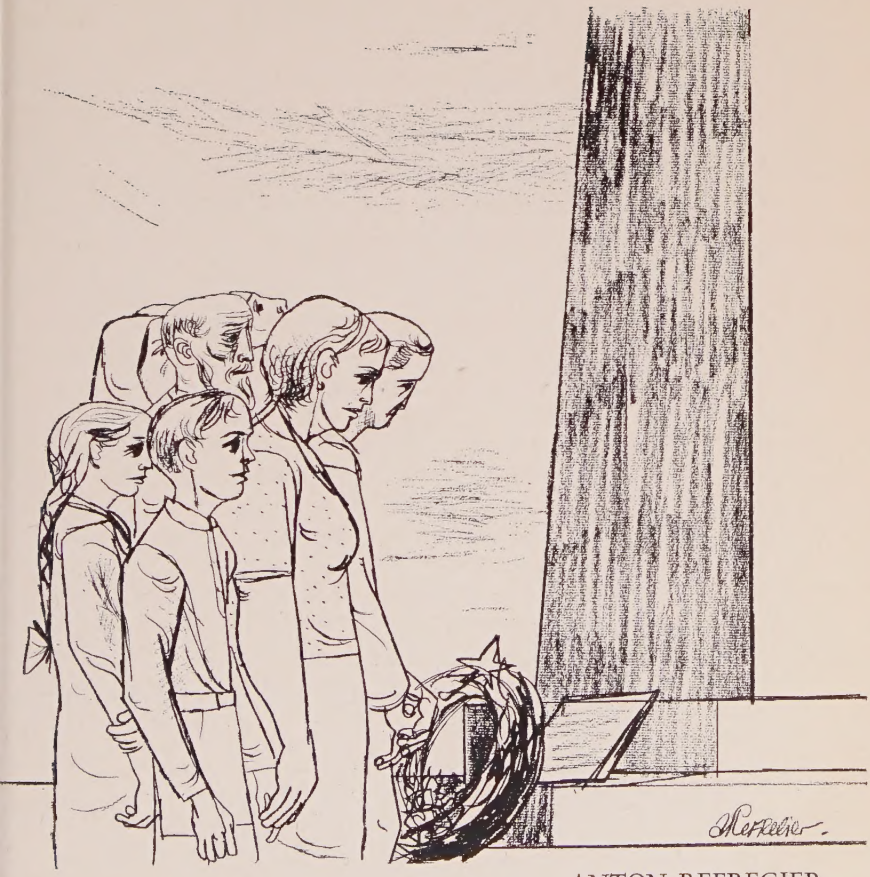
I do not know how many people Julia Brown betrayed. Her present affluence is the only measure of her success. Ebony glorifies her record. Whether in this it passes judgement on itself is for you to say. It is an historical fact that through the years all peoples have made of their Judases objects of hatred and of scorn.

Identification of a Negro with the present F.B.I. in any circumstances is a matter seriously to be considered. For centuries the Negro people have fought for enjoyment of their rights. The F.B.I. as agency of government has as consistently been openly or covertly on the side of the enemies of an impartial democracy. This is logical where the policy of government is a racist policy.

The fight for equality of opportunity includes a fight for the right of Negroes to be members of the F.B.I. That is one side of the picture.

A desire to be a member of an organization instrumental in preventing the attainment of such a right presents quite another picture. To join an outfit and for gold betray a sister or brother is infamy.

The corruption of Julia Brown is to be charged to the social order in which we live. Gold is its God. Many will be corrupted by its tainted dollars. Can we glorify such people before our children? Surely there are heroes and heroines to glorify. Let our children note the Du Boises, Paul Robesons, Ben Davises, James Jacksons and their collegues. The F.B.I. is not now a thing of glory.



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By Philip Bonosky

PHILLIP BONOSKY's first novel, *Burning Valley,* which appeared in 1953, was widely acclaimed by writers and critics both here and abroad. Michael Gold wrote that it "adds a burning page to the story of the immigrant workers who built the heavy industry of America . . . it is a joy to know that the American working class has developed another strong and faithful voice in literature."

In his new novel, *The Magic Fern,* published by International Publishers, the author has chosen for his theme the devastating impact of automation upon the lives of workers and their families in a typical American industrial city. It is a big theme, dramatic and contemporary, and his novel has been written in the rich humanist literary tradition of Dreiser, Zola and Dickens. Because it puts its finger on the living pulse of our own time, it succeeds in throwing a searching light on the future. Being a worker himself, Bonosky peoples his story with flesh-and-blood men and women, faithfully and perceptively mirroring the reactions of each to the unreconciled conflict that has arisen among the men who man the machines that are inexorably devouring their jobs and their lives.

The author, in the words of V. J. Jerome, "grips the pen of proletarian realism," and his new novel marks an important achievement of American literature.

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