MASSES & MAINSTREAM

DAVID RIESMAN'S CADILLAC CREDO
HERBERT APTHEKER

ORWELL OR O'CASEY?
MILTON HOWARD

FREEDOM TO PUBLISH
ANGUS CAMERON

THE PAWN MOVES
V. J. JEROME

SALUTE TO AN ARTIST
MICHAEL GOLD

Nazi Best-Seller
SAMUEL SILLEN

My Father
HOWARD FAST

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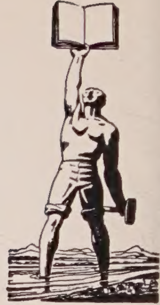

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January, 1955

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The Days Ahead

An Editorial Statement

WITH this issue, as the reader will see by the new listing on the masthead, the editorial leadership of this magazine now con-ists of two editors, Samuel Sillen and Milton Howard. This editorial ollaboration, we hope, will enable the magazine to go forward from he achievements of the past seven years to meet some of the newer hallenges which confront it.

For the past seven years, this publication has stubbornly refused o lower its flag to the pressures of the Cold War. It has refused to gree that our national cultural life must be dominated by the ideals f Big Money or inevitable war.

We believe that our publication has even greater contributions o make in the second half of the 1950's.

We believe that our country will soon be demanding—in fact, s already beginning to do so—a sharp change from the paralyzing limate of the Cold War and its twin, McCarthyism.

We do not believe that our country is content with the cultural evelopment which has taken place in recent years. We do not think hat the people, or the intellectuals specifically, can find much sus-enance in the literary mysticism, the "realistic" pornography, or he cult of loneliness and brutality which has replaced the Great raditions of realistic literature and art.

We believe that the decade of the hysterical "red scare" has done errible damage to our heritage of literary humanism and of free cientific inquiry. We are not alone in this belief. We think that our ation needs a proud and courageous re-affirmation of these basic ele-nents of a healthy national culture. In this, we are not alone either.

There are many signs that the long retreat before the stupefying assaults of Cold War dogmas is coming to an end. At least a certain challenge is heard which was not heard before.

Our hope is—with the very limited forces available to us, and amid the threats of persecution—that we will be able to make our contribution, as Marxist writers, to the defense of our democratic cultural heritage and to the creation of a new truthful and humanist culture to meet the needs of the country.

We think it can be done. Certainly, we cannot do it alone. We don't have all the answers or all the truths by ourselves. We are eager to "hold conversations," as the French say, with all intellectuals who seek ways and means to enrich our national art and culture, and to find the correct path for America in the extremely complex situation of the second half of the 20th century. We welcome the sincere opinions and criticisms of Marxist and non-Marxist alike. We believe in the clash of ideas. We want to help encourage a new exploration of America, of its new and vast changes, and their moral and social consequences.

We will need lots of help from our friends, our public, and from many who do not fully agree with us. Let us work together for a realistic, ennobling literature and art! Let us work together for peace and for the free interchange of ideas in the interests of the country!

THE EDITORS

Milton Howard comes to *Masses & Mainstream* after many years on the *Daily Worker,* of which he was the Associate Editor in recent years. He is well known for his writings on political, literary, and social questions which have appeared in various publications, including *Masses & Mainstream,* during the past two decades.

The Cadillac Credo of David Riesman

By HERBERT APTHEKER

THE marked influence of David Riesman on the current intel- ectual scene makes timely an ex- mination of his work. The review- rs have hailed Mr. Riesman's stud- es of American life as "startling" nd "profound." The ultimate acco- de came recently when *Time* put is picture on its cover and devoted our pages to his "wide-swinging nagination," to his "brilliant work" hich, we are told, "has already a ind of classic stature."

Mr. Riesman was trained origi- lly in the law and had a distin- ished career therein: law clerk for stice Brandeis; professor of law Buffalo and Columbia Univer- ties; and Assistant District Attorney New York. Several years ago he rned his talents to social studies, d his successes here have been ually notable. Mr. Riesman is now ofessor of Social Sciences at the niversity of Chicago, frequent con- ibutor to leading journals, and au- or of four widely read volumes.

The first of the four, and the st known, is *The Lonely Crowd,* published in 1950. It is now in its sixth printing, and an abridged, paper-bound edition issued last year has sold over 60,000 copies. The other books are *Faces in the Crowd; Thorstein Veblen;* and most recently a collection of essays, *Individualism Reconsidered.*

The acclaim of his work surely is not fully accounted for on the grounds, as *Time* asserted, that Riesman answers the anguished city editor who cried: 'What we need around this place is a new set of clichés.'" Mr. Riesman does produce a well-turned phrase. He writes with aplomb and marked sophistication. Part of this appears as disdain for what he calls the "hortatory"; to him this is ill-mannered and childish. Yet he himself is rather ardent when urging abstention from commitment, and the cultivation of the inconsequential.

"What Americans seem to us to need," writes Riesman, "in their politics as in their personal life, is greater scope for fantasy." He reproved an audience of his profes-

sional colleagues for getting "more involved than it makes any sense" for them to be. "I think we are so damn uninfluential we might as well have more fun . . . social scientists are much too much involved with immediate devotion to contemporary issues. . . ."

Actually, however, this air of indifference is a carefully cultivated pose the better to get home his own thrusts in the direction of very central issues—*Time* will not waste a cover, and four costly pages on sheer fantasy. A survey of Mr. Riesman's writings suggests that when he urges social scientists not to become involved in contemporary issues, he means for them to become so involved, but as partisans of Big Business.

Indeed, Mr. Riesman at times disarmingly admits this partisanship. Commenting on the present close ties between businessmen and educators, he declares that "in a curious way this close connection also limits understanding, for it is hard not to share the hopes and fears of those who treat us well." Similarly, Riesman was moved to write—in a *Partisan Review* symposium—"It is hard for us not to feel we are selling out when our views (let us say, our discovery of the virtues of bourgeois 'capitalism') not only keep us out of trouble but open up jobs or audiences for us."

WHAT explains the great appeal that Riesman's writings have for so many middle-class professionals and intellectuals? Some of the answer lies in his extraordinary verbal dexterity. Mr. Riesman combines deftness and orthodoxy with a sense of boldness and innovation in the passion of his devotion to the values of monopoly capitalism. Another ingredient is the way in which he uses psycho-analytical jargon and concepts to attack the feelings of malaise and anxiety that afflict those fo whom he particularly writes.

The anxiety of many middle-clas intellectuals derives from a rootlessness and a parasitism; from bein charmed with the flesh-pots offere by the rich, but repelled by th crassness of their values and th imbecilities of their thinking. Th anxiety derives, too, from a sens of the precariousness of their posi tion, from memories of depressio and breadlines, from fears of wars

Now, here comes a man with im pressive academic regalia who tell his readers to forget their feeling of guilt, of unease. He tells ther to take seriously their labors—th ads they write, the novels they knoc together, the speeches they ghost, th smart lessons they impart to still-ex pectant youth. He tells them tha here in the United States all ar well off and all are equal, and a flourishes, and there is nothing t feel guilty about any longer. An he tells them that this will last fo ever, so there is no longer any reaso for uneasiness.

For a good many of the reade to whom Riesman's work is geare this view might well appear qui

easonable. They "never had it so ood"—and the fact that the Wall treet economy is bloated on the blood f World War II, is stimulated by ne preparations for another one, and irther sustained by the super-profits queezed out of a subordinate "free vorld" and its colonial appurte-ances, does not concern or interest nem. That they confuse limited tretches of Madison, Park and Fifth venues with New York City, and neir plush Suburbias with the United tates, only serves to add apparent eracity to Riesman's tale.

Further, Riesman tells these peo-le, who never quite can shed their oubled feelings, that their anxieties re hallmarks of their superiority; ney are of the élite, the "saving mnant" are his words. "I am in-ined to think," he writes, "that we nould form a union of the anxious nes, to defend our right to be anx-ous, our right to be tense. . . ." The anxiety is the burden of the iperior, of the "autonomous" ones, ose who are "capable of conscious lf-direction," unlike the masses of eople, the inferior ones, the "hete-nomous," those who are "guided voices other than their own," d who are "helpless." How com-rting and how satisfying to the ver-inconsiderable ego of the petty-urgeois "individualist"!

The only thing really new about ese "discoveries" is the verbiage. one considers Riesman's account the American economy, the glo-s of the bourgeoisie and the ag-essiveness of his Babbittry, one finds that it is, in substance, indis-tinguishable from the propaganda of the National Association of Manu-facturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce for the past fifty years. Anyone may confirm this by read-ing, for example, two very recent studies of that propaganda, *The Self-Made Man in America* by Irvin G. Wyllie (Rutgers University Press), and *Dollar Decade* by James W. Prothro (Louisiana State University Press).

A problem, nevertheless, remains, and it is part of the anxiety. This problem is "loneliness"; a problem that Riesman ascribes, of course, not to the actual estrangement of the lonely one from the realities of life, not to his devotion to values of decay, not to his prostitution of tal-ents on behalf of exploiters, not to his precious "individualism" which really brings the destruction of the individual. No, the loneliness for Riesman is an immutable quality of human existence and one "which in-tellectuals face today with specialized acuteness."

It is an "insoluble" problem; it is one, says Riesman, that Franz Kafka expressed so sensitively in his novels ("The desire for death," wrote Kaf-ka, "is the beginning of wisdom"). There is nothing to be done about it, except to live with it and to de-velop the "nerve of failure"; to be aware that this terrible loneliness is there and cannot be eradicated and is a badge of one's superiority. All right, says Riesman, that is the pen-alty. Live with it; do not fight it

for it cannot be overcome, and in the name of sanity, don't feel guilty about it.

Another attraction of Riesman's work for his rather specialized, but potent, audience, is its main area of concentration. His works are what he calls characterological studies, that is, studies of personality. And he is specifically interested in the personality of the American as this personality is shaped today, that is, in an America which now has, says Riesman, an economy of abundance. This economy, he says, is new and it has had a unique impact upon the people living in it. All this is subject matter of the greatest interest to the main Riesman audience, many of whom earn their livings on the basis of the effectiveness with which they can divine that personality, discover what appeals to it in fiction, the radio, television, movies, in ads, in college, etc.

The alleged American economy of abundance has produced the "other-directed" personality; primitive societies had "tradition-directed" people; societies which were not primitive but which had not conquered the problems of production and distribution had "inner-directed" people. Now, in the United States there are some "inner-directed" people still, who will be rather moralistic and conscience-stricken. They "lack the proper receiving equipment for the radar signals" sent out by our abundant society. They may be members of "minority groups" who are "not approved . . . in the value hierarchy," or they may be people "whose ancestry is adequate" but "whose 'personality' in subtle ways lacks the pliability and sensitivity to others, that is required."

These regressive folk, these people who have not yet caught up with what Berle and the Luce corps of writers call *The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution,* are the ones filled with "resentment and rebellion." The really progressive ones are those who understand the qualitative change, appreciate the "revolution," adjust to it, and are "other-directed."

Now, in understanding all this, the ideas of Freud are decisive, and precisely because, as Riesman says, Freud was so "definitely bourgeois." Some of the pioneering crudities of Freud are to be discounted, and so Riesman states he is most heavily indebted to Erich Fromm. Thus, Riesman does not feel that individual psychology is *the* shaper of politics; no, he holds "that politics shaped individual psychology quite as much as the other way round. . . ."

The improvement is formal and, considering the blows that orthodox Freudianism has received, is really necessary if one is to keep its essential ideas and still make an effective argument. Attributing to "individual psychology" the same significance as "politics" in terms of comprehending politics (*i.e.,* social science) results in an idealistic psychology and politics; it illuminates neither the one nor the other.

In terms of practice, as is inevitable, Riesman makes his "person-

lity" analysis decisive in his politics. This is true in detail—as when he scribes the impact of Bellamy's Utopian Socialist novel, *Looking Backward,* to the desire of its readers to escape from the real world, or when he attributes Henry Ford's anti-Semitism to the alleged fact that Ford was "pro-underdog" and so he "was going to be for Hitler and Gerald K. Smith" because "all the good people in his circle seemed to be down on them"!—or in the large as when he explicitly says that "we shall regard politics as one of the spheres . . . of the characterological struggle."

JUST as Frederick Jackson Turner built a system predicated on the fundamental uniqueness of the United States in an effort to refute Marxism in history, so David Riesman builds such a system in an effort to defeat Marxism in sociology. He announces that Marxism is irrelevant to the present American scene. He believes that the reality of this scene completely belies Marxism, and that, therefore, Communists, firmly attached to obsolete frames of reference, have now in fact, "become perhaps the most reactionary and most menacing force."

Clearly the validity of Mr. Riesman's system fundamentally depends upon the answers to two inter-related questions: 1) How true is his characterization of Marxism?; 2) How true is his picture of the present-day United States?

Riesman's explicit references to Marxism are scattered throughout his works. They add up to a "Marxism" which is the caricature presented today in academic circles: rigid, mechanical, unimaginative, and inhuman. Riesman's "Marxism" is the crassest kind of economic determinism. To show *that* as irrelevant is easy—and is itself irrelevant to Marxism.

Riesman presents Marxism as a system for which ideas are unimportant, scientific objectivity a snare, and human beings simple, manipulative creatures. Irrational behavior does not exist, psychic phenomena are ignored and, in general, activities of the brain—the whole world of art and culture, of wonder and imagination—are "attacked as superstructural" or as reflections of "mere idle curiosity."

This Riesman-Marxism is "a fatalistic creed," favoring a "medieval type of guild harmony." Riesman's Marx saw capitalism as a social order that "would burn out" all "pecuniary, nationalistic, and mystical ways of thought" and since this has not happened, Marxism is impotent. Specifically, ponder the power of nationalism, a power which leaves "Marxism" dumbfounded, since it represents a sentiment quite outside its ken and one which capitalism was supposed to have "burned out." Moreover, this "Marxism" sees workers as possessing only a one-to-one relationship to their direct class interests and so is powerless to recognize, let alone explain, the irrational hold of nationalism upon them.

At times Riesman's summarizations of "what Marx really meant" reach the ludicrous. Thus: "Marx seemed to have believed that crisis resulted from the competition of firms within each industry." It is hardly necessary to comment on the substance of this, but here please note, "Marx seemed. . . ." Apparently, Marx's views on capitalist crisis have to be divined from some remote and obscure source and not (as pre-Riesman students of Marx had hitherto believed) from part 1 of the first volume of *Capital,* part 3 of the second volume, most of the third volume, and the last third of his *Theories of Surplus Value.**

Marxism's view is dialectical materialist, not economic determinist, though it is actually the latter that Riesman is attacking. Marxism holds that nothing human is alien to it; it insists upon the materialist *origin* of ideas and this does not demean their significance. Marxism's constant struggle to develop socialist consciousness in the working class as necessary to that class' liberation sufficiently demonstrates that it is not a system given to deprecating the importance of ideas.

Nor does Marxism deny irrational behavior (for example, a white worker supporting Jim Crow); what Marxism does deny is that behavior, or anything else, is inherently beyond explanation (for example, the white worker who supports Jim Crow does so because he is infected by the dominant ideas of a racist society, whose ruling class created and maintains that racism as both useful and profitable to itself).

The world of art and culture is not "attacked as superstructural" by Marxism; it is *described* as superstructural; that is, as arising from, while influencing, the material basis of the social order. Far from sneering at the world of creativity and imagination, Marxism holds, in Lenin's words: "You can become a Communist only by enriching your mind with the knowledge of all the treasures created by mankind." This is not unrelated to the fact that in the past half century many of the most talented treasure-builders have been Communists, from Barbusse to Dreiser, Gorky to Neruda, Nexo to Eluard.

Marxism is not fatalistic, for the essence of fatalism is predetermined occurrence regardless of man's will and activity, while the essence of Marxism is the inevitability of the defeat of capitalism and the victory of Socialism in very large part *because of the will and activity of men* —specifically of the working class and its allies. Again, in Lenin's words: "*Above everything else* he [Marx] put the fact that the working class heroically, self-sacrificingly and taking the initiative *makes* worl

* Though, as I have said, references to Marxism are liberally scattered throughout Riesman's work, specific citation to sources is almost never given. An exception helps demonstrate, rather amusingly, the shoddiness of the sheer scholarship that characterizes American academic treatment of this nearly-illegalized subject. In one place (*Individualism Reconsidered,* p. 450) he quotes from Lenin's *Selected Works* (IX, p. 35)—crediting a colleague for calling this to his attention—but in the quotation Riesman changes tenses throughout, and where Lenin jokingly refers to himself as an "underground lawyer," Riesman renders this as "undergraduate lawyer"!

istory" (emphases in original).

Marxism holds that "pecuniary nd nationalistic" ways of thought re not only not "burned out" by apitalism, but rather are peculiarly haracteristic of capitalism and be-ome increasingly fierce as capitalism ges. Marxism was not non-plussed y nationalism; rather Marxism has anlyzed this with extreme care and reat thoroughness. Indeed, there is o single question wherein dialectical naterialism has so clearly shown it-elf to be more profound and richer han other views. Marxism has shown ationalism's source and character, ts role and influence both in the mperialist powers and in the op-ressed countries.

HOW true is Riesman's depiction of the United States today? It s possible that his understanding of Iarxism is quite faulty—as we have hown it to be—but that he por-rays truly our country in a factual ense, and that this portrayal justifies im in finding Marxism irrelevant o that scene.

Mr. Riesman's system is, indeed, mpirical, not philosophical. It ands or falls in terms of fact. Is e reporting American life truly?

Riesman's United States is that of Ienry Luce, of Hollywood's *Execu-ve Suite* and *A Woman's World*—ot that of the vast majority of its 60,000,000 inhabitants.* First it is country without a ruling class—is he repeats a dozen times. It is country where the problems of pro-uction and distribution have been solved. In his United States there is an "over-privileged two-thirds" of the population; mankind's hopes for "abundance and equality" have been attained. "Cadillacs have been democ-ratized," and so like Elysium is it that "only the crack-pot politicians have not virtually run out of prom-ises."

American businessmen, says Ries-man, do not seek profit (unlike back-ward European businessmen, who still do) but rather public approval and the satisfaction derived from a task well-done. So prevalent is abundance that wealth is no longer flaunted—the acquisitive consumer and ostenta-tious display have disappeared.

In Riesman's United States what he calls the middle-class numbers "more than half of the whole popu-lation in occupational terms, with an even larger number, measured in terms of income. . . ." There are work-ers, but one is not quite sure that Riesman is using the right term in calling them "workers," because the reason they "have so few problems with their leisure is that their work today is itself quite leisurely" and "since work has now become so rela-tively lacking in strain . . . the work-er leaves the plant with a good deal of energy left, which carries him readily through his leisure hours."

With production conquered and abundance assured and work leisurely,

* Occasionally Mr. Riesman warns his readers "of the limitations . . . of observational view-point" of his work—"middle and upper middle class"—but the warning is formal. In the body of his work he writes as though he were describing the people of the United States as a whole, and this certainly is the way in which his work has been read generally.

why is it people put in a full day's labor? "The 'instinct of workmanship' still seems to be strong enough to make us want to spend eight hours a day at the factory or office, keeping ourselves busy in the rituals of conspicuous production."

All this, and dessert, too. Thus, our "moving pictures and poetry and criticism" mark our present culture as "one of the great cultures of history." And that Riesman really means great when he says great becomes apparent when one finds that he demands: "What is there in Pericles' famous praise of Athens that does not apply to us, in some or even in extended measure?"

OUR author calls the country he describes the United States, but it is in fact Riesmania.

He substitutes assertion for demonstration as the methodology of social science; for certain of his opinions he adopts the technique of repeated assertion, notably in his insistence that there is no ruling class in the United States. The task of persuasion on this point is indeed onerous, and so the repetition reaches the point of monotony.

Here Mr. Riesman is most anxious, yet most unsure—the tongue constantly returns to the aching tooth. He admits that "many people still assume we have a ruling class." This is because, he finds, people are prone to go out of their way "to create a series of demons" and they do this because they "are afraid of indeterminancy and amorphousness in the power situation," they "prefer to suffer with interpretations that give their world meaning."

This distorting simplicity, we are told, is most prevalent among workers—despite their leisure. Among them, "the image of a ruling class is very strong"; and, anticipating Defense Secretary Wilson, it is "the bottom dogs who feel there is a boss somewhere."

Who, then, rules? No one and every one. Fifty years ago, Riesman concedes, it was Wall Street, but today it is a myriad of "veto groups" —local realtors, lawyers, salesmen, undertakers, military men who control the armed forces, and labor leaders who control productivity, and writers and farmers, and the Russians, "who control much of our agenda of attention; and so on. The reader can complete the list"!

Every serious study of the United States shows that the dominant economic, political and ideological force in this country for the past three generations has been the monopolists. They have controlled the means of production and of communication; they have dominated both major political parties; they have fundamentally guided domestic and foreign policy. And what was true fifty years ago is true now—only more so, since the degree of monopolization has increased tremendously. Cadillacs have not been democratized; we have a Cadillac government. The people believe this not because they fear "indeterminancy" or want to suffer, or because they are dogs; they

believe it because they see it and know it, despite contrary teachings inspired by the ruling class itself. They believe it because it is true.

In Riesmania over half the population, in occupational terms, and an even greater proportion in terms of income, is of the middle-class; indeed, the country contains an "over-privileged two-thirds." So our author reported in 1950; but it was David Riesman who wrote in 1941 that in the United States, "the underprivileged are not even technically free," and that these underprivileged consisted of "the great mass of Negroes, of white collar and factory workers, of tenant farmers" (*Common Sense,* November, 1941). Surely these together constitute a good deal more than a third of the population? It is true that the later Riesman has apologized* for his earlier writings as being acrid, satiric, vague and hortatory. But as between the two Riesmans, the one apologized for is the one who is right.

The Census reports that as of 1950 about 56,000,000 people in the United States were "employed," which includes all from Charles Wilson of General Motors to Joe Doakes. Of these the number of professional and technical employees, farm owners and farm managers, all other managers, officials, and proprietors totaled about 14,500,000; the number of clerical and sales workers, craftsmen, operatives, miners, household and service workers, farm laborers, and other laborers totaled about 41,500,000, so that, from the standpoint of occupations, while in Riesmania the middle-class is over half the population, in the United States it is not over a quarter of the population.

As for the status in terms of income, the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics announced, in 1951, that a family of four needed an annual income of $4,166 to maintain "a minimum standard of health and decency." During that year 64 per cent of American families had incomes below that minimum, so that while in Riesmania there is an "over-privileged two-thirds," in the United States there is an "under-privileged" two-thirds.

In Riesmania there is abundance and equality; in the United States, 5 per cent of the families, in 1953, had annual incomes of $10,000 or more, while 69 per cent received less than $5,000 a year. In the City of New York almost two million people are now living in apartments condemned as substandard in 1901! In the United States, areas officially classified as "slums" contain one-third of the entire population—and the number of slum dwellings is *increasing* at the rate of 4 per cent every year!

In the United States, in 1953, almost 8,500,000 people—unemployed, indigent aged, dependent children, impoverished blind and disabled—received monetary aid from the Federal government alone, a government notoriously miserly when it comes to welfare expenditures. In

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* In his *Individualism Reconsidered,* pp. 15, 123. The essays collected in this are all post-Cold War products.

the City of New York, as these words are being written, almost 300,000 people are on the public relief rolls.

In Riesmania there is equality, but in the United States, the paper I am reading the day I write this (N. Y. *Times,* Dec. 7) tells of a slum fire that kills five children sleeping in their single bedroom, a mother who abandons two toddlers for she has been unable to get on relief and is unemployed, and a "society matron" up from Palm Beach about to cruise off to Europe, happy that the police have recovered "$70,000 worth of diamonds, opals, and amethysts" that now may adorn her as she relaxes aboard ship.

In Riesmania there is equality, but in the United States there are 20,000,000 Negro, Mexican and Puerto Rican people victimized by a racism as blatant and devastating as exists in the world.

In Riesmania the workers enjoy leisure at their jobs; in the United States one finds the home of speed-up. In the United States work loads have jumped from 33 per cent to 100 per cent in the past five years, accidents have multiplied, and strikes against speed-up have broken out in the Armour plant in Chicago, the Great Lakes Steel plant and the Nash-Kelvinator plant in Michigan, in General Motors, Ford, B. F. Goodrich....

In Riesmania, rituals of conspicuous production induce people to put in a day's work in factory and office; in the United States it's the harassing rat-race to get the wherewithal to buy food and pay rent and get shoes and meet the doctor's bills that gets the workers into the plants and drives nearly 5,000,000, now unemployed, frantic in their search for work.

In Riesmania businessmen do not seek profits; in the United States they live for and they kill for profits. In Riesmania, ostentatious display is gone; in the United States, the Stotesburys spend $650,000 a year to operate their Florida home, and Bergdorfs on Fifth Avenue sells hats, priced at $60, for dogs.

As to Riesman's announcement that he finds the culture here and now to rival that of Athens at its glory, it is fair to add that elsewhere he admits that this culture "escapes my efforts at interpretation. . . . I have a sense of only a very small fragment of what goes on." So, in a fragmentary, and quite contradictory way, he will comment that he observes "a real fear of books" in the country, and elsewhere he wonders: "Why are Americans often so anxious and unhappy . . . young people so frequently aimless. . . . Why in intellectual circles is there so much malice? . . . The American culture, high, low, and middle, nearly always lacks the gamut of qualities our best and most creative spirits have evoked and represented." Yes, in Riesmania one has a Periclean Age; the ruling-class culture of the United States is Spillanean.

MR. RIESMAN'S structure of American uniqueness, then, is found to be most insecure and unsatisfactory because the "Marxism" to

which he is taking exception, is not Marxism but is a clap-trap concoction of his own, put up in order to be knocked down; and his picture of the United States, the validity of which is absolutely basic to his structure, is found to be grossly untrue.

Nevertheless, there is still this to be said. Though Mr. Riesman's work is of great value to the ruling class and belongs to the "New Conservatism," it is not fully embraced by all its devotees. Russell Kirk (a Right-wing Conservative!) is troubled by Riesman's secularism. Riesman, says Kirk in *A Program for Conservatives,* does not see that "the crowd's loneliness is the consequence of a flight from God," and so his remedies, while sufficiently respectful of the "elite," are not sufficiently attuned to the needs for increased mysticism, a refurbished medievalism.

It is also true that the present Riesman, in his very latest writings, has expressed a certain uneasiness as thought-control becomes more flagrant. In the introduction to his 1954 volume he feels called upon to declare: "I am hostile even to the best excuses for censoring ideas." And in that book while he reprints his essay in *The American Scholar* (written in 1953) attacking Archibald MacLeish for having warmly denounced McCarthyism, he appends a post-script which is in fact an apology. He thinks now that "even the most intrepid among us may secretly long for reasons for inactivity," a longing to be resisted because of the increasing "erosions of intellectual freedom." He reiterates his anti-Communism, but, at the same time, announces he is tired of this act of "piety," of announcing one's anti-Communism, and, of very great importance, indeed, he says that the danger of McCarthyism is pressing and great.

This is more nearly like the young attorney of the New Deal days who attacked Holmes' "clear and present danger" dictum as in fact chipping away at the First Amendment, and who insisted that when that Amendment said Congress shall make no law infringing the right of free speech, it meant *no* law, and that nothing—not war or anything else—justified any exceptions. That attorney, then, found the Smith Act one which "must fail of ethical justification" because it infringed on the First Amendment and because its language was "vague and meaningless." That attorney, then, saw that "it is the fascist danger that has been important" and that "the activities of the Dies Committee" were really "a blind for an attack on liberals."*

When Riesman found fault, in 1953, with MacLeish, he did so because he thought he heard breast-beating of a "guilty" intellectual, an "inner-directed" soul not attuned to the New America, still unaware of and unadjusted to the 20th century capitalist revolution.

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* These writings are in: *Public Policy* (Yearbook of Graduate School, Harvard, 1942); and *Journal of Legal and Political Sociology,* October, 1942.

Yet, writing at the close of 1954 Mr. Riesman, as we have seen, is candid enough to admit error in this attack. He confesses that the reality of the danger to intellectual freedom was much greater than he had thought; that he had misjudged the political and ideological scene, and that MacLeish was not being regressive, but was being perceptive and seeing more clearly than Mr. Riesman.

Can Riesman go on from there? Perhaps other aspects of the reality he depicts in his books are equally askew? Perhaps Mr. Riesman can once again see the viciousness of the Smith Act, the malicious nature of the Dies-McCarthy witchhunting, and the very real danger of fascism?

Certainly, the realities of American life today are leading many intellectuals to re-examine their ideas and assumptions, and, in many cases, to dedicate themselves to fighting the threat of fascism. It is only in this common struggle that the "aimlessness" and the "malice" which Riesman laments can be overcome. It is in this way that there will be re-created the finest qualities of "our best and most creative spirits."

THE PAWN MOVES

A Short Story

By V. J. JEROME

"HOW do you spell *judge?*"

A tallish raw-boned boy looked up at me from his letter-writing at the other end of the table, wide-eyed and anxious. We were alone in the prison library. The librarian at the door sat with his back to us.

"J-u-d-g-e."

Absorbed in my reading, I had not even noticed his presence. What was such a youngster doing in this Federal jail?

"Writing home?" I asked.

"Nope," he answered. "I'm writin' a letter to the judge. My case is comin' up tomorrow."

I sensed a hesitancy in his quiet words; yet I went on:

"What are they trying you for?"

"I ain't comin' up for trial. I done my time—five years."

His voice was a straight line, but his gray eyes doubted. Had he caught a glimpse of my book? Was he wary of a jailed man who sat poring over *Strategy and Tactics in Chess?* Still, the question forced itself from me:

"Five years! You! Why, how old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"And you've done five years?"

"What's the matter—think I'm kiddin'?" he flared up. "Me and three other guys got nabbed for armed robbery and crossin' the state line with a car—think I'm makin' it up? Been out on probation for the Federal rap—that's a laugh too, eh?"

He got up.

"Hey, what's it to you how much time I done? Think 'cause I asked you about a word, I don't know how to spell or nothin'?"

"I'm sorry. Maybe you're right. It's not my business."

He seemed smaller, much smaller, with big round eyes in the thin face of a child. Had he been handcuffed?

Half to myself I said:

"I've got a boy of twelve."

There was a pause. Then his voice, sullen:

"My old man is dead."

"And—the rest of your family?"

"My mother only came to see me once—that was on the prison farm, before they shipped me to the reform school. I don't remember no more how she looks."

Did he see my question? For he added at once, hotly:

"She works in a mill, and she's

got the younger kids to take care of."

"You're the oldest?"

"No. Got an older brother." He wrinkled his forehead. "That's why I'm in here. They say I broke probation 'cause I went to see my brother when I got out." He was silent for a moment. "He's got a record, and I ain't supposed to sociate with a criminal. He's drivin' a truck now in Boston. He wants me to stay with him."

A prisoner poked his head in:

"Hey, Tom, you'll miss commissary if you don't hurry up."

Tom snatched up his writing paper.

"I gotta go. Thanks."

His lanky figure disappeared.

I SAW him again late that day, when we found ourselves working together in the mopping crew. He responded to my greeting with a faint hello that seemed to break through against his will. He was working alongside me, behind five others, our two big mops swinging in unison with broad even strokes, back-forth-back-forth. After a while he smiled in spite of himself and said:

"Hey, looks like you've done that before. Was you a sailor once?"

"No," I laughed. "I got myself assigned to this work because I needed the exercise after so many years bound to a desk, editing, writing—the thoughts that landed me here."

He looked at me puzzled:

"But you're pretty good with a mop."

"I used to watch the best mop swinger in the crew before they shipped him to Leavenworth. Once he turned over his mop to me and helped me to master the strokes."

He was going to speak, but Whitey, the prisoner in charge, came over and assigned him to the wringer by the faucets and pails. He left me with a warm smile——

"See ya."

I caught a glimpse of him the following morning as he was being marched out with a batch of men leaving for court. His hair was freshly combed and shining. He wore a neatly pressed blue suit from which his skinny wrists protruded. (The night before I had learned by grapevine that one of the older prisoners got the suit for him to go to court in.) A radiance was in his face as he walked with eager step behind the marshal. And after him rushed my wish. *Good luck, Tom! Don't come back, Tom!*

BY AFTERNOON it was known that he was back in jail.

I was surprised to see him come into my cell. His eyes were dull, his hair was rumpled, and he was again in prison gray.

I put aside the letter I was writing and got up:

"What happened, Tom?"

His brooding face was charged with answer, but not a word came from him.

I waited.

"He said I ain't got no brains—the judge said they shouldn't've given me probation 'cause I got no brains."

The words shrilled out of him anguished and lacerated.

I put a hand on his arm.

"I don't understand, Tom. Did he read your letter?"

"Naw! Didn't even look at it. Said I'll have to stay in till I'm twenty-one cause I got no brains. Reformatory in Washington, D. C., that's where he's sendin' me to. Four years he handed me—the sonavabitch!"

"Why?" I stared and stared at him.

"He said I'd only get into trouble again if he let me stay out." A wry smile curved over his mouth. "And all along everybody was tellin' me they'd gimme another chance 'cause I didn't do nothin' bad. Yeh,"—he sneered—"they told me to write a letter to the judge!"

He turned away, his fists clenched, cursing fast under his breath. He stood with his gack to me, taut.

Before I could speak, his eyes had caught the chess game set up on the ledge of my locker.

"That's chess, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered.

He stood looking at it long. Then he said:

"It's a hard game, ain't it?"

"Wel-l-l, yes."

"Takes brains to play, don't it?"

"Like all games."

After a moment he asked haltingly:

"D'you think I could learn it?"

"Yes, you could, ir you put your mind to it. Chess is for everybody."

He made a move toward the chess set, his eyes hungry upon it.

"Will you learn me?"

"Right now, if you want to, Tom."

It took him only average time to learn the names and positions of the men, with the rudiments of their moves. Fascinating to him was the figure of the knight—its form and unique way of moving. He would stop to finger the piece, to examine it from base to crest for the secret of its power of clearing the surrounding figures on the board with leaps. But he found it hard to master its complicated moves. My efforts at explaining them with the stock formulas an ddiagrams did not prove very helpful. Finally, Tom sat back from the board disgusted.

"I ain't got it in me."

"That's not true, Tom! Chess wouldn't be the game it is, if it could be caught up by reading the rules once, or even ten times. Keep working at it, and you'll get it."

Tom went on, but without heart. He sat before the board with drooping mouth.

"You are doing as well as anybody else in the first lesson."

He smiled faintly. He kept on.

One of the things that troubled him most was the limitations set upon the pawns.

"That there guy," he pointed—

"The bishop?"

"Yeh, that there bishop and the other guy, I mean—the rook, they can move forward and back, all along

the board if they want to. And why can't them litle guys—?"

"The pawns?"

"Why can't the pawns move back if it starts to get hot for 'em?"

"Yes, why can't they?" I echoed, fumbling for the explanation. The king and queen can, and the rook and the knight and the bishop. They stood so suddenly haughty, these fine-carved figures of royalty, nobility, and hierarchy, above the simple little pawns.

"The big ones are the big brass, Tom. It's their war. The pawns, they're just sent into the firing line to get killed. That's the set-up. One or two lucky ones sometimes break through, but most of them haven't got a chance."

He looked up from the game, eyes burning.

"Guess the sonsobitches tell 'em they ain't got no brains."

It took a few moments before he came back to the game.

He gave himself to the learning with new will and attention, repeatedly taking stock of his grasp of one stage of the rules, before going on to the next. Thus, he interrupted my explanation of castling to repeat aloud to himself the moves and capturing powers of the pieces and pawns. He was making real progress now. Prisoners would pass by along the corridor and stop to observe us through the open gate, but he was too engrossed to be aware of them. The amplifier kept blaring the fast, raucous, catching record, the never-ending, brain-beating, pitiless record—

Comes along a love
And suddenly brother are you
ted?
happy and exci——
Comesalongalove
And suddenly everywhere you go
ted
you feel invi——

—broken into by deafening orders for work assignments and calls to the receiving desk. But Tom's mind was encased in the thoughtful silence of chess.

He moved his king out of the path of check, thereby opening up an attack against my queen with his bishop.

"That's fine, Tom. Nothing like an offensive defense."

He beamed. We went on with the lesson, which had become our first game.

Once he looked up to ask:

"Does your boy play chess?"

"Yes," I answered, "he began when he was eight."

"Does he beat you sometimes?"

"Almost. I used to give him a handicap."

"What's that?"

"At first I played him without a queen, then without a rook, then I could give him only a bishop, and now he's too strong for that."

Tom's look was far off.

"My brother started to learn me the trombone. He wanted me to be in the high school band. He never went to high school, but he wanted me to go."

The bell for the count jangled.

The corridor was cleared. Cellgates clanged as guards went about locking up. Three of my cellmates had hurried back and were sitting on their cots. One began watching our game. Soon two guards entered with pencils and pads to take the fourth count of the day. *To make sure we don't evaporate,* Whitey had whispered to me on my first day. All remained in their places. Some seemed indifferent, others sat sullen. Gray-haired Lundy, the oldest prisoner in our cell, was walking back from the open toilet towards his cot. Suddenly a snarl. One of the guards had turned on him—

"You! Stand in your place! Count's on!"

Lundy stood frozen. The fright on his face flushed into anger.

The silence hung gray and heavy over the cell. We kept on with our game. He could stay here for the count, Tom knew. The guard behind looked back sourly at him sitting at the chessboard, as they locked the gate upon us.

Comesalongalove—

the record dinned again over and over and over—

And suddenly night and day your ing

heart is highland fling——

Interruption on the amplifier—

Kitchen detail report for duty!—kitchen detail!

"We'll have to get going soon—it's mopping time," I said.

Men of the kitchen squad came passing by on their way downstairs.

"Hi, Tom!"

"What ya doin', Tom?" a voice asked, teasing.

Tom woke out of his chess trance. He sprang to his feet and called to them through the iron grating:

"Hey, fellas, I'm playin' chess!"

"Oh, yeah?" one of them looked at me and winked.

They came over, crowding.

"You are?"

"Honest?"

"Attaboy!"

Tom gripped the bars. His voice became a shout—

"The judge said I got no brains—but I can play chess! I can play chess!"

ORWELL or O'CASEY?

By MILTON HOWARD

THE literary weekly, *Saturday Review,* assigned Horace Gregory to review the final volume of Sean O'Casey's six-volume book about his life, *Sunset and Evening Star.* The issues on which Gregory has chosen to assail O'Casey are significant, I believe, for the present and future of our nation's literary and social development.

Back in the early '30's, Gregory was saddened by some of the dispirited life in Chelsea rooming houses; he had a human sympathy. But the Gregory of today is a different man, and could not yield himself to the joyous words of the Irish laborer-turned-playwright. The reviewer could not forget that the ideas of literature today are a subject of interest to the Attorney General and that Congressional gunmen roam the land seeking out the taints of forbidden thinking. The words of the Irish playwright have become an affront to him. Looking at the spare figure of O'Casey, the greatest living playwright, Gregory writes: ". . . *behind these sketches the image of the Hyde Park soap-box rises and on the placard across the speaker's chest is lettered 'Communist Party'.*" (*Saturday Review,* November 20, 1954.)

The reviewer has thus hurled his first blows in this literary struggle—O'Casey is derided as having the coarse aspect of a man who talks to the people from that most un-FBI of objects, a soap-box; and, since there are rewards for men with long fingers whose own loyalty may still be in question, the reviewer points at Sean and shouts "Communist Party!" For the Saturday Reviewer, the epithet of the political police has become a category of literary criticism. There is more indictment: "Very nearly the whole of a chapter in the book with its title 'Rebel Orwell' is devoted to slippery, double-talk abuse of George Orwell and *Animal Farm. . . . Animal Farm* has become a difficult book for the Communists to refute; it is too clearly a parable on the USSR. *Nineteen-Eighty-four* is a warning of what would happen if Communists took control throughout the world; both books are destructive only to those who hold with desperation to Communist Party lines."

And finally, there is the ultimate cause for the rage against the Irish writer. O'Casey writes to an American woman who had told him of the

metal dog-tags they wanted our school children to wear for identification should they be smashed in an atomic war: "There is no need to wear them, O little girl and growing woman. Soviet bombs will never fall on New York unless New York bombs fall on Moscow first."

For the Saturday Reviewer this opinion of O'Casey's is a damnable sin. What must also have incensed Gregory, as it has so many others, is the unforgettable record which O'Casey gives of his conversations with Bernard Shaw, with a picture of Stalin looking down from the fireplace in the other great Irishman's room, in which the two greatest playwrights of our time found fervent solidarity in their common hatred of war.

SEAN saw through the pornographic nightmares of George Orwell as follows: "Orwell had quite a lot of feeling for himself; so much so that, dying, he wanted the living world to die with him. When he saw, when he felt, that the world wouldn't die with him he turned the world's people into beasts; Orwell's book of beasts. Since that didn't satisfy his yearning ego, he prophetically destroyed the world and its people in 1984."

In Gregory's eyes, these words make the case against O'Casey complete. O'Casey will not worship the A-bomb and its capacity for massacre, nor will he wallow with George Orwell in the latter's appalling hatred of humanity as expressed in his two best known books, *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen-Eighty-four,* surely among the most depraved works in contemporary literature.*

If the visions of Orwell's "revolt of the swine" in *Animal Farm,* if the hell of "the future State" inhabited by detestable "proles" and the Big Brother tyrant, are a true picture of our situation, then where was Hitler wrong when he summoned "civilization" to destroy this "barbarism"? Gregory is angered by O'Casey's refusal to be doomed by the A-bomb. He believes—or finds it prudent to pretend to believe—that we must cherish the limitless massacre weapons to meet the war which Orwell's "swine" are alleged to be preparing to hurl upon us from their Socialist pens across the oceans.

BUT who are the "swine" who "revolt" in Orwell's—and Gregory's—nightmares? They are the working people, the men and women of labor, in all countries. They are the Irish dock and building laborers, the buddies of Sean O'Casey from the great days of the Easter Uprising, when the "animals" of Dublin took it into their heads to displace the rule of the

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* The appearance of a film based on *Animal Farm* in New York, suitably trumpeted by Walter Winchell, and the recent broadcasts in London of an Orwellian sadistic orgy based on *Nineteen Eighty-four,* indicate the effort to manufacture a new Orwell boom.

Orwells. Orwell's "swine" are the peasants of the English rebellions in the days of Piers Ploughman, they are the sansculotters of the French Revolution, and the unforgettable generation of the Paris Commune. They are easily recognizable in the "greasy mechanics" who followed George Washington into the "swine's uprising" of the American Revolution.

Orwell's mind had become that of a middle-class fascist. He was trained in the British police for colonial service. He toyed for some years, when his Public School training did not save him from poverty, with the fringes of the Left, only to turn his unregenerate, upper-class hate upon the deepest phenomenon of this century, the social advance of the "swine," that is, the people of no property.

His *Animal Farm,* written in a sickness of private hate as the Nazi armies in 1943-44 were being smashed back from Stalingrad, pronounces the theme unmistakably. Here is Orwell's Big Pig speaking to his fellow beasts:

"Comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it; our life is laborious, miserable and short. . . . Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! . . . Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labor is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word—Man. Man is the only real enemy we have, Remove man from the scene and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished forever."

And the obscene Big Pig drools on:

"Only get rid of Man, and the produce of our labor would be our own. Almost overnight we could become rich and free. What then must we do? Why, work day and night, body and soul, for the overthrow of the human race! That is my message to you, comrades: Rebellion! . . . And remember, comrades, you must never falter. No argument must lead you astray. Never listen when they tell you that Man and the animals have a common interest, that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of the others. It is all lies."

What an old and dreary-stale whine this is! As O'Casey notes, we heard it from the fat monks who tried to sell it to the bitter serfs of the feudal centuries. We heard it in the endless cynical analogies between the "fatherhood" of the King and the relationships within the human family. Orwell's vulgarity is reminiscent of the preachings of the Confederate ministers who tried to justify slavery, so much like the outraged cries of those who saw the factory "swine" form into "the conspiracy of trade unions."

The trick is to identify Man with the minority of private owners of the national economic machine—the factories, and the large farm acreage—

while the "swine" are the people who do the work.

The relation of the British—or American—worker, of the African or Asian peasant, to the private owners of their nation's economy is here asserted to be exactly the same as the relation of the barnyard swine, horses, and dogs to the human owner. That is, the human "swine" of the modern factories in Britain and the United States stand in relation to the private financial monopolies that control them as the domestic animals stand to their owner. They must have his guiding intelligence to see to it that the animals and Man have a "common interest, that the prosperity of one is the prosperity of the others." The notion that the British and American working class can conceive, under the greedy-calculating goadings of the Big Communist Pig, of themselves becoming the owning and guiding power of the economy and the nation is presented by Orwell, and all who have hailed him, as the very height of absurdity or of sinister irony.

BUT Orwell could not fool the Irish laborer and poet, O'Casey, on this point. It is not only that Orwell, as O'Casey crushingly puts it, wanted to drag the world of happiness-seeking humanity down with him; Orwell as the literary representative of a class, as the poet of "the frightened barnyard owners," produced the literary image of the unnatural revolt of the swine as a consciously conceived political weapon.

British criticism was not slow in noting that the edge of this coarseness was directed against the British trade unions and against the admittedly un-Marxist Labor Party with its mild New Dealish "Socialism."

With Gregory's hero, however, the Orwellian rage goes even deeper than against the swinish threats of the trade unions and the Socialist-minded animals against the Human owners.

With Horace Gregory's hero, whom he counterposes against the sinful enthusiasms of O'Casey for human love, peace and the world of labor, the hate goes against the very wellsprings of human life itself. In the banal and leering narrative of *Nineteen-Eighty-four* the mockery goes to the defilement of human love. In the Orwellian outlook, love becomes—and this is typical of the Orwellian sickness—an animal function for "liberation" from "the Party." Orwell takes the brutalities of fascism—that is, the creation of the most "anti-Communist" circles of his own class—and foists them on the ghoulish gangsters whom he portrays as the "Marxist rulers" of the future. Then he adds to this stew the private pornographies of his own festering voyeurism. We get scenes of coarseness so degrading as to be without parallel in modern literature except perhaps for the "anti-Communist" pornography of Julius Streicher and the Goebbels ministry.

In earlier reviews of Orwell's books, Samuel Sillen noted this hatred of human love which pounds in the Orwellian "anti-Communism." (*Daily*

Worker, August 28, 1946 and *Masses & Mainstream, August*, 1949.) Orwell knew cunningly how to combine pornography with his visions of the tyranny of the "swine." Whereas earlier professionals manufacturing literary nightmares against the working class "swine" emphasized the "free love" and alleged saturnalia goals of "the Party" (this was to terrorize the genteel) Orwell now depicts "the Party" as the organizer of "anti-Sex Committees."

The Orwell hero splutters to the baby-mind slut who is his heroine: "Have you done this before?"—to which the Orwellian heroine gibbers back, "Of course, hundreds of times—well, scores of times anyway." The Orwell titillator, unable to drop the subject, eagerly asks, "With party members?" and the idiot-heroine gives back the automatic answer, "Yes, always with party members."

> *"His heart leapt. She had done it; he wished it had been hundreds—thousands. Anything that hinted of corruption filled him with a wild hope. . . . If he could have infected the whole lot of them with leprosy or syphilis how gladly he would have done it! . . . "Listen, the more men you've had, the more I love you. Do you understand that?*
>
> *"Yes, perfectly."*
>
> *"I hate purity. I hate goodness. I don't want any virtue to exist anywhere. I want everyont to be corrupted to the bones."*
>
> .. "Well, then, I ought to suit you, dear. I am corrupt to the bones." .. ..
>
> *"That was the one thing he wanted to hear. Not merely the love of one person but the simple animal instinct, the simple undifferentiated desire, that was the force that would tear the party to pieces."*

This is a self-portrait of a lust for cruelty which is the hallmark of the Nazi manias.

FOR Gregory, in the *Saturday Review, Animal Farm* "is a picture difficult for the Communists to refute, and *Nineteen Eighty-four* is a warning of what would happen if the Communists took control throughout the world." Difficult to refute! Why, this sickly venom against the majority of the human race, the men and women of labor, this literary rage against the "swine" in the factories and colonial plantations, this contempt for human aspiration, refutes itself when confronted with the sheer normality of human beings. But—and this is perhaps the most revealing thing Gregory said against O'Casey—Orwell's "books are destructive only to those who hold with desperation to Communist Party lines."

Plainly, Gregory's Orwellian hatred of Sean O'Casey is for him—and he wants it for the Saturday Review *and its readers—a political-literary platform for the United States, for our scholars in the universities, for our youth on the campuses, and for our writers, poets, and artists. In this political-literary platform, allegiance to the Orwell mind-sickness is manda-*

tory, on pain of exposure as a political criminal or literary pariah, subject to whatever punishments can be mustered from the arsenals of McCarthyism.

Gregory's hatred of O'Casey for his refusal to wear the dog-tags of the atomic slaughterhouse is accompanied by his apparent desire to place intellectual dog-tags on America's writers and artists for identification in the Orwellian madhouse.

But the O'Casey love for humanity (". . . he is essentially all love," writes Harold Clurman admiringly in *The Nation*) is the truer path for American culture and American society. The destructiveness of the Orwell-Gregory vision ("If he could have infected the whole lot of them with leprosy or syphilis he would have gladly done it!") contrasts with the beauty of O'Casey's poetic illumination—"He (O'Casey) drank to Life, to all it had been and, to what it was, to what it would be. Hurrah!"

I do not say that the honest artist in America must follow O'Casey to the end, to his unshakable faith in the working class from which he sprang, his Socialism. These are his glories, but not the sole content of his message. But O'Casey's humanism—which his Socialism makes profounder—and his defiance of the creed of atomic war, are the ingredients without which there can be no flowering of our national culture in art works expressing our national genius. The intellectual battle-lines in the decade of the '50's consist of humanism and peace as against atomic war and the Orwellian philosophy of human rottenness.

When a Gregory asks American intellectuals—or rather threatens them—to conform to the Orwellian nightmares he is asking them to make self-hatred and submission to atomic death the mainsprings of their lives. The Orwellian outlook is death to spiritual health, to national culture, to art. It will be impossible for American literature to penetrate to the moral and spiritual issues which must be the heart of a realistic art if it is dominated by the hatreds of an Orwell, if the nation's intellectuals mark time, awaiting atomic annihilation, while they brood on the primeval degeneracy of the human "swine."

THE Orwell-Gregory fantasies are not only the neurotic, literary image of the dread of any social advance by the class of "swine" in the factories; they are also and of necessity a repudiation of the entire democratic-humanist ethic which breathes in such great political documents as the Declaration of Independence. As such, under present social conditions, they cannot but be a stifling of our nation's creative literary energies. Is our literature to develop on the assumptions of hatred of human beings? Can it be true to itself and our national history if it adopts the Orwellian outlook which denies the value of human will and the possibility of greater human happiness as a result of the application of that will to social trans-

formation? The Orwell literary image is only the reflection of the political line which is forcing America to restore and ally itself with the Nazis, the men of the gas chambers.

But these Orwellian images, the product of the military necessities of the Cold War and of the generals planning to consume civilization in atomic heat, are not only immoral and destructive of creative art; they are also false to the actual historic development now taking place. The convulsive approach to an atomic *Götterdämmerung,* while always a peril so long as the stockpiles are not abolished by humanity, collides with a world-wide peace-seeking humanism which refuses to surrender the planet to the destroyers.

One has but to scan the world realities to see that the "swine" of the world seeking to balk an atomic war, seeking the rights of Man, are growing stronger than those who see their "freedom" only in universal death. To this humanism and peace, the hope of American society and American literature, we say with O'Casey "Hurrah!" To the "swine" in the factories, we say "Hurrah!" To the truth-seeking men in the universities, to the poets who create beauty, we say "Hurrah!" The Orwell nightmare may suit Horace Gregory and the enthusiasts of inevitable atomic death. But it is not for us, not for America.

Salute to Hugo Gellert

By MICHAEL GOLD

THE *Masses* in 1914 was famous for its pioneering art. John Sloan, Robert Henri, George Bellows, and other now historic figures of the "ashcan school" of the new American realism, appeared regularly in the pages of the *Masses* beside such fighters for social justice as Maurice Becker, Fred Ellis, Robert Minor and William Gropper.

If *Masses* drawings often seemed ugly to an eye conditioned by the genteel magazine art of the period, there was also the paradox of Hugo Gellert. His drawings seemed out of another world. They were serene country idylls from some lost and forgotten Golden Age; beautiful little white goats and their kids resting gracefully under the trees; or lovely young girls in Greek robes who danced by a river to the piping of dark young shepherds while the sky shed happiness on all the world.

What was such archaic, naive innocence doing in a journal of the class war and the great industrial smog and injustice? I asked myself this question, and I know other bitter young unemployed workers like myself did so frequently. The time seemed too tragic with its war and unemployment for such serenity.

Today one understands better that old-fashioned beauty has a place in a journal of working class struggle. The crazy millionaires with their fascism and H-Bomb are threatening to destroy all of man's truth and beauty. And the bourgois artists seem to have abandoned the human race. They paint only meaningless doodles and drips of nothingness, squares and cubes empty as their own withered hearts.

"The bourgeois artists find humanity superfluous," says Hugo Gellert, a painter of the human hope. "They are preparing, it seems, for the abolition of man by the H-bomb. But the workers are old-fashioned and still cherish life. The heritage of human culture now belongs to them. They will know how to defend it from bourgeois nihilism and death."

Hugo says such things in a gentle voice. His wistful eyes look at you tenderly, his smile softens the ruggedness of his red Attila mustache. He gives at first an impression of frailty. His optimism seems like that of a sunny child. Don't be fooled by such surfaces.

The man is really a tough Hungarian fighting cock. His gentleness

is real, but under it remains the tireless organizer and battler for human rights. Any optimism that can flourish after a forty-year struggle against the fascist persecutions and mass slanders of our land is no hour lily. It is the real thing.

There is a strong sculptural character in much of Hugo's art. It comes from his life-long adoration of Michaelangelo. Hugo tries to paint men not as tortured bourgeois pigmies, but men like gods, proletarian gods of the earth. The peasant nature of much of his work comes out of a genuine life. It is not synthetic.

HUGO was born in Hungary, and spent many summers of boyhood among the peasants. He rode horses, played in the fields with the white goats, and heard the pipe of shepherds and the gypsy fiddles. He watched the sturdy peasant mother suckle her babe in a corner of the wheatfield. In the cottages he saw how the peasants covered every bit of furniture, every smock and tablecloth and towel, with rich and colorful folk design. It affected his own art.

Hugo was brought to America as a young boy. His father, a lively tailor who whistled and sang like a blackbird all day at his work, made the great migration to save his five sons from military service.

The people for a century had believed that militarism was European and feudal, while democracy and peace could only be found in America, the new world. Today we are becoming the old world, and Hungary is new.

Hugo has wandered over America, has picked cotton and driven mules in the Imperial Valley, traversed the cities and farms of the West, and Mexico, and the Eastern industrial cities. He has worked in a Pittsburgh steel mill, and been in strikes and demonstrations; and also watched baseball games and prize fights, and loved Walt Whitman and Mark Twain. But his spiritual roots were struck in the Hungary of his childhood.

By the age of ten he already had many verses of his beloved Petofi by heart. Petofi is the national poet, the romantic Byron, Shelley and Walt Whitman of the Hungarian bourgeois revolution of 1848. He died in battle before he was thirty. Petofi understood the suffering and greatness of his people, and considered them the true nation. He brought the speech of the people into literature.

Another great influence was Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables,* that modern Bible which affected my own childhood. I believe it to be the novel of widest humanitarian influence in our time.

THE Gellerts settled in a tenement in the Hungarian sector of Yorkville, just south of the Germans. There was a Hungarian Workers' Home nearby which became young Gellert's university. He painted their May Day posters,

worked on scenery for the amateur theatre, drew cartoons and peasant decorations for the Hungarian daily paper, *Elore.* All of his forty years in the working class movement, as long as I can remember, Hugo has lived and worked in brotherhood with the Hungarian-Americans.

It is a warm and intimate relationship; he is a genuine voice of his people. No American artist that I know has such close relations with a mass of workers. Many of Hugo's paintings have been admired and bought by his friends, those rank-and-file Hungarian plumbers, electrical workers, tailors, carpenters, house painters and sheet metal workers.

"I have always felt useful," says Gellert. "I have never felt alone. So many artists in our country have been crippled by their isolation from the people. I have never suffered from that unnecessary sickness."

Hungary's people were the first to be betrayed to modern fascism. Herbert Hoover and Wall Street were the evil midwives of the crime. In 1928 the Horthy racketeers and anti-Semites were hunting another big loan in Wall Street. To disguise their blood-stained snout with some human mask, their American public relations counsel suggested a clever plot. The fascists presented to New York City a statue of Kossuth, the democratic liberator of Hungary. A hundred "pilgrims" were sent over for the ceremonies, all covered with badges and testimonials that asserted they were 14-karat democrats from way back, grateful little cousins of Abraham Lincoln and General Motors.

Nothing helped. Hugo Gellert was around. The Hungarian anti-fascists of New York met the "pilgrim" boat with a long picket line. I was there in the dark night by the lonely piers. A news photographer's flash powder exploded and blew off his fingers. It sounded like a bomb in the night, and the cops went crazy with fear and hysteria. They started clubbing us. It was a wild party. I admired Hugo Gellert and other captains as they re-formed the broken ranks and started us to marching again.

A week later, Hugo flew in a hired plane above the ceremony at the Kossuth statue on Riverside Drive. He flung anti-fascist leaflets down on the "pilgrims," on Mayor Jimmy Walker and the other thieves there. The pilot was a former war ace with no politics. He buzzed the ceremonies three or four times to show his solidarity, but only managed to set Jimmy Walker and the fascists running in fright. It was quite a scandal and filled the papers. Hugo still likes to boast modestly about that happy day.

Hugo always had a flair for public art. He earned good wages when he was only sixteen on his first art job in a lithograph house. Then he left commercial art to study at the National Academy of Design. He won several important prizes there, including a trip to Paris.

He could easily have made a ca-

reer, become a fashionable portrait painter or wealthy illustrator for the sophisticated *New Yorker*, also for big New York papers like the *Times,* the *World,* the *Tribune.* Commissioned to do a big mural in Rockefeller City, he covered a wall with heroic steel workers and Negro machinists, with farmers and scientists and mothers whose sturdy babes reached for the stars. Rockefeller junior himself inspected the mural. It shocked the great man of money, until a diplomatic aide explained to him it was only "symbolic" and meant to represent the Battle of the Moon and the Sun!

Hugo always fought the business world for the right to own his own soul. He likes to boast about his battles against the bourgeois editors and against his own livelihood. Commercial success never corrupted him in a country where most intellectuals have sold their souls to the business world.

"TO KEEP from being frustrated, one must constantly fight this environment," Hugo says cheerfully. He had given his heart as a youth to the people's cause. Hugo was perhaps the first to paint labor murals in this country. It was a massive work that covered the walls of the Worker's Cafeteria in Union Square, later torn down when the building was taken over by Klein's cheap department store. Hugo's powerful mural for the seamen's union still fills the walls of the NMU building in New York, despite today's reactionary leadership.

Hugo has been a great organizer, a sparkplug in the organization of American artists during the depression, one of the leading actives in forming the Congress of American Artists Against War and Fascism in 1936—that grand united front of the sort that stops fascism. He revived the *Masses* with me in 1926, after it had suspended for some years.

Hugo is an organizer who never became bureaucratic. He had breadth and insight, and an artist's sensitivity to the great realities. No true artist can become a routineer. Nothing can discourage or frighten Hugo. He is an ever-green optimist who can never grow old.

In 1950 he went with his wife Livia, also an artist, to visit her Australian family. He lived there for several years and loved the vigorous labor commonwealth. He painted murals for the seamen's union and for a government project, then worked his way home on a freighter, this man nearing sixty who did not flinch from cleaning toilers or scrubbing decks, while in leisure hours painting portraits of the crew or painting murals in the seamen's mess room. He will till he dies keep his brushes clean and his heart pure. This is not a fragile liberal reed that cracks in the first unfriendly wind.

HIS brother Ernest was one of the finest young men I ever

knew. Ernest wanted to be a musician, he composed the piece he played on his violin at graduation exercises from CCNY. Then the imperialist war of 1914 interrupted our lives. Ernest became an active member of the anti-conscription movement, then a conscientious objector. He was brutally treated at one of the camps near New York. Thugs called top sergeants hazed and tortured him for weeks. They kept him standing in his underwear in freezing weather in the yard. He froze nights in an unheated cell without blankets or clothes. Hugo and I visited him one week-end. He told us about the college boy officers with *Saturday Evening Post* minds who tried to convert him to beautiful capitalism and free enterprise. When they were psychiatrists, they also tried to have him admit he was crazy. But the young Socialist martyr was saner than all the generals and politicos of the crazy war for profit. And they shipped his body home the following Wednesday with a brief note saying he had stolen a rifle and killed himself. It was a rotten lie, but the American Civil Liberties Union and other liberal agencies could not manage to uncover all its threads.

Another brother, Lawrence, developed TB and after an operation bummed through the South. He collected some of the first Negro work songs and songs of protest. We printed them in the *Masses,* an early contribution of great value to Negro history.

I have been Hugo's friend and fellow-struggler these forty years. I knew his family, and he knew my little peasant mother from Hungary, and my brother George, the good carpenter and teacher who died. I have been bitten by his dogs and admired his gardens. I am fond of this shrewd peasant who is always busy painting a picture, organizing a picket line, or carpentering a house.

This month in several American cities there will be banquets to celebrate his forty years of cheerful battle. I am glad to write this brief portrait for the occasion. There can be no progress without people to make it. Fascism cannot be fought without people. Socialism will never come without brave people. So in celebrating Hugo, we are celebrating people and confounding the informers, the opportunists and graveyard intellectuals who say no people are left in America.

Viva la musica! Hurrah for progress and the people! Let art and brotherhood flourish like a Hungarian vineyard! Let the earth be covered with justice and peace! Three rousing cheers for Hugo Gellert, who never stopped believing in America and Hungary, in friendship, battle, and the human race!

NAZI BEST-SELLER

By SAMUEL SILLEN

A NUMBER of reviewers were plainly shaken by Ernst von Salomon's *Fragebogen* (The Questionnaire), published here in January by Doubleday. This is a translation of the biggest best-seller in postwar West Germany. It has sold over 250,000 copies—the equivalent of 750,000 in this country, *Time* magazine estimates.

Fragebogen is the autobiography of a veteran of the *Freikorps,* notorious terror organization which was a fertile recruiting ground for the Nazi SA and SS. Von Salomon was a hero to the Hitlerites because, as he boasts in his book, he was an accomplice in the 1922 murder of Walther Rathenau, Germany's Foreign Minister and a Jew. For this he served a five-year prison term.

When the Nazis came to power, von Salomon was well rewarded for his crime. He was appointed by the Propaganda Minister, Joseph Goebbels, to a leading post in the film industry. Today he is still writing fascist films. His latest hit in West Germany, reports *Newsweek* (Jan. 10) is a picture called "08/15" named after the Wehrmacht's standard machine gun of World War II. Of this picture, which has been called "Germany's *From Here to Eternity,*" *Newsweek* writes:

> "Although screen writer Ernst von Salomon and author Helmut Kirst (ex-National Socialist propaganda officer) depict at least one level of the German army as debauched and despicable, the movie carefully avoids any similar reflection either on the simple soldier or on the Prussian officers' clique that caused all the trouble in the first place. The barracks scenes, perhaps because they are spiced with obscenities never before blared from a sound track, invariably draw laughter and applause from German war veterans."

As for his best-seller, *Time* reports (Jan. 10) that

> "Von Salomon is not content with trying to exonerate himself. According to him, no one was to blame for what happened in Germany. It just happened, and no one was responsible but 'the times'. Nazism was pretty much like anything else: 'perhaps all that can be done is to describe it as a phenomenon, as a by-product of life, and like life to be immeasurable by any standard and equally shapeless.' "

Time is disturbed by von Salomon's anti-American blasts, and concludes that "if he is not the former

Nazis' favorite postwar writer, he should be. . . . There is a kind of totality, a rotten radiance about his cynicism which is rare in the worst of times or men."

What, then, about our "free world" alliance with the Ernst von Salomons of West Germany? Reviewing the book in the New York *Herald-Tribune* (Jan. 8), John K. Hutchens shows some real concern:

> "Among the anti-Communists in the French National Assembly last week who expressed a certain doubt about putting guns in the hands of Germans there were, perhaps, a few who had read *Fragebogen* and couldn't get it out of their minds. . . . If (one imagines a patriotic Frenchman thinking) this represents any considerable body of German thought today, the free world that hates all kinds of totalitarianism shouldn't be in too much of a hurry to forget 1933-'45 . . . neither the ugliness nor the morbid, irrational egoism of *Fragebogen* is to be passed over lightly. No one read *Mein Kampf* for pleasure either. But it, too, was the symptom of a disease."

BUT why should only the patriotic Frenchman object to putting guns in the hands of Nazis? What about the patriotic American?

Mr. Dulles tells us that if we don't arm the von Salomon's who are riding high in West Germany today, we will lose our peace and freedom to the Russians. The same argument was used once before to build up the German militarists. But we found that the guns were used against us. And we found that it was the Russians who, together with us, repelled the enemies of mankind. This fact cannot be erased, no matter how many books are burned, branded and banned by the McCarthyites.

The New York *Times* reviewer, Orville Prescott, is understandably perturbed, despite all the reassurances of the *Times'* editorial page. Mr. Prescott writes:

> "So large a sale of an enormous volume, which runs to some 271,000 words, we must presume, was not caused solely by Herr von Salomon's literary skill and the dramatic interest of his life story. His ideas and his attitude toward life and recent Teutonic history must appeal greatly to a great many Germans. Since Herr von Salomon's personal philosophy is a confused mixture of flippant and selfish cynicism and his political ideas are pernicious, the book's success assumes a sinister importance. Reading this slippery, hypocritical, evasive, defiant and frightening book is a depressing experience. . . . And if its author speaks for a large proportion of his countrymen, it is a terrible book."

To be sure, von Salomon does not speak for large masses of West Germans, who are vigorously opposing re-militarization. But he does speak for the men who command the government and industry of West Germany today; he does speak for the men who would rule the army which Mr. Dulles is so anxious to revive. This is graphically brought out in the "Fact Sheet on West German Rearmament" which appears in the January issue of the progressive monthly *Jewish Life*. Adenauer's cabinet and Foreign Office are riddled with Nazis. Every intelligent econo-

mist agrees with decartelization expert Howard W. Armbruster that "There is abundant evidence now available that too many former Nazi leaders, plus a full assortment of old-style Pan-German industrial barons, are again back in the saddle and constitute the strongest support which Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has at this time. . . . They have abandoned all pretext of complying with promises made to the Western allies on decartelization and deconcentration of their industrial empires." (Letter to New York *Times,* Sept. 10, 1954.)

HOW widespread is the Ernst von Salomon disease in West Germany? Is his book a freak or is it representative of the works which our "free world partners" in West Germany are producing?

I commend to the attention of Mr. Prescott and Mr. Hutchens the following ten entries from a 52-page catalogue of militarist books issued by the "Schild Buch Dienst," a book agency in Munich, West Germany. The titles are typical. They are accompanied in the catalogue by brief blurbs as follows:

Waffen-SS in Action, by Paul Hauser. "The senior officer of the front-line troops of the former Waffen-SS gives here for the first time a sketch of the creation and the battles of these troops. It is well-earned praise for their great military exploits."

The German Occupation of Denmark and Norway, 1940, by Dr. Walter Hubatsch. "The author clearly confirms the German intention of only carrying out a peaceful occupation, with the aid of documents discovered in 1951."

The Wolves and the Admiral, by Wolfgang Frank. "A novel about U-boats. The author himself sailed with the U-boat men, and belonged to this group with its incorruptible decency."

Soldierly Existence Tomorrow, by Erich Dethleffsen. "A convincing analysis of the German situation, based on German soldiering yesterday and tomorrow. This book shows clearly the spirit and the method to be used in rebuilding troops."

The Defense of German Soldiers, by Dr. Hans Laternser. "This book serves to restore the true regard for German soldierliness which the allied courts tried to drag in the mud."

Monsieur Jean, by Erich Borchers. "This book shows that even in the undercover war German soldierly action was marked by honor and fairness."

The Generals' Road to Sacrifice, by Josef Folttmann. "A clear study of the actions and the sacrifices of German generals and admirals in the Second World War. This book counters all hateful and tendentious rumors about the highest officers of the German Wehrmacht, and proves that the German generals 'fell at the head of their men' in the best sense of that phrase."

Parachutists—Then and Later, by General H. B. Ramcke. "The former general of the parachute troops

tells of his fate as commander of the Brest Fortress, war prisoner in the USA, and his path of suffering as an alleged 'war criminal.'"

General Dietl, by Gerda Luise Dietl. "The honest humanity of this general will live on in the hearts of the German people."

IT IS obvious from these typical examples of a West German book catalogue that author and screenwriter Ernst von Salomon need not feel lonesome. A celebrity of Nazi Germany, he is naturally a celebrity of a renazified Germany.

This is the humanistic culture which flourishes under the "free world" policy of Eisenhower and Dulles. The reviewers who were shocked by von Salomon's *Fragebogen,* and who hoped against hope that it was an exception, would serve the country well by studying and reporting the facts of life in West Germany. These facts led James P. Warburg to conclude, after a recent European trip, that the rearmament agreements "lead to war rather than to peace." Indeed, the rearming of a re-nazified West Germany would immeasurably heighten the threat of a new world war.

Equally, the reviewers would do well to ask themselves this question, in all honesty: Do not the anti-Communist tirades of the man who wrote this "detestable" book, as Orville Prescott calls it, sound exactly like the anti-Communist outpourings of a Whittaker Chambers, a John Dos Passos or a James Burnham? Why do the same words sound so ugly when they come from a German and so beguiling when they come from an American?

To many German ears the Nazi song of hate sounds reasonable: *Fragebogen* was a best-seller there just as *Witness* was a Book-of-the-Month Club choice here. Perhaps it is time for thoughtful people to realize that to the world at large the anti-Communist crusade in the United States is just as detestable as the anti-Communist crusade in West Germany. Perhaps it is time to realize that hysterical witch-hunting and war mongering is aimed at the soul of the American people just as surely as it was aimed, and continues to be aimed, at the German people.

It is good that we are alarmed by the von Salomons of another land. It would be even better if we raised our voices against the von Salomons of our own who are pressing America into a suicidal "partnership" with resurgent Nazism.

We can readily agree with what Frederic Morton said of *Fragebogen* in the *Saturday Review* (Jan. 1): "Herr von Salomon brandishes his honesty-about-the-past with a braggadoccio piousness. He wears the blackjack like a wedding ring. . . . I especially recommend *Fragebogen* as airplane literature to John Foster Dulles on one of his flights to Bonn."

Culture for Peace

FOLLOWING its annual practice, the World Council of Peace has issued an appeal to all peoples to commemorate, in the name of peace, the anniversaries of several great cultural figures in 1955. The Council, meeting in Stockholm at the end of November, has urged world-wide celebrations of:

Schiller (1759-1805)—The German poet and playwright, who died 150 years ago, is regarded as second only to Goethe in German literature and first among German dramatists. His plays include the trilogy *Wallenstein, William Tell, The Robbers, Mary Stuart.*

Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855)—The outstanding national poet of Poland, friend of James Fenimore Cooper and Margaret Fuller, is best known for his epic *Pan Tadeusz* (Sir Thaddeus), of which the American translator G. R. Noyes, wrote: "Perhaps no poem of any European nation is so truly national and in the best sense of the word popular."

Walt Whitman (1819-1892)—The first edition of *Leaves of Grass* was published 100 years ago, on July 4, 1855, in a Brooklyn printshop where Whitman set most of the type himself, being unable to find a publisher.

Montesquieu (1689-1755)—The French political philosopher's best known work is *Spirit of the Laws,* which exercised a profound influence on the leading thinkers of the American Revolution.

Cervantes (1547-1616)—The first part of Cervantes' immortal novel, *Don Quixote,* appeared in 1605, 350 years ago.

Hans Christian Andersen (1805-1875)—The Danish writer, beloved the world over for his *Tales,* was born 100 years ago.

Through these celebrations, declares the World Council of Peace, "the peoples will speak to one another across the frontiers, learn to understand one another better and strengthen and develop peaceful cooperation."

In the course of 1955 *M&M* will publish articles on these world figures and their significance for today.

MY FATHER

By HOWARD FAST

I WAS never surprised to find that my father had been something else in his time than I had ever dreamed of; I suppose the only thing he had never been was rich. He told me once that for two years or so, he had been gripperman on the cable cars—that is until they decided to do away with cable cars in New York entirely. It surprised me less that he had been a gripperman—something I had never heard of before—than that there had ever been cable cars in New York City; but he explained that there were in the old times, running south from Forty-Second Street, on Seventh Avenue, I believe.

Years later, in San Francisco, I spent the better part of a day riding the cable cars up Nob Hill and Telegraph Hill and all the other hills and little valleys that make San Francisco like no other city on earth, and for hours I watched the gripperman handle his three long levers with grace and competence, a wonderful survival of a world that is no more.

So there it was, and my father had been a gripperman. He had large, beautiful and strong hands, and he was superbly muscled, lean and hard to the day of his death, and always, from the beginning of memory, I remember those hands. They were the hands of a working man; they were his rock and his foundation, and all he ever had in the world were those two hands.

I am not completely certain of what work he did first. He went to work at the age of eleven, as I did, but he talked little of the work he did before he was seventeen years old. I think he worked in a stable in downtown New York—that was in the 1880's—curried horses, cleaned wagons, but there were many other things too.

In those times, man and boy too worked a twelve-hour day, and fourteen hours often enough, and when my father was fifteen years old he went into a sweatshop and worked from seven in the morning until eight at night. He was of a generation of working people to whom laughter and joy came hard and uneasily, and I will never forget the glad excitement of his face when he did laugh, the sunshine breaking through, and the wonderful pleasure that I and my brothers knew because he was laughing.

There was a time when he had been on strike for seven months and then, when the strike was broken, laid off for longer than I care to remember, and the burden of support for the family, of eating and drinking and paying some of the rent, so we would not be put out on the street, fell upon my older brother and myself. I was twelve then, and we had a newspaper route which brought in ten dollars a week for the work of both of us, and it meant that on Sundays we had to rise at three in the morning, in the cold darkness of night, dress, and drag our aching, over-used bodies to the collating station. My mother was long dead, and my father was father, mother, and guardian angel to three small boys —with never enough to feed them or clothe them or to overcome his guilt at being able to do neither.

The only compensation was that strange communion of working people which bound us together, and on those Saturday nights he would rise a half hour before we did, prepare breakfast, wake us gently, help us to dress, feed us breakfast and watch us go—all with that silent anguish in his face that only the poor know, and having once seen, the poor can never properly forget.

I never really believed that my father had ever been young, and when he talked of his youth, I always felt that he was describing a third person. There are some people who remain young and clad in youth until the day they die, even though they live to be eighty, but my father was not one of them, although there was youth enough in his body, his stride, and his amazing strength. He had the arms of a blacksmith, and they came from his years as an iron-worker.

IN THOSE days, just at the turn of the century, there was a great vogue in New York—and in other American cities too, I suppose—for wrought iron. Not only were the new-fangled fire-escapes built to a large extent of wrought iron, but it was used ornamentally on stoops, horse-cars, wagons, for iron railings to guard open cellars, and in a hundred other ways. Much of this ironwork was wrought in the hot forge, over charcoal fires with hammer and bellows and the strong arm of the smith, who was called in this trade, a *monger*—a method of working iron as old as man's knowledge of iron. The iron sheds were on the lower East and West Sides, near the rivers, and the race of mongers were akin to the smiths who shoed the thousands of horses and the wheelwrights who repaired the thousands of iron wagon-wheels.

My father told me how as a boy he would rather be in an iron shed than in paradise, and how he would take his sandwich and can of beer in his lunch hour, squat in the open side of an iron shed, and glory in the roaring flames, the hiss of the bellows, and the mighty clang and clamor of the hammers.

He began as an apprentice of the lowest rank, a boy who ran errands,

dragged iron bars, and made endless trips to the nearby saloon for beer to quench the smiths' raging thirst. Then he became a tongs-boy, permitted to hold and move the metal as the smith worked, and finally, a full-fledged smith in a leather apron, with his own hammer to beat and subdue the red hot iron.

But even if the style and method of working iron had not gone out of existence, he would have broken himself on the anvil; and in later years until I finally learned, I often puzzled why a man of his wit and skill could never depend on anything but his own two hands. With the end of the wrought iron industry, he became a tinsmith, but the use of tin for troughs and sinks and roofing had its own short day, and inevitably he gravitated toward the one industry in New York that increased steadily, and became a cutter in a garment factory. He had to learn a new trade, and he learned it well—and in between these three, how many others? I watched him work as a journeyman painter, and I worked with him once on a plumbing job, myself clumsy and incompetent next to his incredible hands. He had a store of patience that was inexhaustible, and his temper was as long as the time between sunrise and sunset. Only the manner of training a dollar to work for him and increase of itself was unknown to him.

My mother died when I was a little boy, leaving my father with the overwhelming task of raising three small boys. I suppose we were just as poor before my mother died, but she somehow had the skill to draw a mask over the naked face of poverty, and this my father alone could not do. Work as he would, twelve and fourteen hours a day, he still could not feed us and clothe us; and he gave away our childhood the way millions of working class fathers in so many lands gave away the childhood of their children. My older brother went to work when he was twelve, myself when I was eleven—the beginning of an ache, a weariness, a tiredness that came not only out of work done, but out of play and gladness passed by. Possibly it was then that my father became old; he had to sell our youth, just as his own was sold, and his face became gray and tired, the life gone out of it.

I LIVE in a time now when in my country the word *socialism* is far from popular, and *communism* little better than an epithet, but until I was sixteen years old, I don't think I had ever heard those words, or if I had, that I was in any particular way conscious of their meaning. I knew that *Bolshevik* characterized a variety of obscenities, made plain to me by the rotogravure supplements in the Hearst newspapers, but the wild riot of rapine, starvation and murder therein described was sufficiently apart from my own experience for me to be unconcerned to any large degree.

I was then working as a messenger for the New York Public Li-

brary for the fine wage of twenty-two cents an hour—at a time when so many had no wages at all, and it was one of a dozen jobs I drifted in and out of, in spite of my father's pleas that I learn a decent trade; but I liked books, being around them, handling them, reading them—and I read everything and anything, so long as it had the shape of a book and told a story for me to escape into. It was at this time that a librarian put into my hands George Bernard Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.*

She had no wish to subvert me; she was someone who became interested in me when I once happened to remark that late at night I occupied myself in writing stories, and when I gave her some to read, she observed that none of them were about my own orbit of experience. I tried to explain, and found myself explaining that I had no manner of understanding or power to understand my own orbit of experience. So she gave me one or two short pieces to whet my appetite, and then the book to satisfy it.

I didn't like the title; the title embarrassed me. I was just turning seventeen years old, but I was a man in the earning of my daily bread, in the battles I had fought for my own survival, in the blood and filth and hardness I had encountered in my own jungle world of street and work, in the profanity that marked my rich gutter speech, in my extensive if lopsided knowledge of the facts of life and biology—and I wondered what I could learn from a book earmarked for "intelligent women."

That night I learned. I began the book that night, at the kitchen table, the heart of family life and work, with my father and my two brothers beginning to doze opposite me, and then I went on reading after they had gone to sleep, and I read until there was light in the morning sky, with the world dancing and leaping in circles and for the first time with a glint of reason breaking through the insanity of how I lived and was, and where I had come from and where I was going.

Yet it was not George Bernard Shaw, not the kindly librarian who turned my mind from the "righteous paths" and turned me forever into an enemy of class oppression and class justice; it was not they alone who showed me that my poverty of body and mind, my physical and mental hunger, my ragged clothes and broken shoes were not simply personal bereavements, visited upon me by some crafty fate, but rather the price I paid for belonging to that great and mighty factor in modern history called the *working class*—no, it is not that easy to "subvert," as our present day Neanderthalers call it; no, it was life that did the "subverting," and Shaw, of ever beloved memory, only took the senseless hate and resentment and directed it to paths of understanding, reason and creation.

YET I could never convince my father, my wonderful, strong,

wise and patient father, whose hands were gifted with magic, whose heart was big and strong beyond breaking—who, in a curious way, was the best the working class produces; and who always, always belittled himself to justify his own poverty. How deeply it had been hammered home in him that the race was to the strong, the good, the best!—so deeply that he could never admit that we inhabited anything but the best of all possible worlds. Only he had failed.

Only, I say that he had not failed. He gave me a worker, before my eyes and that way until I die. The bitter, endless arguments we had about the system and its meaning, those were nothing against himself who was the largest argument of all, teaching me just in his being.

And he wanted me to be a writer, and without him I would not have been a writer. He, who could barely read and write, would sit silent and even awe-stricken, night after night, as I sat with sheets of paper, making stories—which I then read aloud to him and to my brothers. They were very poor stories, pathetically poor, but I became a writer because the three people who listened each night to what I had written knew that they were not bad stories, but miracles because words were written at all. It wasn't that my father's literary judgment was poor; it was because his wisdom went far deeper than any matter of literary judgment.

It was shortly before he died that I published my novel, *The Last Frontier,* in which I wrote the dedication, "To my father, who taught me to love, not only the America that is past, but the America that will be." My father was already an old man, older than his years, worked out and used up, and very sick, and he wondered how I had meant what I wrote—for all the pleasure it gave him. For, as he said, he knew so little of the America that was past and was so deeply troubled concerning the America that would be.

I couldn't explain to him that in himself, he was the America that would be; and I think that of all my angers in so many angry years, the longest lasting is that he, who was so splendid in so many ways, should have been robbed of that most precious of possessions: pride in and knowledge of the generations of millions like himself who had built with their strong hands what was best and truest in the America of the past.

Your Help Needed!

MASSES & MAINSTREAM is entering its eighth year. That's a lot longer than our enemies gave us when we started the monthly early in 1948.

We have a right to feel good about the magazine's strength to survive these tough years.

We also have an obligation. We must assure *M&M*'s effectiveness to meet the needs of 1955.

This can be done only with your help!

Without you, the reader, we cannot meet the challenge of intellectual repression. Without you, the reader, we cannot do the necessary job in the fight for peace.

And without you we cannot meet our bills. The fact is that publishing costs in this country have been rising steadily. We need not tell you that the 1948 dollar has shrunk considerably in 1955. Yet we have not raised the price of the magazine. We don't want to make that an obstacle to circulation.

So we must appeal to you, as we have each preceding year, to help us meet a deficit. It's not a staggering sum as magazine deficits go these days, for we have operated on an absolutely minimal budget. But for us, the $6,500 for which we are asking spells all the difference in the world.

The $6,500 we urgently require spells the difference between limping along and striding ahead with all the enthusiasm we feel for the months to come. Many of our readers have inquired why we have been coming out late the past couple of months. The answer is simple. It is also a gnawing one. The answer is a shortage of dollars and cents.

We know the heavy financial demands made on all of us. But believing as we do, and as we think you do, in the indispensable function *M&M* performs in the fight for democratic culture, we do not hesitate to ask you to give and to give generously to your magazine.

You are the only angels we have. Only you can see us through.

We will be watching the mails anxiously for your contribution, big or small. Please don't let us down. Please don't leave this for another day. It simply can't wait.

We are confident that the support which made the first seven years possible will make our eighth year a bright and fruitful one.

Thank you.

THE EDITORS

The Freedom to Publish

By ANGUS CAMERON

THE 30th anniversary of International Publishers coincides with the 70th birthday of its founder and director, Alexander Trachtenberg. There is something quite interesting about these two anniversaries. When one looks at the output and influence of the publishing house, one considers that it must be the house which is celebrating its 70th anniversary. And when one looks into the eyes of the man, one thinks that possibly it is the man who is celebrating the other anniversary.

Speaking from this moment in American history I think it is pertinent to note that the chief significance of the anniversary is simply this: International Publishers is still in business. With its editor and publisher under Federal sentence, and the ideas of the books it has published considered by a handful of witch-hunters as dangerous to the safety of our country, this house is nevertheless still publishing books and selling them the country over.

Now the question naturally arises: who is defending International Publishers? Yes, many who believe in freedom of the press are active in defense of this firm. But they are, after all, in the minority—at least they are in a minority vocally. And their force is not great enough, powerful and eloquent though it be, to protect this distinguished dissenting house from the wild hysteria and brutal witch-hunting of the McCarthy Conspiracy. Then if the continued existence cannot be explained by the defense of a vocal few, how is it to be explained?

I believe it is to be explained by the fact that the forces of political and economic reaction and obscurantism are facing a silent, residual opposition. And this opposition is so powerful that even though the Brownell-type would love to close every dissenting press and silence every unorthodox typewriter, the fact is that they can't do it. They do not dare do it. The silent, obdurate, stubborn resistance of the American people to war, to McCarthyism, to colonial adventurism, to Dullesism, is a protection to a free press. The truth of it is that as bad as things may have got, they are now turning in another direction. The old adage that when prejudice and interest meet in combat, interest wins, is showing its truth again in these days when the poison of the cold war and the shameful Red-scare cannot

overcome the interest which the people have in peace, jobs, and security, and the freedom of the press.

The American people have simply not shown any basic readiness to cast aside finally the simple eloquence of the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." For those stirring years during the New Deal when the American people had the bit of their own destiny in their own teeth, American life took on bravely and without fear the most democratic and revolutionary ideas in its magnificent tradition. It is little wonder, then, that respectable publishers would invite Alexander Trachtenberg to a reception in his honor—which they did twenty years ago—and in honor of the house and the list of books for which he was so largely responsible. It was safe to honor a man for doing what others did not quite dare to do. It was not considered treason then to publish books which take a materialist view of reality and which advance theories of history, change, and science.

American publishing showed quite clearly how it felt about the tenth birthday of a publishing house which specialized in socialist classics for workers and others who could not read them in original editions. On that occasion, such celebrated names as Alfred A. Knopf, Bennett Cerf, Thomas R. Coward, B. W. Huebsch, Freda Kirchway, Malcolm Cowley, Lewis Gannett, the late W. W. Norton, and many others, joined to honor the house which Alexander Trachtenberg had founded ten years before.

BUT twenty years have seen many changes. Though International continued to publish books taking the same view of reality and offering the same solution to man's problems of peace, security and cultural aspirations, it was not possible in 1952 to rally one single working publishing figure to express an opinion about the illegal persecution of the editor and director of the same International Publishers. The Cold War, the ignorance and venal greed of a handful of business adventurers willing to hazard the lives of the entire American people in a hot atom war, the intimidation, the ignorant, loudmouthed prating and bawls of a McCarthy, the innuendo, the character assassination, the persecution, prosecution, and jailing of dissenters under the Smith Act, the assault on books, schools, ideas, the emergence of the silly J. Edgar Hoover as a literary critic and a protector of learning in America—all of these strange, fearsome, and un-American developments of the past few years have silenced both the timid and, in many cases, even men who have been brave in the past. Indeed, one cannot determine whether it was twenty years of prosperity or ten years of Cold War which silenced the one time vocal supporters of International Publishers.

But perhaps it is a bit too simple to say that the publishing fraternity

which celebrated the tenth anniversary of International Publishers now has deserted the dissenting house. I believe that just as the silence of the American people on the subject can be mistaken by democrats as acquiescence, so must we consider this official publishing silence. The fact is that the publishing fraternity has not spoken out as individuals to defend Alexander Trachtenberg and International, but it is equally true that in a very real way they have spoken as a collective.

Not one of these men came to the assistance of their fellow publisher when he was hailed into court and when the books he has published were introduced as evidence against him. The trial of Alexander Trachtenberg was a trial of the books he published; the Court literally allowed the Government to put the books themselves on trial, for if ever a trial was a thought-control trial this one was. But while none of the publishers raised a voice against this outrage, the lesson of that fateful day in February, 1953 when a man was sentenced to prison for publishing books was evidently not lost on the rest of the publishing fraternity.

Four and a half months after Alexander Trachtenberg was sentenced, the annual meeting of the American Library Association, representing 21,000 librarians the country over, joined with the American Book Publishers' Council in issuing a resolution or manifesto which is still one of the finest expressions of the will to defend the Bill of Rights that has ever come from a collection of American citizens. Though the voices were anonymous, the words which Trachtenberg spoke when he was sentenced were eloquently echoed in this now famous resolution. Though the head of International Publishers stood alone as a book publisher before the court to defend free books, his voice was amplified in the famous resolution which still provides a platform on which all who would defend the First Amendment can unite and stand:

"The freedom to read is essential to our democracy. It is under attack. Private groups and public authorities in various parts of the country are working to remove books from sale, to censor text books, to label 'controversial' books, to distribute lists of 'objectionable' books or authors, and to purge libraries.

"We are deeply concerned about these attempts at suppression . . . and suppression is never more dangerous than in such a time of social tension. Freedom has given the United States the elasticity to endure strain. Freedom keeps open the path toward novel and creative solutions, and enables change to come by choice. Every silencing of heresy, every enforcement of an orthodoxy, diminishes the toughness and resiliency of our society and leaves it the less able to deal with stress. . . . Now as always in our history, books are among our greatest instruments of freedom. They are almost the only means for making generally available ideas or manners of expression that can initially command only a small audience."

Now, while those who know most about books and have the greatest responsibility for defending free expression of ideas about books are

uttering these stirring sentiments, one of the "groups" referred to above is diligently preparing new cases against American citizens under the Smith Act. The Attorney General's office, staffed with ambitious and cynical bright young men all heading toward some judgeship plum, unable to find a single shred of evidence against progressive Americans they are prosecuting, have conjured up the charge of conspiracy to advocate, a fancy legalistic euphemism for teaching. The real defendants in each and every one of the Smith Act trials, including of course the one which sentenced Alexander Trachtenberg, have been books mostly published in the United States by International Publishers.

Dr. John Somerville, who testified as an expert witness for the defense in the Philadelphia Smith Act trials, said that each morning the real nature of the trial was manifest in the act of one of the court attendents whose job it was to wheel in the real defendants in this infamous case, a great metal case of books. "Conspiracy to advocate the overthrow of the government" was contained in no single act as claimed by the government but the teaching of the contents of books.

Each day throughout the trial and others which preceded it, the prosecutors spelled out by reading out of context from Marxist classics their charge that the Alexander Trachtenbergs were "conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow of our government." Here is not the place to analyze the shabby, shallow, and vulgarized nature of the government's ignorant contentions. The ideas of great thinkers have been brutally misinterpreted by young men who are intellectually not yet dry behind the ears. Their pathetic attempts to brand as a part of a conspiracy ideas and exploratory analysis of social and political realities sound, when one reads the record, like the slightly ridiculous test papers of some high school sophomore in civics or social studies.

But the fact is that while the librarians stand by the most fundamental and cherished values of a free press, the government puts books on trial and makes not only the publishing of them, but the reading of them a criminal act against our society.

THE conviction of Americans like Alexander Trachtenberg of conspiracy to advocate through books is the prelude to conviction of other citizens for retaining such books in the libraries or, later, for owning or even reading such books. Indeed a state, in this case Massachusetts, has already begun the process by seizing the library of Otis Hood, thus setting up a government index of books which have respected places in the public and college libraries of our country.

International Publishers has become now, as in the good old days of the New Deal when respectable publishers held a reception at the New School in honor of the com-

pany's tenth anniversary, a kind of nerve center which shows how free he responses to freedom of the press are in our country. Twenty years ago celebrating the tenth aniversary of International publishers was a kind of sop to the consciences of men who wished they had the courage to make their own houses entirely free. International Publishers, as a publishing house in being, was a kind of proxy stand-in for their own consciences then.

But today, International Publishers, already assaulted by the conviction of its director, still remains at he old stand, publishing books under the simple eloquence of the First Amendment. The selfsame men who attended and arranged the anniversary celebration of International's tenth birthday must, on this, the hirtieth occasion of that birthday, be watching International with a most interested eye, for in their hearts they know full well that when the government dares to close one publishing house it has assumed the right to close any and all.

Let us hope that these men will take note of this celebration in the spirit of the fine manifesto which they jointly signed with the librarians. The continued freedom of this house to publish books is the proof of the reality of the manifesto. Personally, I believe the spirit which wrote the manifesto will prevail in this country and I take this occasion to salute this publishing house and to congratulate its long-time head Alexander Trachtenberg, and to salute all who have shown or will show by their acts that they believe the people meant it when they stated so sternly and so clearly and so eloquently, "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

AMERICAN DOCUMENT

"The Passion for Conquest"

By WILLIAM JAMES

Public denunciation of unjust wars is a deeply rooted tradition of American culture. Thus, opposition to the Spanish-American War was wide-spread among American intellectuals. Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Finley Peter Dunne, Charles W. Chesnutt, William Vaughn Moody were only a few of the leading writers who were particularly incensed at the McKinley Administration's brutal conquest of the Philippines. These writers were joined in 1899 by the noted philosopher William James, a supporter of the New England Anti-Imperialist League.

In a study of James (The James Family, *Knopf, 1947*), *the late F. O. Matthiessen notes: "What he was most deeply disturbed by was our treatment of the Filipinos. . . . Two of his letters on the subject deserve to be rescued from the files of the* Boston Transcript, *particularly since his description of a people's movement being mercilessly destroyed by our business civilization has as much bearing upon our present conduct in the Orient as it had fifty years ago."*

We print below an excerpt from one of William James' vigorous letters to the Transcript. It is dated March 1, 1899.

AN OBSERVER who should judge solely by the sort of evidence which the newspapers present might easily suppose that the American people felt little concern about the performances of our Government in the Philippine Islands, and were practically indifferent to their moral aspects.

The cannon of our gunboats at Manila and the ratification of the treaty have sent even the most vehement anti-imperialist journals temporarily to cover, and the bugbear of copperheadism has reduced the freest tongues for a while to silence. The excitement of battle, this time as always, has produced its cowing and disorganizing effect upon the opposition.

But it would be dangerous for the Administration to trust to these impressions.

I will not say that I have been amazed, for I fully expected it; but I have been cheered and encouraged at the almost unanimous display and horror which I find individuals ex-

press in private conversation over the turn which things are taking.

"A national infamy" is the comment on the case which I hear most commonly uttered.

The fires of indignation are momentarily "banked," but they are anything but "out."

They seem merely to be awaiting the properly concerted and organized signal to burst forth with far more vehemence than ever, as imperialism and the idol of a national destiny, based on martial excitement and mere "bigness," keep revealing their corrupting inwardness more and more unmistakably.

The process of education has been too short for the older American nature not to feel the shock. We gave the fighting instinct and the passion for military conquest their outing; we let them have the day to themselves, and temporarily committed our fortunes to their leading last spring, because we thought that, being harnessed in a cause which promised to be that of freedom, the results were fairly safe, and we could resume our permanent ideals and character when the fighting fit was done.

We now see how we reckoned without our host. We see by the vividest examples what an absolute savage and pirate the passion of military conquest always is, and how the only safeguard against the crimes to which it will infallibly drag the nation that gives way to it is to keep it chained for ever; is never to let it get its start . . .

WE ARE now openly engaged in crushing the sacredest thing in this great human world — the attempt of a people long enslaved to attain to the possession of itself, to organize its laws and government, to be free to follow its internal destinies according to its own ideals.

War, said Moltke, aims at destruction, and at nothing else. And splendidly are we carrying out war's ideal. We are destroying the lives of these islanders by the thousand, their villages and their cities; for surely it is we who are solely responsible for all the incidental burnings that our operations entail.

But these destructions are the smallest part of our sins. We are destroying down to the root every germ of a healthy national life in these unfortunate people, and we are surely helping to destroy for one generation at least their faith in God and man.

No life shall you have, we say, except as a gift from our philanthropy after your unconditional submission to our will. So as they seem to be "slow pay" in the matter of submission, our yellow journals have abundant time in which to raise new monuments of capitals to the victories of Old Glory, and in which to extol the unrestrainable eagerness of our brave soldiers to rush into battles that remind them so much of rabbit hunts on Western plains.

It is horrible, simply horrible. Surely there cannot be many born and bred Americans who, when they look at the bare fact of what we are

doing, the fact taken all by itself, do not feel this, and do not blush with burning shame at the unspeakable meanness and ignominy of the trick?

WHY, then do we go on? First, the war fever; and then the pride which always refuses to back down when under fire. But these are passions that interfere with the reasonable settlement of any affair; and in this affair we have to deal with a factor altogether peculiar with our belief, namely, in a national destiny which must be "big" at any cost, and which for some inscrutable reason it has become infamous for us to disbelieve in or refuse. We are to be missionaries of civilization, and to bear the white man's burden, painful as it often is. We must sow our ideals, plant our order, impose our God. The individual lives are nothing. Our duty and our destiny call, and civilization must go on.

Could there be a more damning indictment of that whole bloated idol termed "modern civilization" than this amounts to? Civilization is, then, the big, hollow, resounding, corrupting, sophisticating, confusing torrent of mere brutal momentum and irrationality that brings forth fruits like this! . . . It is by their moral fruits exclusively that these benighted brown people, "half-devil and half-child"* as they are, are condemned to judge a civilization. Ours is already execrated by them forever by its hideous fruits.

Shall it not in so far forth be execrated by ourselves? Shall the unsophisticated verdict upon its hideousness which the plain moral sense pronounces avail nothing to stem the torrent of mere empty "bigness" in our destiny, before which it is said we must all knock under, swallowing our higher sentiments with a gulp?

THE issue is perfectly plain at last. We are cold-bloodedly, wantonly and abominably destroying the soul of a people who never did us an atom of harm in their lives.

It is bald, brutal piracy, impossible to dish up any longer in the cold pot-grease of President McKinley's cant at the recent Boston banquet—surely as shamefully evasive a speech, considering the right of the

* This chauvinist epithet of Rudyard Kipling's and the whole concept of "Anglo-Saxon" superiority was sharply attacked elsewhere the same year by William James: "Now that by his (Kipling's) song-making power he is the mightiest force in the formation of the 'Anglo-Saxon' character, I wish he would hearken a bit more to his deeper human self and a bit less to his shallower jingo self. If the Anglo-Saxon race would drop its sniveling cant it would have a good deal less of a 'burden' to carry. We're the most loathsome canting crew that God ever made. Kipling knows perfectly well that our camps in the tropics are not college settlements or our armies bands of philanthropists, slumming it; and I think it a shame that he should represent us to ourselves in that light. I wish he would try a bit interpreting the savage *soul* to us, as he *could,* instead of using such official and conventianal phrases as 'half-devil and half-child,' which leaves the whole inside out.' (Eds.)

public to know definite facts, as can often have fallen even from a professional politician's lips.

The worth of our imperialists is that they do not themselves know where sincerity ends and insincerity begins. Their state of consciousness is so new, so mixed of primitively human passions and, in political circles, of calculations that are anything but primitively human; so at variance, moveover, with their former mental habits; and so empty of definite data and contents; that they face various ways at once, and their portraits should be taken with a squint. One reads the President's speech with a strange feeling—as if the very words were squinting on the page . . .

The programme for the opposition should, it seems to me, be radical. The infamy and iniquity of a war of conquest must stop. A 'protectorate,' of course, if they will have it, though after this they would probably rather welcome any European Power; and as regards the inner state of the island, freedom, "fit" or "unfit," that is, home rule without humbugging phrases, and whatever anarchy may go with it until the Filipinos learn from each other, not from us, how to govern themselves.

Until the opposition newspapers seriously begin, and the mass meetings are held, let every American who still wishes his country to possess its ancient soul—soul a thousand times more dear than ever, not that it seems in danger of perdition—do what little he can in the way of open speech and writing, and above all let him give his representatives and senators in Washington a positive piece of his mind.

University Battleground

SILAS TIMBERMAN, by Howard Fast. *Blue Heron Press.* $3.

TURNING to a contemporary American theme in *Silas Timberman,* Howard Fast infuses his story with the same passion for freedom that has distinguished his many historical novels. Actually there is no rigid division in Fast's work between the "historical" and the "contemporary." Fast's driving concern is always an illumination of the great moral issues that face people today. With a powerful sense of the continuity of man's long struggle for liberty, extending from Spartacus to Tom Paine, and from the Gideon Jackson of *Freedom Road* to Sacco and Vanzetti, Howard Fast has given a noble perspective to our own conflict. He has created living and eloquent images of the past not in order to evade the troubles of the present, but to quicken our courage and hope and resolution.

Still, many of his devoted readers looked forward to a novel by Fast dealing directly with the issues generated by the Cold War. For American writing today is so notably lacking in the real drama of American life. Never in our history, I am sure, was the gulf so great between the artistic image and the social fact. How many writers seem to work in an increasingly narrow pocket of existence! Little themes and meaningless lives dominate the literary scene, and who can disagree that "Too much of the new fiction is a quest for reality outside the social world, in an effective vacuum," as Malcolm Cowley observes in *The Literary Situation*? Cowley goes on to say: "In these days of investigations run wild, Americans are learning to be timid about expressing their opinions, especially if these are in the least heretical. The result is that we are now reading novels by intellectuals, for intellectuals, about supposedly intellectual or at least well-educated characters, in which not a single intelligent notion is expressed about the world in which we live."

So it is a welcome thing indeed that Howard Fast's latest novel not only deals with present-day reality, but with this very theme of "investigations run wild," the corrosive thought-control that is central to any understanding of what is happening in America and to America. Fast has deliberately avoided the

ɔectacular in this book. He is not ɛre dealing, as in the works of his- ›ry, with the makers and shakers of ıe world, the towering figures and ɔochal crises of the past. In his ›ory of a witch-hunt on a mid- ʼestern university campus in 1950- 951, he is showing the lives of rdinary Americans in an extraor- inary time.

"In its beginning, it was ordinary." 'hat is the keynote, and the central ıaracter, Silas Timberman, a pro- ɛssor of American literature at lemington, is introduced as a man ɛading a comfortable life with its wn routines and habits. In another me, the fact that Silas built his ɔurses around the democratic ideas f Mark Twain might perhaps ɔt have aroused the fears of the niversity administration. But this the time of the Cold War, a war ıat had just been heated up in Ko- ɛa, and Mark Twain is suspect, ong with Jack London, Theodore ɔreiser, Sinclair Lewis. When Silas alked at "volunteering" for the uni- ɛrsity's alarm-mongering civil de- ɛnse organization, the trouble arted. And when it came out that ɛ and some other faculty members ıd signed a peace petition, the ıices of suspicion and calumny ɛre opened wide. Step by step, ıiet-loving, academic Silas Timber- an and his wife Myra find them- lves in the center of a storm. Be- use Silas would not renounce ark Twain or his own conviction at atomic warfare would be calam- ɔus, he is fired from his job, hauled up before the Brannigan committee, and imprisoned for perjury on the testimony of a lying stoolpigeon.

With quick strokes, Fast has sketched the life of a mid-west campus: the divisions of feeling in the student body, the calculating president who wants to be a Senator, the pompous, petty-minded Department chairman, the timid teachers as well as those who stand up for sanity, like the elderly and caustic Ike Amsterdam, the Jewish professor Lawrence Kaplin, Edna Crawford, the Communist history teacher Alec Brady. The fired teachers are among the top figures in their various fields—and therefore all the more appropriate targets for the witch-hunters.

Unspectacular though they be, they emerge as heroes as they stick together to defend their right to think and speak. Fast, who has of course gone through the mill himself, has given a particularly lucid and convincing picture of the Senate committee inquisition. He shows the sadistic, warped souls who preside over the witch-hunt: Senator Brannigan ("the body and face of a thug combined oddly with the eyes and attitude of a dreamer or a madman"—a picture that TV-viewers will have no difficulty recognizing), and Brannigan's strutting, sneering boy-wonder counsel who is here portrayed with the contempt that is his due. And we get a persuasive answer to the question that so many ask: "Why do they invoke the Fifth?" The alternative, Fast shows, is to be

led on to name other names (Contempt, if you don't), or to open oneself to faked perjury charges, as happened to Silas. At the same time, Fast of course treats with full respect those who prefer to stand on the First Amendment by itself, as Silas did despite the advice of his attorney McAllister.

At the climax of the hearing ex-professor Timberman reflects:

". . . Brannigan who had never read a book or pondered over a poem or heard the first cry of his own child coming into the world, or wondered where his next dollar to feed children was coming from—Brannigan was lord over power and saintly in his hatred of the Soviet Union, a new sublimity; and there was Brannigan and here was he Silas Timberman, somehow and fantastically, occupying the center of the stage in this mad comedy, plucked out of a sleepy little village in the midlands and brought here on wings to be confronted by Brannigan. . . . Look at me, gentlemen, a scholar. The house I live in was also of paper—manuscript paper, so as to speak. I wanted to find out and write down why Mark Twain was what he was and the way he was; but I never thought it necessary to find out why Silas Timberman was what he was or the way he was——"

This necessity to confront the reality of one's own life in an America where McCarthyism rides high is the main theme of Fast's novel. Silas Timberman is on the way to an answer; he hasn't worked it out. But he is at grips with the real issues in the country: the overriding need to defend America from fascism and ruinous war. Fast has boldly tackled the big job before progressive writers. That is the job of helping more and more Americans to see the truth that reaction threatens not radicals alone but all people who don't have a vested interest in bigotry and the lunacies of atomic slaughter. Fast shows that it is the country itself, the land and the people we love, which is at stake. This book is a powerful blow against the fascists. Reading it makes you want urgently to get it into the hands of people.

True, one could wish it even better and stronger than it is. I feel in *Silas Timberman* that not enough is given us of the characters, their inter-relationships, their backgrounds. Howard Fast is a masterful story-teller. His narrative is marvelously clear; it sings; the reader is quickly and tenaciously involved in the story. But is not this wonderful quality sometimes achieved without at the same time developing that density of characterization which the reader needs to possess fully the individuals portrayed? One wants to linger a little more, to get the lights and shadows. When Fast tells us at the end that Silas and his wife Myra are more closely knit together as the result of the inquisition, we accept the truth of this as an idea but we don't have enough of the dramatic substance of the relationship. The contrast between the Communist

Brady and the stoolpigeon Allen is clear in broad terms, but the fabric of their clashing lives is not closely enough woven.

To suggest the possibilities of such deepening is not to dampen one's enthusiasm for a work which so firmly points a direction for writers in our time. In a period of disordered retreats, Fast addresses himself squarely to a major living theme. The appeal of this book is broad. It is potentially that of the millions whom Fast reached before he was boycotted by the big publishers and newspapers. And at the same time its statement is unequivocal. It meshes with reality. Fast's tireless, militant concern for the happiness and safety of the American people, his ardent defense of our finest inheritance as a nation, has nobly asserted itself in many books and many public deeds. In *Silas Timberman* it again achieves triumphant expression. The book belongs to the great traditon in our national literature.

SAMUEL SILLEN

Works in Progress

LOOKING FORWARD: Sections of work in progress by authors of International Publishers, with drawings by contributing artists, *International Publishers.* Cloth, $2.00; Paper, $1.50.

"THIS is an installment on the future," writes Alexander Trachtenberg, in introducing *Looking Forward,* a volume of works in progress by nineteen authors of International Publishers. It is an anniversary volume for the thirtieth year of this publishing house, but it is also a portrait of a Communist and a measure of thirty years of his work, since the name of Alexander Trachtenberg has been almost synonymous with the name of the publishing house from its founding in 1924.

In his speech to the court before being sentenced to three years in prison for "conspiracy to teach and advocate . . . " he said, "This is a trial of books and of the ideas which quickened them into life . . . When the government insists on taking me out of circulation, it really wants to take out of circulation the books I published."

The list of books he has published is a long one: more than four hundred titles, printed and circulated in many million copies. It may be that, reckoned by the arithmetic of progress, three years of a man's life is not too much to pay for the seeding of the countless minds that have been quickened into doubt and knowledge and new belief. Most men have left a much smaller mark on their time.

Among the books placed on trial at Foley Square, some forty are on the list of International. These are among the proscribed books—"the clear and present danger" that haunts American capitalism. The sweep and acceleration of the idea of Marxism is the spectre which haunts not American reaction alone,

but the shrinking world which it dominates. And to exorcise it, capitalism poses its witchdoctors, offering in trade an interpretation of history as accident, an economics which is self-destructive, a philosophy which is mystical, an art and music which is faceless and created without human beings and a literature which is a fumbling in a closed psychological maze. An encyclopedia of caricature and corruption.

It is no wonder that Marxist books and their writers and their readers and their publishers are "a clear and present danger" to reaction. Nor that Trachtenberg should have devoted a major portion of his speech to the Court to a recital of the plans which International Publishers had for the year, concluding, "We still have a lot of work to do, your Honor."

One of the pieces of work to be done was this book *Looking Forward*. One could hardly think of a more appropriate title. The book covers a wide range of subjects. In history, there is Herbert Aptheker's essay on the Constitution and Philip Foner's "The Early AFL and the Negro." There is a chapter from William Z. Foster's book on the history of socialist movements, "China's Victorious Revolution," covering the thirty years of war which even in its unadorned recital of history is the incredible saga of one quarter of humanity tearing itself out of the capitalist orbit of ignorance, poverty and death.

Reading about Mao Tse-tung one begins to assess the potential of Marxism which develops its people, those who live by the belief that the world has dimensions for richness and beauty and grace for the world's producers. James Allen, editor of the book, describes the socialist man, "He is a product of more than his individual upbringing and growth and he possesses more than his personal qualities. He possesses all that is common to the great masses of people in the surge of humanity forward."

In "Inheritance," Meridel Le Sueur writes of their precursors, her people who laid their brain and bone and muscle into the foundation of America. They were slowly despoiled and destroyed because they had not the knowledge to make their anger useful. Here are a few of Meridel Le Sueur's cadenced sentences: "My family came from all the great migrations . . . They wore the country on each foot . . . Their history is a slow destruction they never knew the reason for . . . They left reluctant, sensing great battles, eager to be in them . . . Their strength continues in us at the portals where they always stood, the door to the future . . . This is our inheritance."

In Economics, the book is rich in thought, with two essays by the Labor Research Association, "The United States over Latin America" and "East-West Trade and Jobs" and an excerpt from a forthcoming survey of the structure of finance capital by Victor Perlo.

Howard Selsam contributes the introduction to his new book, *Revolution in Philosophy;* Harry K. Wells an excerpt from a forthcoming book on Pavlov and Freud, and Doxey Wilkerson surveys a century of Marxist writings in his "Books in Courtroom and Classroom."

In criticism, there are thought-provoking essays by Samuel Sillen on Thoreau and by Sidney Finkelstein on "Music and the Human Image." In creative writing Howard Fast contributes a poem on Walter Lowenfels, Albert Maltz an excerpt from a prison novel and Mike Gold scenes from a play on Pete Cacchione. In biography there are sections of work in progress by Joseph North, Oakley Johnson and Art Shields.

Contributing measurably to the book are drawings by Philip Evergood, Rockwell Kent, Anton Refregier, Hugo Gellert, Fred Ellis. Robert Minor is represented by his powerful drawing "Exodus from Dixie" and Charles White by his very warm "Young Worker."

Inevitably there are areas of writing which are not included, and one may argue the relative merit of one or another of the contributions. They are samplings of work at clearly varying stages of completion. But by very virtue of that fact they give the reader a rare and exciting look into the hazards of thinking and writing. It will be interesting to compare the excerpts with the completed works.

What is common to the contributors is their concern with the realities of today and their insight into the future. If the work of these writers, publicly presented for reading, is part of the transcript of evidence of a conspiracy, then so is the great body of writing throughout the centuries which has added to knowledge and to progress. The authors of *Looking Forward* are in proud company.

LOUIS LERMAN

Return South

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD, by Hamilton Basso. *Doubleday*. $3.95.

ANYONE who has grown up in a Southern city or town knows a "Pompey's Head," where the Who's Who is written on the tombstones. Whoever among the living can claim the highest shafts and biggest names is in luck. Those who can't have a rough time and may, like Mr. Basso's hero, finally have to leave the town and go to New York, there to become a rising young lawyer who partially assuages his boyhood hurt by writing a book on Shintoism in the South.

By no coincidence, Mr. Basso's novel also deals with ancestor-worship in the South, although it explores related themes of nostalgia and the discontents of life in a big city up North. When we first meet Anson Page, the novel's protagonist, it would seem that he has nothing to complain about. His

book has been published, he is married to a woman of beauty, brains, and an amusing if somewhat tart tongue, has two satisfactory children, and can afford an apartment costing $350 a month.

However, Pompey's Head still haunts him—the simpler life there, the countryside, the written-out but never-quite-forgotten subject of ancestors. When he gets a chance to revisit the place, on some business for a client, he takes it gladly.

From there on we get, through flashbacks interspersed with scenes of the present, the long, cruel story (400 pages) of Shinto's stranglehold on the life of Anson and his friends. No doubt they suffer, or some of them do, and we might weep for them if only they seemed more worthy of tears. Regrettably, they are as trivial and uninteresting as the "society set" of a small Southern city can be, and there are few things it can be so well.

But Mr. Basso apparently does not think so: to him it seems to *matter* that a maiden can get left out of the big annual dance for lack of a Confederate officer in the family's past; or that other maidens, better endowed with historic names, marry for money or just marry unwisely.

Anson himself is presented as a more feeling, perceptive character who sees the malevolent and constricting effects of Shintoism on the living spirit, but what he actually sees is not much. The true origins of ancestor-worship among the Southern "aristocrats," its place in the historical arsenal of arrogance and oppression, and its very real malevolence toward millions of people — none of that is faintly marked in the hero's reflections. Neither of course is the change, the heightening struggle and the breaking of old chains and old customs in the South.

A genuinely perceptive character —a rebel, for example, like the heroines of Ellen Glasgow's best works—can lift a novel above the dullness and bigotry with which it deals. Anson is no rebel. He frets, he pulls away, he saddens, but the truth is, I am afraid, that Shintoism is not without allure for him too. This duality of attitude mutes his responses to the point where he becomes virtually tongue-tied.

When the author finally lets him loose in a love scene with Dinah, the darling of his youth (now unfortunately married to a corporate power), the display of emotion, coming after all the genteel restraints, is almost embarrassing. It seems less so, however, when Anson realizes that his passion is inspired by his happy memories of Dinah's ancestral home in the country which she has bought back from the bank with her husband's wealth. If there is any area of feeling among Southern gentry in which abandon is permitted, it is in a love affair with acres of land.

There are two or three Negroes in the book, minor characters whom you have unfortunately met in fiction before. White "prejudice" is

inked with Shintoism through An-
on's reflection that both are mani-
estations of every individual's
truggle for an "identity." It's an in-
eresting thought but it doesn't ex-
lain anything.

BARBARA GILES

Clear Voice

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE NEW CHINA, by Soong Ching-ling. *Foreign Language Press,* Peking.

OF ALL the remarkable figures in the titanic battle for the rise of new China, Soong Ching-ling Mme. Sun Yat-sen) has been closer o Americans over this quarter cen- ury than any of her compatriots. As he most famous of the Soong sisters, he was educated in American uni- ersities; as Dr. Sun's co-worker in he vortex of the Chinese Revolu- on, she was the natural interpreter f the American scene; and during l the difficult years which inter- ened between the betrayal of 1927 nd ultimate victory in 1949, her oice as the defender of civil liber- es, the opponent of fratricidal war, e champion of unity with the Com- unist Party always had a special sonance across the Pacific.

She was always the foremost in at large group of non-Communists ho stood for cooperation with the ommunist Party, and she has been, questionably, the outstanding oman of Asia, the voice of at least lf of its downtrodden and oppressed; she personifies the awakening of Asian womanhood which is one of the most cyclonic facts in the era of revolution and now, reconstruction and Socialist advance.

I remember, while in Peking, with what reverence Soong Ching-ling was regarded—as the foremost woman leader and the embodiment of the continuity of Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Three Principles. What pride in her they showed, those hundreds of thousands of men, women and children who streamed by the balcony of the Tien An-men, the Gate of Heavenly Peace, on the First of May and First of October celebrations. There she was, standing alongside Mao Tse-tung, with her cap over pitch-black hair, her shining countenance, the dark glasses and reserved smile, waving to the great multitudes that danced and sang acros sthe historic square. . . .

This book, which is a collection of articles and statements from 1927 to 1952, has the inherent weakness of collections, for it presupposes a knowledge of the background of events. And it lacks the detail, the wealth of judgments and experiences of autobiography; and yet, how faithfully, nonetheless, these documents translate the uncommon spirit of Soong Ching-ling!

In July, 1927 she denounces the Kuomintang's betrayal of the Revolution: clear, uncompromising, impassioned, and yet always confident. Later, that year, she travels to Moscow, carrying out one of Dr. Sun's last wishes, for he had wished to

visit the country that was China's only ally in the face of the imperialist offensive. Each word is a pistol-shot, each phrase a flash of power. Then come the hard years, when Soong Ching-ling stands alone in Shanghai; it is something to ponder when we learn that in the three months of August to October, 1930 alone, the regime of Chiang Kai-shek did to death no less than 140,-000 Communists and progressives.

Against this terror, she formed the China League for Civil Rights, defining its program, arguing, organizing, proclaiming her defiance of the traitors, her solidarity with Chiang's victims. There is a compassion that is very moving in one of her declarations, denouncing Hitler's crimes against German progressives and Jews; there is an uncommon energy in her.

One article calls upon intellectuals to wipe the cobwebs of Confucianism out of their minds; another cries out to the press to help save the best sons and daughters of the country from prison and death. And then the tide turns: the united front of 1937 against Japanese aggression sets in. Soong Ching-ling appears in a variety of journals: *New Masses, The Nation, The Forum* and *Century, Asia* magazine—indefatigable, and always vibrant with anger, confident of China's ability, once its multi-millioned forces are aroused. At every turn of events until the final civil war and the people's victory, she is at her post; flight to Hongkong does not halt her, and when foreign delegates are kept in the Shanghai harbor, forbidden to attend an anti-imperialist congress, Soong Ching-ling defies the authorities and comes aboard to greet them.

The last passage deals with the post-Liberation period, and is most notable for a report of her visit to Manchuria in 1951, which is a treasure-house of fact and living impressions of the reconstruction period. It is perhaps significant that the last document is taken from an appeal to the American people, on the eve of the Peking peace congress in the fall of 1952 in which she says:

"We hope that representatives of the American people can come to see us in the flesh, to gain first-hand knowledge of the new developments which are taking place. We want to assure them that there is no threat to them or their way of life from us, or from any of the lands where the people rule. We think we can prove to them that the threat is in their own midst, that their enemy and ours is one and the same. We want the American people to know that there are many reasons why we should cooperate as peoples and as nations, but that there is not one single reason why we should be fighting each other. . . ."

JOSEPH STAROBIN

Sweetness and Light

CAPITALISM AND THE HISTORIANS, edited with an introduction by F. A. Hayek. *The University of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

THE revisers of the economic history of the capitalist era, having tilled the soil of the recent past more or less diligently, are moving on to

bolder theses and more distant epochs. The present volume, a collec-ion of six essays by F. A. Hayek, T. S. Ashton, L. M. Hacker, W. H. Hutt, and B. de Jouvenel aims to dem-onstrate that the traditional view re-garding the impact of the industrial revolution on the English working class is a false one. With unanimity he contributors declare that the uffering and misery the workers en-lured because of the introduction of he factory system were unavoidable or exaggerated by critics and that in ny case, generally speaking, their conditions of life were bettered.

But a formidable obstacle stands n the path of the revisers, for they re forced to admit that their thesis latly contradicts the evidence pro-rided by the most competent con-emporary observers. So bitter an op-ponent of the working class as Thomas Malthus was forced to admit n the first edition (1798) of his *Essay on Population*: "The increas-ng wealth of the nation has had little or no tendency to better the condi-ions of the laboring poor. They have not, I believe, a greater command of the necessaries and conveniences of life; and a much greater propor-ion of them, than at the period of he Revolution, is employed in manu-actories and crowded together in lose and unwholesome rooms." Four lecades later, Nassau Senior, spokes-nan for the manufacturers and in-entor of the apologetic theory of he "last hour" which Marx so merci-essly castigated in *Capital,* was moved o note in his *Letters on the Factory Act,* following an inspection of work-ers' dwellings, that he "was only amazed that it is possible to maintain a reasonable state of health in such homes." After observing that the dwellings were erected by specula-tive builders with a total disregard for every consideration except imme-diate profit, he cited the following example: "In one place we found a whole street following the course of a ditch, because in this way deeper cellars could be secured without the cost of digging, cellars not for stor-ing wares or rubbish, but for dwell-ings for human beings. *Not one house of this street escaped the chol-era.*"

The conclusions of the various medical specialists who investigated the conditions of life of the English working class—persons who could by no stretch of the imagination be ac-cused of partisanship for the subjects of their study—corroborated the findings of the economists. Dr. P. H. Holland, a Manchester physician, to cite a single example, conducted an investigation for the Commission of Inquiry into the State of Large Towns and Populous Districts, whose first report appeared in 1844. After find-ing that the mortality rate in cer-tain streets in the poorest neighbor-hoods was four times as high as that in the best neighborhoods he as-serted, "we cannot resist the conclu-sion that multitudes of our fellow-creatures . . . are annually destroyed for want of the most evident precau-tions."

If the most respected social scien-

tists and physicians of the day persisted for the most part in presenting a picture of social development unflattering to the capitalist, one would imagine it was solely because the facts were so plain as to be undeniable. This is by no means the conclusion at which the contributors to *Capitalism and the Historians* arrive. Jouvenel believes that the explanation for this unfavorable testimony lies in the fact that capitalists and intellectuals have conflicting social standards. The former strive in their economic activity to make a profit while the latter are hostile to money-making activities, preferring those which operate at a loss. Thus, the intellectuals place an anti-social interpretation on what is, for capitalists, perfectly normal behavior.

If this explanation appears far-fetched one should turn to Professor Ashton, whose straining to prove an untenable thesis likewise leads him into the realm of the ludicrous. He brings up the well-known factor of the fall in the crude death rate during the early days of capitalist industrialization, which has been widely employed as demonstrating the improvement in social well-being. He is forced to admit ruefully that this decline is now known to have been the result of a change in the age distribution of the population in the preceding century and that there was no prolongation of the average life. But this admission leaves the good professor undaunted for, he argues, "even if the expectation of life was not raised, it may be urged that the fall of the death rate conduced in some measure to a higher standard of life. For the pomp and circumstances of death and burial swallowed up no small part of the annual income of the workers. When the percentage of deaths to population fell, the proportion of income devoted to the dead probably diminished and resources were thus freed to add to the comforts of the living." The facts to support Professor Ashton's thesis must be scanty indeed to force a man of his ingenuity to resort to so bizarre an argument.

The concluding essay by Professor Hutt is unquestionably the most balanced of the six, perhaps because it dates from 1926 and consequently does not display the stigmata of cold-war scholarship. He contends that the reports of the various government inquiries on the condition of the English working class (the so-called Blue Books) were biased, either because the reporting physicians employed moral rather than social or medical standards, or because the committees conducting the investigations (as evidenced, for example, in the famous Sadler's Committee Report of 1832 on child labor in factories) displayed the enmity of the land-owning interests toward the factory owner.

There can be no doubt that these biases, especially the latter, existed. No less a critic than Frederick Engels was one of the first to point it out. But to say that the Blue Books have to be interpreted with caution and to imply that the conditions they

escribed were non-existent are two uite different things. Moreover, utt tries to soften the picture of pitalist callousness by alleging that e workers themselves often opposed nprovements in working conditions or which the mill owners were unirly blamed. He cites the case of e Sheffield grinders who did not ermit the introduction of special fety masks. But the author in his valier reference to "the ignorance f the operatives" either does not now or suppresses the reason for is opposition. Engels, in his classic *he Condition of the Working-Class England in* 1844, explains that "the rinders do not desire their adopon, and have even destroyed the ontrivances here and there, in the elief that more workers may be atacted to the business and wages us reduced. . . ." However ill-advised the workers may have been in opposing measures to safeguard their health, the reason for their opposition is even more eloquent of the conditions of their lives than is the fact of the industrial hazards.

The editor of *Capitalism and the Historians,* Professor Hayek, has shown himself a doughty warrior in the struggle against human progress. It is not for nothing that Professor Herman Finer in his rebuttal to Hayek's earlier book, *The Road to Serfdown,* referred to him as a "worshipper of reaction" and characterized his work as an "unscrupulous travesty" which displays not only the most appalling ignorance but a "thoroughly Hitlerian contempt for democratic man." The present work gives us no cause to alter this judgment.

ALFRED EVENITSKY

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etter

litor, *M & M*:

May I dissent, respectfully, from e of the conclusions offered by dney Finkelstein in his sensitive view of James Aldridge's new vel, *"Heroes of the Empty View"?* Finkelstein says: "Yet it is a weakness of the book that the two opposing concepts of freedom, which the author presents so well intellectually, are not given equal weight artistically. For most of the book we are wrestling with the soul of Gordon, with the 'empty view'. To

present with equal power the liberation of mind which comes from life as a social human being who sees his own progress as that of his fellow men would have given the novel a new level of stature, and importance to the reader."

It seems to me that Aldridge, in choosing to give the heaviest emphasis to Gordon, the novel's protagonist, was instinctively and artistically correct. (This was also a conscious choice, I am sure.)

Granted that it is an oblique approach—which seems to be one of Aldridge's main novelistic techniques—the fact remains that the bankruptcy of Gordon's philosophy of "freedom" is what the author was interested in exposing.

Had he subordinated Gordon's point of view to that of Zein, the Arab Marxist, for example, the novel might have lost much point. For what Aldridge was trying to do, it seems to me, was to enlist the reader's support and sympathy for Gordon—which he does brilliantly—and, step by step, to demonstrate the hopelessly reactionary philosophy which Gordon espouses.

In this way the reader relinquishes, step by step, any sympathy he may still possess for the protagonist's empty view of the modern world. The "rugged individualist" is stripped, layer by layer, of his individualism and the points of view which he opposes are revealed as the attitudes he should have come to accept.

ALVAH BESSIE

JEWISH LIFE

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