MASSES & MAINSTREAM

TEACHERS UNDER FIRE

CELIA L. ZITRON

GLORY OF EMMET

MERIDEL LE SUEUR

SONGS FOR FREEDOM

NAZIM HIKMET

A LIFE IN STEEL

PHILLIP BONOSKY

GORKY AND DOSTOYEVSKY · FIVE JAPANESE WOOD-CUTS
BRITISH WRITERS FOR PEACE · SAVE THE ROSENBERGS!

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THE HIGHEST COURT

AN EDITORIAL

MEN and women were being hounded under charges of "sedition"; non-citizens were rounded up for deportation; protesting editors were jailed—and all with the legal blessing of the courts. Then the hand that had written those words of fire, *"We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .",* took up the pen again to write:

> "The judiciary in the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working under ground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. . . . An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps with a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous, and with the silent acquiescence of lazy or timid associates, by a crafty chief judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind, by the turn of his own reasoning."

Every Monday, these bitter days, recalls the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts and of Thomas Jefferson who led the fight for their repeal.

The judiciary! On a recent Monday the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the Feinberg Law and thereby established the doctrine of guilt by association and sanctioned a system of spying that is, as Justice Douglas said, "typical of what happens in a police state."

And now, on the following Monday as we go to press, the Court riddles the Bill of Rights with a buckshot blast: Non-citizens accused of past or present membership in the Communist Party can be held without bail, imprisoned indefinitely, and deported at will—and to hell with the First, Fifth and Eighth Amendments. And the lawyers

who defended the Communist leaders in Foley Square, and the lawyer who defended Harry Bridges—to jail with them! cries the Court.

The structure of an American Police State is being built from th top and its Supreme Court is now unveiled for all to see—and for al to *feel.* In step with the war-marching President are the war-marchin judges, four of the worst of them—Vinson and Minton and Burto and Clark—Truman appointees.

Now what is to be done? How can we the people, who love ou country and cherish its traditions of democracy, stop the onrush o fascism at home?

The answer is clear; the duty inescapable: *repeal the oppressiv laws that are being upheld.* In the first place the Smith Act: th Court's decision upholding it last June opened the floodgates. Th McCarran Act and the Feinberg Law and Taft-Hartley—all must b erased from the statute books if freedom is to live in our land.

It's a rickety structure that is being built: the masses of the Ameri can people are not committed to fascism. They want peace. Mo and more they are becoming concerned about their liberties as the pa of fear and hysteria is spread over their heads. *The people*—that the High Court which must act now to uphold the Constitution. A Justice Black warns:

"This is a Communist case. I suppose as long as you throw th one word in, everything may be all right. But I have an idea that th *liberty of every American is at stake.* As long as I am here, I sha protest against every encroachment of this kind."

The vigorous dissents of Justices Black and Douglas must b brought to everyone, to your neighbors and shopmates and fello students. The hour is late. No time must be lost. Letters, petition mass meetings, delegations—the voice of the people must be hear

Speak out for freedom—now!

—The Editors

Our Time

By SAMUEL SILLEN

- ***Hugo and Peace***
- ***Viva Hollywood!***
- ***Crack of Doom***
- ***Moral for Mothers***

ON THE initiative of the World Peace Council, four major cul-ural anniversaries are being observed roughout the world this year. These lebrations, aimed at promoting bet-r understanding among nations, in-ude Leonardo da Vinci (born 452), Victor Hugo (born 1802), ogol (died 1852), and Avicenna, e Arab physician and philosopher ho died a thousand years ago.

This sharing of the common treas-re of mankind has great significance r peace. The silence of the pro-ar press here is not hard to under-and. It is a press that babbles about n "iron curtain," but it dreads like e plague any strengthening of in-rnational cultural relations.

Today, as in 1859 when Victor ugo pled for the life of John Brown, e world sternly appeals to the merican people not to betray their mocratic heritage. "None of us n be neutral," said Hugo in his famous call "To the United States of America." Denouncing the mock trial given to John Brown and the enslavement of the Negro people, Hugo declared:

"Such things cannot be done with impunity in the face of the civilized world. The universal conscience is an unblinking eye. . . . Europe is looking at America at this moment. . . . We recoil in horror at the thought that so great a crime may be committed by so great a people."

How true and clear the words of Hugo ring today! He himself lived in political exile for twenty years, a victim of the repressive regime of Napoleon the Little. But exile dimmed neither his ardent love of France nor his faith in the ultimate emancipation of the oppressed of all lands. He said:

"Let the mujiks, the fellahs, the proletarians, the pariahs, the Negro slaves, the white victims, let them all hope; their bonds are a single chain; these hold together; but once the link is broken the whole system falls apart. Hence the solidarity of despotisms. . . . But that is all doomed, I repeat."

In his poetry, plays and novels, as well as in his work as a leading and tireless citizen of the world, Hugo was a humanist. *Les Misérables,* with its love of the plain people, its stirring scenes of the barricades in Paris, its angry protest against social oppression, has had a marked influence on some of the great leaders of the American working class. For Eugene Debs the book was an

"immortal classic" and Jean Valjean "the greatest of heroes." William Z. Foster, in his autobiographical writings, refers to the deep impression which the work of Hugo made on him in his youth.

An American, the "Learned Blacksmith" Elihu Burritt, helped organize the World Peace Congress of 1849 in Paris over which Victor Hugo presided. Hugo opened the congress with these words: "The idea of world peace is something that belongs to all nations. They demand peace as the highest good." In an address to an international student congress held in Brussels in 1865, Hugo declared: "No single nation has the right to lay hands on another nation! . . . No people has the right to be master of another people, just as no man has the right to be the master of another man!"

Today Hugo finds his largest audience in the land of socialism. In the Soviet Union during the past 30 years, 277 editions of his works have appeared, totalling 6,600,000 copies. He has been translated into 44 languages of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. And in this anniversary year he is being honored with new editions: two volumes of selected works in 90,000 copies, and a subscription edition of the complete works totalling 150,000 copies.

In our own country, with endless billions appropriated for weapons of destruction, and with the Victor Hugos of our own land treated by the government as he was by Napoleon the Little, the anniversary has gone unnoticed.

"As for me," said Hugo in his ap- peal to America, "a mere atom, ye feeling in myself the conscience o humanity, I kneel, weeping befo the great starry banner of the ne world, in deep, filial respect, an supplicate the illustrious America republic to give heed to the univers moral law . . . pull down the mena ing scaffold."

Viva Hollywoo

WRITTEN by John Steinbeck an directed by Elia Kazan, *Vi Zapata!* is Hollywood's latest bid f a new pro-democratic look. The fil is proof of the "growing maturi and boldness" of the American m tion picture industry, boasts the B Money press. Doesn't it take as hero a great people's general of t Mexican Revolution? Doesn't it p ture the suffering and struggle of t land-hungry Mexican peasant? A so on.

It all sounds mighty good until o sees the movie.

True, Emiliano Zapata was "t very symbol" of the Mexican Revo tion, as William Z. Foster shows his *Outline Political History of t Americas*. This determined sharecro per led large masses under the ban of "Land and liberty." He helped ov throw the tyrant Diaz in 1911. Up his treacherous assassination in 19 Zapata courageously resisted the trayers of the revolution. "It is be to die on your feet than to live your knees," he told his follow

A great subject for a film. But how ıs Hollywood treated it?

The opening scene—in which Zaıta and his fellow-peasants from [orelos confront Diaz in the dictar's palace—is highly promising. And me later scenes are well done, parcularly the one in which the peasants ıther to rescue their popular leader om Diaz' police. But as the film unılds, the revolutionary theme is shorn ıd falsified by its technically talented ıakers. And the nature of the twist extremely significant for the polics of today.

What is the heart of the fraud? 'he film, posing as the friend of the lexican people, has shrewdly elimiated their antagonist, the same U.S. nperialism that made the film.

The Mexican Revolution was not nly bourgeois-democratic and agrarın in content, but also anti-imperialt. As Foster notes, "Porfirio Diaz 'as a perfect agent for the Yankee nperialists, and it was a great blow) them when the Mexican people ırew him out." A central grievance gainst the tyrant was that he had anded over to the Good Neighbor p north (which had in the last cenıry grabbed two-thirds of Mexico's erritory) a heavy share of the land's 'ealth. By 1910, about 80 per cent of ıe investments in Mexico's railroads nd mines were American, while 70 er cent of her oil was drained off y U.S. firms.

Every U.S. administration from 'aft to Hoover tried to defeat the Revolution. In 1914 President Wilon's troops captured and occupied Vera Crúz for six months. Two years later Wilson sent an army under General Pershing into Mexico to capture "Pancho" Villa. Pershing spent nine months in vain pursuit.

Hollywood's "revolutionary" film simply eliminates the counter-revolutionary intervention and economic penetration of U.S. imperialism.

The resulting impression is equally calculated. It is that Mexico, like the other Latin-American countries, is peculiarly given to an endless series of political assassinations and changeovers which represent inner-family disputes with no lasting significance. More than that, the film philosophically bemoans the futility of revolutions, even of a bourgeois-democratic character. A sinister figure is introduced to represent the "logic" of revolution, which is supposed to be a perpetual blood-letting machine, a combination of neurotic adventurism and doctrinaire fanaticism. This character out of Koestler is remarkably corny even for Hollywood.

The sex and violence are out of Mickey Spillane, and the wedding night scene, with the bare-chested Marlon Brando ordering negligeed Jean Peters to teach him to read on the nuptial bed (the text for study is of course the Bible), is exceptionally elevating.

But just as the real character of the revolution is blurred, blunted and debauched, so the character of Zapata is defamed. Marlon Brando had only to change his clothes after his performance in *A Streetcar Named Desire,* where he had mumbled semi-

idiotically as a "worker" just as he mumbles here as a "revolutionary." This Tennessee Williams-Elia Kazan-John Steinbeck stereotype applied to Zapata is as chauvinistic as the characterization of the Mexican leader's boozing, woman-chasing brother.

So the New Look film about Mexico turns out to be no more "progressive" than the pictures which V. J. Jerome has so convincingly examined in his *Negro in Hollywood Films.* It suggests the strong need for following through Jerome's analysis in every area of the films.

Crack of Doom

THE novelist Paul Bowles was invited by the New York *Times* last month to explain what decadence means. "I should think," he replied, "in art and literature nothing is decadent but incompetence and commercialism." Since Mr. Bowles considers himself neither incompetent nor commercial he naturally resents being called a decadent.

All he does, he insists, is to study unhappiness, "and anyone who is not unhappy now must be a monster, a saint or an idiot. . . . You must watch your universe as it cracks above your head." This is Mr. Bowles' inspiring creed communicated to the *Times* as he was on the point of departing from Tangier to Bombay.

The week before, his new novel, *Let It Come Down* (a reference apparently to the universe cracking above your head), was given a front-page sendoff in the *Times* Book Review. The tribute was headed, "
Relentless Drive Toward Doom."

The book "drives its central cha
acter relentlessly toward doom, to
ward the final orgastic shudder, wi
the nightmare clarity, the hallucin
tive exoticism, of the best of Bowle
short stories." In one of these stori
a professor of linguistics has hi
tongue cut out by Arabs, whose cu
ture the author considers "essential
barbarous."

What happens in the non-decade
novel? The hero is an American ban
clerk. "He has read nothing, lov
nothing, committed himself to not
ing. In a vaguely Existentialist wa
Bowles has tried to define the bas
human situation by removing ever
thing that makes a man human." Th
hero is "a moral idiot."

The story consists of his multitud
nous perversions. He eats hashi
("like candy"); he smuggles an
spies; he engages in monstrous sexu
orgies; he murders. He feels "close
communion with men when
watches a bloody, masochistic knif
dance in an Arab cafe." The oute
most margins of corruption are scri
bled over in this novel.

And the New York *Times* st
felt it necessary to cable the autho
as he was about to leave Tangier f
Bombay, in order to ascertain t
meaning of decadence. The *Tim*
quick action is understandable,
second thought. Practically every bo
it reviews nowadays has the sa
character. And practically every e
torial it carries exalts the "flourishin
state of bourgeois culture. If wor

ıveller Bowles could wire home a ·ssage that would remove the decay ıt of decadence, life would be sim- ·r.

As an expert on tongue-removal ıul Bowles did the trick. Even ough he had to work up his dis- ıtch, as the *Times* reports, "in be- 'een packing," the novelist was ol-headed enough to keep his ama- ır standing by announcing "I have › political ideas to speak of." When man says that nowadays he is auto- atically an expert on decadence. 'ith that loyalty oath he can safely oceed to annihilate the human race, ıd he can rake in handsome royalties ı his "non-commercial" books.

This "non-commercial" racket is ·aring awfully thin, isn't it? It's out as genuine as the selfless enthu- siasm for the public weal proclaimed by American Can and the A. T. & T. My heart goes out to Bennett Cerf of Random House for staking Bowles to a meal-ticket on the journey from Tangier.

And the "non-political" racket too. The novelist attacks the "barbarous" Arabs at a time when they are trying to free themselves from imperialist domination and intrigue. He advises people to twiddle their thumbs while the universe "cracks"—that is, while Korea is devastated, Nazi generals are glamorized, America is fascized, and atomic war is plotted by greedy warlords. All that is "non-political."

It's not the universe that's crack- ing above your head, Mr. Bowles, it's capitalism cracking under your feet. You enjoy the privilege of being un-

happy about that. A supporter of the system of human exploitation, lynching and war must indeed be "a monster, a saint or an idiot" to be happy.

But those who do not cling to decay and feed on it, while sensitive enough to its moral horror and human wreckage, are happy to see a new world rising invincibly. They are happy over the vast progress that mankind has made in our "crack-up" century which has seen the working people triumph in many lands and will see their victory in all lands. The only literature which they can respect and love is that which, far from defeating the will to fight evil, is a weapon for liberating humanity from all man-made misery.

Moral for Mothers

PENTAGON press agents are concentrating their fire on the mothers of America. "Raise Your Boy to be a Soldier" is the peace-loving title of a typical article of the times in a recent issue of *McCall's*. The article opens with a brasshat ultimatum:

"Whether you like it or not, the chances are overwhelming that your boy is going to be a soldier, sailor or airman. Universal Military Training is an accomplished fact. You can hate it until the cows come home, but you can't escape it."

This dainty bluster indicates that the mothers remain stubbornly attached to the popular song of yesteryear, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." So attached, in fact, that their pressure kept an election-mind
Congress from passing the UMT la
which McCall's had told them w
already "an accomplished fact."

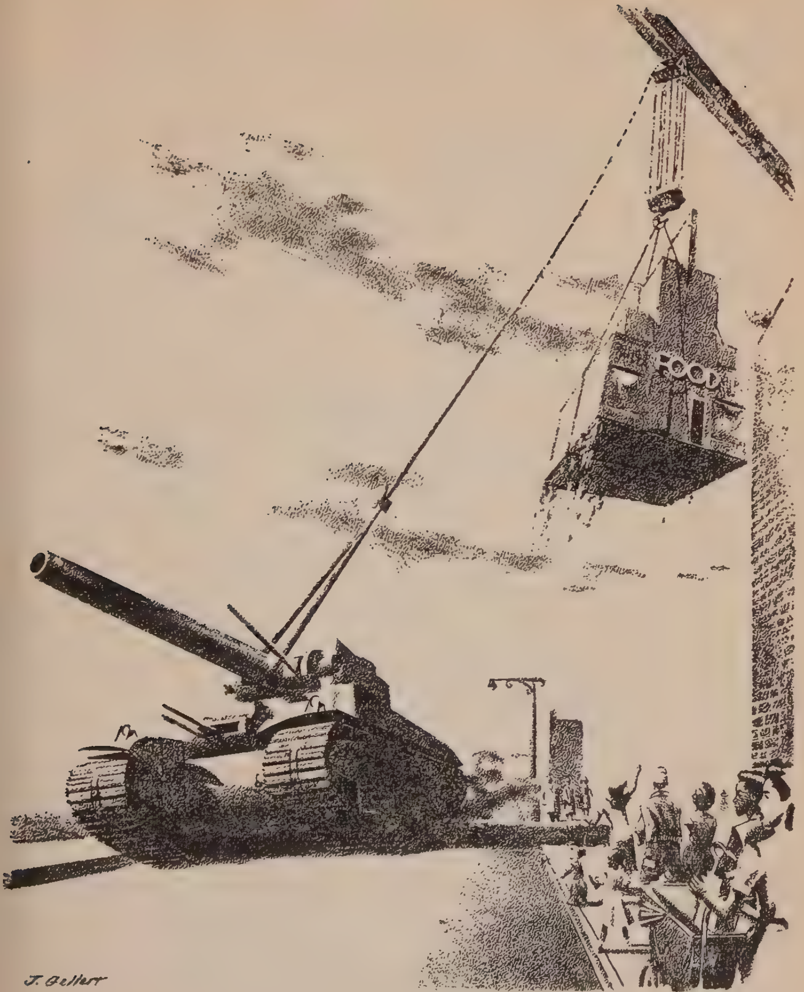
And not only the mothers. T
sons, too, apparently. "They see t
service as a dark and limitless jung
from which no one returns. It's yo
job to combat this vast despair," b
lows the recruiting sergeant in *M*
Call's.

He proves the point by quoti
Captain Waldo Burnett, psychiatr
at Sampson Air Force base: "The bi
gest single troublemaker here is t
lack of any motivating desire by t
youths. . . . They want out."

The moral for mothers is clear. I
they want their sons to be "mala
justed" (a far worse fate in the le
con of our times than getting a l
blown off)? Dire is the future f
mothers who fail to raise their bo
to be soldiers: "The boys pay a te
rible price for it. They never gro
up. And the down payment is on
the beginning. Their lost manho
demands installments in misery
the rest of their lives."

Freudian nightmares are pain
for the mother who clings to h
peace sentiments. Her son will rev
to infancy and wet his army cot.
will transfer his father-hatred to
commanding officer.

The morale-bugler offers a rec
on the same page as the adverti
ment for Clorox, America's most
pendable deodorizer. The reci
Give your boy a gun of his ow
make him join the Boy Scouts, tea
him respect for "authority," and abo



ll "Tell him what he's going to run nto when he's inducted. If he knows bout the 27-second haircut the shock vill be immeasurably decreased."

As to what the shooting is all bout, the article never gets around o saying. Yours not to reason why, mothers of America, yours but to train your boys from the cradle for the most humane of the arts. "You can hate it until the cows come home, but you can't escape it." Unless, that is, you insist on such an unmilitaristic vice as doing your own thinking.

From Prison to Freedom

POEMS BY NAZIM HIKMET

THE FUNNIEST CREATURE

Like the scorpion, brother,
You are like the scorpion
In a night of horror.
Like the sparrow, brother,
You are like the sparrow
In his petty worries.
Like the mussel, brother,
You are like the mussel
Shut in and quiet.
You are dreadful, brother,
Like the mouth of a dead volcano.
And you are not one, alas!
You are not five
You are millions.
You are like the sheep, brother,
When the cattle-dealer, clad in your skin, lifts his stick
Right away you join the herd
Almost proud, you go running to the slaughter-house.
So you are the funniest creature
Funnier even than the fish
That lives in the sea yet does not know the sea.
And if there is so much tyranny on this earth
It's thanks to you, brother,
If we are starved, worn out,
If we are skinned to the bones,
If we are crushed like grapes to yield our wine—
I can't bring myself to say it's all your fault,
But a lot of it is, brother.

1948

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

"Let's fall asleep now
and wake up in a hundred years, my beloved. . . ."

NO
I am not a deserter,
Besides my century does not frighten me,
My wretched century,
blushing from shame,
My courageous century,
great
and heroic
I have never grieved I was born too soon
I am from the twentieth century
And I am proud of it
To be where I am, among our people is enough for me
And to fight for a new world. . . .

"In a hundred years, my beloved. . . ."

No, earlier and in spite of everything
My century dying and reborn
My century whose last days will be beautiful
My century will burst with sunlight, my beloved, like your eyes.
1948

THE FIFTH DAY OF A HUNGER STRIKE

Brothers,
If I can't tell you well
What I have to tell you
You will excuse me,
I am slightly dizzy, nearly drunk,
Not from raki,
From hunger, just a little bit.

Brothers,
Those of Europe, of Asia, of America,
I am neither in jail nor on a hunger strike,

In this month of May, I am lying on a lawn at night,
Your eyes are close over my head, shining like stars,
Like the hand of my mother,
The hand of my beloved,
The hand of life.

Brothers,
You have never deserted me,
Neither me, nor my country, nor my people.
As much as I love yours
You love mine, I know it.
Thanks, brothers, thanks.

Brothers,
I don't intend to die,
If I am murdered
I will go on living among you, I know:
I will live in Aragon's poems
—In his lines telling about the beautiful days to come—
I will live in Picasso's white dove,
I will live in Robeson's songs
And above all,
And best of all;
I will live in the victorious laughter of my comrade
Among the dockers of Marseille.

To tell you the truth, brothers,
I am happy, fully happy.

MAY 1950

MORNING

I woke up.
Where are you?
In your own home.
You still can't get used
To being in your own home when you wake up!
It is one of the odd consequences
Of staying in jail for 13 years.

Who is the one sleeping next to you?
It is not loneliness, but your wife
She is sleeping soundly like the angels.
Pregnancy becomes the woman.
What time is it?
Eight o'clock
You are safe until evening
Because it is not customary
    For the police to raid a house during the day.

1951

THAT IS THE QUESTION

All the wealth of the earth cannot quench their thirst
They want to make a lot of money
You have to kill, you have to die
For them to make a lot of money.

No doubt they don't admit it openly
They hang up colorful lanterns on the dry branches
They send running on the roads glittering lies
Their tails all covered with tinsel and spangles.

In the market-place they are beating the drums;
Under the tents, the tiger-man, the mermaid, the headless-man,
The acrobats in pink shorts on the straight wire,
All have heavily made-up faces.

To be duped or not to be duped
    That is the question.
If you are not duped you will live
If you are duped you will not.

1951

The Life and Death of a Steel Worker

By PHILLIP BONOSKY

THERE had been a little rain, and the hills were wet but shining with April sunlight as we sped along the river beds, and through the mangled, tortured hills of Pennsylvania, slightly touched with young green. Long slides of coal-dust and slag tilted down to the river. We shot by those melancholy mining camps, where children still go with buckets to the pump for water. We passed through steel towns, like the one we were speeding for, right beside the red-dust walls, glimpsing the white-heat of the open hearth, or the splitting yellow heat of the molten iron as it cascades out of the blast furnace gutters into the cars below.

These were boyhood and girlhood to us—to my sister and me—these familiar landscapes that telescoped now with such speed upon us, enveloping us in such a surge of emotion that we sat silent and thoughtful, staring out.

That dark, smog-stained town — those weather-beaten shanties with children's faces blurred against the windows—those were *our* home, ou[r] town, those were what we had bee[n] That man, with the aluminum buck[et] under his arm, on his way to wor[k] his dark overcoat sprinkled with co[al] dust, his cap firmly on his head, h[is] thick strong legs pumping him alon[g] —that man going to the mill w[as] surely the man we were now on ou[r] way to bury, that worker who w[as] our father.

Pittsburgh was a dark smudge [in] the rain. We passed by the smok[e-] stained Court House, those three-fo[ot] dungeon walls of that "Iron City" [I] had last seen over a year ago whe[n] I had been called here to watch th[e] legal persecution of my sister.* Be[-] hind these walls now three others[—] the leaders of the Communist Par[ty] of Western Pennsylvania—were de[-] fending peace at this moment. [It] was as though the trial had nev[er] adjourned: the same natty-looki[ng] judge sat in solemn hypocrisy liste[n-] ing judicially to the lies of the sam[e]

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* Described in *Masses & Mainstream*, Augu[st] 1950.

vetic, tilting an ear to the ravings f Judge Musmanno, who had di- ected the arrests, casting a pale ance at the frightened jury hud- ling in its box.

I would see them and speak to em before I left, but I couldn't stop ow. I knew, as I rode by streetcar our town, that these three men — teve Nelson, James Dolsen and Andy nda—standing in court against the fellons and the Steel Trust, fighting or peace, for the steel and mine orkers of Pittsburgh, were standing efore my father's life and defending ! Those Carnegies and Mellons and Morgans, Fricks and Schwabs had ong been vile names in our lives! hey were an old, old enemy!

We see their handiwork every- here as we ride through Pittsburgh, rough the saddest slums the human ye has ever seen—where my cousins till live as they had lived forty years efore—on across the murky dead Monongahela, beside a little patch f scuffed grass on the Homestead ide of the bridge. Here, too, is their ruel work—solemnly attested to by he simple slab of granite stuck neg- ected and bare within the shadow f the gigantic Homestead works. To the memory of the iron and steel orkers," it reads, "who were killed n Homestead, July 6, 1892, while triking against the Carnegie Steel Company in defense of their Ameri- an rights."

Even now they do not inscribe the ames. They are anonymous, as all he martyrs of this region remain, their heroism suppressed as their history is suppressed: as the life and the struggles of my father are un- recounted. Unforeseen by the bosses in the universal suppression of these foreign-born workers is the justice that comes with their sons and daughters who cannot be shuffled off the earth. They, arm in arm with their "greenhorn" fathers, brought the CIO here; stood here, one day in 1941, and in the shadow of the very mill where Carnegie had poured bul- lets into their bodies, defiantly erected a monument which openly pro- claims struggle and victory to come.

THE massacre at Homestead was still a live, if whispered, story when my father came to work in Duquesne, a stone's throw from here, at the turn of the century. An immi- grant from Lithuania, this peasant worked twelve hours a day, and he boarded, like all the "greenhorns," in company shacks near the mill down by the river. The unions had been driven underground; the mills were infested with spies and informers— and yet strikes continued to break out, up and down the valley, irresist- ibly. In 1909, workers struck in Mc- Kees Rocks over the demand that they be told the company's rate of pay so that they could calculate their earnings. This strike was ruthlessly crushed by deputies who shot men down in cold blood, tied them to their horses, and dragged their bodies through the streets. The following year, workers were killed in the

strike in South Bethlehem. In 1916, Republic Iron and Steel murdered three workers in East Youngstown. That same year my father could hear the shots that killed two strikers at the Edgar Thompson mill across the river from where he worked.

He discussed these events, in guarded terms, with neighbors, as he stood holding his fourth child in his arms and wondering how he could take care of his rapidly growing American family.

When the war came workers were in demand and wages went up. My father moved out of the company house by the river into two rooms that he rented. But his dream was to own a house of his own; and so he began setting a little money aside each pay-day against that day which the agent assured him would come the moment he had saved up the small down payment necessary.

The end of the war brought a fierce attack on living standards. Unionization had begun, once again, to rise like a shadow in the mills. My father carried me in his arms during those days of mortal terror when the State Troopers rode clattering through town on their way to Braddock, Homestead, Rankin — guns ready, clubs out—to break up the great 1919 steel strike and catch its leader, if they could, the intrepid AFL organizer, William Z. Foster. They rode into the hills hunting strikers among the abandoned mines; they rode, steel flashing on stone, through the deserted streets of the little towns where men and women hid behind bolted doors and blinded windows.

They killed twenty-two workers. The priests and ministers had thundered against them, and the troopers had killed them. Relatives buried them secretly and in unconsecrated ground. Rev. P. Molyneux, of Braddock, a captive steel town, screamed from his pulpit: "That's the only way you can reason with these people; knock them down!"

The strike was broken: and fear, thick, smothering fear hung for decades over the towns. It was the air I breathed, not knowing there was any other. I grew up in that aftermath of state violence: and though no one spoke of it, I felt its terror and thought that all life was like that for workers and "hunkies," Negroes and "greenhorns." I stood on the curb, in my childhood, to watch a cavalcade of men, dressed in white sheets with cut-out eye-holes, drive by; and at night I stood and gazed at the fiery cross burning on the bluff across the river. "N——s and Catholics watch out!" All my childhood and boyhood I never once heard a man speak openly and freely: and when, in 1935, I did hear one of the Communist leaders of the steel organizing committee speak—he was arrested on the spot!

Years later, when I read of towns occupied by the Nazis, I realized what the quality of our life had been: we had been occupied by a foreign force, by an enemy—an enemy that came, like every enemy, with guns and death, with lies about us, with terror and the blacklist!

IFE outside the mill was as dangerous as life inside—and the
ills were then slaughter-houses
here workers regularly surrendered
eir arms and legs and lives. Our
wn was full of men with fingerless
nds, footless legs, eyes squashed
ck into their heads. A man—espe-
ally a "greenhorn"—had to learn
ow to keep his wits about him in
e Mill and his tongue in his mouth
tside it. For though my father be-
me a citizen he understood that he
ust not take that too seriously:
ere had only been one Mayor in
r town; he had been there like
od when the town was incorpo-
ted, and every pay-day went from
oor to door asking for the rent! He
as also a bank president, and his
other was vice-president of the
eatest tube works in the world.

For my father, life narrowed down
one driving aim: to keep
t of the Poor House. The Great
e of the American bosses, peddled
l over Europe by their hucksters,
d dwindled down to this reality —
w to keep out of the Poor House.
e dinned into our heads, as though
is were the only important truth
be mastered, that if we didn't
arn how to provide for ourselves—
we didn't learn how to become
od workers in the mill—we would
rely starve to death.

For to keep out of the Poor House,
e had to be not only an able work-
, but a good, a lucky, an indestruc-
ble one, a worker who made his job
e central fact of his life, above
erything else. Even the Catholic Church allowed hand-laborers to eat meat on Friday and to work on Sunday! *Nothing* could be permitted to deflect one's devotion to work, not even the approach of death—not, certainly, hands burned to a black crisp.

My sister was standing before an open gas stove, and suddenly her flimsy dress rose in flame. With a sweep of his hand my father tore the flaming dress away. The room was filled with the smell of burnt flesh. His hand was raw. He wrapped it in bandages, ordered my mother to wake him for work, and then went upstairs to sleep. My mother, frightened by the burnt flesh of his hand, then committed the greatest crime she could commit in his eyes: let him sleep on! She sat pale and nervous in the kitchen, waiting for him to come down; and when the mill whistle blew, her hands rose convulsively to quiet it. I remember his footsteps, like the steps of doom, coming down the stairs: his glance at her, and the words: "What time is it?"—and she unable to tell him.

He cried to her: "Why didn't you wake me? Do you think they pay me for sleeping?" He had lost a "turn"! She sat silently under his wrath, as certain as he that she had committed a crime.

HE WAS never "melted" in the melting-pot of America, for whose middle-class aspirations he had only the profoundest scorn. To him the "Americans" or "Johnny Bulls" who ran out to spend their pay on

shows, clothes, drink, instead of sinking their pay, before anything else, into a house, were fools who deserved their inevitable fate. *He* put every dime into a roof over his old age—into a wall between him and the American Poor House.

The lot that the aristocratic-looking silver-haired gentleman real estate agent sold to him had two unpainted shacks on it. They were the jerry-built houses erected for "greenhorns" by the thousand at that time, and profits from them served to found many an Anglo-Saxon fortune. One of these houses we shared with a Negro family. We lived without hot water, bathroom (until my father installed one years later), without gas (at first) and electricity, with an outhouse in the yard, to which we used to run in our bare feet at night before going to bed. And for these wind-weary, misshapen shacks that were already creakingly old when my father bought them, he paid for thirty-five years—all our life long; and six months before his death, the Mill settled its half pension on him in a lump sum of $400—which he gave right back to them through their bank (which by now held the mortgage)—and died.

Every four years our one newspaper (conveniently owned by U.S. Steel) reminded my father and the rest of the town that they were required to cast their precious votes for our imperishable mayor (since we, too, lived in a democracy). If the mayor, down all those years, ever had an opponent, I never heard of him! He threw big corn and weeni roasts, was a feudal lord whe neither law nor church touched; h died finally in Florida when the CI ousted him and put in a CIO orga izer as mayor!

My father waited for some fort years to cast that one vote!

WAITING was part of struggl too. He was made of iron; h integrity was so solid it became by-word in town. Not even the D pression threw him—as it thre most of the 90 per cent of the town workers who "owned" their homes my father owned his. But it came near!

The Mill had shut down almost a its departments. That dark year earned $50! But he had "propert and was ineligible for relief unle he let them take his house away fro him—and this he would let nobo do. Never! The butcher gave hi credit still—not because of his ki heart, but because to refuse credit Jonas, who bought meat the butch sold to dogs, meant he might as w close up shop, give up faith entire in the System. For the butcher kne that if my father did not pay ba —no one could. The world had co to an end.

So, too, our silver-haired gent man of the real estate, who had stea ily been receiving payment on t dot throughout the years . . . *he* h lived off my father for almost h a century, and simply *couldn't* cl up that unfailing gold mine! I we ate bread and water during

epression so that this gentle soul uld live well!

Nor did they ever actually lay nas off in the Mill, where he had led up almost forty years of service, en though often he worked only ne day a "pay"—that is, once in ery two weeks. He had somehow eveloped great snake-like ulcers on s hard legs, and would bandage em with long puttee-like bandages which he washed and used over ain), smeared with a useless salve lled White Cloverleaf; and then, rdly able to walk, nevertheless he nped to work—coming home with gs bleeding where they had been umped on the cold steel bars! But othing would make him miss a urn."

After 30 years of service, Carnegie-linois gave him a medal (which I ive before me) bearing the face E. H. Gary, then chairman of the oard of U.S. Steel, and a group of ree men against a background of a eel mill, with a competent official ointing out their task to them. My ther used to look at that piece of erling silver and swear there had en a gold watch attached to it hich some office underling had de-ched on its way down to him!

I, too, went to work in the same ill that he had spent his life in. ne day my boss sent me for a turn the shipping department where I und my father and another old ony loading steel cars, and worked ith him for the day. This experi-nce made up a story published later *New Masses*. It was an important and symbolic meeting, this meeting in this steel mill—a touching of hands from the tortured past of our fathers to the militant present of their sons. I was then in the Steel-workers Union. I was not unaware, even then, that I, the son of this il-literate working man, had a profound duty to him, and to all his "buddies" struggling there in that mill, to those lonely ugly steel and coal towns, to the women and children doomed there—a duty profounder than that of a son, but with the same love.

The years of pension are the unu-sual and exceptional years of grace for the worker. It was a half-pension; they had made him leave a few years before. He was worried about the payments on the house, and always put that money aside before all else. Very active with his hands, he roofed the house, painted it, repaired it, in-stalled plumbing—and nobody owed him anything and he owed no one a cent. When the war broke out, he glued himself to the radio and fol-lowed day by day the progress of the Red Army, which stirred in him a long-dormant but undying national pride. He advised my older brother to join the union—and this brother was fired from the Mill and blacklisted (as later I was to be.)

He had never earned more than $4 a day; and he lived, an incredible oak, into his old age, under his own roof, his eight children raised, his wife taken care of. His heroism fol-lowed the hard lines of necessity; he was not a hero in the sense petty-bourgeois intellectuals speak of

heroes. His was the struggle of one illiterate foreign-born worker, who —by every intention of the system he found himself coiled in—was foredoomed to poverty and lonely death; yet who, with unparalleled strength, courage and self-sacrifice, survived it!

HIS life was proud; his death was as simply proud.

He prepared us for it long before it came—with natural dignity. He was concerned that his death would cause no sorrow, be no burden. When he felt it approaching that Friday, he said to my sister, Toni: "I shall die in two days." Saturday night he took his keys and money and turned them over—for the first and last time in his life—to my mother. That Saturday night, he turned to my youngest brother and said: "Are you working tonight?" "Yes," replied my brother, who was alone in the house with my mother. My father turned thoughtfully away, but said nothing. It was against the entire meaning of his life—here on his death bed — to have said: "Don't go to work tonight—stay with me, I am dying." He had gone himself to work, with hand burnt raw. . . . Instead, he set himself the final task of surviving this night; of living till morning when the worker would be home again and my mother would not have to face his death alone.

He merely asked that the light be left on. My mother said: "Do you want a priest?" He looked up to her for the last time and answered simply: "What have I to tell him?"

Then all night he waited, his eye open. He did not know, lying alon in that bed upstairs waiting for da to release him, that my brother di not go to work. When morning cam at last, he let go and died.

His enormous tenderness to us a had been ultimately fulfilled: an when we arrived from scattered se tions of the country, we found th he had relieved us, even in this, h death, of the burden of grief. H had died consciously, without fe or self-pity, thinking of others, as h had lived. He had done even more taught us in his life not to fear deat

We felt such a profound sense strength and pride there that we d not dare to diminish it with tears.

I KNELT with my family in th St. Peter and Paul Lithuani Catholic Church in Homestead, stone's throw away from the sp where Carnegie had murdered th Homestead workers over fifty yea ago. I had been baptized in th church; he had been married in and I knelt listening to the Hi Mass being sung for his depart soul, while itchy altar-boys squirm on the altar steps. The mills we shrouded in blue-black smoke bel us. We took him then through April hills and laid him to rest wit sight of the tallest stacks of the M where he had given up his life. T cemetery in which we stood was same one beside which, as a boy had paused, holding his work-c loused hand, to look at the m

graves, little dreaming that my first visit inside its gates would be to bury those same hands I was then holding.

He had survived—his entire life had been the struggle to survive. He had survived stool-pigeons, the blacklists, guns, unemployment, massacre in the Mill—survived it all with the workingclass courage that I saw again in action—the same courage, but now made conscious—when I walked into the Court House only a day later and listened to Steve Nelson and spoke to Dolsen and Onda.

They were speaking for my father there—defending his life; speaking for and defending the countless thousands who had not survived, who had died every day in the mill and mines and now on Korean battlefields. They were speaking for those men whose deaths were consecrated on the simple slab of stone in Homestead; for the men dragged by troopers' horses through the streets of McKees Rocks; for Fanny Sellins murdered by troopers in Ambridge; for those killed in Braddock, Duquesne, McKeesport, Monessen, Aliquippa, Carnegie, Pittsburgh, Rankin; for the thousand sons of workers whose names were gold-starred on "honor rolls" in these little industrial towns up and down the blood-and-coal soaked valleys.

This great power that roared day and night—these huge mills and deep mines, these great electrical works—belonged rightly to the men who had created them. These valleys made unspeakably ugly by Capital one day, I was sure, would be turned into another Jerusalem by the sons of those "hunkies" who gave their blood and lives for mocking medals and whose life-time ambition was to die in their own homes and not in the Poor House! For peace, these three spoke; because we who are bound to those Pennsylvania hills can live only in peace, can build the great shining cities for our working sons only in years of peace.

JAPANESE WOOD-CUTS

THERE is a movement of artists in Japan today that is capturing the imagination of the people. As in the 18th and 19th centuries when the wood-cut flourished as a popular art form, this graphic medium is once more asserting itself. In the former period the prints were called "Ukiyoe" (picture of "this temporary world") and dealt mainly with themes such as the theater, gardens, tea-house life, actors, prostitutes and fragments of nature. Hokusai alone depicted the familiar events in the lives of the common people.

Today the progressive artists, in the spirit of Hokusai, turn again to the common people for subject-matter and as audience. These pictures are called "Seikatsu Hanga" (living graphic art) and "Jimmin Hanga" (people's graphic art).

The concern of the Japanese artists for vital subject-matter is natural and intimate, growing, as it does, from their everyday experiences as citizens and workers. Far from being isolated from their audience or from catering to the tastes of an effete class audience, the progressive Japanese graphic artist is first and always a worker. Jiro Koguchi was a welder on the Yokohama docks. Shoji Yui is a textile dyer. Makoto Ueno is a designer in a toy factory and has been a railroad worker, a cannery worker and a teacher. Hiroharu Nii was active in the great strike of the Hitachi electrical equipment factory issuing posters, booklets and leaflets with three other artists, Kohshi Ohta, Kenji Suzuki and Jiro Takidaira. Their collective signature is Osu Nitta (reminiscent of the Kukriniksi, famous Soviet poster team).

Self-taught, for the most part, several of the artists have been screened out of schools like the Tokyo Art Institute because of their "un-Japanese" activities. Kohshi Ohta spent the early war years in prison for his anti-war cartoons, as did many others.

The wood-cutters carefully study the works of Kollwitz, Daumier, Steinlen, Goya, Grosz, Gropper and Orozco and place special emphasis on the current art of China, of the Soviet Union and of Mexico.

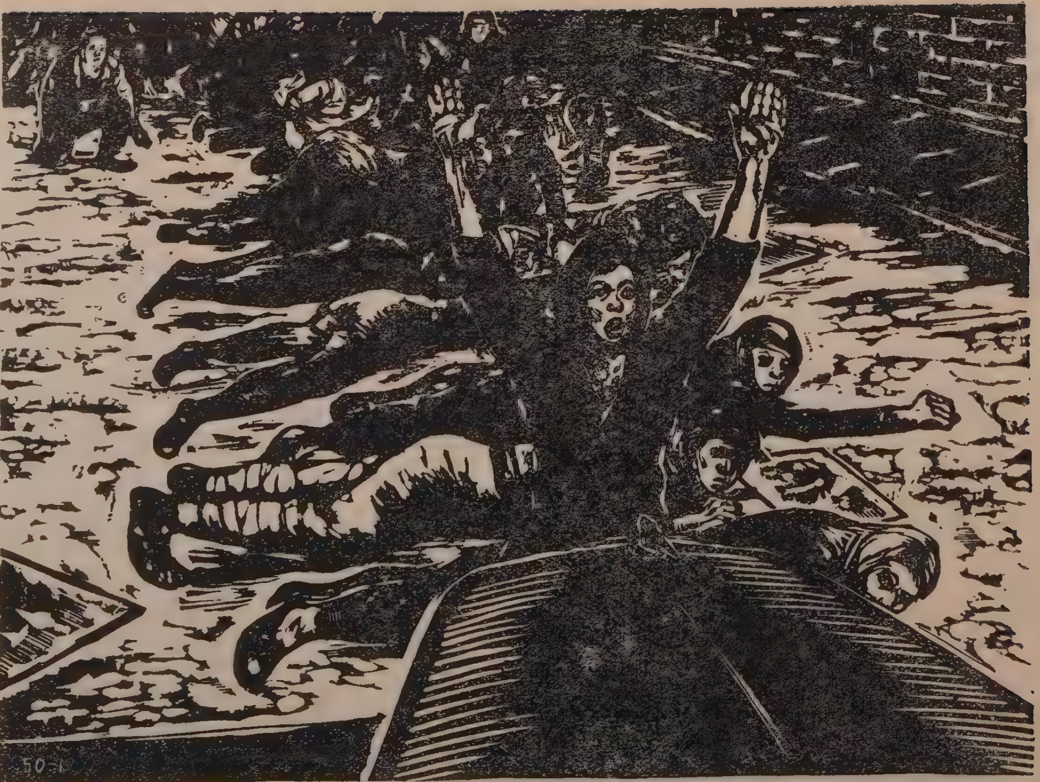
Fraternal greetings and the handclasp of friendship to the artists of Japan!

CHARLES KELLER

Masses & Mainstream is happy to present a number of drawings by several of the artists mentioned above. They are from a folio of 15 *Japanese wood-cuts, available for* $1.50 *from the publishers: Nisei Progressives, Room* 500, 111 *West* 42nd *Street, New York* 18, *N. Y.*

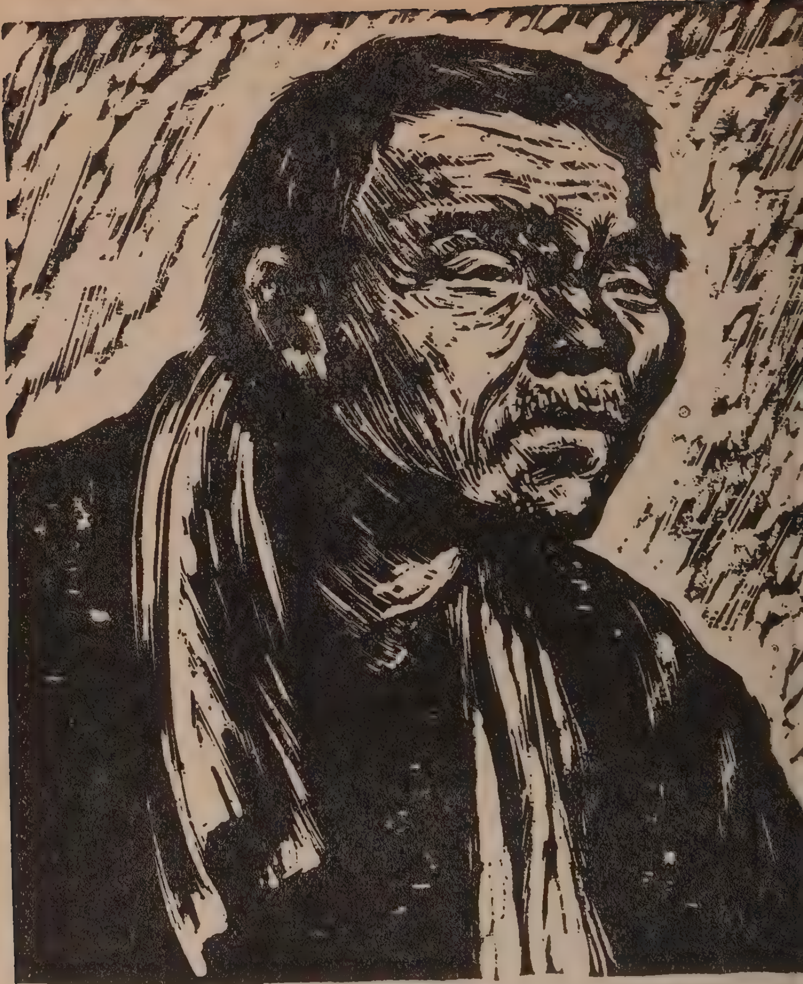
DISABLED VET: *by Jiro Koguchi*

(Posters read: Against War! For Over-All Peace Treaty! Against Rearmament!)



WOMEN PREVENTING ARREST OF TRADE UNION LEADER—Takaogi Coal Mine Strike, 1949:

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING—Hitachi, 1949: *by Hiroharu Nii*



FARMER: *by Jiro Takidaira*

HARVEST: *by Jiro Takidaira*

TEACHERS UNDER FIRE

By CELIA L. ZITRO

EVER since the dismissal of eight New York City teachers on February 8, 1951, the political inquisition has struck at more and more teachers. The witch hunt has become increasingly brazen. To last year's "Are you or were you ever a member of the Communist Party?" new questions have been added:

"Do you know the following people?"

"What did your father do?"

"Did you ever recommend the following books?"

"Were you ever at the home of?"

"Have you discussed foreign policy with people during the past two years?"

For refusing to answer such questions eight more teachers are now on trial on the charge of "insubordination" and "conduct unbecoming a teacher."

Actually, as Samuel Wallach, one of the present eight, pointed out in a letter to his colleagues at the Franklin K. Lane High School, the teachers are threatened with dismissal because "there is a small but powerful minority that wants this nation to go to war. They are determined to stop all thinking and all talking about peace; they insist that the schoo must become a propaganda mediu for their policies; they brand an disagreement with their position subversive."

Heading this program in Ne York is Superintendent Jansen, on of the 20 educators who, along wi General Eisenhower, in 1949 prepar that blueprint for the militarizati of the schools known as "Americ Education and International Te sions." This document says that "T continued threat of war requires basic re-orientation of the Americ people as a whole" because the will be a "conflict between ethi idealism and harsh realities such will be provoked by measures tak by the government for military p paredness and to combat subvers activities; disruption of private li and interference with personal pl by compulsory military service a by other direct action taken by government affecting individua and by the frustration that indiv uals will experience when their forts to advance the cause of pe appear to end in futility."

Only if the schools perform service of preparing the stude

ıentally and emotionally to accept ıis destruction of their "ethical lealism," this "disruption of their ersonal lives," this frustration of ıeir desire for peace, only if they re prepared physically so that there 'ill be "healthy bodies to wear uniɔrms," says the report, will "educa-.on command the support it will de-ɜrve as an instrument of the national olicy."

Since fear and coercion would be ecessary to overcome the resistance f teachers to this program, the re-ort called for the dismissal of "Comıunist" teachers. This was surounded by the usual pious and dema-;ogic expressions of the need to safe-ıuard the academic freedom of all ıut the Communists. But since the uthors of the document knew what vas happening to government work-rs, scientists, writers, radio and creen actors under this strange con-eption of freedom, they must have nown what would happen in the chools.

Certainly Superintendent Jansen new what he was aiming at. A year ɔefore the adoption of the report, he New York City Board of Edu-ation had presented a brief to the State Commissioner of Education alling for the dismissal of "disloyal" eachers and defining a loyal teacher ıs one who was zealous in support of he "cold war."

THE report opened the schools to increased pressure by leaders of the American Legion and Catholic War Veterans, by fascist hate groups and clerical enemies of public education, by all those eager to discredit the public schools in order to cut educational budgets. Even educators who accept the fundamental premises of the Eisenhower-Jansen report are expressing alarm at this invasion of the schools. They complain of the pressures which make it impossible for teachers to discuss current problems, of investigations of text books, of mutilation of curricula, of the enactment of ever more vicious and all-embracing "loyalty" legislation.

But Dr. Jansen and the New York City Board of Education welcomed the enemies of the public schools as allies in putting across their program. These groups—never seen or heard when the needs of the children are discussed—are rounded up to give a show of public support whenever banning of progressive books and magazines, dismissal of teachers, protection of racist teachers like May Quinn, are to be voted in the face of the opposition of all decent organizations in the community.

At such times remarks like "Jew-Communist," "Sheeny," "Why don't you go back to Russia" can be heard in various parts of the hall. And the spokesman for these groups, George Timone, appointed to the Board of Education by former Mayor O'Dwyer from a list submitted by Cardinal Spellman, obviously dominates the Board and calls the shots. He is now calling for a fight against all those who insist that the public schools remain secular.

These are the allies and this is the atmosphere that Superintendent Jansen needs. No superintendent in the country has devoted himself with more zeal to the task of making the schools an adjunct of the war machine. The political inquisitions, trials, and dismissals of teachers, and the atom bomb "defense" drills and identification tags for pupils, are combined with teaching programs on the lowest intellectual level. Vulgarized, dogmatic assertions about the Soviet Union and Communism—which no scholar with any pretensions to intellectual honesty, however anti-Communist, could support—are substituted for a study of the facts. Everything possible is done to make a war with the Soviet Union seem imminent, necessary and inevitable.

Jansen and his assistants want to drive out all teachers who are truly devoted to democracy, who love the children and want a secure and peaceful future for them, who hate racism and bigotry in every form, who work for better schools at a time when more and more money is devoted to war preparations.

THE eight teachers dismissed last year could not be counted on to destroy "ethical idealism" in the minds of school children.* Similarly the new group of eight teachers under attack have for many years exemplified the best traditions of the teaching profession.

Cyril Graze has taught mathematics for 19 years. To thousands of teachers and parents who have heard him speak at meetings of the Board of Education and elsewhere he is the very symbol of the fight for democracy in the school system. He has vigorously exposed the tolerance displayed by the Superintendent and the Board of Education towards teachers guilty of teaching racist poison to their pupils, of insulting children of various minority groups and their parents; the hushing up of anti-Semitic and anti-Negro incidents in the schools; the approval and retention of biased text books which give a distorted and prejudiced view of Negroes, Jews, the foreign born. To the students who have been in his class at the Forest Hill High School for two and a half years he is the "teacher we respect and admire." To some 200 parents who have communicated with Dr. Jansen, he is "the kind of teacher we want for our children."

The people of the Bedford-Stuyvesant community in Brooklyn feel that the suspension of Mrs. Mildred Flacks is proof of "the pattern which is developing in our city . . . the victimization of teachers who have been in the forefront of the fight for improved conditions in Negro areas." For 20 years, while principals, supervisors and teachers have sought and obtained transfers to more "favored" parts of the city, Mrs. Flacks has stayed at P.S. 35 with the first-year children whom she loves, and as vice-chairman of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Community Council she has

* See "Teachers in Battle," by Alice Citron. M&M, July, 1950.

worked with the people for the needs of the children. Mr. William Taylor, a community leader, wrote to her, "You have been behind every movement to obtain better schools and better living conditions, and have always been ready and willing to help us." Typical of the opinion of her supervisors is this statement made by one of them: "Really exhilarating —this example of human kindness and thoughtfulness given to your children by you. . . ."

Hyman Koppelman, a teacher of Spanish for 25 years, was long associated with Mrs. Flacks in the work for better schools and living conditions in the Bedford-Stuyvesant community. At the Prospect Heights High School where he was teaching at the time of his suspension, he was both chairman of the school chapter of the Teachers Union and a member of the Teachers Interest Committee, elected by the faculty. Seventy-three of his colleagues wrote to Dr. Jansen: "We should like first to testify to his ability as a teacher. . . . As a member of the Teachers Interest Committee Mr. Koppelman has been active in working for better conditions for both teachers and pupils. . . . As an alert citizen he has evinced a lively interest in the social problems of our time . . . a valuable member of our teaching community, a good citizen, and a teacher whom we highly esteem."

"The Feinberg Law inevitably turns the school system into a spying project."
—Justice Douglas

When Mrs. Dorothy Rand, a grade-school teacher for 22 years, began teaching in Harlem 15 years ago, she was shocked by the prejudiced and distorted text books which the Negro children were given. At her own expense she brought into the school the books, the pictures, the films which would give the students a true view of the history of their people and their contributions to American life. She was greatly instrumental in introducing and popularizing the study of Negro history in her own and other schools in Harlem. A majority of the teachers at her school

Li'l David and the Atom Bomb

THEY are sisters, these two—Bonnie who is Kindergarten and Linda Second Grade. Through the closed door of their bedroom come the laughter, wiggling and warm, and the shriller tones of argument—th sounds that will go on until the stern command (faded echo of a one-tim barracks' chief) roars in upon them: "All right, now—no more talkin in there!"

Well, let them keep it up for five more minutes. . . .

> *April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter,*
> *But the moment after, weep thy girlish tears.*

And a smile comes with the memory: the long-ago poet who wro those lines must have had some small daughters, too.

Now the voices are angry loud, and now bursting through the doo comes Bonnie's defiant shout: "I want the Bomb to fall down and ki everybody!" (Kindergarten had A-bomb drill, too: small hands shieldi small faces from the deadly radiation.)

Silence from Linda, then after a moment Bonnie's laugh, trilling h triumph. But Linda is not really shocked. She'll find an answer.

"Kill everybody?" she asks. "You mean *everybody*, Bonnie?" There a slyness now in her voice.

"Everybody!" shouts Bonnie in glee. "Everybody in the whole worl

A low chuckle from Linda as she moves to close the trap. "Everybod —li'l David, too?"

For a moment nothing, and then Bonnie says: "No, of course not. N *David*. Just everybody else."

ve written to Dr. Jansen:

"Mrs. Rand has been tireless in r efforts to improve conditions in ır school and community. . . . Her ection to the Teachers Interest Com- ittee, and her election as chairman the committee are evidence of e confidence placed in Mrs. Rand by the teachers of the school. . . . We speak in behalf of a respected, conscientious teacher whose service to the children, parents, and teachers of P.S. 170 cannot be too highly praised."

Of the quality of her teaching her principal wrote: "I should like to

Of course not David, a new baby in our Harlem neighborhood. Six nths old, li'l David played on their hearts: he is their truly love. He gles and coos, drinks and wets—does everything, in fact, that a doll do, and besides he's real. No, he must not be doomed.)

Not David," Bonnie repeats.

And who will take care of him?" Linda demands, closing in now. ho will feed him and change him and rock him when he cries? No- ly! Everybody else is dead and he'll cry and cry and nobody will come. Oh, that poor poor little baby"—she tightens the squeeze—"poor li'l y David!"

oftly at first, and quivering, comes Bonnie's grief. Then rising like an raid siren, rising and falling—desolate David, desolate Bonnie!

Oh, Linda, Linda—no! I'm sorry, I'm sorry. . . ." Ohh-h!

But the older one is relentless. "You should have thought about that ore," she says; the firm tone suggests her pressed-lip imitation of Im- able Parent. "Poor li'l David. . . ."

) sorrow, sorrow! The wailing swells to a great crescendo, filling the m, beating against the door. Linda must surely melt before that d.

Say you're sorry, Bonnie," she says, "say you're sorry for being so ın."

How can Bonnie say anything through the great wracking sobs? But lly she says it again: she *is* sorry.

Well, all right," her sister yields. "All right now. But don't ever do it in."

There is a long shuddering sigh, and a grateful snuffling. Then nothing re. . . .

Open the door and look: they are sleeping in peace.

LLOYD L. BROWN

thank you for permitting our newly appointed teachers to observe in your classroom. This has been of inestimable value in our teaching training program."

IN THE South-East Bronx, an area where some 75 per cent of the families are on home relief, where the children suffer from poverty, overcrowded homes, lack of recreational facilities, and—in the case of the Puerto-Rican children — from language difficulties, Arthur Newman has carried into action his indignation at the neglect shown by the Board of Education. As co-chairman of the South-East Bronx Better Schools Committee, Newman, an English teacher for 17 years, has worked tirelessly with the parents to get better conditions for the children. One parent wrote: "There isn't a school in our district that isn't on double or triple session, and of course there aren't enough remedial teachers. Parents feel that the whole problem is overwhelming. . . . Arthur has taught me to have confidence in the people all around me, and he has shown me how, time after time, their just demands for better schools cannot forever be denied."

Teachers and supervisors at the George Westinghouse Vocational High School have often wondered how charming, soft-spoken Dorothy Bloch, a teacher for 15 years, has been able to work so successfully at one of the most difficult vocational schools in the city, from which all but five women in a faculty of over 100 have transferred to other schools. Yet she was so eminently successful that she was asked to become acting chairman of the English department. Perhaps the answer is to be found in this letter sent to Dr. Jansen by a former student: "I have never met a finer or more remarkable teacher than Miss Bloch. . . .When there was advice you needed, she was always there to go to, no matter what it was. . . . I'm sure that teachers like her would make this country a finer and better country to live in." She too was active in the campaign against anti-Semitic, anti-Negro May Quinn.

As a teacher of social science for over 17 years, Julius Lemansky has won deep respect from his colleagues, affection and admiration from his students. "There is nothing that would do our school system more good than to have him back and thousands like him," said one of his former students in a letter to the Brooklyn *Eagle*. And on December 4, 1951, in an action unprecedented in these days when teachers fear to speak out, the faculty of his school in a vote of 8[illegible] to 3 declared:

"We are certain that a fair examination of his record of performance as a teacher in Boys High School will prove that he is eminently fit to teach. His services to his students, his colleagues, and his profession have extended far beyond the normal call of duty. . . . Individually and collectively we attest to our warm regard and respect for him. In the years we have worked together, he has impressed us strongly with his idealism

ir-mindedness and intellectual hon-
ty. . . ."

Samuel Wallach, vice-president and
rmer president of the Teachers
nion, former president of the Eco-
omics Teachers Association, stated
s credo as a teacher in October,
948, when he refused to answer the
uestions of an anti-labor Senate in-
estigating committee. His words,
ndorsed at that time by Professor
lbert Einstein and close to 100 of
e country's leading educators, may
ound somewhat old fashioned in
ese days of flagrant contempt for
e Bill of Rights. But Samuel Wal-
ch stands by them today when he is
target of Dr. Jansen's witch hunt.

He said at that time: ". . . . From
y teaching my pupils developed
e feeling that we are living in a
ountry where nobody has the right
o ask what are your beliefs, how
ou worship God, what you read. As
teacher and a believer in funda-
ental principles, it seems to me that
would be a betrayal of everything
have been teaching for me to co-
perate with this committee in an
vestigation of a man's opinions, his
olitical beliefs, his religion, or pri-
ate views."

Two days after he made this state-
ent, he received the following let-
er from a student: "A very short
me ago I was a student in one of
our classes. My memories of those
lasses came into sharper focus today.
he thing I shall always remember
bout those classes . . . is the sense
f freedom that was always present.
know that even the fear which plays so great a part in our thinking today will not cause us to let our freedom slip away. I am glad that you feel that these freedoms are worth defending, and that you believe in the concepts which we were taught. They are not vague generalities to us, they are living principles. We haven't and we won't forget them, or grow careless. Your example is, I think, a very fine one."

IF DR. JANSEN, the Board of Education, and their allies are even more savage in their attacks on teachers than they were last year, there is much greater awareness on the part of teachers and parents of danger to the schools and the children represented by the suspensions and dismissals.

The support for the teachers in their own schools is in striking contrast to the fear which silenced so many in the case of the first eight. There is ample evidence of this in the practically unanimous resolution for Julius Lemansky, the letter signed by a majority of teachers for Dorothy Rand, the statement in behalf of Hyman Koppelman, the farewell party in honor of Samuel Wallach attended by almost the entire faculty of his school, the rousing applause which greeted Cyril Graze when he told his fellow teachers that he would continue his fight for academic freedom and against bigotry in the schools.

Parents are defending the victimized teachers. A delegation of parents of the pupils of Mildred Flacks

went to the Board of Education to demand her reinstatement. Parents are circulating a petition for Dorothy Rand. Meetings of citizens interested in the future of the children are being held in all parts of the city. Testimonial dinners, marked by the warmest expressions of confidence, gratitude and affection have been tendered by parents to Arthur Newman and Cyril Graze.

More than 300 mothers from all parts of the city came to the Board of Education on February 28, and presented some questions of their own:

"Why do your invesigations always result in the suspension of Jewish teachers with outstanding records in the classroom and the community?"

"Why do your investigations never touch bad and vicious teachers who are guilty of un-American acts in the classroom?"

"Schools are desperately needed almost everywhere in the city. Thousands of children are one to five years behind in reading and arithmetic. Delinquency and drug addiction are reaching more and more children of school age. Are you trying to cover up your failure in these matters with the usual red smokescreen? And is it not a fact that these very teachers you have suspended were most active in trying to better these school conditions?"

"Are you trying to make the schools the instrument of 'military policy makers' [quoted from Justice Douglas] by frightening teachers into teaching what to think instead of how to think?"

The Teachers Union of New York—which the Board of Education has tried to destroy by every possible union busting device—is again carrying on the fight for these teachers, and for all the teachers and students. And its membership and public meetings on the issues involved have seen even larger crowds, greater enthusiasm, and a stronger fighting spirit than last year.

THE program to brutalize the minds of the children is country-wide. In 1948 John Studebaker, then United States Commissioner of Education, promulgated what he called the "Zeal for American Democracy" program, which was actually a program for inculcating a hatred of the Soviet Union, and making a war seem inevitable. Under various forms this program has been introduced into many school systems.

Now Dr. Studebaker is editor of *Scholastic*, a magazine which is widely circulated among high school students. Here is an indication of the concept of democracy which he thinks should be taught to the students. Arguing that students should be taught about the "menace of communism," he says:

"It may be expected that if the students are thus taught, they will be intelligent and effective in responding to President Truman's request that American citizens report evidences of subversive activities to the F.B.I. Young people in high schools are certainly 'American citizens.' Unless our students are taught

what communism is and how it works, they not only will not be disposed to oppose its further development in the various circles in which they live and work until it is too late, but they won't know what to look for to report."

It is not so long ago that Americans heard with horror how the Hitler Youth, trained in what Erika Mann so aptly described as "Schools for Barbarians," were trained to spy on their teachers and parents. That a man who is considered one of the leading educators of America should be proposing the same training for our children is a measure of how far the program for militarizing the schools and corrupting the minds of the students has advanced.

It is time that all parents who are concerned with the future of their children, all trade unionists, all progressive organizations, begin to take an active interest in the schools. The fight for the eight suspended teachers in New York is one important aspect of this fight for your children.

THE HARVEST HAND

After a hard day in the grain pit,
He brushed the husks of spring wheat futures
From his Brooks Bros. suit
And went to the bar for a double scotch.
"Goddamn truce talks playin' hell with the market!"
Impatiently he waited for the alcohol
To take effect. He grew philosophical:
"Sentiment is all right
In its place, but blood is thicker
Than watered stock, and pays higher dividends
Than peacetime speculation."
Lumbering out into the gloom
In the La Salle St. canyons, he heard
Newsboys shouting subversively
Of the impending ceasefire doomsday of profits.
Yet all wasn't lost, if reports were true,
The Egyptians were about to invade
Egypt again. Hope springs eternal
In the harvester's breast.

JOHN FONTANY

The Glory of Robert Emmet

From a Novel by MERIDEL LE SUEUR

ROBERT EMMET was too tall for the stone arched cell where he waited below the courtroom, a little after nine, Monday, September 19, 1803. They had just brought him from Newgate Prison, under heavy guard of Hessians and British mercenaries, for it was great fear they had of the Irish soldiers. They had brought him early, and through the solid braid and ornament, coming down the laneway from Halston Street, he had seen the great crowd, a turbulent sea of green surging through the Liberties to Phoenix Park. Farmers, pretending to come to market with pigs, waved green plumes of corn. The masks of traveling players he knew hid the faces of mountain men. Everywhere there were women lifting babies with green bibs, with green tucked in their bonnets. And it was instant death by hanging for any man, woman or child to even be thinking of green!

He heard the thud of the gathering court, the packed and bribed jury, Lord Norbury who had already sold his soul, and God could only know what stooges, roisterers, barroom scum, informers, besides the respectable lords of Ireland who since the Union of 1800 had servilely licked the boots of Mr. Pitt's House of Lords. Now Curran had refused to defend him, and his two lawyers Burrows and McNally, unknown to him, had long been informers for the Crown.

He was thin from his flight since the failure of the rising in August when Dublin had attempted to lead the country, taking over the castle—and the weavers, mountain men, fishermen, farmers had waited upon the hills for the signal that never came.

Emmet was not unprepared for the last full day of his life at the age of twenty-five. He had been weaned on the struggles of American farmers and as a boy of twelve celebrated on the streets of Dublin the anniversary of the French Revolution. Bending beneath the ancient stone he smiled as he put his hands along the rocks hewn by Irish serfs for the conquerors of eight hundred years.

Fourteen men had stood here in

e last week, waiting for the farce their trial before Lord Norbury: ey had appeared before a terrorized ry that brought down verdicts of uilty without leaving the box; and ey had been hanged, beheaded, and eir heads held before the angry peo-le as the heads of "traitors." Emmet xpected no better and had prepared o defense and only prayed that the nnocent might not be drawn into e maelstrom. Since the failure of e rising thousands had gone by ight in little boats to exile; thou-ands hung from forest limbs, ridges, gibbets; thousands jammed e jails, and every boat at anchor vas a stinking prison filled with the atriots of Ireland.

He thought bitterly of the so-alled respectable men who had in-ested in their success (if only they ad given one thousand pounds nore!) and would now calumniate heir failure, men who would now ive precarious lives of security un-ler the heel of British capital.

Now through the body of the stone e could hear the trampling of the eople over the bloody Irish earth of is fathers; through the still living tone it shook, tingled upward from is feet, and he saw the two guards t the entry way turn in fright, their yes rounded in terror.

How they hid me, he thought, at the risk of their lives and the lives of their children, in the teeth of the plantation armies and the invading armies. They fed me; driven like a beast, they hid me in their very flesh. With a price upon my head that would make any man a land-owner, they did not give me up though they were starving. The in-former, he thought, who gave me up was probably one of those fat quay merchants who withheld moneys at the last moment and bleated that the rising was prema-ture, imprudent, dangerous!

He spat upon the stone in the di-rection of the mercenaries. A first act of resistance is always premature. Lexington was premature! The French rising against the King in 1789 was imprudent! Through the stone came a cry from thousands of throats — it stung, vibrated, came down through the conduits of water, earth, stone. A beginning must always be made by men who seem to be forgotten. Somewhere, sometime, somehow a beginning must be made by some-one.

The mills, he thought, are empty now, the fields of hay deserted—all his people filling into the slums of Dublin. And his blood stirred and gladdened that would be so soon spilled, and children would be held down to dip green kerchiefs in it to carry with them and hand down to their children.

HIS one thought was to record the rising, its successes, failures, its plan, the relation between the cities and the country—it was a moot question which should rise first. Above all to transmit courage, hope, will! But he had as yet no inkling of how the Crown would spare nothing to disparage, taint and destroy every

vestige of his memory. He knew that his people would rise again and his every thought was for the implements of their rising. For he knew they had starved by millions under Mr. Pitt, as their land was confiscated and their home looms destroyed.

He had spent the entire night writing out the plan of the insurrection to get over to his brother Tom in France. Carefully, explicitly, by candle light in the cold stone cell, he had written his *Account of the Late Plan of Insurrection in Dublin, and the Cause of its Failure*:

"The Plan was comprised of three heads: Points of Attack, Points of Checks, and Lines of Defense. . . . I expected three hundred Wexford, four hundred Kildare and two hundred Wicklow men . . . had I another week, had I one thousand pounds, had I one thousand men, I would have feared nothing. . . ."

It was a long document and it never got to his brother.

Now he thought of Wolfe Tone and the long summer days when they walked through every road of Ireland, spoke to hayers in the meadows, sat in the evening with bearded heroes in the cabins, and the mothers. Part of the bone and sinew of his belief was the love he had for Wolfe Tone and the seedling memories of those days—when Tone took to the fields and the cabins the ways to organize — committees, proclamations, constitutions, how to take over the land, how to organize in secret and most of all how to unite, Catholic and Protestant, mill worker and landowner, Jacobins and Gaelic pagans; he promised them nothing but their own strength and was at home with hedgerow priests and ancient Gaels.

Who could forget his irrepressible wit, the black wigless head and the democratic pigtail sticking straight out behind, his prankish singing and merry love for his wife and children? And above all, his genius for unity—for inciting love and confidence and organizing the whole of Ireland into the United Irishmen—a great interlocking, democratic efficient organization that pulled together the scattered conspiracies into one great striking fist.

Ah, Tone, Emmet thought, if you had lived to see the fires lighted from hill to hill, from the plains and the mountains of Kerry to the great waste of Connaught, the land starting into light, the starved people fallen into the earth like dung, rising like flowering hedge!—but Tone had been arrested in the French landing in 1798, shackled and brought through the fall harvest and the silent weeping people to Dublin and murdered—yes, murdered—Ah, the summer risings, Emmet thought, rise in summer, hang in September with the drowse of bees and the green corn coming in.

He rightly suspected why the rising failed—the intricate system of espionage, provocateurs, sabotage. Wicklow had never gotten news of the rising; Wexford had been told by "trusted" United Irishmen that it had been called off; regiments in Belfast had sat on the hills for two days.

He wondered if the plan of the

rising would get smuggled over the Channel to the United Irish exiles waiting in France. Until couriers got there they would not even know that he had hanged. . . .

THE Court was prepared when the soldiers prodded Emmet up the narrow stairs, ushered him into the dock, across from the cold hostile eyes of Lord Norbury, the chief Justice. On one side sat the Attorney General shamefully bearing the Irish name of O'Grady and the attorneys for the Crown, wigged and black gowned; on the other side were his own lawyers, the traitors McNally and Burrows. The jury was quickly sworn, took their places in the balcony-like jury box to the left of the judge's bench.

Emmet was put to the bar of justice, an iron rod topping the partition of the dock, and the clerk of the Crown read the indictment against him:

"You, Robert Emmet, stand indicted that, not having the fear of God in your heart, nor weighing the duty of your allegiance but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil as a false traitor against our lord the king. . . ."

Then the Attorney General invoked an ancient law of Edward the Third: "Whether there has or has not existed a traitorous conspiracy and rebellion for the purpose of altering the law, the constitution, the government of the country by force."

The shameful little lickspittle Mr. O'Grady had the sorry task of interpreting the terrors of Mr. Pitt and the King, who had prodigious nightmares as to what might be conveyed across the channel from the new republic; crying out that the just longing of the British, Irish and Scotch worker for food and shelter was in reality a foreign doctrine; crying that foreign agents roused the people, that aid from France was in truth invasion; convincing the loyalists that they had been betrayed by their leaders and should become yeoman to English rule. The dispossessed worker had to go back docilely to the plantations whose lords were foreign invaders, and the landless weaver whose loom had been destroyed must be driven to the mills of Dublin and Belfast.

Now Emmet got flashes and signals from the warm eyes of the packed courtroom as he saw that beyond the solid line of British soldiers the people pressed and far out in the September day their wrath hummed through the mellow light.

Now Emmet saw that Mr. O'Grady was not out merely to convict him, but to malign and separate him from the people, heap base abuse upon the rising, obscure its meaning in history and in the hearts of his countrymen.

A hard job for Mr. O'Grady, but he had just practiced on sixteen other trials before Robert Emmet's, with sixteen convictions, with everything his way—the picked jury, the Crown's bought-and-paid-for-judges, and the Dublin newspapers lying dutifully every evening, misquoting, printing

confessions of the leaders when there were no confessions.

Mr. O'Grady had a neat way of making the rising appear contemptible. He held up to ridicule the Provisional Government proclamation and the high-ranking leaders with their motley followers: the bricklayer Quigley who had been exiled to Paris and when he was told of the planned rising had laid down his trowel and rowed to Ireland; Dowdell, the clerk "bankrupt," Mr. O'Grady said contemptuously; and Emmet saw hands go to mouths in the crowd covering the smiles as he went on to describe the heroes of the people as "infatuated fools," "the mob," bringing a smile to the jury as he described the night of the rising, "whether the general led the way of the flight or became a follower of the mob." He read from the documents of the United Irishmen trying to make ridiculous the phrases, "freedom to their country," "English oppression," phrases that could not be ridiculous to the hungry ragged crowd you could see from the dock. The beautiful words they had made for their struggle — "the brotherhood of affection."

Mr. O'Grady exercised all his practiced wit making the flight to the mountain protection a farce. Then Mr. O'Grady, with a further sense of comedy, after invoking blood and violence, lies and distortion, urged upon the jury clemency, moderation and justice . . . then tongueing the other side of his cheek, he urged them to discharge their duty to "your country, your King and your God. . . ."

And the anger began to stir in Robert Emmet. He saw the conspiracy of the Crown to put down the great names of all who had fallen, of all the leaders, the murdered Tone and Fitzgerald as well as the great peasant leaders like Michael Dwyer and those that fell in '98 and from whose bodies the wheat of other years was growing.

HIS anger mounted as the witnesses were brought in, some looking at the ground, whose eyes he tried to catch to give them ease, witnesses whose whole families had been wiped out, or jailed or threatened—Mrs. Palmer who had been brought handcuffed in a carriage by night; and there too was every grogshop spy, every drunkard from the White Bull Inn on Thomas Street, barmaids trained for their jobs in England, paid handsomely for betraying Ireland. From the revolutionary struggles of America, then France, Haiti, now Ireland there had sprung from the dregs an international set of spies, rats, who would sell anything. Also the scum of dispossessed royalty who roamed the world trying to find a foothold in colonial countries, engulfing land illegally, creating slaves of free men.

Standing through the day Emmet saw the procession: Fleming, the hostler, he had supposed to be their friend; Terrance, a tailor thought to be loyal, testified against him, identified him as the leader of the depot—and then hesitated before he left, tore his cap in his hands and said that

e had not given information until e had been arrested, and had done only to get his liberty so he could arn bread for his family. He looked raight into Emmet's eyes for an in-ant before he was dragged down nd Emmet tried to nod to him across e thickening air of hostility and e solid stone air of being framed ot only before his people of that me but for the future, which he w rushing towards him now, in hich men would achieve what he nd the others—all the others—had egun.

The Crown had its actors, now lly trained to testify at every trial, iven their orders and cues by the at-orneys proving the insurrection. Iours and hours went on without alt or break and Emmet stood at the ar.

Occasionally one broke like Mc-abe, who when asked if the pikes e made were for murder, cried in-ignantly as if he had been struck: For murder! The purpose was to ain our Liberty as we call it and I anted to be along with the peo-le."

With hunger came a personal anx-ety Emmet had lost in the great ver of social struggle — and he hought of his mother. The Crown ad made her come to him in prison, he last he had seen of her—and she ad promised to try to make him say hat he had been wrong. She got in o see him, the first since the rising, nd she had looked a shadow of her-elf

Oh mother of eighteen, burying fourteen in the Irish earth, I will walk by the side of all the buried and the lost, past the doors ripped from their hinges by an invading army! I will be with your other sons lying in the night of the haying, passing in the morning sunlight along roads that will be free again, and there will be those in the future to whom we will be alive, passing sing-ing in the evening light and in the morning light!

He did not know it, but she had died after seeing him in prison and there was none now left but his sis-ter Mary who would drop dead when her husband, an attorney, would be released and come unexpected to the door.

He remembered Tone's words — "among us is a man accused of de-fiance." Oh Wolfe Tone, that gay torch, the friend, the lover, the first to speak to the Irish not of a future life but of their powers, in them-selves, in the present . . . who did not mind obliteration and knew there was no anonymity, and Emmet laughed out loud when he remem-bered Tone saying: "A fig for their disemboweling if they hang me first!"

SOMEONE pushed amongst the redcoats and thrust into his hand a sprig of lavender. He realized that he had been about to faint. He held it to his nostrils only a moment when someone whispered to the court. It was taken away from him. He smiled.

Poor Joe Palmer was asked to identify him; he turned to Emmet and Emmet nodded his head to him.

The Prosecution then, as Emmet had hoped, brought forward the Proclamation to show "the wretched anarchy inconsistent with all social happiness and genuine liberty they call a republic." It was cut, paragraphs read out of context, but showing that the object was to separate Ireland from England and to establish a Republic.

Emmet told McNally to speak for him and ask the Crown to read another paragraph. McNally did not want to offer the paper, apologized. Emmet insisted it should be admitted and read in its entirety and it was read, stirring among the people like a wind—and was prophetic in its contents, justified by history, sounding the challenge of the party he represented, warning that government of a foreign power could neither by the intensity of its punishments nor the multitude of its victims silence the people with terror, and that inevitably not only the people of Ireland but of the world would be free.

There was silence when the Proclamation was ended and Emmet felt an agony now to speak to his people. And what about the Haitian people, and the French and the American? Should lickspittles so defame the great spirit of their rising?

"My Lord," McNally was saying, "Mr. Emmet says he does not intend to call witnesses, therefore I presume the trial is closed on both sides."

But there was still an ignominy for Ireland. Mr. Plunket, who had been a bitter opponent of Union, was now prepared to use the trial as a political ladder (he was to win a Solicito Generalship). He had yet to pledg his devotion to the Crown, declar his change of principles, and strike death blow for any anti-union part He did not look at Emmet. He trie all the devices of sarcasm, jingoism and he spoke until it was nine o'cloc in the evening, and no one had eate or rested for twelve hours.

Emmet still stood, his hands on th bar. Lord Norbury said he would no detain the jury, but he gave a lon detailed account of the case, spoke o arms and ammunitions "to take th lives of innocent fellow creatures

And as he spoke Emmet's ange and agony crystallized into a desi to defend, not his life which he ha renounced, but his cause; and he wa determined to get McNally to post pone judgment for a day to prepa his speech of defense.

He conveyed this to McNally, b when Judge Norbury finished, th jury did not leave the box and th foreman addressed the court. Guilt McNally did not rise to make th motion; the Attorney General ask for judgment upon the prisone Emmet was put to the bar befo McNally apologetically made the r quest and was refused. The clerk re the verdict and turned toward t dock to ask the customary questio "What have you therefore now to sa why judgment of death and executi should not be awarded against y according to law?"

HE MUST speak with no prep ration, except as his whole l

ad prepared him. He had stood four-
een hours at the bar but his voice
ras strong and held those who had
lso waited.

"Were I to suffer only death after be-
ng adjudged guilty, I should bow in si-
nce to the fate which awaits me; but the
entence which delivers my body over to
e executioner consigns my character to
bloquy. . . .

"I am charged with being an emissary
f France. No, I am no emissary, and my
mbition was to hold a place among the
eliverers of my country, not in profit, nor
n power, but in the glory of the achieve-
nent. We sought aid from France as aux-
liaries in war and allies in peace. . . .

"I wished to procure for my country the
uarantee that Washington procured for
America! They would come to us as
trangers and leave us as friends, after
haring our perils, and elevating our des-
iny. These were my objects, not to re-
eive new taskmasters but to expel old
yrants!"

Here Lord Norbury said that the
ourt was not there to listen to trea-
on, but Emmet went on as if Lord
Norbury was consigned to the un-
nown grave that awaited him. Again
nd again the judge interrupted. Em-
net charged that the importance of
he insurrection was not in himself
ut in "men who are not only supe-
ior to me, but even to your own
onception of yourself, my Lord;
nen before the splendor of whose
genius and virtues I should bow with
espectful deference, and who would
ot deign to call you a friend—who
vould not disgrace themselves by
haking your bloodstained hand—"

There was a roar from the court-
oom. Lord Norbury shouted angrily, charging that the prisoner alone was responsible for the bloodshed. He reminded Emmet that he came from a "respectable" family:

"But you have conspired with the profligate and the abandoned, and associated yourself with hostlers, bakers, butchers, and such persons. Your sentiments and your language are a disgrace to your friends, your education, but more particularly to your father, who if alive would not countenance such opinions."

Emmet retorted that all he knew of social justice he learned from his father, early instilled in youth:

"My Lord, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood you seek is not congealed by the terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through its channels, and in a little time it will cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. My ministry is ended. I am going to my cold and silent grave; I have parted from everything that was dear to me in this life for my country's cause. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I am ready to die. I have not been allowed to vindicate my character. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world. It is the charity of its silence.

"Let no man write my epitaph . . . When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not until then, let my epitaph be written. I have done."

There was only the sound of the stenographers' quills and the pencil of the artist Petrie. Lord Norbury coughed, chagrined, robbed of his own moment now. He urged the prisoner to renounce his principles, and then sentenced him to suffer

death by hanging, the head to be severed from the body.

IT WAS eleven when they took him back to Newgate. He ate some supper. The Reverend Mr. Gamble, sent by the Crown, came into the cell. He said: "I have come to bring you fortitude to bear your departure from life." Emmet replied: "I am not a deist. I am not without allies and have support from the real world. I am also a chemist."

Emmet folded the large proclamation addressed by the Provisional Government to the People of Ireland, and the reports of all he had gathered of what had happened in the provinces of Ireland—in the north they were still raising men from the Kells. Tom R. had gone to Belfast for help. John Green on Cave Hill has cached arms. Thousands of Paine's works had been distributed in Cork, in Limerick and Kerry; in the west, in Connemara, in Galway and Mayo he told where there were arms, smuggled from Guernsey where they were waiting for the French to land.

The guard stopped at the door. Rev. Gamble whispered to him, then told Emmet that the government had heard there were plans to rescue him so he was to be taken back to Kilmainham in a closed carriage. Rev. Gamble settled himself in the cell and Emmet wrote steadily. Toward dawn he slept for the last time in his life:

In the morning, six hours from his death, another clergyman was sent by the Crown since Rev. Gamble had little to report. This was Rev. Gran[illegible] of Island Bridge. Both clergymen worked hard but in vain to bring him to acknowledge his crime.

McNally came about noon and suggested that the Crown might give some leniency, arrange for his exile if he would state that it was an insurrection planned and executed by himself alone. He looked at McNally's nervous white hands that ran like weasels over his waistcoat and for a moment caught the nervous rolling eye of the traitor, and his skin turned cold with a sudden suspicion.

With only an hour left Emmet wrote another letter to his brother and one to Dick, the brother of Sarah Curran whom he had hoped to love:

> "I am going to do my last duty to my country . . . Do not give way to any weak feelings on my account, but rather encourage proud ones that I have possessed fortitude and tranquility of mind to the last. . . . Give my love to all my friends. . . . I am obliged to leave off immediately. . . ."

For they had come for him.

Still accompanied by the leeches Mr. McNally and the clergymen, the carriage made a wide swath, crossed the Liffey, took a detour, recrossing the Liffey and entering the square in front of St. Catherine Church on Thomas Street, just across from where the arms depot had been. Again the strange roar of the people, deepened now. Emmet stepped into the September light, into the tide of people into view of the rickety scaffold

thrown up on the square, two posts with transverse beams and noose choking the mild air.

The housetops were alive with people. They perched in gutters, chimney pots and hung from windows. Hawkers cried out the newspaper supplement issued in colors with cartoons of the trial describing Emmet as an insane enthusiast, leading a handful of ragged, mad followers. Another carried a distorted version of his speech, which urged the people to have nothing to do with France, that he had on his dying day seen the miseries of all countries subject to France, and asked the people to repel the radicals.

There was also Emmet's true speech, bordered in green, distributed by the United Irishmen. Rev. Gamble asked him if he had known the blood to be spilt wouldn't he have turned back? Emmet walked toward the scaffold surrounded by soldiers. He said that no one went to battle without preparation. And who counted the deaths by starvation and mayhem of millions of his countrymen?

HE MOUNTED the scaffold and turned to look into the solid line of redcoats and, surging against them, the crowd. Emmet stepped forward and said to McNally that he would like to address the people. What did he want to say? the ministers asked. He said that he wanted to tell them that the oath of the United Irishmen was the one he would abide by—the oath of the alliance and affection of brothers.

His hands were tied.

The Sheriff and Major Swan stood with the black cap and the noose for his neck.

In the September light, in the winy smell of harvest, the drowse of apples, a great honey bee hummed in front of him—and he thought there was no better time for a man to live than in the time of a rising—we almost touched hands, from America, to France to Haiti to Ireland. . . .

A pang of regret struck him to think he would never now be a chemist to carry on the work of the exiled Priestley and the dead Condorcet and Lavoisier — in the search for the secret of heat—of combustion—heat is the rebel—nothing was known yet —so much for men to know and he longed to rise somewhere sometime in that harvest of man—and in that time no man alive or dead would be anonymous. The bee seemed to be buzzing, whispering, conveying a message. The future seemed to rush toward him now and was in turn bodied forth in him, and the swarm of free men struck in his brain like light. He did not press toward death but joyously seemed to feel the future in himself, swarming with all the indefatigable and impregnable fertility of man.

Heat—he struggled against the gag. He felt alive, in the spectral light, and wanted to speak—his brain exploded.

He stepped off into the light.

SAVE THE ROSENBERGS!

By HOWARD FAST

NO THOUGHTFUL American could have remained unmoved by the recent U.S. Appeals Court decision on the Rosenberg case. And I believe one could say, with equal assurance, no thoughtful American Jew could have repressed a feeling of horror and a surge of tragic memory. For this decision, unanimously upholding the death sentence pronounced on Julius and Ethel Rosenberg by Judge Irving Kaufman, was timed most strikingly with another decision—the decision to rearm Western Germany under Nazi generals.

One is moved to become more than factual, more than precise, more than objective in such a situation. When six million Jews died under the monstrous heel of fascism, their cry of pain did not immediately cease to echo. Rather did it mingle with the smell of burning flesh, and linger—the hurt so enormous and so indescribable that forgetfulness in itself became a crime. Neither comprehension nor revenge is applicable in terms of six million human souls who are put to death. This great, terrible, and inhumanly filthy murder had neither precedent nor analogy, and therefore it could receive only one epitaph: "We shall not forget."

Of Jews there were fifteen million, and then a little while later there were only nine million. Such a mortal hurt, such a rending of flesh, such a blood-letting has rarely been survived by any people, and it was only the particular condition of the Jews living in so many lands that allowed them to survive this. They survived because the bulk of the Jewish people who remained alive after the bloody madness of Hitler had passed, were in the Soviet Union and in the United States of America. Here in our country are five million of the Jewish people. I wonder what they thought when they read in their paper, or heard over their radio, that by decision of the Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, the Rosenbergs, Julius and Ethel, would go to the chair.

It is not my plan or purpose here to review the facts of the Rosenberg case. They have been amply reviewed, indeed splendidly and boldly reviewed by William A. Reuben in the series of articles he wrote for the *National Guardian.* In printing these articles and taking up the banner of these two persecuted, maligned and innocent human beings, the *National Guardian* rendered a unique and profoundly memorable service to the best traditions of American journalism. Rarely has any news-

per investigated in such detail, and tablished with such a weight of evidence, the innocence of two people nvicted of a crime.

One must ask whether it would humanly possible, or even inferenlly possible, that innocence so ain, so evident, so pertinent, could ve remained unknown to the executive branch of the government hich instituted the prosecution, to ving Saypol who carried through e prosecution, to Judge Kaufman ho pronounced the sentences of ath, or the three judges of the Court Appeals who upheld these death ntences? This question must be ked, for only through the placing this question can the whole and deous nature of the Rosenberg case seen.

ARE the Jewish people in America so blind, so forgetful, so illed to the meaning of history that ey themselves will not ask certain estions? Can they avoid asking hy a Jewish prosecutor and a Jewn judge were assigned to this case? in they avoid asking why the first ace-time death sentence for esonage in all the history of the nited States was reserved for these o people who are Jews?

Can they avoid asking why this ath sentence was pronounced for alleged espionage in favor of a untry which was not only our ally the Second World War, but to the lor of whose troops thousands and ousands of American soldiers owe eir very lives?

If American Jews cannot and do not ask these questions, if they are willing to accept with all its hideous implications this terrible judicial murder of two innocent, brave, and good people, then indeed one can only hang one's head with shame and look into the future with fear and misgiving. For it would mean that the great mass of the Jewish people in America have chosen supinely to accept the fate which fascism historically reserves for Jewish people everywhere, and which has been shared by Jews wherever fascism triumphed.

However, I do not and cannot believe that the Jewish masses of America will accept the decision on the Rosenberg case in any such manner. Plainly and specifically I raise the following propositions for consideration.

It would seem to me that there was a most deliberate choice in this case of the Rosenbergs. Consider the whole pattern again. An ex-progressive, a lawyer who has become a servant and tool of American reaction, is chosen to make a deal for David Greenglass. Under his counseling, Greenglass confesses to espionage and implicates the Rosenbergs. We have good reason to believe that immediately after their arrest, the Rosenbergs had no knowledge of what crime they had been charged with or why they were arrested. Then the Jewish prosecutor is chosen. The case is tried amidst the worst hysteria and jingoism of the first part of the Korean war. The Jewish judge makes the incredible statement that

he communed with God before passing the death sentence. The Jewish community is told, "See, it is one of your own members who sentences these two to death." In his sentencing, the judge charges Julius and Ethel Rosenberg with responsibility for the Korean war. The compounded insanity becomes diabolically sane, and all over America Jews sense the implication of the new order, thus: *"For the Jewish people, as for the Negro people, death will be the penalty for the struggle for peace."*

This to me is the content and the purpose of the Rosenberg case. All too little has been made of it, both here and in other lands. It is a case with profound implications for all the people of all the earth, and with very special and immeasurably tragic implications for the Jewish people everywhere, and most of all of course, for the five million Jewish people of the United States.

IN A SPECIAL way, the Rosenberg case defines the epoch we live in. Through the Rosenberg case the Truman administration squarely and undisguisedly uses the death penal for those who stand in oppositio to it. More subtly, perhaps, tha Adolph Hitler proceeded, more cle erly, perhaps, but with the same ta tic, the Truman administration seek to inflame anti-Semitism.

I do not say that this is German in 1933. This is America in 195 and for that very reason the masse of American people still have bo the time and the strength to sa "Ethel and Julius Rosenberg mu not and shall not die!"

It is time we learned that we li in a period when the human race is i divisible. There are no more strange to mankind. The Rosenbergs ha been offered up by the men of wa the men of death, the lords of t atom, the lords of pain, of greed, hunger, and of destruction. If the sa rifice is made, then our own fle and blood will burn, and particular will those of us who are Jews ha committed the deepest sin, the s of breaking faith with all of the ho dead who fought against, and w died fighting against, the monster fascism.

The Rosenberg case is being appealed to the United States Supreme Court. We urge our readers to support the National Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case, 246 Fifth Ave., New York City. Chairman of the committee, Joseph Brainin, has declared: "The decision of the appeals court must arouse all Americans to protect elementary human and legal rights by supporting efforts to reverse the conviction and the first death sentence for alleged espionage ever imposed by U.S. civil courts."

THE EDITORS

RighT FaCe

ure Science

"After a recent steel strike an association of 25,000 iron and steel workers lost members so that several years later there were but 5,000 members. The later membership was what part of the former?" —*From* Mathematics in Action, *by Walter W. Hart and Lora D. Jahn, a text-book used in Everett, Wash., schools.*

'utual Security Pact

"Houston, Texas—Police today broke up the 'anti-Communist party' gang with a fourteen-year-old leader that was trying to make drugstore delivery boys pay twenty-five cents each 'protection money' per week. Detective Harry Noe said he didn't know where the gang got its name, but he said its activities had nothing to do with anti-Communism; it was selling protection in the best gangland manner."—From the Los Angeles *Daily News.*

egal Experts

"As defined by Marx and Engels: We are all 'bourgeois.' We are now living in the 'epoch of imperialism.' 'Peasants' are human beings as distinguished from 'bourgeois,' 'workers' and 'intelligentsia'." —*From* "Communism: Marxism-Leninism, Its Aims, Purposes, Objectives and Practices," *a pamphlet published in two and a half million copies by the American Bar Association.*

lace Your Bets

"Is there a depression ahead? Many people will answer 'Yes, there is *a depression ahead, because a depression always follows a boom.' This is a gross over-simplification. 'Yes' is a better bet than 'No.' But we should rely on analysis, not just analogy."*—Economist Edwin G. Nourse in *Banking.*

ucky Breaks

"Tom K. Cowden, head of the Department of Agricultural Economics at Michigan State College, said twenty-three years of farm legislation had indicated that many farm price programs have not worked. "If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that wars and droughts have bailed us out of what might have been some rather embarrassing situations."—*From the New York* Times.

GORKY and DOSTOYEVSKY

By B. BYALIK

GORKY'S attitude to Dostoyevsky is clearly expressed in many of his articles and essays. In *Notes on Philistinism,* written in 1905, Gorky criticized Dostoyevsky's "social pedagogy," his idea of "humility," and pointed out that "the literature of the philistines cannot be anything else even when the philistine is an artist of genius." In 1913 Gorky wrote:

"It is undeniable and unquestionable that Dostoyevsky was a genius. But he is our evil genius. He felt and understood with amazing depth, and took a delight in depicting, two diseases . . . the sadistic cruelty of the utterly disillusioned nihilist and—its opposite—the masochism of a downtrodden and browbeaten creature. The latter is capable of enjoying his suffering, maliciously showing it off to all others and to himself. . . . Dostoyevsky — himself a great tormenter and a man of a diseased conscience—loved to paint this dark, confused, repulsive soul."

Gorky expressed the same idea, in substance, much later, in 1934, at the first congress of Soviet wri ers. In his report at that congres he said: "Dostoyevsky's genius is in disputable; the force of his artist portrayal may be equated, perhap only with Shakespeare's. But as personality, as a 'judge of the wor and men,' he can easily be pictured the role of a medieval inquisitor."

Gorky's attitude to Dostoyevsk remained essentially unchange through the years. It may be brief formulated as follows: Gorky did n deny Dostoyevsky's extraordinary d pictive power, and he saw the sourc of this power in the fact that in som aspects of his works Dostoyevsky ga expression to the pain and suffe ings of "the injured and the insulted At the same time, Gorky alwa stressed the reactionary essence Dostoyevsky's basic ideas and showe that this accounted for the wea points in Dostoyevsky the artist. W aware of the social harm of Dosto evsky's influence, Gorky wanted weaken and destroy that influenc

That Gorky attached much impo

ice to this task is obvious from the t that he denounced Dostoyevsky's ctionary ideas not only in his pub-istic writings, but in some of his ion as well—from "The Coach-an" (1895), a short story deliber-ly reproducing the plot of *Crime d Punishment,* to the second edi-n of *Vassa Zheleznova* (1935), in ich Dostoyevsky's name is men-ned at a crucial moment when the ntradictory psychology of the roine is disclosed.

The purpose of the present ar-le is to review Gorky's "polemic" th Dostoyevsky as expressed in his rks of fiction. But to understand rky's controversy with Dostoyev-y we must look into the historical ocesses which Dostoyevsky reflected d see the angle from which he ewed them. It will then become ar why his works were so much vogue in the 1880's, why they came still more so after the defeat the revolution of 1905, and why ey are now being circulated so dely in capitalist countries. We all then more fully see the real ason for Gorky's constant and pas-nate combat with Dostoyevsky.

WE MUST go back to the impor-tant process that began to de-lop in Russia's economic and so-l life before the 1860's and be-me most pronounced in the post-form period. That process was the owth of new, capitalist relation-ips within the womb of the feudal stem. Though historically progres-ve, it was extremely painful, bring-ing unbearable hardships to millions of people.

The worst sufferers were the peas-ants and large sections of the urban petty bourgeoisie. Many peasants were compelled to migrate from the villages to the towns. To them it meant breaking with the age-old way of life, hallowed by tradition, wan-dering from place to place in search of a livelihood, pauperism. To a large section of the urban petty bour-geoisie it meant a similar break with the habitual ways and similar ruin.

In millions of people this epoch of painful change caused a profusion of feelings, the strongest being the feeling of protest and the feeling of despair. The feeling of protest could not but grow more and more intense with the advance of capitalism which threatened millions of people with poverty, moral degradation and star-vation. It was as if all the anger and hate accumulated in the centuries of oppression rose to protest. This was the feeling that prompted all the ac-tive aspirations of the urban petty bourgeoisie.

At the same time, the urban petty bourgeoisie could not help associating its sufferings with the destruction of old, patriarchal relationships. This gave rise to a desire to halt the break-ing of the old, to check its disintegra-tion; hence a variety of reactionary Utopias.

Such was the process that ac-counted for the appearance of an ar-tist like Dostoyevsky, who gave ex-pression to the thoughts and senti-ments of large middle-class sections.

Perhaps no other artist so fully meets Marx's following description:

> "In an advanced society the petty bourgeois is necessarily from his very position a socialist on the one side and an economist on the other; that is to say, he is dazed by the magnificence of the big bourgeoisie and his sympathy for the sufferings of the people. He is at once both bourgeois and man of the people. . . . A petty bourgeois of this type glorifies *contradiction* because contradiction is the basis of his existence. He is himself nothing but social contradiction in action. He must justify in theory what he is in practice. . . ."

These words perfectly fit Dostoyevsky's works. Through all of them runs the dream of "making a million" which is the fixed idea of many of his characters—the idea that power such as that of the Rothschilds is the sole real guarantee of the "freedom of personality." At the same time, there is Dostoyevsky's pronounced and sincere sympathy for the sufferings of the "poor folk," "the injured and the insulted."

Lastly, as a main characteristic feature of all Dostoyevsky's works, there is the belief in the inevitability and irrevocability of an inner duality in man, the belief that there is an eternal struggle going on within man between the divine and the diabolic, the good and the evil, the human and the bestial. In Dostoyevsky's opinion nothing could remove that conflict within man, for he believed the evil to lie in the very nature of man and not in the way society was organized. Therefore, he denied all class struggle, repudiated all revo tionary means of changing the wor and preached religious humility.

Dostoyevsky's works reflected t sentiments of the urban middle-cl sections that were frightened by t idea of revolution. The profou crisis in the entire existence of th social stratum enabled Dostoyevs at times to attain in his criticism the realities of life such power was seldom achieved by other pe bourgeois ideologists. It may even said that never before or after d there appear a writer of the same s cial class as Dostoyevsky who can anywhere near him as an artist.

But those same features of th historic period—the period of t breakup of the patriarchal way of li and the ripening of a popular rev lution—made Dostoyevsky a relen less enemy of the revolutionary-dem cratic forces. In the 1860's and 187 fear of a revolutionary upheav stifled all his other feelings and em tions. And so even what was best his works—the expression of war sympathy for the "poor folk"— turned into its opposite, into an e fort to embellish, to exalt and, henc to justify the slavedom of the pe ple, their readiness to bear the cross. This led him to his conclusi regarding the necessity of humili the main conclusion expressed all his writings, which in practi meant complete surrender to reactio

That is why Gorky, the inspir singer of the purifying tempest revolution, considered it so vital combat Dostoyevsky's philosophic

l artistic principles. ". . . It is on 'philosophy' that the present re-sion to individualism and nihil-n feeds," he wrote in the years of ction; "it is this 'philosophy' that the 'internal enemies' of democ-y resort to. The time has come to it Dostoyevskyism on all points."

CCORDING to Gorky's own statements, his attitude to Dostoy-ky took final shape during his so-rn on the island of Capri, in the rs of reaction, when he re-read Dostoyevsky's works. But Gor-s first acquaintance with Dostoy-ky's writings dates back to a much lier period. True, in that period his literary activity Gorky did not ail Dostoyevsky's works as a ole. He then concentrated his fire y on some points in Dostoyevsky's ilosophy. But those were very im-tant points. Characteristic in this pect is Gorky's "elegy," "The ck," published in 1896.

This poem in prose, greatly remi-cent in its content and form of rky's later poem "The Man," con-ded against the philosophy most ly and vividly expounded by stoyevsky—the philosophy of the utary and healing power of suf-ing. "Suffering purifies every-ng," says Natasha Ikhmeneva in *e Injured and Insulted.* "There is idea in suffering," we read in *ime and Punishment.* "My wish is suffer, and by suffering will I be rified," cries Dmitri Karamazov, ose soul combines the "abysses" vice and virtue. "Suffering is life," the Devil tells Ivan Karamazov.

These and many other similar ideas of Dostoyevsky's heroes come to mind when we read in Gorky's "elegy": "Suffering is seductive; it is a dangerous privilege; when we possess it we usually do not look for another, loftier right to be called Man. . . . Life is fullest and most interesting when man fights against what interferes with his living." The polemical character of the "elegy" is revealed most clearly in the following passage:

> "Do not complain of impotence. Do not complain of anything. All that your complaining may bring you is compassion, that alms of the poor in spirit. All people are equally unhappy, but the most unhappy are those who make an adornment of their unhappiness. These are also the people who crave most attention and who deserve it least of all. To strive forward—that is the aim of life."

Years passed, but Gorky went on insisting that it is the task of the revolutionary writer to denounce the "professional sufferers" and their "consolers." Shortly before his death he wrote words which reproduced still more forcefully what he had said forty years before: "Suffering is the world's shame; it must be hated to be destroyed."

In his early works Gorky devoted relatively little space to his "polemic" with Dostoyevsky. Not so in his works of the end of the 1890's and the early 1900's. His novel *The Three* is particularly interesting in this respect. Here the very plot is a polemic against *Crime and Punishment.*

The ambition of Ilya Lunev, one of the heroes of the novel, is to make money so as to have the opportunity to live an independent, "clean life." He realizes his ambition, becomes a "boss," the proprietor of a small shop. But it is precisely this that leads him to failure, to a blind alley, for the "clean life" of the proprietor proves to be one of filth and falsehood. The scenes of the murder of the usurer and of Lunev's confession impress upon the reader the utter unsoundness of the way the problem of "crime" and "punishment" is treated by Dostoyevsky.

Gorky condemns Ilya Lunev for his purely anarchistic act, which is similar to that of Dostoyevsky's Raskolnikov. At the same time, he shows that the path of religious humility—chosen by Yakov Filimonov, another hero of the novel—leads nowhere. Gorky saw and pointed out only one way out of the impasse in which Ilya Lunev found himself—the way of revolutionary struggle taken by Pavel Grachov, the novel's third hero.

THE polemical nature of *The Three* also comes to mind when one reads Charles Chaplin's scenario *Monsieur Verdoux*. True, Verdoux, the modern Raskolnikov, is not content with murdering one old woman; he murders dozens of women, not as a psychological experiment but as a matter of business. Yet he is not a common murderer. He is the exponent of a definite code of morals based on the belief that "there can be no good without evil" and that "evil is the shadow cast by the sun

Chaplin set himself a creditab aim: to expose the inhuman essen of contemporary bourgeois life. H Verdoux, a respectable citizen, fin ing himself jobless in the years the crisis, decides that for the sak of the well-being of his family h has a right to kill dozens of peopl seeing that others send millions their death for the sake of profit But *Monsieur Verdoux* does n achieve its end. On the contrar whether the author wanted it or no his work suggests the idea that li is an utterly hopeless affair.

Chaplin's message is not strugg but humility and pity. The tr scene has been written as if to le force to Dostoyevsky's words: "Cou age, man, and be proud! It is not y that is guilty!" Chaplin does not dra the conclusion: "Courage, man, an be proud — fight those who a guilty!"

Like Ilya Lunev, Verdoux hurls t whole truth in the face of the "ma ters of life" and smashes his he against a stone wall. He might al have followed the example of t humble Yakov Filimonov. For he t says: "I am at peace with God, m quarrel is with Man." But in t scenario there is no hint of the ro taken by Pavel Grachov, the revol tionary in Gorky's novel. That is w Chaplin's comedy is so hopeless pessimistic.

"Be humble, proud man!" preach Dostoyevsky. Gorky's strongest a most pointed reply to this is to found in his *The Lower Depths,*

tin's remarkable words which unded like a revolutionary challnge: "Man—that is splendid . . . ere is a proud ring in that!"

One cannot help noting the sympmatic fact that Eugene O'Neill, the merican playwright, in *The Iceman ometh,* which is an apologia of negacy, indulged — whether he anted to or not—in a "polemic" gainst Gorky's *The Lower Depths.* orky, repudiating Luka's "consolary" philosophy, said: "Falsehood the religion of slaves and masters. ruth is the god of free man." 'Neill, on the other hand, asserts at people cannot do without falseood, for they are too feeble and deient to bear up under the impact truth.

Gorky said: "Man . . . there is a oud ring in that!" O'Neill asserts at man is a mixture of "filth and ing." And he goes on to draw the nclusion that, since people are so thy and contemptible, it is ridicuus to dream of "marble palaces of eedom." The entire argument is om Dostoyevsky's *Notes From the nderground.* O'Neill merely changed e epithet "crystal" to "marble." hat he preaches is social cynicism, negacy. Whatever you do, he aches, is useless, because "the Icean," i.e., death, already knocks at ur door.

GORKY'S first call for a fight against Dostoyevsky's reactionary eas was prompted by the fact that ose ideas began at the time to be tolled by all who renounced the revolutionary struggle and betrayed the people. Gorky's first broadside against Dostoyevsky's philosophy was *The Life of a Good-for-Nothing,* written in 1908. (Its original title, *The Informer,* was changed on account of the tsarist censorship.)

The principal character, Evsei Klimkov, shrinks from life and people; he seeks to withdraw into his own shell, to hide from all; he even dreams of becoming invisible. Passive in his attitude to life, he begins to find a sort of bitter pleasure in the wrongs he suffers at the hands of people—he believes that he is being wronged because he is different.

And as his ties with people are severed, his social instincts and all his ethical conceptions of good and evil crumble too. Scepticism, decadence, renegacy, treachery, direct spying on others, are the successive stages in the process of his disintegration as a personality, ending in suicide, the extreme expression of the fear of life, which was the determining factor in Evsei Klimkov's psychology.

Thus in the novel we find reproduced polemically many of the keynotes of Dostoyevsky's writings. There is the desire typical of many of his heroes to find a "corner" for themselves, to retreat into "solitude." And there is also the pleasure the hero takes in his own suffering.

Gorky carried on his fight against Dostoyevsky's ideas in his next novel, *The Town of Okurov.* Here the "frantic" Vavila Burmistrov turns out in the end to be a tool in the hands of the rich, the enemies of the revo-

lution. In the character of Burmistrov, Gorky exposes the true essence of the "rebellion" of Ivan Karamazov and his life.

In the years of reaction Dostoyevsky was extolled by bourgeois intellectuals because in his ideas they found justification for their renegacy. That was why Gorky fought him in those years. But he did not relax his fight against Dostoyevsky in later years, the years of the rising tide of revolution. If anything, it became even more vehement. For Dostoyevsky's reactionary ideas were a serious obstacle to the "rise of the spirit," to the development of historical optimism which lends people fearlessness in struggle, imbues them with contempt for death in the name of victory.

In 1913, Gorky protested against the staging of Dostoyevsky's works. "Once again clouds are gathering over Russia, promising great storms and tempests," he wrote. "Trying days are coming again, demanding concerted union of minds and wills, the utmost exertion of all our country's healthy forces—certainly this is no time to dwell on her deformities! They are contagious, spreading a loathing for life, for man. . . ." Dostoyevsky, he pointed out, depicted man "as a wild and vicious beast." "But," he went on, "man is not like that, I know. . . . I regard such a view as socially harmful."

IN 1913-1915 Gorky carried on his "polemic" against Dostoyevsky mainly in his plays. His most vigorous attack of that period upon Dostoyev sky's reactionary ideas was the pla *The Old Man,* written in 1915. It subject matter was taken from a bi novel — *A Russian Jean Valjean* — which Gorky intended to write, but which remained unwritten. The plo is briefly as follows:

Mastakov, who was wrongly con victed and then escaped from th place where he was serving his har labor term, lives under an assume name. He has grown rich and i building a school at his own expense A fellow convict, known as the Ol Man, finds Mastakov and begins t blackmail him. In the end the situa tion becomes unbearable and Masta kov commits suicide.

But the Old Man is not a commo blackmailer. He expounds a definit philosophy. Gorky himself, in h preface to the American edition o the play (published under the nam *The Judge*), spoke of it as a polem against Dostoyevsky and his "theo of the soul's salvation by suffering This is the theory preached by th principal character of the play, th Old Man, who thinks it useless to g into the question as to who is guilt and who is innocent—"all are guilt before one another," everyone is sinner and everyone must pay th penalty in suffering.

As far as the Old Man is concerne it is immaterial whether Mastako actually committed the crime fo which he was convicted. The impo tant point to him is that Mastako had dared to "go against the law by escaping from prison, that he re

ed to bear his cross. He is not in e least touched by the fact that istakov is now doing so much good people. All this fades into insig-icance before the fact that Masta-v "has not suffered his due."

That is why the Old Man believes it he has a right to sit in judgment er Mastakov, to be his "lawful, un-enting judge." And the fact that istakov is doing something practi-, builds a school, merely serves to et still more the Old Man's thirst revenge. He takes a malignant asure in the knowledge that he can easily destroy what Mastakov has ilt—for does not that furnish ad-ional proof of the vanity of all man deeds, the insignificance of that is "mundane" in face of the lestial"?

The Old Man stands exposed by fight against Mastakov, who is exponent of a sincere striving for ative effort, for a new life, for ive "good." We have here pri-rily the collision of two views on n: the Old Man's, who has no er name for people than "dogs," urvy hounds," "vermin," "wormy use," etc., and Mastakov's, who ies people as workers, as creators. The Old Man fails in his "ven-nce"; he cannot subjugate Masta-, make him his slave, force him renounce the active approach to . Mastakov commits suicide, 'arting the designs of his persecu-giving him no chance to gloat r his sufferings.

But that is not the main point. ky does not present Mastakov's suicide as a heroic act, as a victory over the Old Man. It is an act of weakness rather than of strength. We know that the Old Man is at bottom a coward, that he would have fled long before the tragic denouement and that, in fact, there would have been no tragedy at all, if it were not a Mastakov that he encountered but, say, the engine driver Nil of Gorky's play *The Philistines*.

Gorky not only revealed the utter ignominy of the Old Man's view of people; he held him up to scorn, showing that his "boundless and incomprehensible power" was nothing but a myth.

GORKY denounced Dostoyevsky's reactionary ideas as a typical emanation of a society based on the oppression of the masses, as an attempt to intimidate and awe the people who are rising to build a new life. And there is nothing surprising in the fact that the play, *The Old Man*, with its profound philosophy, seems to be so pointed and topical today, more than thirty years after it was written.

For do we not witness today the collision of the exponents of two opposite strivings in the world—the striving for a new life and the striving to thwart all attempts at renovation? Do we not see opposed to each other those in whom the spirit of freedom and struggle never dies and those who shout at yesterday's Resistance fighters: "Be humble, proud man!"? And irrespective of the scene of their activities—whether it be

Washington or London—everywhere these preachers are the same Old Men—blackmailers capable of frightening only those who have no support among the people.

We have seen how persistently Gorky pursued the fight against Dostoyevsky both in essays and articles and in his works of fiction. In the course of time this fight expanded in scope and acquired greater depth. At every new historical stage new problems were brought to the fore in it.

At first Gorky merely pitted his idea of "the madness of the brave" against the "theory of the soul's salvation by suffering." Later the problem assumed a concrete political aspect—the point at issue now was the defense of revolutionary forms of struggle. The revolutionary storm was gathering, and Gorky took up the cudgels against the theories and doctrines that denied the need to struggle, that strove to heap scorn upon the proud man, the fighter.

Gorky consistently revealed the class essence of Dostoyevsky's philosophy. He pulled to pieces the system of ideas that became fashionable among renegades as a form of self-justification. Gorky vigorously repudiated Dostoyevsky's opinion of man, an opinion which gave rise to disbelief in the possibility of victory over the forces of reaction.

After the victory of the people in the Great October Socialist Revolution, Gorky again and again gave expression to his opposition to Dostoyevsky's reactionary ideology. In his novel *The Life of Klim Samgin* in particular, he drew a whole gallery of concrete exponents of that ideology.

It was Gorky's unconquerable faith in man, in the people, in the future, his historical optimism, that made him a persistent opponent of Dostoyevsky's reactionary ideas. And it is the pessimistic, decadent and reactionary essence of these ideas, elaborated in the fight against revolutionary democracy, that appeals to those who are frightened by the growing class consciousness of the working people.

It is a very significant fact that where reaction, attended by sentiments of despondency and pessimism, holds sway there we find a heightened interest in Dostoyevsky, whereas the awakening of the consciousness of the broad popular masses brings with it a growing interest in Gorky.

THE WORLD OVER

ritish Writers
r Peace

London

IRST and last, the important event in the literary world of tain over the last year has been Authors' Peace Appeal, launched A. E. Coppard after the Warsaw ngress, which he attended. This s, rather than any production of nificant books, which has gone far change the whole temperature of literary climate here. Through- 1951 the Appeal gathered mo- ntum, until the very successful nference held at the end of Oc- er, which stabilized the movement extended its activities consider- y.

This Conference sent out a World peal to the writers of all coun- s; and we have something to con- tulate ourselves on in that. For first time in the postwar world progressive action involving a ld-call for the defense of the hu- nist tradition took place, not in is or Warsaw or Moscow, but in ndon.

The movement is extremely broad, ranging in its signatories from writers like Siegfried Sassoon, Frank Swinnerton, Compton Mackenzie, Edith Sitwell, Naomi Mitchison, Day Lewis, Dylan Thomas, to young poets and novelists who are beginning to make their way; and it is a rather extraordinary thing that so far all the efforts of the reactionary press to scare or cajole distinguished signatories away have failed. Thus, the *Observer* made a set at Christopher Fry and tried to detach him; but the attempt recoiled on its own head, and Fry in a dignified response showed that he was not to be browbeaten or cowed.

Nor has this wide front been maintained at the cost of doing nothing. The Conference agreed on a large range of activities, from the project of a Book Club to investigations into the foreign service of the B.B.C. True, the speed of activity is not high; but the limiting cause is lack of funds and organization, not lack of enthusiasm or fear of consequences. If this development can be maintained, as there is good hope that it can be, the whole face of the literary world will be steadily but thoroughly transformed.

And if ever a face needed such a change, that of our literary world does. After the momentum of the war-years ran down—a flagging already apparent in 1947—there occurred what is perhaps the dullest and deadliest interregnum in our cultural history. For a moment there was a blast of reactionary forces, but

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then even that faltered and left a w cant scene of genteel decay, with th mediocre Eliot raised to deity-level

I am speaking here of the litera sphere proper. The highbrows seem to get bored with their own de quescence. *Horizon* gave up th ghost out of mere inanition; and t effort to manufacture a thin form English existentialism died almost u noticed.

But the same years saw a vast ste ping-up of the vulgarizing and co rupting forces in popular literatu partly through the direct import the worst type of Comics and pul literature from the U.S.A., par through the concoction of simi stuff by home-hacks. The amount such stuff pouring out, especially the industrial areas of the Nor is at this moment huge.

Publishers, faced with rapidly r ing costs and a shrinking mark have either gone bankrupt, merge or set about the synthetic producti of reactionary best-sellers, of whi the most obvious examples are t biographies of Nazi generals.

THE situation has been increa ingly grim for the serious wr er, especially the young writer who faced with an almost total lack markets for short stories or articl And this situation it is that has fo tered the rise of the Authors' Pea Appeal. As yet the direct effects writing are only sporadically visib but if the present pace of moveme is held—and if it is held, it will speeded up—those effects will so

various and powerful. I know
eral young writers who have been
mulated by the Appeal and its
ks into tackling serious social
nes in their novels.

Priestley's lamentable essay in the
orious issue of *Collier's* has in
ny ways had a good effect here.
has made a number of writers,
ose will is good but whose po-
al knowledge is less developed,
denly realize, "It's possible." A
n whose record seems decent and
n based on a healthy sense of the
ple's needs can go to the bad if
swerves aside from the main line
progressive advance; he can find
ons in his egotism to justify
most shameful of about-faces.

t was amusing, by the way, to
e that Priestley had to date the
ine of Soviet culture from 1946;
in that year he visited the Soviet
on and came back with the most
ving accounts. I remember him
ng to some of us in a pub, "They
wonderful people—as good as the
up North—" a solemn tribute
n a Yorkshireman.

The accession of the Tories to pow-
has also intensified the forces of
stance to the war trends; and
ugh this matter is not strictly lit-
y, I should like to quote some
ds from a letter received today
n a friend in Kent. "Best news
—in the picture-house last week
en Churchill came on the News,
was booed. First time in history.
llis was there and almost fainted
n joy. It is said that Liverpool
emas have stopped showing his

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News pictures after something was thrown at the screen and did a lot of damage at the back."

The booing here mentioned occurred at the very refined and middle-class town of Tunbridge Wells, so the feelings of Liverpool audiences can be imagined. Again, a friend has just told me that when a French newsreel recently showed a Soviet construction scheme at a Kilburn cinema (in London), a large portion of the audience applauded.

These things are only indications, but heartening ones. Our people have some distance to go yet before they actively express their attitudes on a scale capable of stemming and damming the war-currents. Thus, when ex-servicemen have stood up and made speeches at the end of t Rommel film (*The Desert Fox*) the cinemas, the audiences have ways clapped; but they have n themselves spontaneously proteste

I have spoken here of the hop for a turn leftward in our literatu and it may be asked if this is mo than a pious hope and if any eviden of it can be given. Such eviden can in fact be produced. The l year has seen several excellent nov and books of stories, by such wr ers as Dymphna Cusack, Doris L sing, Dal Stivens, George Tab and others—but it is a rather striki fact that most of these writers not from England itself. Doris L sing is from South Africa, Dymph Cusack and Dal Stivens from A tralia.

If one adds the fact that James A ridge's *Diplomat* has been the o important Left novel to get over i big way in Britain for years, and t Frank Hardy's magnificent expos of corruption in the Australian bour Party, *Power Without Gl* has begun to have its impact here becomes clear that Australians a their work are in many ways sett the pace and for the first time in h tory affecting British trends.

I believe, however, that there several young English writers, su as the novelist John Cousins, or playwright Roger MacDougall, w are vigorously playing their part the Peace Movement and who soon show the full effects of the manist struggle in their work.

JACK LINDSA

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