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# *Patterns for*
# LIVING



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# *Patterns for*
# LIVING

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# FOREWORD

THIS new second volume of *Patterns for Living* is issued to reflect the more important changes which have taken place in the spirit and tempo of American life since 1940. For the war has completely altered the character and the direction of the intellectual currents which sweep across our broad land. Consequently the problems of the individual's adjustment to the world in which he lives are quite different from those demanding solution three years ago.

Before our country became involved in the war, we could all afford to suspend judgment on many of our difficult social questions. Hence the primary purpose of the first edition was to stimulate a questioning attitude in the minds of college men and women, to make them self-critical and aware of the many-sided problems that must be intelligently faced by the thoughtful individual. The selections were designed to present the stresses and strains within our democracy and to inspire in the readers a desire to build a better world.

Today the war has united us in a desperate struggle to preserve those liberties without which life would become slavery to brute power and tyranny. We are one in our determination to carry the fight to a triumphant conclusion, and when the war is over, to build an enduring peace. In this atmosphere the spirit of controversial inquiry has given way to a determined search that will help us to achieve freedom for ourselves—and for the rest of mankind. The selections in this volume reflect and express this changed national spirit. Journalists, economists, poets, dramatists and writers of fiction illuminate the more significant aspects of the present conflict and stress the positive achievements of democracy and its hopes for the future.

Fully half of the material in this alternate volume is new. The essay by John Mason Brown, *To the Inheritors of a World without Hitler*, strikes the keynote of the book in its challenge to youth to see, in the perspective which the humanities can give them, the responsibilities and opportunities of the times in which we live. The section devoted to War and Peace contains important new material depicting the war-time activities of our heroic allies, the English, the Chinese, and the Russians, and includes an account of the unsurpassed courage of our own men in the Philippines. Throughout, it has been our aim to present to students those selections that seem best designed not only to arouse their interest but also to give them a sense of direction and purpose in these critical years in the history of civilization.

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# PART TWO

## The Quest of the Individual for Adjustment to the Social Group

# THE ROLE OF EDUCATION

WE ARE LIVING in a world which seems to all of us, in the words of a modern novelist, "A World I Never Made." It is indeed a bewildering world, one in which the old sign posts have been destroyed. And those who try to guide us often disagree as to our destination or even as to the direction in which we should go. Yet we know that we must find goals which all enlightened men will agree to seek, and that education must play one of the principal roles in bringing this agreement to pass. It must be animated by a new wisdom and a fresh vigor and independence if it is to teach us how to preserve our cherished freedoms and how to use them for the enrichment of democratic living. Such a position of leadership calls for minds freed from ignorance, for awakened imaginations, and disciplined powers of reason. How can these ends be achieved? The essays and stories in this section give a variety of answers, and present many trenchant criticisms of our college education. As you read these pages you may come to agree with Lincoln Steffens that here, as in the realm of the arts, of government, business, and science, there is much for youth to do.

In these days of accelerated college programs and specialized training for war production and military service the pre-war survey of college life in the United States made a few years ago by the editors of *Fortune* may seem anachronistic. But the article presents in colorful manner the social problems and controversial issues that continue to confront the college student in war time as in peace. You may disagree violently with some of the conclusions of the editors. At least today, you will rightly insist, students are no longer "gliding." Almost without exception they are animated by some clear purpose. They no longer look upon their days in college as a pleasant escape from the responsibilities of the real world. They feel a responsibility to prepare for an important part in the very present struggles to establish a better world. President Hutchins and the leaders of St. John's College believe that students will best prepare themselves for their great responsibilities through the discipline to be found in great books. Gertrude Stein implies that the rigidity of this discipline may destroy the creative spirit essential to complete and happy living. Howard Mumford Jones urges us not to neglect the cultural resources of America in blind worship of those of other lands and other times. The University of Chicago Round Table, while admitting the need of vocational education in the winning of the war, emphasizes the continued importance of the humanities if we would have

more than a military victory, if we would engage in preparation for the building of a free world.

The stories present students of various types and backgrounds as they meet some of the experiences of college life, especially those extra-curricular "sideshows" that, according to certain critics, are threatening to "put the main tent out of business."

In the field of education as in the other realms of experience that we shall consider, the words of Whitman may help you to find your way through the maze of conflicting opinion and experience: "You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the spectres in books . . . you shall listen to all sides and filter them for yourself."

## TO THE INHERITORS OF A WORLD WITHOUT HITLER

*John Mason Brown (1942)*

Do NOT blame yourselves for this dark present of which you are an inescapable part. If you are as wise as I trust you are, do not permit yourselves to consider it wholly dark. This present—this fateful, challenging, and appalling present—is wicked enough to lead a double life. For once even a moralist would have to admit that this is fortunate. This present is both an epilogue and a prologue. It is an epilogue to faults long uncorrected; to abuses winked at; to fatigues unresisted; to old disorders left uncured by those who had neither the will nor the strength to cure them. In short, this present has come justly upon us who are older, and unjustly upon those who are young, as a penalty for twenty years of ostrichism in the golden sands of a peace which had postponed a war rather than removed its causes.

Let the older ones berate themselves for what, with vision, they could have avoided. Do not waste your time berating them. You have other things to do, and few of them will get done by gathering at the Wailing Wall. It is for you to look upon these days which will ask so much of you, and which at first thought seem to offer you so little, not as an epilogue to the lives of addled elders, but as the prologue to your own living. What will come after depends not only upon what you do in the present but upon what you will demand of the future. God willing, you will continue to be Men—and Women—of Good Will. Don't despair too much because of what faces you in the coming relentless months. Cruel as the tests will be which fall upon you, do not forget that on a lesser scale, but to no smaller a degree in terms of personal choices and sacrifices, each generation has been forced to look upon the awful head of the Medusa. There has never been any escaping it. Your having been a part of those actions which will determine the future is

something which you will neither resent nor regret. Unless in some way you are a part of this present, you cannot expect to be fully included in the future.

The world has changed almost beyond recognition in the last two decades. Furthermore, it will continue to change vastly and swiftly. And this leads me to my first deliberate platitude. Avoid as if it were the plague, which it truly is, that ossification of the mind which doctors do not count among the diseases but which is one of the commonest disorders of the lot. And one of the most fatal, too. It means death. Not death in the accepted sense; not the death which by its coming closes a life; and not that other fate, far worse than death, which in the old melodramas used to be an exclusively feminine prerogative. No. The death I am thinking of is the death which so often occurs long before life has been completed. I mean the death which can conquer a man's spirit before it has touched his body. I mean that rigor mortis which can overtake a mind supported by feet that still move, and turn the owner of this mind, without his knowing it, into a zombie. I mean, in short, that hardening of the interests and opinions to which so many mortals are subject.

Make no mistake about it, most people die their saddest deaths not when they are ready for the mortician but when they permit their times to pass beyond them.

It was such a death, in my own profession of criticism, that England's Clement Scott and our own William Winter died when, in the November of their days, Ibsen burst suddenly upon the scene, overthrowing the theatre as they had known it, heralding a new day, and threatening all their cherished orthodoxies. Although they fought him, and everything he stood for, and everyone who stood for him, with the zeal of gruff warriors, they could no more kill him than King Canute could command the waves to stand still. Ibsen's coming only exposed them to that cruel test to which most people sooner or later are exposed. They attacked his "Ghosts" and by so doing they were turned into ghosts themselves.

Don't think for a moment that it is only dramatic critics who can be discovered going about their jobs unburied at some moment of unsuspected testing, when they are confident that they are still very much alive. The same fate has overtaken doctors, lawyers, merchants, thieves; statesmen and politicians, too; educators, also. All of us must be on guard against this bloodless hara-kiri.

You will meet, if you have not already encountered, many of the worshippers of *what was*, who shrink from participating in *what is*, and are afraid to contemplate *what is to be*. They spend their hours sighing over the good old days. Don't let them contaminate you. They are the people who feel short-changed if they are asked to face change of any sort. They are the status quo-ers; the foolish folk who waste the present and jeopardize the future by prattling on about the good old days, without having the sense

to realize that the good old days are always those days which are safely beyond recall. They forget that the good days—the really good days—are the days of the present, when the blood runs warmly in the veins.

You may wonder how I have the audacity to speak of these horrendous times as the good days, when all of us are pinched and harrowed, and when the toll they exact from us all, and you in particular, is at once so immediate and so heavy. Darker times have never fallen on us as a people. Nor has anguish on so huge a scale ever been suffered by the world.

Surely these times through which we are passing, and which not all of us will survive, will be good only if good comes of them. In that sense alone can they in their full horror and brutality, their tragic waste, their calloused sympathies and their manifest inhumanity be counted good. One virtue they have, these days of stress appalling, aside from the deeds of heroism they have produced, spectacular or anonymous, active or passive. They have clarified the issues of our living. They have distinguished as clearly as between night and day between what is good and evil in the world. They have forced those of us who have enjoyed freedom to place new and proper value on it and to realize that its benefits cannot be taken for granted. They have made us larger by inflating us with interests greater than ourselves, by making us conscious of responsibilities we had ignored, by quickening and defining our hopes for what will follow.

Vice-President Wallace has spoken of the coming century as the century of the common man. Happily, everything points to his having been right and Vice-President at the same time.

What is more to the point, however, than old grievances, is what we trust will be *common* to all men in the years that lie ahead. For who knows but that, after the pain and stress of these cruel times, we may *at last* have the courage to catch up with our audacious forebears and live—actually live, not merely repeat as cant phrases for a Fourth of July oration or electioneering purposes—those principles of freedom and equality which they enunciated one hundred and sixty-six years ago.

Look into your hearts to see how much space is there occupied by your actual belief in what those Signers said, and make immediate room for more and yet more belief, and be sure it is the kind of belief which will lead to practice. This is your only chance, and the only guarantee we have that the days at hand will have been worth the pain they cost. One of the troubles with our country, and one of our national shames, has been that we have lived a lie; saying publicly we believe one thing to be true, and behaving privately as if we didn't. My hope is that we will stop excusing ourselves by insisting that the principles which our forebears enunciated were *ideals*—hence incapable of realization—and look upon their statements as *ideas* to direct and inform our living. Permit me to be somewhat clearer about that common man to whom we trust the century will belong. When I speak of the common man, I promise you I do not have in mind the Jeeter Lesters,

the Joad families, or the John L. Lewises of this earth. God forbid that the common man should ever stay in such a tribe, just as God forbid that he should take Cafe Society as his goal. Rather, I am thinking of the proud, simple people of America; the people who have enough but not too much; the people as unnarrowed by actual want as they are unspoiled by excessive properties; the people who have Faith; the people to whom character is the most important of possessions; the people to whom a mind is something capable of independent use; the men and women who have known the joys of work, and its dignity; the productive people whose increment is earned; the self-reliant men and women to whom government relief is a last thought, not a first one; the mortals who still remain bipeds and individualists, and who face the inevitable vicissitudes of all living with fortitude and have not lost that blessed endowment, the American sense of humor.

Do not forget you are already in possession of something which is not yet common to all men and which thus sets you aside among the privileged. And this is a college education. It places graver responsibilities upon you than some of you, who are just freed from its restraints, would be inclined to admit. I do not blame you just now, with the last examination behind you, or you behind in it, if you are inclined to take your education lightly.

Unfortunately, on all sides you can encounter your elders who take their education even more lightly. This provokes me to another platitude. Do not think because you have been handed the skin of a dead sheep today that this will keep your minds alive tomorrow. Or that the process of learning can ever be eased save by an iron resolve to know, and then to understand. Or that education ever stops. Like democracy itself, to which it should have contributed far more than it has, education requires ceaseless caring, and is never done. This is one of the troubles with the world just now. This is one of the reasons why you find yourselves walking forth tomorrow into so ugly a present.

Your elders have not lived what they have learned. Theirs has been the fatal error of deeming culture to be a thing for the idle hour rather than a principle of life. They have brought different values to their reading and their living. They have segregated the wisdom of the past from the problems of the present. Just as many of them have put the tenets of their Christianity on a One-Day Week, so more, in a life centered only on their own advancement, have been tempted to follow Dr. Eliot's disastrous advice and put culture on a Half-Hour Day, if that. We must learn to place a higher value on it than this. We must learn to make it more common among the privileged, and a privilege common to all men. We must learn to respect our knowledge, such as it may be, and have it function in our living, not as a pale adjective, but as an active verb.

The fear of literacy has in this country all too frequently taken the place which in early New England was occupied by the fear of God. See what the average man—the average college graduate—does with his spare time.

Observe how lost he is when he is unsustained by the routine offered to him by his office. Look at the book he carries with him on a train. Note with what contentment his adult mind dwells on the adventure of Little Abner, Mandrake the Magician, or Superman. Listen to him as he expresses his admiration for "Information, Please," with its emphasis only upon facts rather than upon their significance, as the end-all and be-all of culture rather than as a stimulating memory game played by experts whose memories are extraordinary. Eavesdrop on him when he is negotiating a conversation in terms of a vocabulary which he is afraid to admit includes more than six hundred words.

See how unnaturalized a citizen he is in the great world of the classics—if, indeed, he is willing to be known even as a transient there. Notice how, in pleasure's name and from a foolish fear, he avoids the toughening paths leading to those peaks, with their views, which are the masterpieces, and prefers instead to laze in the lowlands of the easy, the mediocre, and the topical, like a trained mountain climber who refuses to walk except in the valleys.

Hear him as he fumbles when he is rash enough to leave the particular for the general. And you cannot help sensing how maleducated we are as a people, in spite of all the brick and mortar of our endless spread of educational institutions with their many fine teachers and unfailingly fine janitors.

I mention education, not to attack it, but only because of what it could mean to us all in the coming years. I mention it especially because (and here's another platitude) there is only one property the title to which any of us can be certain of keeping in the decades ahead. And this is what lies within ourselves—that capital of information and curiosity, of understanding and enlightenment, of hunger and sharing, which, if once hoarded there, can never fail to pay a compound interest.

If the future belongs to the common man, as I for one trust and believe it does, let those of us see to it who have had the privilege of education that the levelling process will be up, not down. Let us despise mediocrity as much as we challenge privilege. Let us stop judging the world by monetary standards alone, and be guided by some standards of distinction. Let us hope for an aristocracy of worth, and in it give our respect to each man who does well whatever job he may be asked to do. It is not by penalizing the few but by improving the many that the future will justify the present. Do not allow the materialism of a materialistic age to persuade you that the "haves" and the "have nots" are divided, like sheep from the goats, merely on the basis of their bank accounts.

This double life which lies ahead will be no new experience for those of us who survive these war years. We are accustomed just now both to living doubly and to hearing doubly. We are the only generation challenged—or if you prefer, fated—to live at a moment in history when the *double-entendre* has lost all connection whatsoever with laughter. I presume there is not one

of us who in these days is not aware of the duality of those forces which rage hourly within us all. There is not one of us, I venture to say, who has not felt deep within himself the conflict between that vast, far-flung, and impersonal thing known as "it" and what remains of him as an individual. There is also the conflict between what is our knowledge of this melancholy present and what are our hopes for a better world. Then, there is the incessant inner opposition of those few things which remain to us in the way of private pleasures.

There are, of course, other conflicts, other inner dualities. And they are countless. But among all of them there is one which just now is most frequently forgotten, and which seems to me to be one of the most important of the lot. This is the conflict which rages within us all between the values born of the urgencies of this emergency moment and those values which we know speak for what is abidingly decent.

Let no one tell you that the arts are effete. If you would find, as each man must, a point for life, you will find it in them. Don't forget, in this world where man's best talents of invention have had to be squandered on the weapons of annihilation, that his spirit is sustained by values which lie beyond the wounds his body may bear. Forget that embarrassment in the presence of beauty which we for so many years have had to number among our national shortcomings. Let us hope that in the future we will likewise—all of us—be able to bury that sense of Calvinistic shame which, again as a people, we have so frequently felt in pleasure. This changing world will not have changed in vain if, in addition to bettering man's economic life, it enriches all men with those joys which cannot be budgeted, and which lie beyond the blood, sweat, and tears of even the most peaceful living.

As a person who has written and talked about the theatre without shame and only with pride in these black days, may I confess to you what has given me the temerity to do so? The theatre, may I quickly add, is merely symptomatic of the other arts. I have cared passionately, even in a war-torn world, about the productions, good, bad, and indifferent, on Broadway. I have cared about them and dared to continue discussing them, not because what any one of them represents seems to me to be important, but because the values represented by them all are among the most mobilizing reasons we now have for being, as a free people, grimly engaged in this war.

As the slaughter and sacrifices have risen, I have become increasingly convinced that the death march they play must be only an overture to the better days to follow; that joy is civilized man's privilege, and that tragic ecstasy finds him for once sharing in the sublime. We have been told again and again of recent years that we are the arsenal for democracy. May I remind you that we are the arsenal for much more than merely the arms of democracy, though of them we cannot just now get enough? We are also the arsenal for the values of democracy; paramount among which is the right of free men to express and enjoy themselves freely. We are the last great

repository of the arts, and all of the decent aspirations for which they stand known to this melancholy world. We as a nation have gone through, and come out of, that anguishing period of The Everlasting Nay and The Everlasting Yea which was faced and triumphed over by the hero of Thomas Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." And, like Carlyle's hero, I think we must say daily to ourselves just now—

"Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin. Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it, then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today; for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work."

In Polonius's words: "There; my blessing with thee! And these few precepts in thy memory."

## YOUTH IN COLLEGE

### *The Editors of Fortune (1936)*

YOU ARE, let us say, fifty-eight years old. Inasmuch as you went to college back at the beginning of the century, you know all about the rah-rah period in American university life. Padded shoulders, the Belmont collar, the chrysanthemum haircut, the legend of Pudge Heffelfinger, and the yearning to die for old Siwash are all galvanic memories to you. If you were to reread Owen Johnson's *Stover at Yale* you wouldn't laugh. You might even be able to swallow *Frank Merriwell.*

Your son, born in 1903, went to college in the early 1920's. A sophisticated whelp, he joked about the fraternity system and regarded football games as an excuse for weekend binges. He was, so the newspapers and the magazines of the time informed you, part of the flaming youth of the jazz age that danced in the dark and was ready to question all moral codes. He was vocal, obstreperously and overwhelmingly vocal, about his clothes, his gin from Billy Bender's, his girls (as a freshman he petted and as a senior he necked), and his general disrespect for all constituted authority. Iconoclastic, exhibitionistic, ignorant, raucous, socially irresponsible, and self-indulgent, he took the country clubs by storm and remodeled the older generation in his own image. To find out about his antics you bought and read F. Scott Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise*, Stephen Vincent Benét's *The Beginning of Wisdom*, and Percy Marks's *The Plastic Age.* And when somebody saw the Marks novel on your living-room table and murmured something about "the plastered age" you knew what was meant.

Yet, underneath the newfangled mental pictures or stereotypes of the coonskin coat, the bell-bottomed trousers, and the superheated jazz-age phrases of the early twenties, you could find a son who was the inheritor of

your own college values. Although the kid made light of the fraternities, he did not turn one down. He did show up at some of the pre-big game rallies. He went out for a team managership. He heeled the paper. The fetish of intensive campus competition meant a good deal to him—almost as much, in fact, as it had meant to you. And the boy expected to come out of college and force his way up in the world. Passiveness was no more integral to his youthful nature than it had been to yours.

Until the depression came, you still continued to think of the younger generation in the phrases popularized by the writers who followed in the wake of Fitzgerald. The newspapers still spoke of the younger-generation problem, of bath-tub gin, and of wild motor rides. Inhibitions, with the young, were supposedly out. And novelists who had not yet reached the maturity of thirty continued to be vocal and annually grew more and more hardboiled.

And then one day in 1933 you realized that talk about the younger generation had died into silence. The old stuff about flaming youth had, at some indeterminate point in time, ceased to be news. You tried to evoke a stereotype of the college boy or girl in 1933 and you suddenly realized that coonskin coats and rollicking drunkenness had not been in conspicuous evidence at the last Harvard game. When you sought to fill in your newly discovered mental vacuum, you found yourself thinking of college youth as a question mark or a blank. The fact that your niece was a Smith undergraduate meant nothing. Your niece never talked to you about her affairs.

For three years you have done nothing to replace the stereotypes of the pre-War and post-War college generations with a new stereotype growing out of the college conditions of the 1930's. And the failure to fill in your vacuum is not your fault. For the fact of the matter is that no help has been forthcoming from the only reliable source: the undergraduates themselves. In contrast to the Fitzgerald generation, the estimated 1,200,000 students in the American universities of today are an unvocal lot. They have ceased to write novels about themselves. They have added no flavorsome phrases to the language. Occasionally Hearst declares they are all Communists, but the college polls usually show them voting for the Republican and Democratic candidates of their fathers' choice. The last good college novel, George Weller's *Not to Eat, Not for Love*, which was published in 1933, likened the undergraduate to some snakes that Ralph Waldo Emerson had encountered on his way to Cambridge back in 1834—"four snakes gliding up and down a hollow for no purpose that I could see—not to eat, not for love, but only gliding . . ."

Only gliding. But you, as a person who is more than casually concerned about the future (you have recently become a grandfather), want to know more about the undergraduate generation than is comprehended in a reference to reptile locomotion. What generalizations fit the college youth of today? What has the depression done to boys and girls of twenty? Do

seniors graduate with a firm resolve to make the world over, whether on capitalistic, democratic, technocratic, fascistic, or communistic lines? Just what sort of creature would a statistically average college student be?

In an endeavor to provide a basis for answering these questions *Fortune* has combed the available printed data bearing on the entire contemporary college scene and has undertaken an intensive investigation of twenty-five American universities, ranging from heavily attended eastern liberal-arts colleges to small campuses in the corn belt, and from select girls' colleges to big far-western state coeducational institutions. By many interviews, by questionnaires circulated among 1,220 male and female students carefully chosen to represent an accurate cross section, by conversations with a variety of people including visiting Englishmen, young instructors, swimming coaches, and college presidents, by reading dozens of college newspapers, and by checking with other investigators, a picture that has definitely homogeneous character emerges. And the picture is wholly consonant with Maxine Davis's book, *The Lost Generation*, a broad study of the 2,000,000 college and non-college youth of America. Although many have begun to believe otherwise, there is still an entity that may be called a younger generation. Naturally no observations concerning it can have the exactitude of a mechanical stress analysis. Yet, with exceptions, qualifications, and mitigating circumstances to be noted later, it is possible to make a few fairly dogmatic generalizations on the subject. And the first and over-all generalization that must be made is . . .

*The present-day college generation is fatalistic.* Certain college presidents will deny this and they will be right in terms of sections of their own broods. But before any minute spectrum analysis is undertaken, the investigator is struck by the dominant and pervasive color of a generation that will not stick its neck out. It keeps its shirt on, its pants buttoned, its chin up, and its mouth shut. If we take the mean average to be the truth, it is a cautious, subdued, unadventurous generation, unwilling to storm heaven, afraid to make a fool of itself, unable to dramatize its predicament. It may be likened to a very intelligent turtle, skeptical of its biological inheritance, the shell, but determined not to be a bull, a bear, or a goat. The turtle has security and . . .

*Security is the* summum bonum *of the present college generation.* This may be convicting the average undergraduate of having good sense, yet security is usually thought of as the ideal of middle age. Yearners for security do not set foot on Everest or discover the Mountains of the Moon. They do not even defy the racketeers and start new wet-wash laundries. They want a haven in a . . .

*Job that is guaranteed to be safe and permanent.* The present-day average undergraduate is no chancy gambler. He doesn't expect to make much money. If the student decides on teaching or on a government job in the civil service, it is not only because he has ideals about molding the future genera-

tions or about helping his country. It is also because teaching and the civil service promise a relief from economic uncertainty. A professor's $5,000 per annum means—security. If the undergraduate selects a profession it is mainly because business seemingly does not offer opportunities for aggrandizement as it did in the golden twenties. And if he does go into business he is perfectly willing to do what he is told without quibbling—and also without any attempt to force or insinuate his personality and values upon his superiors in the company that has employed him. He is, in brief, tractable corporation material. But are good corporation heads made out of tractable material? And if not, where are the future industrial and financial leaders coming from? Nice, decent, and willing boys may ultimately be a liability. Kingdoms often fall when they are in the hands of the *epigoni.*

We may have implied that it is an apathetic generation, but "passive" is an apter adjective. For, if one says to a young professor of economics, "You have a gutless gang of youngsters in your college," the professor will be perplexed. "Why, no," he will say, "the college boys of today are way ahead of those of ten years ago. They are much more interested in political and social questions. They know what is going on in the world. They read the papers intelligently. They take many more courses in economics and history and the social sciences." So another generalization may be set up. The undergraduate of today is . . .

*Intellectually curious about the world.* Does this contradict the passivity generalization? Seemingly, but when the inquiry is pressed one discovers that the impression of passivity and the impression of lively intellectual curiosity are two faces of the same coin. The answer one gets depends on what type of question is asked.

If one queries the average undergraduate about his chances for the future or if one talks with him about his ability to twist the world to his own desires, it is then that one will find him a fatalist—at best a stoic, at worst a whiner. Questions bearing on the personal equation bring out the facts that he doesn't think he will attain great heights in the world as it is constituted and that he doesn't think he can make that world over. He may deplore war but he can't see himself thwarting the forces that make for war. Evidently he is a fit human paving stone for the juggernaut.

However, if one talks with the average undergraduate about the general *conditions* to be expected in the future, one will find oneself in the presence of a chatty, energetic, brightly curious young person. How can this be reconciled with the fatalism elicited by questions bearing on the personal equation? The answer is pat: a cautious, fatalistic person never moves into new country without first getting all the information he can about it. Our slave does not contemplate rebellion and a break for freedom; he merely wants to know the conditions of his servitude. Yet intellectual curiosity born of caution may, indeed, result in the crusades of tomorrow. At the moment the student sniffs the wind. He may be waiting to see how much

life the business cycle—or series of business cycles—has in it. If jobs expand, the student will apparently go back to the *status quo* ante 1930. But it will be no complete spiritual reversion, for the student will have a background of political thinking that will forever prevent him from taking prosperity for granted. And if the prosperity fails to hold up . . .

*The undergraduate will turn to new leaders.* He is already doing so to some extent. The old-style campus big man no longer commands unqualified allegiance. The football star, the crew captain, the "muscular Christian" from the college Y.M.C.A., the smoothie from the big prep school who becomes track manager, the socially graceful prom leader—these still have honor and respect. But the intellectually curious person, who used to be considered queer or "wet" unless he had extra-intellectual characteristics to recommend him, is climbing past the conventional big man. Englishmen, long accustomed to spotting future undersecretaries of the Foreign Office, future labor theoreticians, and even future Prime Ministers on visits to Cambridge or Oxford, have remarked on this mutation in American campus leadership and are inclined to set 1932 as the date at which the mutation became apparent.

*This does not mean the colleges are becoming radicalized.* Again it is important to emphasize, at least pro tem, the passive element. The new-style leader is more apt to demand courses in Communism, Fascism, and the works of Thomas Jefferson than he is to take a stand for or against a given type of social organization. The fact that students have been flocking to history, economics, and sociology courses does not mean that Leninism or Henry Georgism is rampant under the elms. The new leaders limit intransigence to a demand for information. Tomorrow, if economic indexes turn downward, the demands may become more active in character. Meanwhile the student marks time and dallies with . . .

*Culture and the Good Life.* Unable to plot his future, the average undergraduate has turned to minor cultural and semi-cultural activities, in which there has been a great diffusion. Ping-pong, court tennis, squash rackets, rushing for the Berkshire snow train to get a weekend's practice in the telemark or slalom race, experiments with the Leica candid camera—the popularity of all such things is increasing by leaps and bounds. If it were not that they tend to displace a working direction, a major drive, in most instances, one might say that the Good Life had at least reached America. Yet the Good Life cannot be attained by making a cult of hobbies. The Good Life demands some animating . . .

*Faith, with a dependent moral code.* One might think that a lack of worldly faith or an obscure terrestrial future could be counted upon to turn the undergraduate to thoughts of mystic matters. Yet—save for an occasional Buchmanite flurry—religion, *as an institution*, has taken a back seat. Too passive to be atheist, the undergraduate is vaguely deist. The girls' colleges show more religious hunger than the boys'.

*Liquor and sex* used to be part of the great triumvirate of campus topics that included religion. Today economics is to the fore as bull-session pabulum, with religion playing a minor rôle. Liquor as a conversational topic is passé. Less flamboyant drinking is the present-day rule; there is no prohibition law to defy, hence one can drink in peace. As for sex, it is, of course, still with us. But the campus takes it more casually than it did ten years ago. Sex is no longer news. And the fact that it is no longer news is news.

The family as such is no longer an object of derision, as it was in the early twenties. Fathers and mothers are listened to once more, at least in the East and in the Middle West. (The Pacific Coast universities, which lag behind the colleges of the East, show less evidence of respect for parental dicta, but even on the coast the tide is beginning to turn.) Deference to the advice of father is part of the general yearning for security among the young. It is also part of a world hungry for certainty. And as the world wags, so wags the undergraduate, who can usually be counted on to follow the . . .

*Fashion.* The American colleges have always followed the fashions of the country at large and are still doing so, sometimes distorting them, but always obeying herd dictates. The eastern liberal-arts colleges get aboard the band wagon first, whether it is a matter of morals or clothes, and the big western universities follow suit. Ultimately the fashions percolate to the jerk-water campuses.

If the foregoing generalizations imply a case for or against the undergraduate, the same case may be stated for or against the country as a whole. Youth lives by imitation, which is no case against youth. If the imitation is tepid, that may be another story. But even in cases where the imitation is tepid the elders can be singled out for at least some of the blame. For it is undeniable that a courageous college president and a lively and sharply critical faculty can do wonders with average undergraduate material. If one finds a particular campus in the intellectual doldrums, one is reasonably safe in assuming that the professors and the president on that campus are Milquetoasts who are afraid of their shadows.

But man is supposed to be a thinking animal, and the biggest difference between this generation and the one of the twenties is in the subject that forms the content of its thought. That subject is the world crisis. Sometimes quite palpably, sometimes indefinably, it colors nearly everything the student does and says. Fear of the future and a vague sense of imminent frustration have taken the Fitzgeraldian cockiness out of the average undergraduate. If he drinks less and wenches less, it is because the stuff of the newspaper headlines is on his mind. A few have been enormously stimulated by the uncertainty of these years, but they are the exceptions. However, both the timid ones and the zestful ones have been mulling over the same social and economic problems. This mulling has not yet produced a definite youth movement, but the campus is a little—a very little—to the left of the country as a whole.

And because it is a little to the left, the Hearst newspapers have grown volubly excited about the "menace" of undergraduate radicalism. This excitement has resulted in considerable distortion of the truth. No ism has as yet altered the contours of the American university world. Undergraduate society is still shaped like a turnip. Liberals and democrats—or at least people who react favorably to the stimuli of liberal and democratic phrases—form the thick equatorial bulge of the turnip. These liberals and democrats are vaguely internationalist in their thinking; nationalism is out of fashion at the moment, for the student tends to identify it with imperialism and the suppression of alien populations.

At the taproot of the turnip is a numerically negligible group of Reds. The Fascist stem is even skinnier than the taproot. Announced conservatives make up a north temperate zone that is not quite as sizable as the south temperate zone of those vaguely interested in an ill-defined socialism. (When a Goucher girl says she is socialist it probably means that she has social good will, not that she is interested in the theories of Karl Marx.) Those who believe in the aristocratic principle balance the combined worshipers at Communist and Fascist shrines.

Curiosity about the conditions that will face the student after he has graduated has put new life into the arguments and attendance at many a campus political union. It was student curiosity that led to the widespread inflation of the sociology, history, and economics departments. But the increase in the number of instructors in the social sciences has not been sufficient to assuage the inquisitiveness of the thinking 5 or 10 per cent of the undergraduates. In many colleges—North Carolina, Minnesota, Princeton, Yale, and Dartmouth, to pick random examples—the cerebrating 5 to 10 per cent has, on its own initiative, invited guest speakers such as General Hugh S. Johnson, Harold Laski, Westbrook Pegler, Norman Thomas, Arthur Krock, Raymond Moley, George Soule, Jr., Fiorello La Guardia, Edmund Wilson, and Jouett Shouse. The inquisitive students are pretty much in the listening stage, and the question-and-answer periods that follow the speeches reveal more of a desire for information than any willingness to battle for or against specific ideas.

Although a nationwide college poll on Franklin D. Roosevelt would reveal more about sectional, class, and family backgrounds than about the political effect of university affiliation, the experimental ideas churned up by the New Deal propaganda have made a marked impress on the undergraduate mind. The New Deal has been dramatized so often as a youth movement that it has stimulated an interest in experimental government even among boys and girls who think Roosevelt is selling the country down the river. The young Republican who votes for Landon or whomsoever next fall will do so not for consciously reactionary motives, but with hopes that the Republican party will provide a liberalism in action that is less costly than the present Democratic brand. The thinking section of the undergraduate

population definitely has its ear to the ground. And to some extent the impression of lassitude in the colleges springs paradoxically from the undergraduate eagerness to listen to propaganda for the new society. This propaganda, whether Communist, Fascist, or New Deal, continuously stresses the importance of state action, so quite naturally the listening student is apt to be left with the idea that he must sit around and wait for the Great White Father (or the Great Red Father) to give the nod.

Undoubtedly there is a good measure of lip service to liberalism among the undergraduates, but ten years ago there was not even lip service to any formulated political creed. When the Harvard *Lampoon* editors of 1935–36 apologized to the visiting Professor Laski for the attack made upon him by the 1919 editorial board in the days of the Boston police strike, they may have been indulging in an easy gesture. Yet the gesture is symbolic of the alteration that has come over the campus since the twenties.

Of bona fide collectivist radicalism in the colleges there is at most only a chemical trace. There are, for example, some of the leaders of the American Student Union. This Union is the result of a merger of Socialist and Communist groups, but it has lost sectarian sharpness by its recent tactic of taking in liberals and progressives who are against war and Fascism but not necessarily for a socialistic organization of society. The Student Union organized the Peace Strike of April 22. According to its figures some 500,000 undergraduates in school and college cut classes and turned out for the strike, but the cold figures should not delude the unwary. For in each crowd the wholly sincere strikers were far outnumbered by those who were out to see the excitement. Similarly, students who picket the Hearst newsreels in college towns are variously motivated. Some picket because they sincerely hate Hearst; a few do it in the spirit of the old-fashioned cane rush. The Veterans of Future Wars, started by the suavely enigmatic Lewis J. Gorin, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, and Princeton, represent still another inconclusive mixture. Some of the Vets are against war (and these carry in their parades a flag bearing a skull and crossbones over the legend of "The Shape of Things to Come"), while others are merely anti-bonus and anti-high tax.

The college newspapers are often far to the left of the undergraduate bodies. This is particularly true at Columbia, Vassar, and Dartmouth, where the radicals provide almost the whole vocal element. Much of the energy that went into art in the undergraduate days of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Stephen Vincent Benét, Thornton Wilder, E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, and Edmund Wilson, now goes into fledgling political writing of a Left tinge for the college papers. This political writing is the leaven in the lump, the active principle in the inert mass. At Vassar the "Daisy Chain Radicals," who have shaped the recent policy of the semi-weekly *Miscellany News*, have succeeded in rousing the local pulchritude to picket Beacon factories and to buttonhole the Albany legislators. The girls helped in killing the Nunan bill, which sought to make a student loyalty oath

compulsory in New York schools that receive state financial aid. But Vassar is a special instance; neither Smith nor Radcliffe nor Bennington nor any of the coeducational institutions offers a similar spectacular example of girlish intransigence. One reason why Vassar is far out in the clear so far as active radicalism goes is a local tradition that dates back to the brave days of Inez Milholland, the pre-War Socialist and suffragette leader of the lush contours and beautiful face who rode white horses in women's-rights parades with her hair streaming in the wind.

Radicalism in the men's colleges used largely to be the cross or the prerogative of the poor and of the acutely dissatisfied among the Jews. But where the Columbia *Spectator* and Columbia social consciousness were, for some years, in the control of New York Jewish leaders, in 1935–36 both the paper and radicalism in general had passed into the hands of "old American" stock. A "Nordic" radical from Tacoma ran the *Spectator;* a soft-voiced Southerner from Little Rock was prominent on the soapbox. Radicalism in itself is ceasing to be a bar to respectability on the campus.

In all this discussion of college social attitudes it should be kept in mind that nothing has gone so deep as to kill old prejudices. The "thing to do" is often more important than any real issues. For instance, at Yale Walter Millis's *Road to War* is a popular book. It has helped to create an anti-foreign-entanglement feeling. Yet influential undergraduates refused to turn out for the Peace Strike simply because the demonstration was run by the "black men." This brings us to the question of snobbery. It still prevails at Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, though the girls' colleges no longer feel strongly about social prestige on the campus. At the wealthier men's liberal-arts colleges the campus is divided into the "white men" and the "black men." The black men are also known as "drips" and "meatballs." (Ten years ago the word was "wet smack"; twenty years ago, "the unwashed.") A subdivision of the meatball type is the "queerie": *i.e.*, a meatball who figuratively speaking has long hair. (The short crew haircut is the symbol of aristocracy.) Oddly enough, at Princeton it is the American Liberty League, not the Student Union, that has suffered from social snobbery. The Princeton Liberty League was started by a Jew and has not yet succeeded in living down its "meatball" origin.

Ten or twenty years ago campus snobbery often looked down upon the rough diamond who had brains. But the new orientation toward perplexing economic and political news has caused even the college snob to withdraw his objections to brains, which today need not be accompanied by social graces. Puzzled, unable to get satisfying answers from his teachers, the average student has ceased to regard the football star and the smoothie who qualifies for prom leader as the repositories of all virtue. The new orientation has produced a type of leader that contrasts vividly with the old-style campus headman. The depression has brought the American college abreast of the English university at last, with the result that future administrators,

politicos, and thinkers can undoubtedly be spotted in the sophomore year.

The shift in leadership is so clear and striking, so apparent in so many universities that it amounts to a structural change in the undergraduate world. The impact of the universal economic crisis on the campus obviously called forth the new leader. Hence referring to him as "English" is merely a way of explaining him by analogy, for he has, actually, sprung from the native soil. If a plateau of prosperity lies ahead for American business—and for the undergraduate who is seeking a job—the mutation will not have a mushroom growth in the near future. But it is undoubtedly here to stay: the fact that America has reached the end of pioneering and must henceforth grow intensively rather than extensively guarantees the new leader his niche and his influence.

The new type of leader, with his debating prowess and his Lippmannesque column in the campus paper, doesn't particularly relish his eminence. He realizes that he is pushing out into uncharted territory. If he wants to go into politics he is faced with the peculiar difficulties that the American party system puts in the way of idealistic or even merely power-hungry young men. College debating is one thing: the secrets of the district leader are another. Hence the queries directed at Professor Laski, Emil Hurja, Floyd Olson, Norman Thomas, and other figures from the world of politics who have talked with the campus. "Tell me," the wistful college politico will say, "what should I do to get into politics? If only our civil service and our foreign service were like England's, I might have a chance to get somewhere. But there doesn't seem to be room for me as things are."

The professions offer a place to mark time, and law schools are filled with young men hoping for political appointments through the influence of a professor with some power in Washington. But law schools are overcrowded, and the undergraduate knows it. He may long for a fellowship such as Oxford's All Souls College gives to talented young men who may wish to study government, but no American tycoon has set up a Guggenheim Foundation for potential Henry Clays.

Even in times of depression most college graduates must perforce seek a place in business. Most of the current crop are willing to take any sort of job, most of them are willing to work hard, obey orders, and trust in the beneficence of the American employer. The average undergraduate has been fearful of his chances ever since 1930. This is something new in American life, for before the depression the personable student didn't have a great deal to worry about. All he had to do was to wait for the so-called ivory hunters to descend upon the campus.

Ivory hunting is an American phenomenon that became noticeable in the early years of the century. Standard Oil has often combed the campuses for valuable executive "ivory" to ship to China, to the Near East, and to other faraway spots on the map where American oil is marketed and American marketers are needed. In the twenties most of the big corporations went in

for this sort of executive elite recruitment. And by 1929 many observers thought the institution of ivory hunting was turning the colleges into prep schools for corporation life. College students looked forward to being plucked by the ivory hunter and shaped their habits and their dress accordingly.

The fact that the American corporations were rarely in the market for bright, personable young men from the classes of 1931, 1932, 1933, and 1934, and the fact that many students who were picked in 1928 and 1929 fell by the wayside as the depression snowballed through American employee rosters, caused a break in the influence exerted by ivory hunting. But the corporation safaris were in the field in the spring of 1935, and are out in full force this year, which promises to be the biggest ivory season since 1929. Procter & Gamble, A. T. & T., du Pont, Union Carbide, Eastman Kodak, American Rolling Mills, A. B. Dick, Montgomery Ward, Standard Oil, General Electric, Macy's, and a couple of hundred more companies will pick 3,000 to 4,000 young men from the campuses this month. They will look, by and large, for students with sales personality and pleasant appearance; a good chemist whose necktie is sloppily tied may miss out, for the sloppy tie may look, rightly or wrongly, like a symbol of maladjustment. And the few undergraduates who have reputations for radicalism may be passed over, for the average business executive doesn't like to introduce unnecessary stresses and strains into a smoothly functioning machine. In this the business executive may be making a mistake, for young college rebels are often of superior caliber.

The Bible speaks of the generations of man. But generation is a vague term. Here we have tried to silhouette the younger generation of the decade 1930–39 by choosing the median years of 1935–36 and by training the spyglass on the college campus, where the animal can best be isolated for detailed observation. If it is objected that the college type offers too narrow a selection for any generally relevant interpretation, we can refer in rebuttal to Maxine Davis's book, *The Lost Generation*, cited in Part I. Making due allowances for differences in economic and social status, the students at Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Minnesota, and California and even the most abject waifs interviewed by Miss Davis on a four-month tour of the continent are recognizably children of the same subdued time spirit. And the link between the college world and the world of Miss Davis's waifs is obvious when one realizes that the government is called upon to help finance some 120,000 undergraduates, at about $2,000,000 a month.

"Not to eat, not for love, but only gliding." This Emersonian phrase creates a mood that seems dominant when one takes an over-all look at the college scene. But close inspection partially shatters the mood. Youth, being a state of health, could hardly present a wholly depressing picture, and when barriers and checks are removed even the most apathetic youngster can turn overnight into a galvanic creature. At the moment the undergraduate is not

capitalizing his hopes; the average student will consider himself lucky if he is getting $3,600 a year five years out of college. And when hopes are not being capitalized under the elms on soft spring nights, it is a sign that the American world has turned over on its axis. But so fluid is our national scene that no generality stays put for long. Within the past two months seniors at one of our richer colleges have waked up to the thrilling knowledge that they are going to get good jobs after graduation. The knowledge has worked a miracle. Its first effect was to cause a deplorable fall-off in grades. But the college housemaster who divulged this information was not sorry; he knows that a vibrant, hopeful human being is worth far more than a half-dead scholar.

## THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR ONCE MORE

*Howard Mumford Jones* (*1937*)

A HUNDRED years have elapsed since the most famous Phi Beta Kappa address ever delivered was spoken in Cambridge. Although anything less than a reading of all that golden essay is to do injustice to it, I shall begin by briefly recalling it to your memory. The scholar, said Emerson, is Man Thinking; and the principal instruments of his education are three—nature, books, and action. From nature, rightly understood, he will learn that the laws of the universe are also the laws of the human mind. The office of books is not to create bookworms, but independent souls. The life of action is not to be swallowed up in business, but to translate intellect into character. And the final object of education is that the soul may be weaned from a passive clinging to what has been said and done in the world and prefer instead a vigorous intellectual independence. "We have listened too long," he said, "to the courtly muses of Europe." The essay concludes with its eloquent plea for a race of vigorous American individuals—"the spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame;" and the young sage declared to the young men of 1837: "We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own mind." Everyone will recall how members of that audience went out from the meetings as if they had listened to a voice proclaiming: "Thus saith the Lord."

I am frequently told that Emerson is outmoded. In the realm of economic life rugged individualism, it is true, has a quaint, archaeological flavor, but Emerson is not discussing the life of business, but the life of citizenship and the life of thought. I propose now to inquire how far the liberal college in America has been faithful to the program suggested by his address.

In 1837 there were no universities in the United States with their innumerable professional colleges, vocational branches, graduate schools, extension divisions, and correspondence courses. The curriculum of the college

was still centered in the humanities—the classics, philosophy, some history, a course in "natural philosophy" which, unlike most modern science courses, was really philosophical, and some training in rhetoric and oratory. The content of that curriculum was, I am afraid, meagre, the instruction was not good, libraries and laboratories were inadequate, and the life of the undergraduate suffered from obsolescent regulations. But the liberal college of 1837 had one advantage over the liberal college of today. It knew what it was doing; and it had a unified concept of college education. It conceived that the humanities were central to the training of an educated man.

A hundred years later the liberal college of Emerson's day has, in effect, almost disappeared. The most characteristic educational institution in the country is the State university; and if we examine the college of arts in any State university, we discover that, though it exists as a formal organization, its intellectual unity has vanished. In its first two years it is trying to do the work which the high schools, under the direction of educational experts, have ceased doing—that is, it is trying to get its students to read and write. It is also offering "service courses" for the benefit of the professional schools which feed upon it—beginning instruction in this or that branch of knowledge which the student must get out of the way before he can fully enter the engineering school or the school of law or the school of medicine. In its last two years it has in fact become a vocational school for the training of teachers of English or history or the foreign languages, or for the training of biologists, chemists, social service workers, archaeologists, and so forth.

It is a commonplace that the multiplication of knowledge has meant the multiplication of courses; and that any unity of aim which the college may once have had has in fact disappeared beneath an avalanche of specialized instruction by specialists. The formal paper requirements of general training in the first two years and specialization in the second, of concentration and distribution, of major subjects and related minor subjects—the phrases differ—though designed to retain what can be kept of the old unified concept, do not in fact achieve their object. And if I select as an example the college of liberal arts in the State university with which I am most familiar, the same conditions, to greater or less degree, exist in privately endowed universities, and even, to some extent, in what are euphoniously known as the "ivy colleges." Proponents of instruction in the psychology of salesmanship or statistical measurement or journalism claim that their subjects, properly pursued, are as "liberalizing" as literature or philosophy; but where every course is equally humane, the concept of the humanities loses all meaning.

There have been gallant attempts to check or redirect the current of educational development and to revive the concept of a unified humane education in the liberal college. Mr. Meiklejohn headed for a time an experimental college at the University of Wisconsin, in which the students, after directing their energies to Greek civilization, turned their attention to civilization in the United States. If the educationalists are right in supposing that the

proper procedure in learning is to proceed from the known to the unknown, this attempt violated the first principle of pedagogy; at any rate, the college has since been closed.

More recently, Professor Norman Foerster, director of the School of Letters at the University of Iowa, has issued a book called *The American State University*, in which, after an exhaustive analysis of the evils now existing in the liberal college, he proposes that we shall abandon what he calls the naturalistic view of life and return to the humanistic. Mr. Foerster is somewhat vague as to the details of his curricular reform, but it seems to imply that we should all adopt a dualistic theory of human nature. He submits a list of great books which have been proposed as central to such a curriculum; of the fifty-three authors named, I note with interest that only two have to do with the United States—an item called "American State Papers" and the final name in the list, William James. The list, however, is not of Mr. Foerster's composing; he remarks that the past hundred years are represented by it "somewhat injudiciously" and he says that the present cannot be represented by great books at all—there would have to be "lectures and demonstrations illustrating the principles and modern history of science." But in a general way a curriculum which would center around great names from Homer to William James, provided the writings of these geniuses are interpreted to throw light upon the dualistic nature of man, would have Professor Foerster's approval.

A third interesting experiment is that being carried on at the University of Chicago. With the formal reorganization of the university which has gone hand-in-hand with this change we need not trouble ourselves. The underlying philosophy of the Chicago idea is what concerns us. This underlying philosophy, clearly and emphatically presented by its president, Mr. Hutchins, seeks in effect to return to the mediaeval concept of university training. By cutting through specialization and fact-finding to underlying principles, the proponents of this scheme hoped to alight upon certain controlling instruments in education. The method, at least as it is exemplified by some members of the Faculty, depends on Socratic analysis. Rhetoric and grammar, in the sense of the exploration of meaning, receive renewed importance; and the primary business of the college seems to be to discuss principles rather more, and applications rather less, than has been customary in many college courses. "To aid in his understanding of ideas" (I quote Mr. Hutchins) "the student should be trained in those intellectual techniques which have been developed for the purpose of stating and comprehending fundamental principles."

With any attempt to restore unity to the liberal college one must have a certain sympathy. I confess, however, that Mr. Hutchins is over-hasty in his scorn of specialists; and I am compelled to inquire, if the principal business of the college student is to learn to state and comprehend fundamental principles, when is the proper time for his beginning to apply them? I am of the

philosophy that a fundamental principle remains an airy abstraction until you do something with it or about it; and though I hail with pleasure Mr. Hutchins's insistence upon the desirability of putting first things first, I wonder whether a loving and long perusal of Plato's *Republic* is really going to change the voting habits of American citizens so fundamentally that we can relegate our present departments of sociology and political science to an inferior position in the educational scheme of things. The habit of making metaphysical inquiry into what history or literature or philosophy may be before you get around to the facts of history or literature or philosophy has its weaknesses; and the weaknesses of this educational reform seem to me to be two: it tends to subordinate the genetic study of human institutions to a system of metaphysical absolutes; and it tends to create students, whose habits of analysis may become so strong as to hinder their habits of action—and action, as Emerson reminds us, is one of three requisites of a humane education.

However this may be, I wish to call your attention to one quality which all three of these reforms of the liberal college have in common. In Emerson's phrase, they have all listened to the courtly muses of Europe. Mr. Meiklejohn did not get around to American life until his students had spent a year on Greek civilization. The list of great names in Mr. Foerster's book contains only two American items out of fifty-three. Mr. Hutchins sets before us the example of mediaeval European universities and urges us to revive the practices of the mediaeval schoolmen.

No one in this audience, I trust, wishes to be a chauvinist. No one can seriously argue that what the world needs is more nationalism. After certain performances by the self-styled patriotic societies, or the drive for teachers' oath bills, or our contemptible attitude towards foreigners, no one but desires less, rather than more, one-hundred-per-cent Americanism. We are accustomed to say that the essence of a liberal education is an acquaintance with the best that has been said and done in the world, and not merely in the United States. Everyone will agree that a knowledge of other times and other nations, other geniuses than American ones, other art than American art, other cultures than our own is indispensable to the humanely educated man.

But at the same time I am impressed by two facts about these reforms of the liberal education. The first is that, given American youth to educate, these outlines of great books, this return to scholastic analysis, this occupation with Greek civilization first and American civilization afterwards, have a curious air of hanging in a vacuum. The connection between the reading proposed, and the fact that the reader is going to live in the United States of America in the year nineteen-hundred-and-something is tenuous and remote. The student is required to accept too much on faith; and the teacher is left with only the vaguest directions as to how this analysis, this reading, this exploration of a remote culture are to be brought to bear upon the civili-

zation into which our student is to be catapulted at the end of four years in college.

I should not so much mind the cloistral air of these programs, were it not that each of the reformers argues that his proposal is directly intended to create better American citizens. Both Mr. Foerster and Mr. Hutchins cite with admiration the ideas of Thomas Jefferson, who, in his letter to Peter Carr of 1814, urged that Virginia should establish schools "where every branch of science deemed useful at this day and in our country should be taught." Mr. Hutchins tries to get around this letter by saying that Jefferson did not mean college, when he said college, and university, when he said university, but the uncomfortable fellow will not down: in his discussion of the University of Virginia Jefferson explicitly called for "all the branches of useful science," and when he said "useful," it is clear that he meant those branches of knowledge which would be relevant to the American cultural problem. However much some of our so-called cultured men may dislike the fact (and some of them apparently do), we have to deal with education in the United States; and the second weakness I would point out in these schemes is that the American cultural tradition is, in fact, ignored. They are set up as if Europe were the main thing that mattered.

And if it be argued that it is essential for American students to get a world-view from their four years in the liberal college, I can only retort that the reforms in question do not even do that. As H. G. Wells long ago pointed out, European education has agreed tacitly to ignore three-fourths of the human race. I refer, of course, to the civilization and the arts of Asia, not to speak, in lesser degree, of Africa. The return to Europe, which is at the bottom of these representative proposals, is a return to an attitude of mind which Emerson was expressly endeavoring to destroy. "The spirit of the American freeman," he said, "is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame." "I ask not," he remarks, "for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds." If this be chauvinism, I can only say, like Patrick Henry, make the most of it.

The claims of the world and of our own country; the necessity of understanding the past and understanding the present; the desirability of acquainting the rising generation with the works of dead geniuses, and at the same time not inducing in them what scholarship too often induces—a lack of sympathy for present art, an attitude of superiority towards the American experiment, and a disdain for democracy—how shall we solve a problem so complex?

I suggest we return to the practice of the Greeks. The ancient Greeks were unfortunate in that they had no college presidents, no professors of anything, and no schools of education to instruct them in the desirability of

knowing the best that had been done and thought in the world; but I am impressed by the fact that these Greeks whose sagacity we today so much admire, placed their own culture foremost as an object of study. Plato's *Republic* is not a vague attempt at comparative political science; it is a rather practical inquiry into what can be done to improve the Greek city-state. Thucydides is not writing the history of the world; he tells us he is writing the history of the greatest thing that ever happened to Hellas. The inquiries of Aristotle are not into what other people thought, but, to a remarkable degree, into what the Greeks thought.

I am not now interested to inquire whether the great Greek thinkers might have taken a world-view of civilization, and did not—they might certainly have told us more about the Egyptian and Persian cultures than they chose to; I am not now inquiring whether their attitude towards the *barbaroi* was provincial; I am merely saying that on the basis of an exploration of their own culture they created a body of literature to which we have ever since been recurring. Neither do I propose that, in our search for a central point around which to build a humane education, we should so far imitate the Greeks as to concentrate on the United States and throw everything else out the window. What I am saying is this: first, the supposition that humane education is necessarily an anti-national or un-national education is a supposition which, in the case of the Greeks, clearly breaks down; and second, that a study of one's own culture, a preparation to live in the state to which birth has consigned one for better or worse, would seem to offer a center around which a humane education could conceivably be built.

And I further pointed out that the French, who are in the modern world sometimes considered the successors of the classical peoples, in their educational system do precisely what the ancient Greeks may in a sense be said to have done. The French tradition is central in French education. The calm assumption that French thought and French literature are the most civilized thought and literature in the modern world is an assumption which has its amusing aspects; but I suspect that the solidity of the French intellectual tradition owes more to the refusal of the Frenchman to be diverted from his fine belief in the superior validity of his own tradition than our more enthusiastic advocates of educational cosmopolitanism are willing to admit. In the very last paragraph of his great *Histoire de la Littérature Française*, perhaps the finest history of a national literature ever written, M. Lanson, after speculating on what the future of that literature may be, concludes that there will still be masterpieces, reading which future Frenchmen will find in them "le visage de la France éternelle."

I have yet to hear any member of an American English department assure his class that future American literature will mirror "le visage de l'Amérique éternelle." And before we smile at an idea which may seem incongruous, I think we had better first inquire why we are willing to accept M. Lanson's dictum as entirely proper, and why we treat the same idea as satirical by-play

when it is applied to a republic whose government has outlasted every European government save two, the history of whose country extends backward to the invention of printing, and the study of whose civilization is seriously pursued over the entire civilized world.

I cannot too often insist that I have no desire whatsoever to cut off American students from the fullest possible knowledge of the thought and culture of other lands. But I am continually impressed by the fact that among the humanities we seem to stress the importance of an acquaintance with every great culture except our own. In the single field of literature in English, for example, note the casual treatment of our own literary history. It is a subject which is almost invariably at the bottom of that heap of miscellaneous courses which constitute the curriculum of the English department. Thousands of college students are annually graduated who have no knowledge of their own literary tradition whatsoever. Thousands more are graduated with no knowledge of the history of their own country. Those who know anything about American philosophy or American religion or the American theatre or the history of painting or architecture or music in their own country are negligible.

I wonder whether we shall ever make headway with the humanities, so long as we insist, as in fact we do insist, that an understanding of American civilization is the last thing that we are going to teach. Is it any wonder that alert minds are drawn into economics and sociology and science and schools of pedagogy and engineering and law, when those in charge of the humanities persist in their refusal to bring to bear upon the problems of life in the United States what they have to offer? I see no use in scolding young America because it finds a seminar in capital and labor vital in the nation in which young America has to find a job. The depopulation of the classics departments, the drift out of philosophy into social problems, the complaint that our best minds do not go into the study of modern languages—these are symptomatic of a deeper malady than the urge for vocational study—they are symptomatic, I believe, of the profound fact that the undergraduate wants to understand his own country, and that the humanities have mainly failed to show him how they could help him to comprehend it.

It is one thing vaguely to summon the student to learn the best that has been done or said in the world; another thing to summon him to the problem: through what inquiries into the past and present can I best understand the country in which I am going to live? When Emerson says in his oracular way: "Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds," he does not mean we are to discard past times and foreign countries, but rather that the value of past times and foreign countries is that value which they have towards the enrichment of life in present-day America. I submit that we are altogether too vague about how we propose to secure these values. I submit that intelligent citizens are not created by a mere passive exposure to the past. I submit that teaching the

humanities in America is not the same thing as teaching America the humanities.

While the humanities have been exploring the sources of Ben Jonson's comedies or Greek art or the epistemology of Duns Scotus—all of which, I freely admit, are admirable things in themselves—the social studies, so-called, have moved into the American field. The one thing that we can be reasonably sure of in the present state of the liberal college is that if the student has any acquaintance with the interpretation of life in his own country, it will be an economic interpretation. Even the historians have, in a number of cases, swung over to economic determinism. But the economic interpretation of history or of society, though a valuable interpretation, is fundamentally a rather naive one.

Since the days of Thorstein Veblen, that scarecrow of the British classical school, the economic man has been wonderfully dressed up, but he still remains economic man. According to those who first brought him into being, economic man was a very simple creature. He was motivated by a single and selfish desire—the desire to seek pleasure and avoid pain. He had a supernaturally intelligent mind. For example, he always bought in the cheapest market and sold in the dearest, which is more than most business men have been able to do. His sole reading matter seems to have been Ricardo's book on rent and Malthus's essay on the increase of population. His life was devoted to economic gain; and what he did in his spare time, if he ever had any, I haven't the slightest idea. He must have married and begot children, because Malthus worked out what would happen if he had too many children and the wheat crop didn't go around, but how he ever fell in love, or how he proposed to his girl, or whether he mislaid the ring at the wedding I do not know. I assume he was once a boy and that he eventually grew old, and that he was filled with dreams and memories—probably of the time he bought pigs in one town and sold them at a slight profit in another, but it seems more probable that he was created full-grown, at about forty-two. His world must have had starlight and moonrise and the scent of flowers in it, but like a well educated pupil of Adam Smith, he determinedly paid no attention to these things; and if he was ever actuated by rage or hate or love or passion, quickened by a drumbeat or awed by an ocean storm there is no record. He was not English nor American nor Chinese; he had no legends, no tradition, no customs; he was simply economic man.

Now when you strip the merely sociological interpretation of the modern world of its manifold variations, it is surprising how often—I do not say always, but often—you will find that you are dealing with economic man—economic man multiplied into masses or nations, but fundamentally very like the imaginary being whom Ricardo and Malthus created for their calculations. Within the limits of the proper frame of reference, this concept of human nature is very useful; but just as it is difficult to conceive of economic

man writing *Hamlet* or painting the Sistine Madonna, so it is difficult in a nation "explained" only by economic forces also to explain the style of Emerson or the wide appeal of the "Gettysburg Address."

The advances made by the social sciences in the last few decades have my profound admiration. Their exponents are to be commended for having made America their laboratory. They are not in the least to blame because they have done their job extraordinarily well. No competent social scientist but admits as a matter of course that sociology is not all of existence, that economic motives are not even three-fourths of life. But when in the social sciences the student learns, or thinks he learns, that present-day America is in the grip of vast economic forces; while the humanities are off somewhere else talking about the sources of Chaucer or mediaeval scholasticism or the art of Cimabue, the practical conclusion which the student is likely to draw is either that the humanities have no place (except a decorative one) in the present United States or that humane arts and letters are something practised long ago by persons who are now excessively dead. And if I seem to speak with momentary disrespect of the labors of the classicist, the metaphysician, the philologian, or the literary historian, it is only because I am trying to see things from the point of view of the American undergraduates, the majority of whom, I am convinced, come to college because they are genuinely desirous of a better comprehension of the age in which they live. The difficulty of the humanities seems to be that they too often manufacture only meek young men in libraries; but man thinking, Emerson sternly reminds us, must not be subdued by his instruments.

It may be that a return to the methods of the scholastics will prove of lasting benefit at the University of Chicago. It may be that Mr. Foerster will convert enough persons to a philosophy of dualism to enable him at Iowa to reduce laboratory techniques to their proper subordination and get rid of the courses which now clutter up the curriculum of the college of liberal arts. It may be that someone, somewhere, sometime, will be able to make ancient Greece so exciting a topic that American undergraduates will abandon the New Deal for the Peloponnesian War. I am, however, skeptical that the college of liberal arts can be permanently unified around a method, a system of ethics, or a return to a civilization over twenty centuries in the past. I think that Emerson, with the uncanny penetration of genius, saw more deeply into the problem of national education than the educators do. And I venture to suggest that a living core of interest around which the liberal college could once more be given a vital unity is the study and comprehension of American civilization.

I can see the classicist turn pale, and the professor of Chaucerian scholarship wince, while the metaphysician who has just completed a monograph on the monadism of Leibnitz utters faint sounds of inarticulate distress. The entire body of foreign language teachers rises in anguish, or would rise, I am sure, if the conventions of polite conduct did not restrain them. Yet I

am suggesting only that we do what the ancient Greeks did; and proposing that we improve on their practice. I do not suggest that the present curriculum be abolished, or that we begin insisting that all good Americans shall remain sublimely ignorant of the effete monarchies of Europe—as Jefferson once thought that they should. I am merely proposing that the problem of American civilization, instead of being placed obscurely in the rear of our studies, shall be placed somewhere near the front. If we are really interested in educating American citizens for an intelligent participation in American life, I suggest that the liberal college might seek out ways and means of bringing before its students a far richer and more comprehensive knowledge of the American heritage, not only in the field of economic existence, but in those areas we vaguely call culture, than it has yet attempted to do. And when I speak of the American heritage I do not in the least propose that the New World shall neglect what it owes to the Old.

What I am seeking is not an administrative reorganization nor a curricular upset nor an absorption with the immediate and the contemporary, but a point of view. The liberal college has been too eclectic, not merely in the sense that it has admitted all kinds of courses, but in the sense that its courses in the humanities themselves have been without any governing philosophy, any genuine educational aim. They seek too often to produce imitation Europeans, and imitation Europeans are always inferior to the genuine article. We try to bring America to Greece or Rome, Italy or France, instead of discovering what it is that Greece and Rome and France and Italy have to bring to America. I return once more to Emerson, when he says: "I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim." "It is," he says, "a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago." We cannot forever tacitly insist that the humane values are found everywhere but in the United States. We do not necessarily need to abandon what we are teaching, but we need to teach it in a different way. Goethe did not become a Hellenist first and a German afterwards; it was when he discovered that an artificial education had quite unfitted him to understand the significance of his own cultural traditions that he embarked upon that remarkable career of self-improvement which made him the greatest German of his age.

Let us remember that the United States is also a very large and important part of the world. Let us sharply remind the nationalist and the one-hundred-percent patriot that he is merely the heir of an immense period of historic time which requires patient study, but let us not at the same time forget that if the humanities are to dwell upon the virtues of Herodotus or Chaucer, they cannot therefore neglect the virtues of Whitman and Henry Adams. If there is culture in France, there is also civilization in the United States. The best corrective of American provincialism is not merely a knowledge of

Europe, but also a richer knowledge of the struggle of the republic to become what it has dreamed of becoming. I do not desire to drive Europe out of the colleges, I merely insist upon the necessity of putting America in. How long can we safely permit our students to believe that the rise of industry is all there is to the story of American life? We have faced backward and turned to Europe in the humanities; cannot we sometimes turn westward and appraise our own accomplishments? The spirit of Emerson is likewise America. We have neglected the resources of our own spiritual life too long—I trust we shall not have to pay dearly for our neglect, in the materialism of which so many now complain, or in a narrow and extravagant nationalism, which, uncorrected by an understanding, not only of the spiritual struggle of mankind at large, but also by an understanding of the larger purposes of life in this republic, may yet obliterate the America of Emerson in the America of Ford.

## SOCRATES CROSSES THE DELAWARE

### ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND THE GREAT BOOKS

*Milton S. Mayer* (*1939*)

### I

On the softly sloping green of St. John's College in Annapolis there stands a tree that was old when the Susquehanna Indians played Czechoslovakia to the white man. It is a great tulip poplar, known to two centuries of St. Johnnies as the Liberty Tree. They say that fifty years ago the Liberty Tree was dying. It looked healthy enough from a distance; its branches were rich and luxuriant, but its wondrous trunk was hollowed with rot. The Liberty Tree required desperate and drastic surgery. One Fourth of July a crowd of St. Johnnies stuck some explosive—dynamite, they say—inside the trunk and blasted out the rot. The Liberty Tree revived, and if you happen to be in Annapolis you may see it approaching its sixth or seventh hundred birthday in its pristine vigor.

Two years ago there arrived at St. John's College a couple of young men who believe that the tree of human liberty is dying—dying not of old age or of wounds inflicted from without, but of rot from within. These young men hold that the trunk of the tree of liberty is education, and American education, they say, is rotten. So they threw up their jobs as professors in a great university and went to St. John's College and stuck some dynamite inside the trunk of the human liberty tree.

"Winkie" Barr—no one knows how Stringfellow got to be "Winkie"—and Scott Buchanan take the ancient view that liberty—human liberty—is something more than the animal liberty of bacon and beans, that it is first and foremost the freedom of the human mind. And they hold that the mind

cannot be freed from ignorance and prejudice, any more than the body can be freed from disease, except by the exercise of painful discipline.

For fifteen years as students and another fifteen as professors (both are about forty years old) they watched American education flourish externally while the proportion of really free men and women produced by the schools and colleges grew smaller and smaller, while the discipline of the mind gave way to "college life," while, as President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton once observed, the side-shows of education were putting the main tent out of business. They decided to do something about it.

And, unlike so many of us, they knew what they wanted to do. They wanted to revive the liberal education that the Adamses and Jefferson and Jay and Madison had in college. They wanted to restore to American education the books that Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln read without the benefit of four comfortable years in an expensive university; they wanted to discipline young men's minds in reading, writing, and reasoning, the human arts of understanding and communication, the historic liberal arts from which our "liberal arts colleges" take their name. This is the education for which President Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago has been touting for ten years, and St. John's College to-day is the answer to the question, "Yes—but will it work?"

The purpose of St. John's, according to the charter granted in 1784, was "the liberal education of youth in the principles of virtue, knowledge, and useful literature." One of the petitioners for that charter was William Paca, who had signed the Declaration of Independence, and three other signers, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, and Thomas Stone, served on the college's Board of Visitors and Governors. To St. John's, Washington sent his adopted son and his two nephews, and at St. John's the privileged few who in those days went to college learned to read and to read good books. This liberal education, which, strangely enough, is labeled "experimental" these days, had been given at St. John's since 1696, when the institution was founded as King William's School and its object was stated, not as preparation for jobs nor as four years of fun, but as "the propagation of good Learning."

Good learning eventually finds its way into books. We all admit that good books are somehow good. We recognize that there exists an unbroken tradition, going back to Greece and Rome, in which our American institutions and ideals are rooted. We concede that this tradition is most classically recorded and expressed by the best men and the greatest teachers in every age, men who, though they may have lived centuries apart, went to school together, refining, reworking, and bequeathing the tradition they inherited. We know that man alone, through the medium of language, hands down to his descendants something more than mere reflexes.

We know all this. We know what most of the great books are, beginning with Homer. We pay them homage whenever we hear them mentioned, and we quote them impressively out of Bartlett's *Quotations*. They are the

books we all intend to read some day, though we didn't read them in school or college. Most of them are found in every standard library. They are published and sold in standard sets, most of them selling for less than a dollar. We don't have to go to college to read them; most of the *Harvard Classics*, indeed, are not read even at Harvard. Whatever our occupation, whatever our station, we can read these books if we want to. And we can understand them if we try: there is nothing anyone can teach a man that a man can't learn by himself.

But a "classic" is, by popular definition, a book that nobody reads. The very word is odious, suggesting drudgery and dust, something we can leave to professors—who, incidentally, don't read them either. We tell ourselves that most of these books are "dated," that things have changed since they were written. But we forget that while things have changed, men have not. To-day we have Reno and radio, incendiary bombs instead of the stake, and tanks instead of rams; but we love, hate, work, and fight for the same reasons as the ancient Greeks; and we live and die with or without the same aspirations. Details have altered, the scale is larger, new instruments and technics have been devised; but human nature and the problems it raises are timeless.

A great book deals with these problems and is as good to-day as it was yesterday. It is a book that is contemporary in any age and in any place. What are the best sellers? *Uncle Tom's Cabin?* Horatio Alger? *Peck's Bad Boy? Gone with the Wind?* Not compared with the Bible, *The Divine Comedy*, *Don Quixote*, *Hamlet*, or *Paradise Lost.* These books have been read by millions in every language. It may be estimated, so conservatively as to raise no dispute, that the *Iliad* has been read, over the last 3,000 years by 25,000,000 people. Last year's best sellers are forgotten or out of print.

The first American college class in fifty years to have read these books, to have had first-hand contact with the original sources of our civilization, are the members of the Class of '41 at St. John's College. Not only are they reading them; they are learning how to read. They are not memorizing snatches from them or learning their dates; they are being taught to bring to the reading they will do in later life the arts of language, the processes of analyzing and criticizing terms and propositions, arguments and contradictions. They are sharpening the instruments—the only instruments—with which men are able to distinguish ends and means, significant and trivial, general and particular, and straight and crooked.

This is the education that was given at the liberal arts colleges of the country a century or two ago. To-day it is given in no other liberal arts college in America but St. John's. A century ago the selected few went to college; to-day the unselected many. Is this the best education for the many, as it was for the few? The Messrs. Barr and Buchanan have undertaken to find that out, bringing with them the faith, without which democracy itself must be a fraud, that ordinary boys and girls can be educated—can learn something more than a trade—if the schools will only give them a chance.

And the St. John's boys are ordinary. Nearly all of them come from the farms and small towns of Maryland, and few of them would be admitted to Harvard or Chicago. At least half of them are working their way through school. If the members of the Class of '41 at St. John's are able to absorb the best education, if they turn out to be free men—in the historic sense of that word—then the excuse that the "masses" cannot cope with the best education will no longer serve as an excuse for handing out the worst. As to whether the Class of '41 will turn out to be free men, we shall have to wait ten or fifteen years. As to whether they are able to master the books, we shall see in a moment.

II

Two years ago St. John's was probably the worst example extant of the kind of educational philosophy that is gradually putting the American college on the rocks. This once proud institution, older than any college in America except Harvard and William and Mary, had fallen to low estate. It had a $350,000 debt in the form of an overdue mortgage on its own property. Faculty morale was nonexistent. Standards had been abandoned in a futile effort to attract students. There had been three presidents in seven years, the last of whom suggested making the school co-educational, doubtless with the notion that the proximity of the Naval Academy would serve as bait. Mr. H. L. Mencken, a big Maryland taxpayer, observed just before Barr and Buchanan took over that the most impressive thing about St. John's was that it received $67,000 a year from the State and that every student cost the taxpayers $249.

Hundreds of small colleges were—and are—as sorely straitened as St. John's was. Their decline, paralleled by the enrichment of the universities, may be traced, in part, to the spread of the elective system. Two generations ago the required curriculum gave way to an assortment of "offerings." The educator, who was once thought qualified to prescribe for ignorance as the physician does for disease, was reduced to the role of nurse, and the student became both patient and doctor, selecting whichever kind of pill looked easiest to swallow.

The universities rapidly abandoned the effort to do good teaching and became research institutions, offering the undergraduates, as a substitute for mental discipline, lavish accommodations for fun and frolic. The colleges, instead of picking up the teaching burden, made the fatal mistake of trying to compete with the universities at their own game. It is said of a small boy, but it might as well have been a college freshman, that he came home from a "progressive" school in Virginia and said, "Mama, I don't want to learn what I have to learn; I want to learn how to read and write."

With the exception of a few Copeys or Frosts—vestiges of the time when teaching was a great profession—the college and university faculties came to consist of specialists, mediocre or renowned. The colleges began to com-

plain that they could not do good teaching because the best men went into research. They ignored the fact that the best teachers, though they were somewhat older than Methuselah, were still available. Modern America is the first country since Athens which believes that Socrates actually died when he took the hemlock.

Most of the colleges survived by offering diplomas to children who could not meet the entrance or financial requirements of attending a big university. American parents continued to want their boys and girls to be Bachelors of Arts, even though the Arts had disappeared from education and the Bachelors never matured into intellectual Benedicts. The failure of charm-school education, designed to develop the "whole man" and leave his mind alone, has become so notorious that even business men, according to a recent poll in *Fortune*, have lost their faith in college graduates as prospective successes.

By 1936 St. John's had reached the bottom of its bag of tricks and was ready to close its doors, when one of its trustees heard about the great books. In its modern form the great books idea was John Erskine's, who taught them to a selected group of Columbia students from 1920 to 1930. Barr, a Virginia product, and Buchanan, an Amherst boy in the great days of Meiklejohn, had been at Oxford together as Rhodes scholars and eventually teamed up again at the University of Virginia. There they reworked and expanded Erskine's list and later Hutchins invited them to Chicago. They went on tinkering with the list, adding the classics of science, from Euclid to the present, to those of philosophy, history, politics, economics, and *belles lettres*. The present list numbers something like one hundred and twenty; it is changing all the time, mostly at the modern end. Joyce, for instance, has been added to the books that the present sophomore class at St. John's will study in their senior year, and *Moby Dick* and Mark Twain seem to be about to make the grade.

Early in 1937 Barr and Buchanan accepted the presidency and deanship of St. John's and Hutchins took a place on the Board. The board was reorganized six months later, with Hutchins as chairman and Surgeon General Thomas Parran as vice-chairman. How Barr happened to take the presidency instead of Buchanan is a mystery. Neither of them wanted to be an administrator; both wanted to teach. The likelihood is that they tossed a coin and Barr lost and took the job.

The fact is that Hutchins and Barr on the one hand and the St. John's trustees on the other were all skeptical—Hutchins and Barr at taking over so sick a baby as St. John's, the trustees at undertaking so "revolutionary" and "experimental" a program as the great books. The man who carried off both camps was Buchanan, the most excited and infectious book agent of modern times. How he did it and goes on doing it is another mystery. Superficially he's a phlegmatic type, slouching round in old clothes, staring vacantly at the stars or at nothing at all, sitting in the center of a circle of students and scratching his head and grinning. But Barr insists that St. John's is all

Buchanan's: "Scott repairs the plumbing, teaches the books, wipes the undergraduate nose, and keeps the faculty hopped up about their glorious mission while I'm out grubbing for money for the next payroll."

Barr's tribute to his team-mate is more than slightly exaggerated. Actually, the two men happen to be one of those happy combinations that are made, so to speak, in heaven. Barr is just as phrenetic as Buchanan is phlegmatic, just as precise as Buchanan is whimsical, just as striking as Buchanan is slouchy. The two of them are selfless, devoted to each other, and indifferent to worldly goods. Barr, though his heart was in the books, reluctantly accepted the role of front man, leaving Buchanan free to handle the curriculum. As an historian, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and orator of no ordinary parts, "Winkie" Barr has always been closer to the public than his philosopher associate, and the division of labor turned out to be a good one.

By the time the Great Books Twins set out for Annapolis in the fall of 1937 they knew what they wanted to teach and how they wanted it taught. But the situation called for "practical" men. Barr and Buchanan have been practical men ever since, though they both teach evening seminars to faculty and students. Finances—their budget is $210,000 and their income is $140,000—are still far from rosy, for donors are not as adventurous as educators. "The first year," says Barr, "I lost twenty pounds—two pounds before each payday. I've got the twenty pounds back. The difference now is that the faculty is with us. If we ran out of money to-morrow—and we might, we might—every man on the staff would go right on teaching."

III

The real miracle of St. John's is not the books or the students, but the teachers. When the faculty—an ordinary collection of specialists—were invited to go to school again, they learned that they would have to familiarize themselves with every field of knowledge, a few of them quit, a few more couldn't stand the gaff and had to be let out; but with the exception of a few bright young men from Columbia, Virginia, and Chicago, the St. John's staff that is teaching a liberal arts curriculum is the same that was frozen in departmental ruts three years ago.

Many of the critics of the St. John's program argue that, even if the curriculum is good, the teachers are not prepared, or not competent, to teach it. But Barr and Buchanan have demonstrated that ordinary teachers can be taught to teach a good curriculum to ordinary boys. And the reason is that the St. John's idea of a teacher is not Mark Hopkins on one end of a log but Socrates in the middle of a question. The teacher is merely an instrument, a mediator which the student uses. The student is the active party; he is a learner. The educability is within the student, the education in books and laboratories; and the teacher's job is to bring them together. One reason why college graduates look back on education as a grind is that the average pro-

fessor—whom the students study instead of ideas—is as stale as a stone after the first few years of doing his stuff. His stuff isn't good enough to galvanize the teacher himself or his students.

To-day at St. John's the teachers are excited. They are meeting old and eternally exciting ideas, and since they are meeting them for the first time those ideas are not only exciting but novel. To the degree that the teachers are stimulated, they stimulate their charges. Shakespeare is no longer memorized or covered a scene at a time; the world and wonder of Shakespeare are lived by men and boys to whom they have suddenly become as real as the current newspaper, and infinitely more readable. Books are read not once, but twice or three times, until their prose and poetry are drained, their arguments dissected, their themes and their situations lifted out of cold print into the life that modern people live and the problems they confront.

The St. John's books are no more in number than the textbooks that the ordinary college student reads. But instead of reading books about masters, or books about books about masters, the St. Johnnies, students and faculty alike, sit at the feet of the masters themselves. And why not? These books are the original masterpieces of the human tradition; why shouldn't we prefer them to imitations, just as we prefer a Rembrandt to a copy of a Rembrandt, a live singer to a phonograph recording, a story told first-hand, new goods to used? The timelessness of great art, great architecture, great music we recognize; we can enjoy them casually. But the beauty of human thinking has to be sought, the wisdom extracted. In Flexner's phrase, you have to tear the heart out of a book.

At St. John's they are learning their mathematics from the great mathematicians—Euclid, Apollonius, Descartes, Newton, Russell; their science from the original giants of science—Galen, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, Harvey, Kepler, Boyle, Dalton, Faraday, Darwin, Mendel, Maxwell, Pasteur; their literature from Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Cervantes, Balzac, Swift, Goethe, Molière, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Lewis Carroll; their philosophy from Plato, Aristotle, the Bible, Augustine, Aquinas, Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Spinoza, Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer; their history and social sciences from Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Justinian, Machiavelli, Grotius, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, Bentham, Gibbon, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Marx.

These men—and their peers—are the real faculty of St. John's College, the greatest college faculty ever assembled anywhere in the history of the world. Not only are they the best teachers; they work for nothing. All of them except Joyce, Freud, Russell, and a few others are mistakenly regarded as dead by most educational institutions, and so they are not invited to join the faculties of other colleges, and the students never meet them. Instead, though we know that minds are elevated only by greater minds, the American college boy is expected to have his intellect strengthened by teachers

whose intellects are no greater (and, not so rarely, smaller) than his own. His only contact with great minds outside of Shakespeare and one or two others is through the medium of textbooks written by ordinary (and, not so rarely, inferior) pedagogues. "Aren't you sorry"—Mr. Barr asks his interviewer—"for the students in all the other colleges who have nobody to teach them but oafs like me?"

You can get the great books list—the fact that they have had thousands of requests for it indicates that something is up in America—from St. John's. Most of us are civilized enough to recognize most of the authors by name at least. How many of them have we read? We have read O'Neill, who isn't on the list, but O'Neill would be the first to say that he is no match for Sophocles. We have read *Anthony Adverse*, but Hervey Allen would never compare it with *Don Quixote*. We have read Edna St. Vincent Millay, but not Dante, Hemingway but not Dostoievsky, Ogden Nash but not (since childhood) Lewis Carroll, Will Durant but not Plato, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* but not Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* but not his *Principles of Mathematics* or Freud's *Theory of Sex*, and we have seen Gilbert and Sullivan but not Aristophanes, *Abie's Irish Rose* but not Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Homer's description of the encampment before Troy in Book VIII of the *Iliad* makes a "ham" out of the modern war correspondent, and the orations of Pericles and Cicero grow greater compared with the greatest utterances in the United States Senate. "The Greeks," said someone, "could not broadcast the trilogy of Æschylus, but they could write it."

A college faculty every one of whose members teaches from the first year through the fourth, a faculty who start with Homer and teach Jefferson and Freud before they teach Homer again, have at least an even chance of keeping out of the rut and avoiding the stoop-shouldered banality that characterizes the teacher five or ten years in harness. In addition, the St. John's faculty has another reason for living and growing: it has undertaken to revise, improve, and embellish the present list of classics. St. John's does not claim to have chosen all the best books—though no educated man would quarrel with most of the selections. What it is trying to do is to find out which are the most readable and teachable books of all time and present its findings to American education.

Of course these are not all the books that a person ought to read. Of course the intelligent citizen should read the best of the current books and magazines and the news and views of the day. The point is that these are not enough; by themselves they may startle and bewilder, but they lack significance. What good does it do our elders to-day to have memorized the boundaries of Austria-Hungary instead of studying the nature of justice? Can we make the rich boy understand the poor boy simply by telling him how many people are starving? The students, says Alexander Meiklejohn, do not need

more information *to begin with;* "the essential difficulty," he adds, "is that they do not think about the information which they already have."

The great books, say Barr and Buchanan, are simply those that can most effectively induce thinking. Each of them should create in the reader a never-sated hunger for knowledge. Each of them should be the jumping-off place to a dozen or a hundred books that the citizen ought to read outside of school and college and until the end of life. These educators look upon college not as the end of good reading, but the beginning. Great books do not inform the student of the bargains at the stores; they do not contain this week's map of Greater Germany. But they argue—and they teach the student to argue back—the enduring principles and problems that underlie the actions of men and nations.

Some educators mistrust books as static and compare them unfavorably with something vague called "experience" or "observation" or "living." But, say the Great Books Boys, what else are the classics but the collective experience, observation, and living of the human race? If individual experience were the greatest teacher, war veterans would all hate war. If individual experience teaches, how can the average college boy learn anything about tyranny, love, infidelity, betrayal, sacrifice, or perseverance in the face of dishonor or death? Must he wait until Hitler is here before he learns to recognize a Hitler when he sees one? Human experience—not the experience of the individual, but the experience of the race—is full of Hitlers. We want to be able to recognize the arrows of outrageous fortune before they are lodged in our back.

Some of the books they read at St. John's are very old. Some were old when Chief Justice Marshall said (Ogden *v.* Saunders, 1827), "When we advert to the cause of reading generally pursued by American statesmen in early life, we must suppose that the framers of our Constitution were intimately acquainted with the writings of those wise and learned men, whose treatises on the laws of nature and nations have guided public opinion." Some of these books were old when Tom Paine read them, when Voltaire and Milton and Spinoza read them, when Newton and Galileo read them. But they are new because they deal, every one of them, with Twentieth-Century human nature; and Freud and Russell and Joyce, though they write in the Twentieth Century, deal with the same human nature, the nature of the Greeks, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and modern America.

The D.A.R. may be worried when it learns that the St. John's books include only four American works. But Barr and Buchanan point out that the one hundred and fifty years of the United States is a continuation of the three thousand years of Europe. "The world," says "Winkie" Barr, "did not begin last Tuesday." The American classics are the Constitution, the *Federalist Papers*, William James' *Principles of Psychology*, and Veblen's and Young's *Projective Geometry*. Has any patriot any additions to offer? They

will be courteously received and rigorously tested by the five rules formulated by St. John's for admission to the hall of intellectual fame. Here they are—try them on your latest best-seller:

1. A great book is one that has been read by the greatest number of persons—not from week to week, but from year to year and from age to age.

2. A great book has the largest number of possible interpretations—not ambiguities but significances—each interpretation possessing a clarity and force that will allow other interpretations to stand by its side without confusion.

3. A great book raises questions about the great themes in human thought—questions, for instance, concerning number and measurement, matter and form, ultimate substance, tragedy, and God, questions on whose constant cultivation hang the issues of orthodoxy, heresy, and freedom which are always with us.

4. A great book must be a work of fine art—it must have an immediate intelligibility and style which will excite and discipline the ordinary mind by its form alone.

5. A great book must be a masterpiece of the liberal arts, a work whose author was or is a master of thought and imagination, whose writing has been faithful to the ends of these arts.

Those are the entrance requirements, and when books so written are read chronologically they illuminate one another and simplify one another's understanding. Newton takes on new meaning from Euclid, Freud from Sophocles, Kant from Plato, Marx from Hegel, the American Constitution from Locke. The best commentary on a great book, Barr and Buchanan hold, is another great book. Current textbooks in special subject matters are the best examples of books that are detached from the intellectual tradition of the race and are doomed, therefore, to early death.

## IV

Scientists are sometimes contemptuous of books, but St. John's is the only liberal arts college in America that is genuinely respectful of science. Four years of laboratory science are compulsory for every student. "Not by books alone shall a St. Johnnie be saved," says President Barr. And he points to the college motto, with its succession of Latin puns—"*Facio Liberos ex Liberis Libris Libraque*," which means, in literal and awkward English, "I Make Free Men out of Children by Means of Books and Balances." "Balances"—laboratory work—occupy every St. Johnnie three hours a week, thirty-six weeks a year. Ernest L. Midgette, a rising star in engineering, abandoned his post at Johns Hopkins last year to teach St. Johnnies how their world was made—and how to make parts of it themselves.

St. John's recognizes that principles can be understood in other media than words, that men understand through their hands as well as their heads. Mr. Midgette—his title is merely that of tutor, the professors being Euclid,

Galileo, *et al.*—shudders every time he considers that the man who drives an automobile has the power of from ninety to one hundred and fifty horses under his feet without knowing how it got there or what it means. "Is it any wonder," he asks himself and you, "that some of our scientific marvels are as much a curse as a boon?"

In the laboratory—on its outside a lovely red brick, white-colonnaded building like the rest of St. John's, on its inside a cavernous old place with a striking absence of mystifying machinery—the St. Johnnie freshman, or "rat," begins by constructing a straight edge and a ruler with a piece of string and a stick of chalk. Then he goes on to the manufacture of scales and thermometers, to the reproductions of Archimedes' work on gravity, hydrostatics, and the lever. The freshmen stick to mathematics and measurement, carrying out their book study in the solids of Euclid, the conics of Apollonius. Geometry is the tool of all the sciences, and the St. Johnnie who came to college glorying in the possession of an "unmathematical mind" discovers that the principles of geometry are, not easy perhaps, but conquerable by hardy spirits.

On from the simplest fundamental experiments the young scientists move to the construction of the world system as Ptolemy knew it, adding, correcting, refining, as Copernicus, then Kepler, then Newton added, corrected, refined. In his second and third year laboratory the St. Johnnie performs the classical experiments of modern science, from Galileo's discoveries with the inclined plane to the living Millikan's measurement of forces on the electron. His last year—the third and fourth years are still in blueprint of course—he will combine scientific findings in order to investigate concrete problems of central importance. He will proceed from physics and chemistry to biology and the medical sciences, where the best combination of problems is found in the cell, in blood balances, in embryology.

Strange and wonderful things happen to these ordinary boys as they ply between "books and balances." As they discover in the seminar that the moral and political principles of Plato and Aristotle are as good to-day as the day they were written, so they discover at the work table that the mechanical principles of Galileo haven't changed. "You could construct a modern span bridge with nothing but Galileo," says Mr. Midgette. "His only error was his unawareness of the elasticity of some materials, and Hook discovered that within fifty years of Galileo's death." Professor Edward J. Kasner of Columbia—one of the twelve men who Einstein thinks understand him—was lecturing at St. John's and confessed that he had never been able to find the equation of a certain curve. A freshman arose and said, "Why, we had a theorem in Apollonius' *Conics* the other day that might solve it." And between them, Apollonius, Kasner, and the freshman, they found the equation.

The liberal arts are the arts of thinking. We think by means of symbols, and the chief symbols we use are words and numbers. An hour a day, five days a week, for four years, every St. Johnnie studies mathematics in a

small class called a tutorial, and another hour a day he studies language. The language tutorials are in Greek the first year, Latin the second, French the third, and German the fourth. Their purpose is not to make Greek or Latin scholars out of college boys who are going to speak English the rest of their lives, but to instruct them in the arts of language. The classics they read in English translation, but taking one's native language apart has psychological difficulties: it is so much a part of us that its internal problems are hard to get hold of. In a foreign language, says President Barr, "all the joints show." The structure of English is approached through the structure of the languages that went into its making. And, incidentally, when the young man reading his books is disturbed by—or dissatisfied with—a passage in translation he can refer to the original.

That is the curriculum, then, of the liberal arts and the great books: five hours a week each of language and mathematics; two two-hour seminars a week in which the masterpiece under discussion is torn apart and kicked round with the same thoroughness (and, let it be noted, the same enthusiasm) with which the same boys consider the charms of the local queens in dormitory bull sessions; a three-hour laboratory session each week; and one or two lectures a week on special topics in the liberal arts. The seminars are held in the late afternoon or the evening and continue informally until the college Coffee Shop closes at midnight.

Do the boys really like it? The answer is: which boys? Remember, the "new" program was installed two years ago, and the present junior and senior classes are still under the elective system. The old-program boys don't like it because they feel like an ailing and penniless old aunt in the house. They are, or act as if they are, contemptuous of the new-programmers, who don't seem to have much time for fun but seem to have a good time anyway. The first year of the Barr-Buchanan administration the entering freshmen were allowed to choose between the old program and the new. Two-thirds took the old. But something funny happened: six upper classmen, one of them a senior and all of them student leaders, sacrificed from one to three years of standing and began over again in the new program. Last year (and from now on) the new program was the only one offered the entering freshmen.

The subdued civil war—it sometimes breaks out in the blowing of the lights or minor vandalism—does not make life any easier for Dean Buchanan, nor, incidentally, for the faculty teaching in both programs and going to school itself. But two years on the barricades have hardened the administration and the teachers to toil and turmoil. With the graduation of the Class of '41 (the present sophomores, who are split between the old and new programs) St. John's will get under way full-steam as the kind of college it wants to be.

The new-program boys like it fine. At least they act as if they do and they say they do—and that after two years of an education designed to make them act and talk for themselves. Barr and Buchanan are amazed that they

like it as well as they do, for St. John's is run on the basis that an educator is a physician, and patients don't always like the doctor, even if he cures them. Intercollegiate athletics—consuming $17,000 out of a $210,000 budget—is being thrown out next fall, and the intramural program is being extended to afford participation to every boy in five sports, at least two of which he will be able to play through life. There were squawks at this from new-programmers, old-programmers, and alumni, but they could not meet the Barr-Buchanan argument that a bad football team was bringing St. John's neither money nor students nor glory. The five campus fraternities, which for years have enjoyed college-owned houses at a nominal rent, were given a chance to enforce social discipline, and when they failed they were told that next year their houses will be dormitories. St. John's is an educational institution, not a picnic ground.

Hard work? Yes, it is hard work, but it isn't dull. The backs of the classroom benches are completely carved up with initials, class numerals, and fraternity letters—mutely recalling the days when college was so dull and empty that the boys turned to whittling while their parents paid tuition for their education. There's no more whittling going on, and it isn't because there's a rule against it but because you've got to read and write and listen and think—or you'll bust out of school and the old man will make you go to work. In 1937 Dean Buchanan dropped 26 boys—despite the desperate need of tuition money—and put 51 more—approximately one-third the student body—on probation, with the remainder of the year to get off or get out. They got off.

Hard work? Of course it is. And why not? How old should a boy be before he learns to work? Why should an undergraduate, sixteen or eighteen years old, spend his time at football games, dances, and beer sessions, while a graduate student, a year or two older, spends his time at his studies? Hard work has stunted the growth of children, but it wasn't hard work with the mind. Chinning oneself is hard work, but boys do it anyway; at St. John's they're chinning the head along with the body. The St. Johnnie spends no more time in class than the average student, and not much more time at his books. But the time he spends is spent working hard. If he works, he has time for shows and dances and campus activities.

## V

John Dewey, the leading opponent of the Hutchins-Barr-Buchanan curriculum, admits that the great books and the liberal arts are the best education for those who are able to master it—an education, he admits further, for which the reformers have found no substitute. It may be too early to say that ordinary—very ordinary—boys have mastered it; perhaps they only think they have. But they are lapping it up and liking it, and they and their teachers are satisfied that it is not too hard for boys who are willing to exert themselves for an education.

We Americans are victims of the pernicious notion that good books are beyond the comprehension of the average mind. But millions of average minds have comprehended them in ages past, boys of fourteen and men of eighty. In one important sense they are easier than the books most of us read, because they are more intelligibly written. They are harder only in the sense that they are more meaningful, more compact; instead of demanding of the reader that he have two—or no—ideas per one hundred pages, they compel him to think about something at every page, or at every paragraph. The reader who opens Plato the way he opens E. Phillips Oppenheim is likely to find that Plato doesn't make sense.

Barr and Buchanan hold that the best education is best for any boy or girl, average or superior. To the charge that the St. John's program is "aristocratic"—a charge arising from the fact that it was popular in the days when only the children of the rich went to college—St. John's replies that this is indeed an aristocratic education, but for an aristocracy of brains and character, an aristocracy that anyone can join regardless of wealth or caste. In Plato's ideal state kings were going to be philosophers and philosophers were going to be kings. The world is not suffering just now from overproduction of idealism, and Barr and Buchanan are not ashamed of being idealists.

Whether an education that trains boys to think for themselves and transmits to them the wisdom of the race is useful depends on what we mean by useful. In so far as it teaches them to read, write, and reason it is not likely to keep them out of a job. But it is not designed to get them a job. Education so designed, says Barr, is not education but training. "The St. John's program," he goes on, "is concerned with preparing men for the business of living—concerned that they meet not only their bills, but other and subtler obligations which free men must meet." Every animal can be trained for a job; man alone can be educated in the use of reason and free will.

Are these powers worth cultivating? Not if we live to eat, not if man shall live by bread alone. But if he has higher hopes than these, if, unlike his closest anthropoid cousins, he is not satisfied with an infinity of bananas and female companionship, then he will cultivate the values that are truly and uniquely human. Reason and free will do not operate mechanically to make man better; if he uses them for evil, if he chooses vicious ends or lets his animal instincts distract him from the worthy ends he has chosen, then, through the exercise of his superior powers, he may be more effectively savage than the most savage brute. The tortures to which men, women, and children are being submitted in Europe and China to-day have never been used by the beasts.

The men who have restored the liberal arts to a small segment of American education are interested in producing liberal men. And by liberal men they mean men who are sufficiently liberated from animality to use their will and intelligence. They do not want to indoctrinate boys with the kind of sentimental "liberalism" that falls away under the pressures of life. They do

not want to produce "liberals" who hate bad men, but liberals who understand what makes men bad, how to protect themselves against them, and how to avoid becoming bad men themselves.

"The day's news suggests that the liberal democracies are paralyzed," says Stringfellow Barr. "If they are, it is because we Twentieth-Century liberals have missed the point of our own faith. We have slithered into the belief that liberty meant being left alone, and nothing else. We have come to assume that liberalism is the absence of authority, because we can no longer distinguish between authority and tyranny. We have forgotten that the mind that denies the authority of reason falls under the tyranny of caprice. We have forgotten that he who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rock. We have allowed totalitarian dictators to take out a copyright on words like 'authority' and 'discipline,' although their tyranny is a caricature of authority and their terrorism is a caricature of discipline."

American liberalism has erred, Barr suspects, through having asked too little. We have asked for what animals and small children want, but not what free men and women require. We have shouted for freedom of speech, a free press, and free assembly, while one by one these freedoms have disappeared in one modern state after another. We have asked ourselves fearfully whether we too would lose those freedoms. But we have not demanded, as our ancestors did, both for themselves and their children, a mind freed from ignorance, an awakened imagination, and a disciplined reason, without which we cannot effectually use our other freedoms or even preserve them.

There are five million college graduates in America. Most of them proclaim their faith in human liberty, and the most illiberal of them proclaim it the loudest. What kind of education did they have? Though few of them were ever likely to starve, they insisted on being educated for a job. Most jobs require little or no knowledge of the books that deal with the great problems of men and nations, and most college degrees require no more. Is it possible that so few of these five million are "men of principle" because they failed to find out what principles were in the course of their education?

There is no magic in books; no guarantee goes with them. Men have read hem and still turned out bad. But we want our children to learn how to hink; the men who wrote these books thought well. We want our children to think about important things; the men who wrote immortally did that. Books are only teachers, and, as such, are only means to an end. The end is men who think for themselves. If our liberal institutions survive another fifty or one hundred years, St. John's College hopes to have contributed liberally educated men to their support. Mr. Walter Lippmann, who is not given to hysteria, ventures that men will some day say that St. John's was the seedbed of the American Renaissance.

If the higher learning in America has failed to produce high and learned men, it is sometimes hard to see how those same men will ever reform Ameri-

can education. But we know that even in bad systems, as in bad states, good men arise to provide leadership. The elder Holmes once said in the early days of this country that the United States, by its very existence, threatened every government in Europe. So St. John's College, insignificant as it is in buildings, endowment, and prestige, by its very existence threatens every college and university in America.

## EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM

### (*1942*)

*Every June the colleges and universities of the United States turn hundreds of thousands of young men and women out into the world with a diploma certifying the completion of their education. This year's graduates enter a world at war.*

*Has the education these American youth have received fitted them for today's world? Has it prepared them for war and the winning of victory? Perhaps of greater importance, has their education fitted these graduates for freedom?*

*This is a problem that bears no date stamp. It was important last year, twenty-five years ago, and it will be of even greater importance tomorrow. Upon the answer to these questions and upon the effectiveness of education now and during the next years may depend the future of America. To discuss "Education for Freedom," the University of Chicago* ROUND TABLE *opened its microphone to three distinguished American educators*[1] *and its Roving Reporter.*

REPORTER: I roved yesterday into the Office of the War Production Board in Washington and asked an official what he thought about education for freedom. He said he wasn't thinking about education right now. He was thinking about winning the war. Can you high and learned men justify higher learning in wartime?

MR. HUTCHINS: I know that one university is training a thousand signal men for the Navy, a thousand radio men for the Navy, and twenty-five hundred students sent by the Office of Education to be trained for war management and war industrial production. We're training four hundred and fifty meteorologists. What does the high and learned official of the War Production Board want?

MR. BARR: I can add that I congratulate this "mysterious and unknown" university on doing excellent vocational training; but, if we're going to consider education for freedom, I'd like to question whether vocational training

[1] Stringfellow Barr, President, St. John's College; Scott Buchanan, Dean of the College, St. John's College; Robert M. Hutchins, President, University of Chicago.

bears on any of the so-called four freedoms, except freedom from want. And I'd further question whether vocational training guarantees a man a job as well as skill to meet the conditions of the job.

REPORTER: Let's get vocational training straight. What *is* vocational training?

MR. BUCHANAN: I suppose it is training in the manual skills. I should think that that was the basic idea. Of course, it's been done in many different ways. It's been done by the apprentice system, in which students work in the trade, in the factory, or in the workshop. But now it's become more and more institutionalized, and that's become one of the big problems in public education.

REPORTER: Has this boom in vocational training in the schools been going on for a long time?

MR. BUCHANAN: Yes. The thing is happening all the way along the line, but the high schools are where it shows the best—or worst—at present. They've gone in heavily for it, because people have to earn a living.

MR. BARR: And the war has increased it. There's pressure on high-school principals today to substitute welding for mathematics.

MR. HUTCHINS: We always have had poultry-raising, salesmanship, typewriting, and things of that sort in the high school, haven't we?

REPORTER: I have some statistics here from the American Vocational Association, which informs me that by the end of this month more than two and a half million men and women will have completed training in the public schools for war production jobs; and that the War Manpower Commission and the War Production Board want another two and a half million men and women trained in the year to come.

MR. BARR: Buchanan, you were saying that that's a good thing.

MR. BUCHANAN: Yes. I think there's a good deal to be said for it. I should say that one of our great problems in a liberal college at present is that more and more people haven't any manual skills to build any other skills on.

MR. HUTCHINS: Why is it a good thing? I don't see why this has to be done in the schools and colleges. I should think that the place where a man would learn a trade best would be in the trade.

MR. BUCHANAN: I believe that there is a trade-union story on that, but I imagine that there are other problems, too. That is, the home used to be the place where a great deal of this was learned.

MR. HUTCHINS: You're not insisting on institutionalized vocational training. What you're saying is that the war has presented us with an emergency in which the government has to train many men and women in the mechanics of industrial operations. I take it that we all approve of that. The only question is whether this should be extended on an institutional basis. And perhaps a second question is: Suppose we get all the vocational education that everybody wants. Is it enough?

REPORTER: Is it enough for what?

MR. BARR: Is it enough for freedom if a war is being fought and people are dying in the name of freedom?

REPORTER: What does vocational training for a job free a man from and for? It certainly enables him to get a job, doesn't it, which is pretty important.

MR. BARR: And, therefore, I repeat, it frees him, or *might* free him, from want, although not necessarily, as there might be no job.

MR. HUTCHINS: Yes. I think we have to bear that in mind. We've seen vocational education rise to great heights in this country. It rose to great heights, oddly enough, at the bottom of the depression, and it didn't do the graduates any good.

MR. BARR: Isn't an even more important point for us—if we admit that at the depth of a depression a man could have very good vocational training and still not find a job—to know whether, had he found the job, he would still have gotten the kind of education that would enable him to meet the obligations of citizenship as well as the obligations of a worker?

MR. BUCHANAN: There is another kind of freedom that I think vocational education almost destroys, and that is freedom from fear. There is a great fear that if a man has only a vocational education he will not be able to shift whenever there is a depression, a war, or anything of that sort. And that destroys a good deal of hope for any other kind of freedom, if a man has it.

REPORTER: It's obvious to all of us, I guess, that we need a lot of vocational training right now to win this war. But I observed in the *London Economist* recently that the education given the Poles by the Nazis is strictly vocational. That gives me some concern about this spread of vocational training in the schools.

MR. HUTCHINS: I think Barr and Buchanan have been making essentially the point that vocational training is the kind of education or the kind of training that a slave needs.

MR. BARR: I think it's worth remembering that in the slave society we had on American soil once slaves were vocationally trained. They had to be in order to do their labor properly.

REPORTER: But don't we have to face the fact that this is war and that we must produce and that we must fight? President Karl Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology says that no need in the country is so urgent as that for more and better technically trained men. No objective is more important than increased productive power. Doesn't he have something there?

MR. HUTCHINS: Mr. Compton certainly has something there. He has something very important there. Nobody here, certainly, is going to deny the importance of production in winning the war. But there are other things that are important, even in winning the war; and certainly after the war there is something very much more important than a technical skill.

MR. BARR: I accept your statement that to win a peace, as we're fond of putting it now, and to win a war we're going to need liberal education and not merely vocational training.

MR. HUTCHINS: I think we ought to stop Barr and make him tell us why we have to have liberal education to win the war.

MR. BARR: I think that it's interesting that the Army and Navy, in a somewhat blind fashion, because it's not their prime responsibility (it's the responsibility of the colleges), have been making it clear that they need, particularly for officer personnel, that quality that vocational training alone will not furnish, because this war will not be won merely by people turning out planes but by people thinking well enough to use the planes when they get them.

REPORTER: Just a minute! The Nazis have been given vocational training. They haven't been taught to think, and yet they seem to do a good job of fighting. Why do we have to be taught to think?

MR. BARR: Because we are trying to save more through this war than a Nazi wants to save. The Nazi is interested in winning the war and imposing his will; and we're interested in winning the war and finding justice for all men, which is a much more complicated problem to tackle.

MR. HUTCHINS: You mean you have to understand what justice is to win a war for that purpose?

MR. BARR: I do. Consequently, the goal the Nazi has set for himself is an easier one than that the Americans are going to have to set for themselves if they're going to prove worthy of the American tradition.

REPORTER: President Wood of Stevens College and Mr. Givens, the secretary of the National Education Association, have both told me that they think that vocational education—training for jobs and production—must be emphasized at this time.

MR. BUCHANAN: Do they mean it must be emphasized to the exclusion of the other? That would seem to me to be a very dangerous thing.

REPORTER: No, both of them were very insistent that when peace returns we won't need as many technically trained people as we do now; and that meanwhile we should give them as much of a general education as we can without interfering with training them for technical production.

MR. HUTCHINS: Would they take the view that this technical training was more important than liberal education?

REPORTER: They take the view, not that technical training is more important than liberal education, but that *at the moment* it is more important than liberal education.

MR. HUTCHINS: You're saying, then, that at the moment they take the view that, because of the war, liberal education is less important than vocational training?

REPORTER: Yes, but both of them are interested in what you call "liberal education," or what they call "general education."

MR. BARR: As a peacetime luxury?

REPORTER: No, both of them, and a great many of the other educators to whom I talked, insisted that the kids in college today should get as much general education as possible, providing it does not interfere with the training for production and fighting, which is the immediate job we have to do.

MR. BUCHANAN: Have they any clear idea what they mean by the general, liberal education?

REPORTER: I think in general that what they were referring to was education in culture, history, ideas, philosophy; and they were insistent, as were a great many other educators, that those were in ordinary times the more important things to teach.

MR. BUCHANAN: That is chiefly for officer material, isn't it?

REPORTER: They were not thinking of Army or non-Army people. They were thinking of war workers, both for the Army and for industry.

MR. BUCHANAN: I suspect, you see, that both the Navy and the Army are using their old formula here. They want officers and gentlemen; and that's all they see in a liberal college. I think they've got a genuine point there. That is, we ought to be able to answer a question that they can't. But, at the moment, I doubt very much whether they know what they're after in education.

REPORTER: Well, Hutchins, what is this liberal education that you three men seem to think is more important than vocational training?

MR. HUTCHINS: Liberal education is an education in reading, writing, and figuring. It enables the person who has it to understand and to judge, and to understand particularly the intellectual tradition in which he lives. It's an education that fits a man for freedom, in other words.

MR. BUCHANAN: Can you describe the utility of those things in contemporary life?

MR. HUTCHINS: In a sense, I suppose that liberal education is vocational education. Liberal education, as we've already mentioned, is probably the best vocational education for an officer in the armed forces. It develops his habits of clear and incisive thinking, which the armed forces require.

In another sense (and in a much broader sense), liberal education *is* vocational education. Liberal education fits every man for his calling as a man; and it particularly fits the free citizen for his calling as a free citizen.

MR. BARR: Isn't Hutchins saying that citizenship is an extremely high vocation—higher than any of the vocations ordinarily taught in vocational schools?

REPORTER: I think that many people would like to know—as would Professor Kilpatrick of Columbia and President Warren of Sarah Lawrence —whether the liberal education you're talking about can be got out of books alone.

MR. BUCHANAN: There's one danger in that that I think we ought to point out. You can get technical education out of books—up to a certain

point. That is, vocational people could study books and it would be all right. The danger when academics get after books is that they long for culture; they become "culture hounds." And there's a lot of that going on in our liberal colleges at present.

MR. HUTCHINS: You mean they use their books as decorations for dinner-table conversation?

MR. BUCHANAN: Yes. That's typical, I take it, in the armed forces in peacetime and wartime—to play off your culture in that way.

REPORTER: But aren't you in favor of books?

MR. BUCHANAN: I certainly am, but I think that there's a great danger in using them that way unless we know what we're doing more than a good many colleges do at present.

REPORTER: What is this liberal education that teaches a man to think? What good is it in wartime, when we've got to fight first and then think?

MR. HUTCHINS: Are you actually insinuating that in order to fight you don't need to think?

REPORTER: Well, all I can do is repeat what I have discovered by roving among the Nazis and that is that they don't think, and they fight well.

MR. HUTCHINS: Well, I certainly should hate to have any high officer in the Nazi forces hear you make that remark. The intellectual level of military leaders throughout the world (if they have been successful) usually has been very high indeed.

MR. BUCHANAN: I believe that they are all taught geopolitics, aren't they?

REPORTER: I thought we in America understood that the Nazis are not given what we would call a liberal education. Are they?

MR. BARR: I don't want to be repetitious, but I repeat that it seems to me indisputable that we are aiming at a higher goal than are the Nazis. They have set a fairly low goal, as a matter of fact, if you consider the goals that the human race has had before it in various periods. And their goal doesn't require as complicated a kind of understanding as our goal requires. Consequently, vocational education alone will enable them to achieve their objectives. It will not enable us to achieve ours.

MR. BUCHANAN: Let me see if I can get a little closer to this. It seems to me that we must train people who can make decisions. That seems to me the essence of what you mean by a free man. And it's a most difficult thing to do. And that's where the liberal college comes in, in almost the highest technical and vocational sense you can imagine, just at the moment, in winning the war.

As far as politics is concerned, the whole business of deliberation and legislation and judiciary action—all that kind of thing—depends upon it very much. In fact, our whole system of representative government depends upon it.

REPORTER: There are a lot of programs which have been inaugurated by the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Air Corps that are called "V" programs, which permit students to complete their college work before going into the armed services. Are those students continuing their liberal education so that they will be liberally educated men?

MR. HUTCHINS: Yes, for the most part they are being permitted to continue their college education; and that is about all that is required of them. Some of the Navy programs insist on mathematics, but the plan for the Army enlisted reserve corps insists on nothing at all except residence in an ordinary college of liberal arts and eventual graduation from it. But we should want to make a distinction, I think. We should not want to say that because men were in liberal arts colleges today they were getting a liberal education. It may be that the Army and the Navy have some subconscious notion that that is what is going on, but the kind of liberal education that we have been talking about is not offered in the majority of the colleges of the United States.

MR. BARR: Would you say that if that kind were offered the Army and Navy would not now be complaining (as they are complaining) that the material they get from the colleges doesn't make good officers?

MR. HUTCHINS: I certainly should. The Army and the Navy have consistently represented to the colleges that the fundamental training in the liberal arts is so deficient that they cannot expect to derive from the colleges the kind of officer material they want.

MR. BUCHANAN: That is particularly true in regard to mathematics, isn't it?

MR. HUTCHINS: Particularly in mathematics.

MR. BARR: I would regret the implication in this conversation that the requirements for an officer are so much higher than the requirements for a citizen of a free republic that we'd better get busy and give some good education so we can win the war. I'm sure you would agree with me that we ought to see in the war a revealing catastrophe. Here we have a lot of people coming out of so-called colleges of liberal arts whose minds are not well enough disciplined either to make good officers or to make good voters.

MR. HUTCHINS: I certainly agree.

MR. BUCHANAN: You can see this even more clearly if you look at the accelerated programs themselves.

MR. HUTCHINS: What is an accelerated program?

MR. BUCHANAN: It's a speed-up program—when you eliminate vacations during a year.

MR. HUTCHINS: You mean the colleges are now taking vacations out of their programs and teaching their regular courses of study in the vacation period?

MR. BUCHANAN: Yes. Most colleges are going right on now. They are going to put on the whole four-year course in about two and a half years, supposedly. They are leaving out a lot more than just time when they do

this, though. They are leaving out the ordinary leisurely pursuits that help students to mature and to digest and assimilate what they've been learning during a term. Also, the tendency is to crowd in courses that will look more important at present, so they put in "war aims" courses and things of that sort. And it begins to look as if there were nothing in the old program that couldn't be sort of put aside. We'll be almost back to the Student Army Training Corps scheme in the end.

MR. HUTCHINS: I understand that one college has instituted courses in blackout driving, sewing and knitting, under the heading of war courses. And I heard the other day of a college in Kentucky that had introduced a course in wild-turkey hunting.

REPORTER: What would you have the colleges do if they've got to speed up their programs so that their students can complete their courses before they are called into the Army?

MR. BARR: I think Buchanan has already suggested what seems to me to be the only logical answer that the American college can accept, and that is, that by taking out the "turkeys" and the rest of the stuffing, they could very easily do a sound job of training people to think well and to write English that other people could understand; to use theoretical mathematics, because theoretical mathematics is needed in practical situations like Pearl Harbor; and, finally, to get students through school at the age of twenty, because there's no excuse for needing more time than that if the padding is removed. There is abundant time that is now being consumed on trivialities.

MR. HUTCHINS: I understand that Father Gannon, the president of Fordham, has suggested that there is so much water in the curriculum from the ages of six to twenty-two, that if we really went at this problem we could cut the program down so that a student might complete a liberal education by the age of eighteen; and Father Gannon suggests that the Bachelor of Arts degree might be awarded at that point.

REPORTER: The way you gentlemen run down your own profession helps me to understand why there is such a strong undercurrent of dissatisfaction in the country, as manifested by people I talked with and by letters to the newspapers these days, with the deferment of college men.

Several people have told me that the statements that Senators Hill and McNary made the other day in the Senate outraged them. The senators did not think that the lowering of the draft age would be a good thing because it might interfere with college education. A great many people whose children cannot afford to go to college pointed out that they thought that that was unfair.

MR. BUCHANAN: Hutchins, you've got some facts about the economics of this accelerated program that we ought to hear.

MR. HUTCHINS: Well, the economics of the college speed-up comes down to about this: That only 4 per cent of the American people graduate from college.

Countless studies show that there is a direct relationship between the income of the student's parents and the educational stage that he reaches. For example, in Milwaukee every student graduating from high school whose father was making more than eight thousand dollars a year was in college. When you got to the other end of the scale, only a fifth of those whose fathers were earning less than five hundred dollars a year were in college.

REPORTER: I wonder if we aren't more or less talking in a vacuum here, since, according to the National Education Association, only 4 per cent of the young people of college age in this country go to college. If you're going to have to give people a liberal education, so that they'll be voters as well as fighters, you've got 96 per cent of the people in this country to be accounted for.

MR. HUTCHINS: You're absolutely right.

MR. BUCHANAN: The idea is, of course, that if the water is squeezed out of the present programs you can extend the whole thing and give everybody a liberal education.

REPORTER: Yes, but wouldn't it cost a fortune to put that 96 per cent into college?

MR. BUCHANAN: It certainly would; but that is exactly the price we've got to pay if we're going to get out of the tailspin we're in.

MR. BARR: I think that there is one implication in your question that I object to. You seem to me to be saying that unless we can, while fighting the Japanese and the Germans, immediately institute universal education at the liberal arts level—the college undergraduate level—then there is no use doing anything.

It seems obvious to me that if we set ourselves the job of facing that responsibility as speedily as possible we would then know who we are and what sort of men we intend to be. One of the results would be the by-product we call "morale"; but the morale would not be something pumped up by publicity men. It would be because Americans had finally recognized implications of the American Revolution as applied in 1942.

MR. HUTCHINS: What do you think would be the effect of such an action on our enemies?

MR. BARR: I think that the enemies would be very unhappy, because our enemies are actually (as many people have pointed out in the press) conducting a counterrevolution against the principles of the American Revolution. And we ought again to assert the principles of the American Revolution.

MR. HUTCHINS: It seems to me that you are advancing a very revolutionary doctrine.

MR. BUCHANAN: Just like Thomas Jefferson a hundred years ago.

REPORTER: Yes, but wait a minute. Mr. Hutchins runs an exclusive university where a child has to have three hundred dollars a year for tuition

alone and another six or seven hundred dollars a year for football tickets and the rest of the amenities that go with college life.

MR. HUTCHINS: Where did you say the football tickets were being sold?

REPORTER: They *used* to be sold at Chicago. Well, now the football tickets are given away there, to paper the walls with, perhaps; but it costs a lot of money to go to your university, Hutchins. I take it that all three of you men are saying that every child in the country ought to go to college.

MR. HUTCHINS: That is what is revolutionary about the doctrine. We are saying that this is the education that every free citizen of every free community must have if we want to be free. If we want our community to be free, then all our citizens who can must have it.

REPORTER: That's very fine talk, but where are the poor going to get the money to send their children to college?

MR. HUTCHINS: The poor will have to get it from the federal government or from other agencies that are prepared to subsidize them.

MR. BARR: Wasn't this whole argument fought through decades ago, when it was a question of whether this country could afford to give high-school education?

MR. HUTCHINS: It certainly was.

REPORTER: Just a minute! Are the 96 per cent who do not now go to college capable of getting this liberal education? Are they able to understand these big ideas?

MR. HUTCHINS: Let's get the figures straight. Only 4 per cent *graduate*—many more than that go to college.

MR. BARR: The one statement that the American people have unconsciously accepted from the Nazis is that "everybody present except myself is a dope." When they talk about the American public they talk about them as if they were incapable of thinking. I see no signs that they are correct.

MR. BUCHANAN: The doctrine of equality is based on another assumption, which, I believe, is back of the great need we have here, and that is that all people have intellects that can be trained.

MR. HUTCHINS: If they haven't intellects that can be trained they are not human, and we don't admit that any Americans are not human.

REPORTER: Well, do you gentlemen recommend that this country, which is putting all the effort it's got into this war and all the money it's got into this war, should embark on so colossal a program as universal college education?

MR. BARR: I do, for my part, but I should like to add that the country would be foolish if it insisted on *reaching* that goal by Thursday.

MR. HUTCHINS: We're agreed that education in this country has been largely devoted to an effort to teach people how to earn a living. Now it seems likely to be diverted to teaching people the mechanics of industrial

production and the mechanics of military operations. We hold that such training is necessary. But it is training which must be added to or superimposed upon that basic liberal education which fits men for freedom. This liberal education is training in reading, writing, figuring, understanding, and judging. It is the education which the free citizen of a free community must have in war as in peace. The result of the war, and the nature of the world which comes out of it, may depend on our ability to reconstruct education so that every man everywhere has a chance to learn to be free.

## YOUR UNITED STATES

*Gertrude Stein (1937)*

AND THEN we took a plane again to Chicago. By that time it was winter.

We saw it was winter from the windows of the Drake Hotel. I had not seen winter for many years and Alice Toklas had never seen it. We liked it.

So we went on spending our two weeks in Chicago, the Hutchins asking us to dinner, Bobsy and Barney Goodspeed were to be there and Thornton Wilder.

We went to dinner it was a good dinner. We were at dinner but Hutchins the president of Chicago University was not there later he came in with Mortimer Adler.

Hutchins was tired and we all sat down again together and then he began talking about what he had been doing. He and Adler were having special classes and in them they were talking over all the ideas that had been important in the world's history. Every week they took a new idea and the man who had written it and the class read it and then they had a conversation about it.

What are the ideas that are important I asked him. Here said he is the list of them I took the list and looked it over. Ah I said I notice that none of the books read at any time by them were originally written in English, was that intentional I asked him. No he said but in English there have really been no ideas expressed. Then I gather that to you there are no ideas which are not sociological or governmental ideas. Well are there he said, well yes I said. Government is the least interesting thing in human life, creation and the expression of that creation is a damn sight more interesting, yes I know and I began to get excited yes I know, naturally you are teachers and teaching is your occupation and naturally what you call ideas are easy to teach and so you are convinced that they are the only ideas but the real ideas are not the relation of human beings as groups but a human being to himself inside him and that is an idea that is more interesting than humanity in groups, after all the minute that there are a lot of them they do not do it for themselves but somebody does it for them and that is a darn sight

less interesting. Then Adler began and I have forgotten what the detail of it was but we were saying violent things to each other and I was telling him that anybody could tell by looking that he was a man who would be singularly unsusceptible to ideas that are created within oneself that he would take to either inside or outside regulation but not to creation, and Hutchins was saying well if you can improve upon what we are doing I challenge you to do it take our class next week and I said of course I will and then Adler said something and I was standing next to him and violently telling him and everybody was excited and the maid came and said Madame the police. Adler went a little white and we all stopped and then burst out laughing. Fanny Butcher had arranged that Alice Toklas and I should go off that evening in the homicidal squad car and they had come and there they were waiting. Well we all said good-night and we went off with the policemen.

We drove around, we had just missed one homicide it was the only one that happened that evening and it had not been interesting it had been a family affair and everybody could understand everything. The sergeant said he was afraid not much would happen, it was raining and when it rained nobody moved around and if nobody moved around there could not be any homicide unless it was a family affair as this one had been and that was not interesting some day he said when it was a really nice night I will let you know and then you will see something but we did like that night when nothing was happening and we did not stay long enough in Chicago to have a nice night.

So we stayed our two weeks in Chicago and Mrs. Goodspeed took us to the opera and to concerts, one of them was Lohengrin and the other was Salome.

And then the Hutchins asked us to come and nobody was to know anything not even Thornton or Mrs. Goodspeed and we went to dinner and then I went to take over their class with them.

So we all sat around a long table and Hutchins and Adler and I presiding, at least we were not to be but there we were as if we were, well anyway I began talking.

I began to talk and they not Hutchins and Adler but the others began to talk and pretty soon we were all talking about epic poetry and what it was it was exciting we found out a good deal some of it I used in one of the four lectures I wrote for the course I came back to give them but it was all that after all in epic poetry you can have an epic because the death of the man meant the end of everything and now nothing is ending by the death of any one because something is already happening. Well we all came out and they liked it and I liked it and Hutchins said to me as he and I were walking, you did make them all talk more than we can make them and a number of them talked who never talked before and it was very nice of him to say it and he added and if you will come back I will be glad to

have you do some teaching and I said I would and he said he would let me know and then I said you see why they talk to me is that I am like them I do not know the answer, you you say you do not know but you do know if you did not know the answer you could not spend your life in teaching but I I really do not know, I really do not, I do not even know whether there is a question let alone having an answer for a question. To me when a thing is really interesting it is when there is no question and no answer, if there is then already the subject is not interesting and it is so, that is the reason that anything for which there is a solution is not interesting, that is the trouble with governments and Utopias and teaching, the things not that can be learnt but that can be taught are not interesting. Well anyway we went away.

It was winter and it went on being winter and we went away to places where we had never been, we went to Wisconsin and Ohio and Indiana and Minnesota and Michigan. We went to Minneapolis. It was still winter but not as winter as it had been in Wisconsin.

It was at this time that my real interest in reporters began. Reporters are mostly young college men who are interested in writing and naturally I was interested in talking with them. Once it may have been in Cleveland or Indianapolis I was talking there were two or three of them and a photographer with them and I said you know it is funny but the photographer is the one of the lot of you who looks as if he were intelligent and was listening now why is that, you do I said to the photographer you do understand what I am talking about dont you. Of course I do he said you see I can listen to what you say because I dont have to remember what you are saying, they cant listen because they have got to remember.

I liked the photographers, there is one who came in and said he was sent to do a lay out of me. A lay out, I said yes he said what is that I said oh he said it is four or five pictures of you doing anything. Alright I said what do you want me to do. Why he said there is your airplane bag suppose you unpack it, Oh I said Miss Toklas always does that oh no I could not do that, well he said there is the telephone suppose you telephone well I said yes but I never do Miss Toklas always does that, well he said what can you do, well I said I can take my hat on and take my hat off and I can put my coat on and I can take it off and I like water I can drink a glass of water alright he said do that so I did that and he photographed while I did that and the next morning there was the lay out and I had done it.

So we went on lecturing at colleges and even in schools in New England. I lectured in mens colleges and in womens colleges, the mens I liked best was Wesleyan, and after the lecture I liked talking to the Wesleyan men. We talked about and that has always been a puzzle to me why American men think that success is everything when they know that eighty per cent of them are not going to succeed more than to just keep going and why

if they are not why they do not keep on being interested in the things that interested them when they were college men and why American men different from English American men do not get more interesting as they get older. We talked about that a lot at Wesleyan. Then I liked Mount Holyoke, I liked that the best of the womens colleges in New England, we talked there mostly about the theatre and as they were really interested it was interesting. Afterwards it seemed rather strange to me that the two colleges which were really made to make missionaries were more interesting than those that had been made to make culture and the other professions. It made me wonder a lot about what it is to be American.

I went to the Choate school and they were charming to me. The boys from twelve to sixteen listened really listened to everything I had to say and I talked to them about whether one's contemporaries were really contemporary. And then later the next morning we had a talk about that. I had been much struck by the Choate school literary magazine which did have extraordinary good writing in it, and now the Utica High School has sent me a Gertrude Stein number and again it is striking how well they are writing. It is a bother.

Once long ago René Crevel and I talked about education. I said that french boys believed in the teaching of their teachers. American boys did not. Later on I talked with François d'Aiguy about this. He said french boys who went to the lycées which are controlled by the government did believe in what the teachers believed, and therefore they never did revolt, but boys who went to what in France they call a boîte, a box that is to the religious schools, the catholic schools, they did not have to believe what the teachers believe, they could and did believe in Catholicism but they did not have to believe what the teacher believed and so they did have some intellectual freedom. I said to the Choate teachers I wonder if the boys can ever come to be themselves because you are all so reasonable and so sweet to them that inevitably they are convinced too soon. Is not that the trouble with American education that if they are to be convinced at all they are convinced too soon is it not the trouble with any republican education. Other than republican education does not convince them so most of them do not have any conviction and the few who have are not convinced too soon.

## THE MIDWIFERY OF IDEAS

*Morris Bishop* (*1934*)

THERE WAS a great deal of nudging in the back row, among the boys of the best fraternities.

"Professor!" said Ted Titus. "Professor, don't you think the unemployment situation is terrible?"

"Why do you bring up the unemployment situation, Mr. Titus?"

"Well, I just got to worrying about it, and I thought maybe you could give us a clue, sort of, to the unemployment situation."

"Let me rather ask you. And let me venture to employ the maieutic method of Socrates. What is the maieutic method, Mr. Titus?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Socrates, you know, called himself a midwife of ideas. What is a midwife, Mr. Titus?"

"A midwife is a kind of woman who lives with a man without being married to him exactly."

Mutual poking and loud delight in the back row.

"No, no, no! A midwife is a primitive obstetrician, and Socrates said, 'I look after men's souls when they are in labor, and not after their bodies.' Now let me ask you, is work a good thing or a bad thing?"

"A good thing, I guess."

"A good thing in itself, or just a good thing from the point of view of social convenience?"

"Why, it's a good thing in itself. It's a good thing for everybody, I mean."

"Aren't you a Presbyterian, Mr. Titus?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then according to your theology, work is man's curse and punishment. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.' Do you agree with the Bible, Mr. Titus?"

"Why, yes, I guess so."

"Do you accept the ideology of Soviet Russia, Mr. Titus?"

"The ideology of Soviet Russia, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Why, no, I don't accept the ideology of Soviet Russia."

"Do you agree with the Soviet maxim: 'If a man shall not work, neither shall he eat'?"

"Well, that sounds all right."

"You don't approve of the loafer, the slacker, who chooses idleness in preference to work?"

"Certainly not."

"Ah. Then evidently you regard work as a blessing rather than a curse. You accept work as the entrance requirement for good standing in the world's economy. You are rather a Communist than a Presbyterian?"

"Well, no, I'm certainly not a Communist."

"Now take the case of an industrialist who, like you, regards work as a blessing and a duty—a laborer, a carpenter, an architect. He can find no one to give him work. Should he eat?"

"Why, of course he ought to eat."

"Then the right to eat seems to be independent of the necessity of working. Who will supply his food?"

"I suppose the people who are already working."

"Why don't they stop working and let the idle have their share of the blessing of work?"

"I don't know."

"Suppose the unemployed laborers, carpenters, and architects get together and build houses for nothing, because they feel it is wrong to be idle. Their houses will rent for no more than the interest on the cost of the materials. These houses will break down all rentals, and probably ruin the mortgage-holders, the banks, and the insurance companies. Should this be permitted?"

"Certainly not."

"The unemployed should not be allowed to work in this way?"

"Well, not in that way, no."

"Then work is a menace. Work is a threat to our financial structure. Work is unsocial."

"Well, this is an abnormal situation."

"What makes you think so?"

"My father says so."

"All right. I merely wanted you to think about these matters. And I wanted you to realize that our economic changes are much deeper than economic. They are forcing us to a whole new valuation of the virtues and vices of the world. We must reexamine our familiar dualities, virtue-toil, vice-idleness. Only in this way can we create a workable bourgeois ideology. And I hope I am fulfilling my role as midwife of your ideas."

The professor beamed. He loved to implant sly and troublesome thoughts in these fertile young minds.

The bell rang.

"Dear me! Dear me! I'm afraid we won't have time for that ten-minute quiz. Dear me! I wanted—well, no matter. We will have it next time."

The boys of the best fraternities in the back row scuffled, giggled, and poked. They filed toward the class-room door, Ted Titus in the lead.

"You sure are some swell midwife, Ted!" said Johnny Goodwin. He gave Ted a swift clip at the back of his right knee, so that he would trip and fall, with luck, through the glass door.

## I GO TO COLLEGE

*From* The Autobiography of *Lincoln Steffens* (*1931*)

### I

GOING TO college is, to a boy, an adventure into a new world, and a very strange and complete world too. Part of his preparation for it is the stories he hears from those that have gone before; these feed his imagination, which

cannot help trying to picture the college life. And the stories and the life are pretty much the same for any college. The University of California was a young, comparatively small institution when I was entered there in 1885 as a freshman. Berkeley, the beautiful, was not the developed villa community it is now; I used to shoot quail in the brush under the oaks along the edges of the college grounds. The quail and the brush are gone now, but the oaks are there and the same prospect down the hill over San Francisco Bay out through the Golden Gate between the low hills of the city and the high hills of Marin County. My class numbered about one hundred boys and girls, mostly boys, who came from all parts of the State and represented all sorts of people and occupations. There was, however, a significant uniformity of opinion and spirit among us, as there was, and still is, in other, older colleges. The American is molded to type early. And so are our college ways. We found already formed at Berkeley the typical undergraduate customs, rights, and privileged vices which we had to respect ourselves and defend against the faculty, regents, and the State government.

One evening, before I had matriculated, I was taken out by some upper classmen to teach the president a lesson. He had been the head of a private preparatory school and was trying to govern the private lives and the public morals of university "men" as he had those of his schoolboys. Fetching a long ladder, the upper classmen thrust it through a front window of Prexy's house and, to the chant of obscene songs, swung it back and forth, up and down, round and round, till everything breakable within sounded broken and the drunken indignation outside was satisfied or tired.

This turned out to be one of the last battles in the war for liberty against that president. He was allowed to resign soon thereafter and I noticed that not only the students but many of the faculty and regents rejoiced in his downfall and turned with us to face and fight the new president when, after a lot of politics, he was appointed and presented. We learned somehow a good deal about the considerations that governed our college government. They were not only academic. The government of a university was—like the State government and horse-racing and so many other things—not what I had been led to expect. And a college education wasn't, either, nor the student mind.

Years later, when I was a magazine editor, I proposed a series of articles to raise and answer the question: Is there any intellectual life in our colleges? My idea sprang from my remembered disappointment at what I found at Berkeley and some experiences I was having at the time with the faculties and undergraduates of the other colleges in the east. Berkeley, in my day, was an Athens compared with New Haven, for example, when I came to know Yale undergraduates.

My expectations of college life were raised too high by Nixon's Saturday nights. I thought, and he assumed, that at Berkeley I would be breathing in an atmosphere of thought, discussion, and some scholarship; working, read-

ing, and studying for the answers to questions which would be threshed out in debate and conversation. There was nothing of the sort. I was primed with questions. My English friends never could agree on the answers to any of the many and various questions they disputed. They did not care; they enjoyed their talks and did not expect to settle anything. I was more earnest. I was not content to leave things all up in the air. Some of those questions were very present and personal to me, as some of those Englishmen meant them to be. William Owen was trying to convert me to the anarchistic communism in which he believed with all his sincere and beautiful being. I was considering his arguments. Another earnest man, who presented the case for the Roman Catholic Church, sent old Father Burchard and other Jesuits after me. Every conversation at Mr. Nixon's pointed some question, academic or scientific, and pointed them so sharp that they drove me to college with an intense desire to know. And as for communism or the Catholic Church, I was so torn that I could not answer myself. The Jesuits dropped me and so did Owen, in disgust, when I said I was going to wait for my answer till I had heard what the professors had to say and had learned what my university had to teach me upon the questions underlying the questions Oxford and Cambridge and Rome quarreled over and could not agree on. Berkeley would know.

There were no moot questions in Berkeley. There was work to do, knowledge and training to get, but not to answer questions. I found myself engaged, as my classmates were, in choosing courses. The choice was limited and, within the limits, had to be determined by the degree we were candidates for. My questions were philosophical, but I could not take philosophy, which fascinated me, till I had gone through a lot of higher mathematics which did not interest me at all. If I had been allowed to take philosophy, and so discovered the need and the relation of mathematics, I would have got the philosophy and I might have got the mathematics which I miss now more than I do the Hegelian metaphysics taught at Berkeley. Or, if the professor who put me off had taken the pains to show me the bearing of mathematical thought on theoretical logic, I would have undertaken the preparation intelligently. But no one ever developed for me the relation of any of my required subjects to those that attracted me; no one brought out for me the relation of anything I was studying to anything else, except, of course, to that wretched degree. Knowledge was absolute, not relative, and it was stored in compartments, categorical and independent. The relation of knowledge to life, even to student life, was ignored, and as for questions, the professors asked them, not the students; and the students, not the teachers, answered them—in examinations.

The unknown is the province of the student; it is the field for his life's adventure, and it is a wide field full of beckonings. Curiosity about it would drive a boy as well as a child to work through the known to get at the unknown. But it was not assumed that we had any curiosity or the potential

love of skill, scholarship, and achievement or research. And so far as I can remember now, the professors' attitude was right for most of the students who had no intellectual curiosity. They wanted to be told not only what they had to learn, but what they had to want to learn—for the purpose of passing. That came out in the considerations which decided the choice among optional courses. Students selected subjects or teachers for a balance of easy and hard, to fit into their time and yet "get through." I was the only rebel of my kind, I think. The nearest to me in sympathy were the fellows who knew what they wanted to be: engineers, chemists, professional men, or statesmen. They grunted at some of the work required of them, studies that seemed useless to their future careers. They did not understand me very well, nor I them, because I preferred those very subjects which they called useless, highbrow, cultural. I did not tell them so; I did not realize it myself definitely; but I think now that I had had as a boy an exhausting experience of *being* something great. I did not want now to be but rather to know things.

And what I wanted to know was buried deep under all this "college stuff" which was called "shop." It had nothing to do with what really interested us in common. Having chosen our work and begun to do it as a duty, we turned to the socially important question: which fraternity to join. The upper classmen tried to force our answers. They laid aside their superiority to "rush" those of us whose antecedents were known and creditable. It was all snobbish, secret, and exclusive. I joined a fraternity out of curiosity: What were the secrets and the mystic rites? I went blindfold through the silly initiation to find that there were no secrets and no mysteries, only pretensions and bunk, which so disgusted me that I would not live at the clubhouse, preferring for a year the open doors of a boarding-house. The next great university question was as to athletics. My ex-athletes from Oxford and Cambridge, with their lung and other troubles, warned me; but it was a mistake that saved me. I went with the other freshmen to the campus to be tried out for football, baseball, running, jumping, etc. Caught by the college and class spirit, I hoped to give promise of some excellence. Baseball was impossible for me; I had been riding horses when the other boys were preparing for college on the diamond. I had learned to run at the military academy and in the first freshmen tests I did one hundred yards enough under eleven seconds to be turned over to an athletic upper classman for instruction. Pointing up to Grizzly Peak, a high hill back of the college, he said: "All you need is wind and muscle. Climb that mountain every day for a year; then come back and we'll see."

I did not climb Grizzly Peak every day, but I went up so often that I was soon able to run up and back without a halt. At the end of the year I ran around the cinder track so long that my student instructor wearied of watching me, but, of course, I could not do a hundred yards much under twelve seconds. Muscle and wind I had, but all my physical reactions were

so slow that I was of no social use in college athletics. I was out of the crowd as I had been as a boy.

I shone only in the military department. The commandant, a U.S. Army officer, seeing that I had had previous training, told me off to drill the awkward squad of my class, and when I had made of them the best-drilled company in college, he gave me the next freshman class to drill. In the following years I was always drillmaster of the freshmen and finally commanded the whole cadet corps. Thus I led my class in the most unpopular and meaningless of undergraduate activities. I despised it myself, prizing it only for the chances it gave me to swank and, once a week, to lord it over my fellow students, who nicknamed me the "D.S."—damn stinker.

My nickname was won, not only as a disciplinarian, however; I rarely punished any one; I never abused my command. I could persuade the freshmen to drill by arguing that, since it was compulsory, they could have more fun doing it well than badly; and that it was the one exercise in which they could beat and shame the upper classmen whose carelessness was as affected as their superiority. That is to say, I engaged their enthusiasm. All other student enthusiasms, athletics, class and college politics, fashions, and traditions I laughed at and damned. I was a spoilsport. I was mean, as a horse is mean, because I was unhappy myself. I could be enthusiastic in a conversation about something we were learning, if it wasn't too cut and dried; we had such talks now and then at the clubhouse in my later years. But generally speaking we were discussing the news or some prank of our own.

One night, for example, we sallied forth to steal some chickens from Dr. Bonte, the popular treasurer of the university. I crawled into the coop and selected the chickens, wrung their necks, and passed them out with comments to the other fellows who held the bag.

"Here," I said, "is the rooster, Dr. Bonte himself; he's tough, but good enough for the freshmen. Next is a nice fat hen, old Mrs. Bonte. This one's a pullet, Miss Bonte," and so on, naming each of the Bonte girls, till we were interrupted.

There was a sound from the house, the lights flashed in the windows, and —some one was coming. The other fellows ran, and I—when I tore myself out—I ran too. Which was all right enough. But when I caught up with the other thieves I learned that they had left the sack of chickens behind! Our Sunday dinner was spoiled, we thought, but no: the next day the whole fraternity was invited to dinner at Dr. Bonte's on Sunday. We accepted with some suspicion, we went in some embarrassment, but we were well received and soon put at our ease by Dr. Bonte, who explained that some thieves had been frightened while robbing his roost. "They were not students, I take it," he said. "Students are not so easily frightened; they might have run away, but students would have taken the bag of chickens with them. I think they were niggers or Chinamen."

So seated hospitably at table we watched with deep interest the great

platter of roasted chickens borne in and set down before Dr. Bonte, who rose, whetted his carving-knife, and turning first to me, said: "Well, Steffens, what will you have, a piece of this old cock, Dr. Bonte? Or is he too tough for any but a freshman? Perhaps you would prefer the old hen, Mrs. Bonte, or, say, one of the Bonte girls."

I couldn't speak. No one could; and no one laughed, least of all Dr. Bonte, who stood there, his knife and fork in the air, looking at me, at the others, and back at me. He wanted an answer; I must make my choice, but I saw a gleam of malicious humor in his eye; so I recovered and I chose the prettiest of the girls, pointing to the tenderest of the pullets. Dr. Bonte laughed, gave me my choice, and we had a jolly, ample dinner.

We talked about that, we and the students generally and the faculty—we discussed that incident long enough and hard enough to have solved it, if it had been a metaphysical problem. We might have threshed out the psychology of thieves, or gamblers, but no. We liked to steal, but we didn't care to think about it, not as stealing. And some of us gambled. We had to get money for theaters, operas, and other expenses in the city. I had only my board, lodging, and clothes paid for by my father, and others had not even that. We played cards, therefore, among ourselves, poker and whist, so that a lucky few got each month about all the money all of the other hard-ups had, and so had all the fun. We played long, late, and hard, and for money, not sport. The strain was too great.

One night, my roommate, sunk low in his chair, felt a light kick on one of his extended legs; a second later there were two kicks against his other leg. Keeping still and watching the hands shown down, he soon had the signal system of two men playing partners, the better hand staying in the game. We said nothing but, watching, saw that others cheated, too. We knew well an old professional gambler from the mining-camps who was then in San Francisco. We told him all about it.

"Sure," he said, "cheating will sneak into any game that's played long enough. That's why you boys oughtn't to gamble. But if you do, play the game that's played. Cards is like horse-racing. I never bet a cent except I know, and know how, the game is crooked."

Having advised against it, he took us around to the gambling-houses and the race course and showed us many of the tricks of his trade, how to spot and profit by them—if we must play. "Now you won't need never to be suckers," he said. "And ye needn't be crooks either," he added after a pause. But we had it in for our opponents. We learned several ways to cheat; we practiced them till we were cool and sure. After that our "luck" was phenomenal. We had money, more than we needed. In my last two years at the university I had a salary as military instructor at a preparatory school in the town, and my roommate, the adopted son of a rich gold-miner, had a generous allowance. But we went on playing and cheating at cards for the excitement of it, we said, but really it was for the money. And afterward,

when I was a student in Germany, I played on, fair but hard—and for money I did not need, till one night at the Café Bauer in Berlin, sitting in a poker game that had been running all night, an American who had long been playing in hard luck, lost a large amount, of which I carried away more than my share. The next day we read in the papers that when he got home he had shot himself. I have never gambled since—at cards.

## II. I Become a Student

It is possible to get an education at a university. It has been done; not often, but the fact that a proportion, however small, of college students do get a start in interested, methodical study, proves my thesis, and the two personal experiences I have to offer illustrate it and show how to circumvent the faculty, the other students, and the whole college system of mind-fixing. My method might lose a boy his degree, but a degree is not worth so much as the capacity and the drive to learn, and the undergraduate desire for an empty baccalaureate is one of the holds the educational system has on students. Wise students some day will refuse to take degrees, as the best men (in England, for instance) give, but do not themselves accept, titles.

My method was hit on by accident and some instinct. I specialized. With several courses prescribed, I concentrated on the one or two that interested me most, and letting the others go, I worked intensively on my favorites. In my first two years, for example, I worked at English and political economy and read philosophy. At the beginning of my junior year I had several cinches in history. Now I like history; I had neglected it partly because I rebelled at the way it was taught, as positive knowledge unrelated to politics, art, life, or anything else. The professors gave us chapters out of a few books to read, con, and be quizzed on. Blessed as I was with a "bad memory," I could not commit to it anything that I did not understand and intellectually need. The bare record of the story of man, with names, dates, and irrelative events, bored me. But I had discovered in my readings of literature, philosophy, and political economy that history had light to throw upon unhistorical questions. So I proposed in my junior and senior years to specialize in history, taking all the courses required and those also that I had flunked in. With this in mind I listened attentively to the first introductory talk of Professor William Cary Jones on American constitutional history. He was a dull lecturer, but I noticed that, after telling us what pages of what books we must be prepared in, he mumbled off some other references "for those that may care to dig deeper."

When the rest of the class rushed out into the sunshine, I went up to the professor and, to his surprise, asked for this memorandum. He gave it me. Up in the library I ran through the required chapters in the two different books, and they differed on several points. Turning to the other authorities, I saw that they disagreed on the same facts and also on others. The librarian, appealed to, helped me search the book-shelves till the library closed, and

then I called on Professor Jones for more references. He was astonished, invited me in, and began to approve my industry, which astonished me. I was not trying to be a good boy; I was better than that: I was a curious boy. He lent me a couple of his books, and I went off to my club to read them. They only deepened the mystery, clearing up the historical question, but leaving the answer to be dug for and written.

The historians did not know! History was not a science, but a field for research, a field for me, for any young man, to explore, to make discoveries in and write a scientific report about. I was fascinated. As I went on from chapter to chapter, day after day, finding frequently essential differences of opinion and of fact, I saw more and more work to do. In this course, American constitutional history, I hunted far enough to suspect that the Fathers of the Republic who wrote our sacred Constitution of the United States not only did not, but did not want to, establish a democratic government, and I dreamed for a while—as I used as a child to play I was Napoleon or a trapper—I promised myself to write a true history of the making of the American Constitution. I did not do it; that chapter has been done or well begun since by two men: Smith of the University of Washington and Beard (then) of Columbia (afterward forced out, perhaps for this very work). I found other events, men, and epochs waiting for students. In all my other courses, in ancient, in European, and in modern history, the disagreeing authorities carried me back to the need of a fresh search for (or of) the original documents or other clinching testimony. Of course I did well in my classes. The history professors soon knew me as a student and seldom put a question to me except when the class had flunked it. Then Professor Jones would say, "Well, Steffens, tell them about it."

Fine. But vanity wasn't my ruling passion then. What I had was a quickening sense that I was learning a method of studying history and that every chapter of it, from the beginning of the world to the end, is crying out to be rewritten. There was something for Youth to do; these superior old men had not done anything, finally.

Years afterward I came out of the graft prosecution office in San Francisco with Rudolph Spreckles, the banker and backer of the investigation. We were to go somewhere, quick, in his car, and we couldn't. The chauffeur was trying to repair something wrong. Mr. Spreckles smiled; he looked closely at the defective part, and to my silent, wondering inquiry he answered: "Always, when I see something badly done or not done at all, I see an opportunity to make a fortune. I never kick at bad work by my class: there's lots of it and we suffer from it. But our failures and neglects are chances for the young fellows coming along and looking for work."

Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over. "The greatest picture is not yet painted, the greatest play isn't written (not even by Shakespeare), the greatest poem is unsung. There isn't in all

the world a perfect railroad, nor a good government, nor a sound law." Physics, mathematics, and especially the most advanced and exact of the sciences, are being fundamentally revised. Chemistry is just becoming a science; psychology, economics, and sociology are awaiting a Darwin, whose work in turn is awaiting an Einstein. If the rah-rah boys in our colleges could be told this, they might not all be such specialists in football, petting parties, and unearned degrees. They are not told it, however; they are told to learn what is known. This is nothing, philosophically speaking.

Somehow or other in my later years at Berkeley, two professors, Moses and Howison, representing opposite schools of thought, got into a controversy, probably about their classes. They brought together in the house of one of them a few of their picked students, with the evident intention of letting us show in conversation how much or how little we had understood of their respective teachings. I don't remember just what the subject was that they threw into the ring, but we wrestled with it till the professors could stand it no longer. Then they broke in, and while we sat silent and highly entertained, they went at each other hard and fast and long. It was after midnight when, the debate over, we went home. I asked the other fellows what they had got out of it, and their answers showed that they had seen nothing but a fine, fair fight. When I laughed, they asked me what I, the D.S., had seen that was so much more profound.

I said that I had seen two highly trained, well-educated Masters of Arts and Doctors of Philosophy disagreeing upon every essential point of thought and knowledge. They had all there was of the sciences; and yet they could not find any knowledge upon which they could base an acceptable conclusion. They had no test of knowledge; they didn't know what is and what is not. And they have no test of right and wrong; they have no basis for even an ethics.

Well, and what of it? They asked me that, and that I did not answer. I was stunned by the discovery that it was philosophically true, in a most literal sense, that nothing is known; that it is precisely the foundation that is lacking for science; that all we call knowledge rested upon assumptions which the scientists did not all accept; and that, likewise, there is no scientific reason for saying, for example, that stealing is wrong. In brief: there was no scientific basis for an ethics. No wonder men said one thing and did another; no wonder they could settle nothing either in life or in the academies.

I could hardly believe this. Maybe these professors, whom I greatly respected, did not know it all. I read the books over again with a fresh eye, with a real interest, and I could see that, as in history, so in other branches of knowledge, everything was in the air. And I was glad of it. Rebel though I was, I had got the religion of scholarship and science; I was in awe of the authorities in the academic world. It was a release to feel my worship cool and pass. But I could not be sure. I must go elsewhere, see and hear other professors, men these California professors quoted and looked up to as their

high priests. I decided to go as a student to Europe when I was through Berkeley, and I would start with the German universities.

My father listened to my plan, and he was disappointed. He had hoped I would succeed him in his business; it was for that that he was staying in it. When I said that, whatever I might do, I would never go into business, he said, rather sadly, that he would sell out his interest and retire. And he did soon after our talk. But he wanted me to stay home and, to keep me, offered to buy an interest in a certain San Francisco daily paper. He had evidently had this in mind for some time. I had always done some writing, verse at the poetical age of puberty, then a novel which my mother alone treasured. Journalism was the business for a boy who liked to write, he thought, and he said I had often spoken of a newspaper as my ambition. No doubt I had in the intervals between my campaigns as Napoleon. But no more. I was now going to be a scientist, a philosopher. He sighed; he thought it over, and with the approval of my mother, who was for every sort of education, he gave his consent.

## THE SOCK HUNT

*Ruth McKenney (1938)*

I SUPPOSE, what with the passing years and the girls he's met since, that young Mr. Randolph Churchill, the scion of the London Churchills, does not remember me. Still, looking back on it all, I should think he would. I certainly do. Precisely as I can never, for so long as I walk this earth, forget the time I fell down at my high-school senior prom, right smack in front of the orchestra with my best beau and only sprawled beside me, so can I never put aside the memory of young Mr. Churchill. My flesh still crawls. Not that Mr. Churchill is anything to make a girl's flesh crawl. Not at all. In a certain way, like the men in the breakfast-food ads, he is quite handsome.

Mr. Churchill and I met in a purely professional capacity. It was the late fall of 1930. He was touring America, speaking before literary clubs, Rotary clubs, university clubs, and the like on a variety of light topics, including "Fate of an Empire" and "Why I Am a Conservative." He was then nineteen, and I was the daisy-eyed star reporter on the *Ohio State Lantern*, a newspaper published daily, except Saturday and Sunday, by the students of journalism at Ohio State University.

Young Mr. Churchill arrived in Columbus, Ohio, on the flood tide of a lot of awe-struck advance notices. He was to address a local men's dinner club which for pure hauteur would make the Union Club look sick any day. All the speeches before this tony outfit were dead secret; no reporters allowed. Furthermore, celebrities who appeared before these hallowed few were never interviewed by the Columbus press. The editors of the papers were all members of the club, and that was that.

Well, my mouth watered to interview Mr. Churchill. I had never seen a real Englishman in the flesh, for one thing. For another thing, my deadly rival on the *Lantern* staff, a chap of considerable energy and no ethics, had publicly stated that he considered the feat of obtaining an interview with Mr. Churchill too great even for his remarkable talents. After this, nothing could hold me. I marched forward with determination to my doom.

I arrived at the hotel lobby at 4:35 P.M. and briskly set about finding out Mr. Churchill's room number. Then, with success almost in the hollow of my hand, I collapsed on a lobby lounge with an attack of acute panic. This lasted until 5:22 P.M., when a man insulted me. At least he came directly over to my lounge and said, in a chummy tone, "Waiting for somebody?"

This drove me to Mr. Churchill. I fled from my insulter and arrived at the forbidding door of Mr. Churchill's hotel room, still unnerved. I knocked valiantly. I had mapped out my strategy well in advance. When Mr. Churchill asked, "Who's there?" I intended to reply, "Maid, with towels." Then, when he opened the door, I planned to stick my foot in the crack and ask him a lot of questions very fast. I think a scene such as this had been in a newspaper film about that time.

Anyway, Mr. Churchill ruined my pretty plans by replying, to the knock, "Come in." I hesitated, getting a burning sensation in my throat. I was nineteen and lived with my grandmother, who would have been absolutely horrified at the thought of any young woman traipsing into a man's hotel room alone.

"Come IN!" roared Mr. Churchill from behind the door. He sounded rather angry. I kept telling myself that after I got out of school and got a real job on a newspaper, I would look back on this moment and laugh. As it turned out, however, in spite of a lot of jobs on newspapers, genuine daily ones, the mere thought of that frightful moment, with Mr. Churchill bellowing "Come IN" on one side of the door and me trembling on the other, has never brought even the sickliest of smiles to my face. It still makes my hair prickle.

Finally I opened the door very timidly indeed, and beheld Mr. Churchill, surely the blondest young man in the world, seated at a desk, writing. He wore a smoking jacket over his dinner trousers, black vest, and starched shirt front. His bare feet were stuck in floppy leather slippers. Mr. Churchill looked so very public-school English he was faintly incredible. Maybe he's grown out of that now, but in 1930 he was certainly Breath of Empire. You could—or at least I could—just see him wolfing down supper off in the tropics, dressed to the teeth in tails and white tie. Mr. Churchill's eyes were a china blue and his smoking jacket was the same, overlaid, however, with old rose and gold.

I stood by the door for several seconds while Mr. Churchill continued

to scratch away at his desk. Now, a cynical old interviewer of ripened years, I fear that Mr. Churchill was attempting to impress me. But on that trying evening I felt that I had intruded on the literary labors of a young genius. Finally Mr. Churchill lifted his blue eyes to mine.

"Ah," he said, leaping gallantly to his feet, "a lady! I beg your pardon. Pray do forgive me."

My mouth sagged. Mr. Churchill drew up a chair beside his desk and, with a cozy gesture, beckoned me over. I went.

"Pray excuse me," said Mr. Churchill. "I must finish this wireless message." On his desk lay eleven or twelve Western Union blanks covered with writing.

"What?" I said. The reason I said this was that I could not understand very much of what he said. His accent, which I had so longed to hear, a real, bonafide Oxford accent, was so broad that unfortunately he might as well have spoken French. I can get every other word a Frenchman says, too, which is fairly good, considering I studied French in the Ohio public schools for only eight years.

Young Mr. Churchill now turned to me and said in a fierce tone, "What would you say if you wanted to tell your manager you did not want ladies to give you flowers at lectures?" At least that is what I thought he said. It was so difficult for me to decipher Mr. Churchill's accent, and the question seemed so entirely improbable, that, after agonized reflection, I simply shook my head.

Mr. Churchill didn't note my silence. He apparently hit on just the right words, for he signed his name with a flourish I am sure no American operator ever spelled out, and turned briskly to me, saying, "Now, what may I do for you?"

I explained haltingly that I was a newspaper reporter. Mr. Churchill didn't ask, so I didn't find it necessary to tell him that the paper I was interviewing him for was only, alas, the university daily. I simply trotted out all my carefully prepared questions. I asked him about Ramsay MacDonald and Hoover and Briand and a few other such people. Mr. Churchill roundly denounced them all, for different reasons. MacDonald was too far left, and even Mr. Hoover was pretty much of a Socialist. I asked him about the future of English youth, and Mr. Churchill said that if only a few more young people of his class would awaken to their responsibility, the future of England was safe. I was slightly shaken at Mr. Churchill's firm Tory opinions. He seemed quite young to be so fierce.

However, I drew a breath and started off on the English public-school system. Just at this point Mr. Churchill created a diversion.

In an ordinary speaking voice, as distinguished from the voice in which he denounced Mr. Hoover or Mr. MacDonald, he said, "Would you care for a drink?"

This unnerved me again. I could explain the interview to Grandma and

my conscience, but drinking with a total stranger in his hotel room certainly seemed excessive. In those days, most college students—at least at my school—still thought drinking, no matter where, was pretty darned daring. Mr. Churchill, however, had already unearthed from his suitcase a bottle of what he assured me was fine Scotch, straight from England.

I was no judge. Up to that very moment I had never tasted anything in alcoholic beverages except a variety of bootleg liquor distilled in some abandoned mines near New Straitsville, Ohio. New Straitsville corn burned your throat and made you sick. Also, it hurt so to choke down New Straitsville corn that you were acutely conscious of every drink. It was the suave, sneaking quality of Mr. Churchill's fine liquor which undid me. You hardly knew you were drinking it, until afterward.

Mr. Churchill and I soon forgot serious topics. I asked him whether he really enjoyed lecturing about "Fate of an Empire." He said he did not, and also that he hated America and couldn't wait to get home. After a while Mr. Churchill thought we ought to eat something.

"I say," he said, "how about a spot of food, what?" He really talked just like that.

"O.K.," I said. "Let me order, though. They can't understand you over the phone. You talk so funny."

Mr. Churchill glowered. He said I was the one who had a peculiar accent.

"You talk through your nose," he said, with truth, "and you pronounce all your r's. They aren't supposed to be pronounced."

"That's what you think," I said, feeling hilarious, "Old Mushmouth."

For some reason, Mr. Churchill thought that was very funny. "'Mushmouth!'" he shouted joyously, amid peals of real upper-class English laughter, very high-pitched, like a whinny. "'Mushmouth!' Deah me, I must remembaw that."

We ate lamb chops, a lot of them. "Tell them to send up a bally lot of them!" Mr. Churchill roared while I telephoned. "I want six lamb chops all for myself. After all, I must lecture on the 'Fate of an Empire.'"

While we were gnawing on lamb-chop bones we traded opinions on moving pictures. Mr. Churchill was a fan, and so was I. It turned out we both adored Vilma Banky. Suddenly Mr. Churchill said, "What about my lecture?"

"Well," I said, "what about it?"

"I won't do it," Mr. Churchill said. "Let the Empire go rot for tonight. Let's go to the cinema. You and I."

For a moment I was sorely tempted. Then I pictured the fearful scandal. The lecturer disappears. The town's leading citizens are left waiting. Among the leading citizens was the publisher of the Columbus *Dispatch*. I was the campus correspondent for the Columbus *Dispatch*, and I lived—in a very meager way, to be sure, but still I lived—on the weekly wages the

*Dispatch* paid me. In my fancy I saw the publisher of the *Dispatch* discovering that his most minor employee had practically kidnapped young Mr. Churchill.

"No," I said firmly. "You have to make that speech."

Mr. Churchill sighed. "Well, then," he said, "I have to put on my dinner jacket." He found that all right; also his white scarf and his black overcoat and his two patent-leather pumps. But alas, as the hour approached nine, he could find only one black sock. The club was to send a committee at nine, to escort Mr. Churchill to the lecture hall.

"What shall I do?" Mr. Churchill inquired frantically. "I can't lecture with only one sock." I rose from the dinner table, still gnawing a bone, and cast a quick look over the room.

"Be calm," I said. "They'll never notice."

"Oh, yes, they will," Mr. Churchill said. "Besides, I won't go unless we find that sock. And I only have one black pair with me. The rest of them are in Pittsburgh."

"Wear another color," I said lightly. "What happened to the socks you had on this afternoon?"

"Tan socks," Mr. Churchill shouted, "with a dinner coat?"

I observed Mr. Churchill's frenzy with a motherly eye. "There, there," I said. "Relax. I'll find it."

Mr. Churchill sat down, putting a childish faith in me. I failed. I trotted around in circles, afraid to look in his luggage—for after all, that would hardly be proper—and unable to spot a stray black sock in the immediate surroundings.

Suddenly Mr. Churchill shouted, "I bet it's under the bed. I unpacked my things on the bed, and maybe it fell off on the floor." He threw himself down beside his bed and stuck his head under the springs.

"I can't see it," he said dismally, sounding muffled. "You have a look from the other side."

I obligingly sprawled out under the wall side of the bed, and peered around, coughing in the dust. At this moment precisely, there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" bellowed Mr. Churchill, before he thought. I gave a faint scream, and too late Mr. Churchill considered the informality of his position. He tried to get up, too suddenly, and bumped his head severely on the bed slats. He relapsed, groaning, just as the committee of super-leading citizens walked in.

Fortunately, I do not now remember the names of those three well-starched, beautifully tailored citizens who marched in on that sock-hunting expedition. It would be frightful to be haunted all my life by their names as well as their faces.

"Mr. Churchill?" said the first leading citizen, in a tone of pained surprise.

Young Mr. Churchill showed the heritage of generations of gentlemen.

Still reclining on the floor, he turned his head, nodded an acknowledgment, and said in a loud, belligerent voice, "I'm looking for my lost black sock." The second leading citizen went directly to the bureau and picked up the lost black sock.

"Your sock, sir," he said. Mr. Churchill rose, bowed slightly, and said, "I thank you very much." Then he shouted to me, "Get up! We've found it."

I hesitated. I wanted to stay under that bed and just die there peacefully, without ever having to rise and face those three leading citizens. I did get up, though, feeling the way you do in dreams when you have no clothes on at a gala performance of "Aida" in the Metropolitan. I suppose, from the expression on the faces of the three leading citizens, that they had not realized until the moment my face slowly emerged from behind the bed that there was a young lady in the room. Each leading citizen did a combination gasp and snort.

"She's coming to hear my lecture," Mr. Churchill announced as he put on his sock. The purple staining my cheeks now rose to my hairline.

"I couldn't," I said weakly. "I couldn't indeed. It's private. They don't allow women in."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Churchill briskly, "I don't speak unless you come."

The three leading citizens looked so grim I thought I should really faint, although I never had in my whole life. Mr. Churchill and I and the committee now left the room and boarded the elevator. All the way down, Mr. Churchill maintained his position. I was to come or he wouldn't speak. The three leading citizens took turns saying, "But that is impossible, Mr. Churchill. The rules of the club do not permit ladies."

As we got off the elevator, one of the leading citizens, a tall, white-haired man with a large stomach, managed to fall in step with me while the two other leading citizens took Mr. Churchill by the arms.

"Now," said my sudden escort, "you go away fast, and stop bothering Mr. Churchill."

"Me?" I said in honest astonishment. "I never bothered him."

The leading citizen did not stop to argue. "Go away," he hissed, giving me a slight push into the lobby. I went. I was never so glad to leave any place in my life. I wrote my interview that night, and it was a big success. My rival, Ernest, was a picture of jealous confusion when he read it next day. But even the sweet rewards of college fame and my colleagues' envy did not erase the memory of that hideous moment when I was caught, red-handed, looking for Mr. Churchill's sock. It is comparatively easy to recover from honest sorrows, but I wake up in the dead of night at least twice a year and my heart fills with agony, remembering that unspeakable moment when, like a rising moon, my face slowly appeared from behind Mr. Churchill's bed, to confound the three leading citizens of Columbus, Ohio.

Life can hold no further terrors for me.

## HYMAN KAPLAN CUTS A GORDIAN KNOT

*Leonard Q. Ross (1937)*

TONIGHT," Mr. Parkhill said, "we shall devote the entire period to our—er —examination."

It was not really necessary for Mr. Parkhill to go through the formality of an examination. He knew, many weeks before the end of the year, which of the students in the beginners' grade deserved to be promoted to Miss Higby's Composition, Grammar, and Civics, and which students, by any measure of skill, would have to be held back. Miss Mitnick, for example, was unquestionably the best student in the class. There was no doubt about her right to promotion. Or that of Mr. Feigenbaum, who had submitted some of the best compositions. At the other extreme there were students like Mrs. Moskowitz. By no stretch of the pedagogical imagination could poor Mrs. Moskowitz be considered ready for Miss Higby. Nor could Mr. Hyman Kaplan.

Mr. Parkhill frowned as he thought of Mr. Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan was certainly his most energetic and ebullient pupil. He never missed a lesson; he never grew discouraged; the smile of undaunted hope and good-will never left his cherubic face. But, unfortunately, Mr. Kaplan never seemed to learn anything. His spelling remained erratic, his grammar deplorable, his sentence structure fantastic. There was only one word for Mr. Kaplan's idioms —atrocious. As for Mr. Kaplan's speech, if anything it grew more astounding from day to day. Only last week Mr. Kaplan had announced that his wife suffered from "high blood pleasure." And in a drill on adjectives he had given the positive, comparative, and superlative forms of "cold" as "cold, colder, below zero." Mr. Parkhill often wondered whether there wasn't something sacrilegious in trying to impose the iron mold of English on so unfettered an intelligence.

Mr. Parkhill could go right through the class list that way, picking the promotion-worthy from the promotion-unworthy. He needed no examination to aid him in the task. But Mr. Parkhill realized that examinations lent a certain dignity and prestige to the American Night Preparatory School for Adults. They had a valuable *psychological* effect. And this was the night for which the examination had been announced.

"Please clear the arms of your chairs of everything except paper. Keep plenty of paper, please, and pens or pencils."

Smiles, frowns, and grins appeared on the faces of the students, according to their individual expectations.

"How's abot holdink bladders?" asked Mr. Kaplan.

"*Blotters*, Mr. Kaplan! Er—yes, you may keep blotters. Is everyone ready?"

Eyes alert, hearts pounding nervously, pens and pencils poised like falcons, the beginners' grade awaited the fateful event of examination. In the eyes of some students there were already visions of Composition, Grammar, and Civics, and Miss Higby.

"The first part of the examination will be a combined spelling-vocabulary test," said Mr. Parkhill. "Write a short sentence with each of the words I shall call off. Underline the word used. Is that clear to everyone?"

From the agonized expression on Mrs. Moskowitz's face it was *too* clear.

"Very well, '*knees.*' " Mr. Parkhill waited a moment and repeated, " '*Knees!*' " being careful to pronounce it as distinctly as possible: "*Neez.*"

The class attacked "knees." Mr. Kaplan promptly leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and held solemn communion with himself. This was done by whispering, in a semi-public tone, " 'Neez.' . . . 'Neez.' . . . A fonny void. . . . So be careful. . . . 'Neez.' . . . Aha! Has two *minninks*. . . . Vun, a pot mine lag. . . . Also? . . . Aha! Mine brodder's daughter is mine nee—"

"Mr. Kaplan!" Mr. Parkhill was dismayed. "*Please.* You must not—er—disturb the class."

"I back you podden," murmured Mr. Kaplan with an injured air. Mr. Kaplan could think clearly *only* by whispering to himself, as if consulting a more rational self. Mr. Parkhill's edict, however much designed to preserve the peace of the classroom, was tantamount to an intellectual death sentence for Hyman Kaplan. It strangled cerebration at its very source. Mr. Kaplan shook his head sadly, marvelling at the inhumanity of man to man.

" 'Heat,' " said Mr. Parkhill, not daring to meet Mr. Kaplan's melancholy gaze. " 'Heat!' "

" 'Heat,' " whispered Mr. Kaplan automatically, and with uncharacteristic feebleness. Then he caught himself, pressed his lips together resolutely, and wrote in silence. He looked pale. He seemed to grow paler and paler as he maintained the silence.

" 'Pack.' . . . 'Excite.' . . . 'Throat.' "

Spelling-vocabulary continued on its even course. Mr. Parkhill announced the words slowly, allowing as much as three minutes for a word; he articulated each word with laudable precision. ("Excite" he repeated no less than four times.) So well did he time himself that he called the last of the twenty words on his list, "Adorable," just as the recess ball rang. The first part of the examination was over. A wave of relief swept through the class, like a sweet summer breeze. The students handed in their papers and swarmed into the corridors to relax from the gruelling ordeal.

Mr. Parkhill began to sort the papers. He noticed that Miss Mitnick had, as usual, done excellently. Mrs. Friedman seemed to have struck disaster with "Throat." She had written several sentences, scratched them out, and left: "He *throat* the ball real fast." When Mr. Parkhill came to the paper headed

"H*y*m*a*n* K*a*p*l*a*n," he sighed automatically. He read the sentences which Mr. Kaplan had contributed to knowledge.

1. My brother Maxs' little girl (I am Uncle) is my neece.
2. I *beat* him on the head, the big fool.
3. I am buyink a fine *peck* potatoes.
4. In a theatre is the Insite, the Outsite and the *Exite.* (For Fire).

Then Mr. Parkhill read no more.

At 8:40 the bell rang again, ending the recess, and the students returned to their purgatory. They looked serious, a trifle worried, and tense. Mr. Parkhill, the cadences of Mr. Kaplan's bizarre sentences still ringing in his ears, *felt* serious, a trifle worried, and tense.

Mrs. Moskowitz and Mr. Kaplan entered side by side. Mr. Kaplan beamed with some inner joy. He seemed to have forgiven and forgotten the heartless edict against his whispering. Mrs. Moskowitz was moaning, as if in pain.

"I'm shaking insite, Mr. Kaplan," she said.

Mr. Kaplan raised his head with a gallant flourish. "*Stop* shakink insite!" he cried. "Lissen, Moskovitz. Kipp high de had! Kipp couratch! Dis pot haxemination vill be a tsinch, a *snep.* Dat's all a *snep.*"

Mrs. Moskowitz took a deep sigh, admiring Mr. Kaplan's morale. "I vish I had your noives, honist."

Mr. Kaplan accepted this tribute with a gracious nod. "I'll *halp* you mit de haxemination," he confided in a megaphonic whisper. "An' ven you fillink blue, remamber de song dey sinking in U. S.: 'Heppy Dace Is Here Vunce More!' " Mr. Kaplan hummed a few bars of that classic ballad to lend weight to his counsel. "Vill give you strangt! 'Happy Dace *Is* Here Vunce More!' "

Mr. Parkhill rapped his pencil on the desk at this point, interrupting an immortal conversation. Mr. Kaplan nodded encouragement to Mrs. Moskowitz again, sat down in his chair, and cried a last buoyant word across the room. "Don' give op de sheep, Moskovitz!" It was like a call to the colors.

Mr. Parkhill explained the second part of the examination. "A one-page composition," he said firmly. "On any subject."

Several fallen faces testified to the magnitude of this assignment.

"Please do not talk during this part of the examination. I shall not be able to answer any questions, so please do not ask them. And do not—er—try to get help from your neighbors." Mr. Parkhill sent a searching look in the general direction of Mr. Kaplan. Mr. Kaplan nodded loyally, and then shrugged his shoulders toward Mrs. Moskowitz. Mrs. Moskowitz looked as if the last psychic leg had been cut from under her. "I suggest you begin at once. You will have the rest of the period for the composition."

Silence fell like a pall upon the beginners' grade. The wheels of creative imagination began to turn—rather slowly. Miss Caravello stared at the lithograph of George Washington on the wall, seeking inspiration, somehow, from that heroic visage. Mr. George Weinstein placed a hand over both eyes,

signifying concentration. Mrs. Rodriguez yawned. Mr. Parkhill felt that "A Composition—Any Subject" would prove a decided success.

He waited a little while for the students to adjust themselves to their new problem, then sauntered down the aisle to see how the compositions were progressing. All the students were hard at work, grimacing through the opening paragraphs of their prose—all except Mrs. Moskowitz. She sat with a dumb, bewildered look. There was anguish in her eyes. Little beads of sweat on her upper lip proclaimed the effort of thought.

"Is anything wrong, Mrs. Moskowitz?" whispered Mr. Parkhill anxiously.

Mrs. Moskowitz raised a haggard face. "I ken't tink of a sobject!"

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Parkhill. "Er—why not try 'My Ambition'?" "My Ambition" was a *very* popular topic.

Mrs. Moskowitz shook her head. Apparently Mrs. Moskowitz had no particular ambition.

"Er—how about 'My First Day in America'?"

"I'm sick of telling about dat," sighed Mrs. Moskowitz.

"I see," said Mr. Parkhill miserably. It was a desperate situation.

Suddenly a gentle whistle soared through the air. It was soft, but it had a haunting vibrance. Everyone looked up. The whistle caressed the lilting refrain of "Heppy Dace Is Here Vunce More."

"Mr. Kap—"

A disembodied whisper rose from the front row. "Sobjecks for composition. . . . 'Should Ladies Smoke?' . . . 'Is Dere a God, Ectual?' . . . Tink abot a *qvastion*."

"Mr. Kaplan!" said Mr. Parkhill severely.

But the mysterious process of communication had been consummated. A light shone in Mrs. Moskowitz's eyes. "I'll write about a *quastion*," she said.

Mr. Parkhill moved on. He felt quite helpless. He wondered how Mr. Kaplan had heard the colloquy between him and Mrs. Moskowitz. He wondered whether Mr. Kaplan had some sort of hyperaesthesia of the ears. So entranced was he by this fancy that he did not notice that Mr. Kaplan had, for some strange reason, risen.

"Podden me, Mr. Pockheel—"

Mr. Parkhill shook his head at once. This was going too far. "I *cannot* answer any questions, Mr. Kaplan."

Mr. Kaplan nodded humbly. "Is no qvastion," he said softly. "Is awful hot in de room, so maybe I should haupen op a vindow."

Mr. Kaplan "haupened op" a window.

Five minutes after Mr. Kaplan had returned to his seat, Miss Rochelle Goldberg, on his left, began to whisper something to him.

Mr. Parkhill cleared his throat in patent reprimand.

Mr. Kaplan stood up again. "I must close *don* de vindow," he sighed. "Is on Goldboig's feet a tarrible graft."

He was "closing don" the window before Mr. Parkhill could say, "*D*raft, Mr. Kaplan, *d*raft."

It was with relief that Mr. Parkhill began to arrange the composition papers in a pile after the final bell had rung and the students were gone. The titles at the tops of the pages paraded before him. "My Friend's New House." "A Sad Night in Hospitel." "Should Be Dad Panelty for Murdering?" (That looked like an unmistakable Kaplan title; no, it was Mrs. Moskowitz's paper, but it showed Mr. Kaplan's advisory influence all too clearly.) "My 4 Children Make Me a Happy Life." "Liberty Stateu." "Thinking About."

Mr. Parkhill started. He read the title again. There it was, in bold letters: "Thinking About." Mr. Parkhill raised the sheet a little above the rest of the pile.

"Thinking About"
(Humans & Enimals)

Mr. Parkhill took a deep breath and raised the page a little higher yet.

by

H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n*

Before he had weighed the full consequences of his folly, Mr. Parkhill was reading the composition graced by so provocative a title:

1

Somtime I feel sad about how som people are living. Only sleeping eating working in shop. Not *thinking*. They are just like Enimals the same, which dont thinking also. Humans should not be like Enimals! They should *Thmking!* This is with me a deep idea.

Now we are having in school the axemination—a Comp. Mostly, will the students write a story for Comp. But I am asking, Why must allways be a *story?* Mr. P. must be sick and tierd from storys. Kaplan, be a man! No story! Tell better about *Thmking* something! Fine. Now am thinking.

2

In the recass was som students asking if is right to say Its Me or Its I—(because maybe we will have that question in axemination). Its Me or Its I—a planty hard question, no? Yes.

But it isnt so hard if we are *thinking about!* I figgure in this way:

If sombody is in hall besides my door, and makes knok, knok; so I holler netcheral "Whose there"? Comes the anser "Its Me." A fine anser!! Who is that Me anyho? Can I tell? No! So is Its Me no good.

Again is knok, knok, knok. And again I holler "Whose there"? Now comes the anser "Its I." So who is now that I?? Still can I (Kaplan) tell?? Ha! Umpossible! So is Its I rotten also.

So it looks like is no anser. (Turn around paige)

As Mr. Parkhill turned the page "around" (Mr. Kaplan had interpreted "a one-page composition" with characteristic generosity), he could see how, put that way, the problem of "Its Me" or "Its I" was a very Gordian knot.

But must be *som kind anser.* So how we can find him out??? BY THINKING ABOUT. (Now I show how Humans isnt Enimals)

3

If *I* am in hall and make knok, knok, knok; and I hear insite (insite the room) sombody hollers "Whose there"?—I anser strong *"Its Kaplan!"!!*

Now is fine! Plain, clear like gold, no chance mixing up Me, I, Ect.

By *Thinkmg* is Humans makmg big edvences on Enimals. This we call Progriss.

T-H-E E-N-D

Only after he had read the composition twice did Mr. Parkhill notice that there was a postscript to this expedition into the realm of pure logic. It was like the signature to a masterpiece.

ps. I dont care if I dont pass, I *love* the class.

## MR. MINNOW IN TROUBLE

*William Harlan Hale (1936)*

In the morning, just at the right time, the sun burst through the chapel windows in the east wing, and the boys scattered their way in. They came from the three gray stone dormitories which nested feudally on a hillside overlooking the middle Hudson; they filed across a gracious sloping campus on narrow paths on which the Sixth Form claimed the right-of-way; they seated themselves on collapsible chairs in what really was not a chapel at all, but a broad, informal, vaguely Georgian meeting hall at whose end stood only a high platform, a carved oak reading stand, and a mahogany staff bearing a great silken American flag, the gift of Alfred Holleybunk on the day of his graduation in 1917. They assembled, they sat—and there, suddenly, with a rush and a bounce, the headmaster whirled up to the platform.

A school—especially a smart one, one that wants to survive—has got to be careful about the names of the teachers it selects. A headmaster with a name such as Archibald, Buttenwieser, Oliphant, or Upthegrove, would immediately be open to damaging nicknames and disrespect; with a downright questionable one such as Cashdollar, Pickerbaugh, or Whiffletree, his doom would be sealed.

The Westbrook Country School, high in scholarship, social status, and tuition rate, had solved the problem: its headmaster was named Thorwald B. Clegg, "Thor" to his wife and friends, and therefore "God" in the schoolboy slang. Nothing could have been more suggestive of respect—although Dr. Munn, the visiting Episcopalian minister, had once been heard to grumble about it.

There was no rival on the faculty to a "Thor." But Warfield Roosevelt, with its patriotic and martial overtones, was an unusually good selection for senior master. Harry Moore was just as chief athletic coaches should be. Winfield Pringle answered the subtler refinements of a head of the English department. Zachary T. Hopewell had the conservatism of a teacher of advanced Latin. And so on down the line: everything was as it should be. With one exception.

These and their colleagues had something in common, besides the aptitude of their names; they lived by the words of "God." They did it in a literal sense, not just in the sense of carrying out the teaching orders of the man who hired and fired. For Thorwald B. Clegg was a man who lived up to his nickname. He was the author of his own universe and its chief theologian. His teachers might at first have been mere jobholders or assistants; now, through the contact of the years, they had become disciples.

To call it the gospel of the strenuous life would imply that it was derived from the great man whose name the senior master happily bore. It was such a gospel, but it was more. It had its own individual method. The method consisted in Thor's striding into the assembled morning chapel, taking the platform in one leap, which caused his russet Shetland tweeds to fling themselves around his muscular torso, and in calling out, as he bounced his hymnal down on the reading stand and faced three hundred faces, "Boys!"

Simple stunt—but only Thor could do it. Before he said the word, he would for a moment scan the hall with his stellar blue eyes; his full, stocky cheeks would redden (from pleasure, religious enthusiasm, or from the effects of the leap—that was never clear), and the sudden flush would make his dried sandy hair show up all the lighter; the whole effect, jutting out of the warm tweeds, was magnetic. Then almost invariably the right hand, massively clenched, would snap up, like a semaphore, to the height of the elbow and give one electric spasm forward as his lips formed the wonderful word—formed it and ejected it with an immense round steamy blast, like the whistle of the *Berengaria*, so that it sounded more like "*Buoy—s!*"

The method consisted, then, in a dynamic announcement about beauty, or rainy poetry of the new day. Then the number of the hymn, and a singing of that hymn in which the baritone of Thorwald B. Clegg, still steamy, was heard above all the rest. Then, after "Once to Every Man and Nation," his favorite, or some other throaty anthem, it consisted in his giving another of a series of five minute talks on the theme he had announced during football

season: "Life is a Public Trust." In the late winter, after all the phases of the subject had been treated, it consisted in the reading of poetry. A favorite one, recited about once a month, bore the refrain:

> The game is more than the player of the game,
> And the ship is more than the crew.

There were several fine ones of Tennyson, Browning, and Louis Untermeyer, and then there was an ever recurrent one, highly symbolic, whose refrain was that there was "Something lost behind the ranges" which the audience, with courage and idealism, was challenged to set out and find.

The method consisted in far more than that. It included a whole hortatory theology of report cards. At Westbrook the system was that every two weeks a full report, presenting marks in each subject, together with general average, comparison to previous average, and class rank, was sent home to the parents of each boy. But before that it was looked over by Thor and embellished with a comment in his own hand, intended to be taken to heart by the boy, into whose hand the card was put before being re-collected and sent home. The secretary's office could complain as much as it liked about the fantastic red tape of such a system; but nothing could deter the headmaster from his commentaries. He did simplify them for himself, however, by finally getting to use certain conventionalized phrases.

A favorite one in autumn was "Forge ahead, Jim." In midwinter there was the standby "Ever onward," alternating with "Harry, peel off the kid gloves!" and with the simple and portentous "See me—T.B.C." In spring there was a larger variety, but the favorite remained "Finish strong!"

And how did one finish strong? One did it best of all by "avoiding artificial amusements," as he said; by plunging deep into one's studies daily until three, then by "following the team" in case one wasn't good enough to play on it, then by avoiding the soda fountain at the corner of the highway except for a maximum of two trips a week, and by sticking to "good, wholesome food" ("wholesome" was ejected in the same rushing tone as "Buoy—s," and Thor's mouth actually formed itself into a cavernous hole when he spoke it).

One did it by seeking to be a scholar-athlete, a "clean, hearty fellow" like the teachers themselves (this from Thor on the platform, with a muscled gesture at the file of teachers who sat at the ends of their various class rows, all looking clean-shaven, ruddy, and with a marked tendency to russet tweeds). At the end of the year the one who came nearest to this ideal was chosen, by faculty vote, the "Most Faithful Boy"; and you could be sure that the winner was a fellow who had refused ever to be what Thor called a "knocker," to let himself in for "carping criticism," or to allow anything in his mind to take precedence over loyalty to the school. (Pronounced "sek-*u*-*u*-h-l"—again with a spasmodic shadow punch of the upraised right hand, and another cavernous *Berengaria* from the throat.)

Today least of all, as Thorwald B. Clegg bounced to the morning platform, was there time for "carping criticism." Something big was in the air: the chapel audience knew that, and sat stiffly expectant. Everybody had heard that the crisis surrounding the Memorial Field project, a $150,000 undertaking which had become stalled because some alumni donors ("who shall remain anonymous," with a knockout look from above) had defaulted on their pledges, was about to be relieved. For two whole months the steam shovels, formerly busy at gouging out a whole hillside to make room for football sidelines, cinder track and grandstand, had been silenced. Depression had gripped the school when the familiar noise—harmful perhaps to the best teaching of Latin but inspiring to the scholar-athletes—had suddenly ceased. Student morale had fallen off badly, and was not restored until the Council organized class committees, issuing booster buttons to new givers and running up rival totals on a daily scoreboard. Faculty members had done their share by interviewing parents, and Zachary T. Hopewell of the classics department had written a series of glowing descriptions of the ancient Olympic Games for the *Westbrook Literary Gazette*, of which 3,000 reprints had been sent out, with blank return checks, to the alumni. It had been a winter of bitter suspense. And now——

"Buoy—s!" He had jumped into position.

"This morning, as I stood at my window and looked across the great river and at the trees and groves with their first green around us, a thought came to me. I remembered the terrible storms of January and that bad one when the old elm crashed down and almost awoke the Second Form from their study-hall snooze," (laughter) "and then, fellows, I thought this: All that is passed now. The hill is reborn in beauty. But we will appreciate its splendor and beauty all the more because we remember its bitter hours.

"And so, my friends, it is with life—with our life here—and now, may I say, in particular with the Field." (The arm snapping up, clenched hand punching-out, a body-blow: "*Feeeee*-ld.") "We have had, we all know, disappointments—which shall remain anonymous. Some of us at times have despaired—forgetting perhaps that always it is the spirit that quickeneth. Others have struggled—fought the good fight—never let the old elm of our ambitions fall—and now, boys, I can say that we have won!"

He paused for more than rhetorical effect. He looked at his watch lying on the reading stand as if he were waiting to time what he was about to say.

"It gives me the greatest satisfaction—no, it moves me profoundly, it uplifts the very inner depths of my being—to be able to announce to you this splendid morning that the entire deficit of Memorial Field—every solitary cent—has been wiped out, wiped out with *one* word, *one* impulse, *one* signature on a check—and that is the signature, fellows, of Alfred Holleybunk, class of 1917!"

Applause was about to burst; but his two hands suddenly whirled upward vertically into the air, and just as he held them there to command silence and

suspense, a noise was heard. It came from outside, from down the hill, it came from the Field. Startling, almost frightening, and yet familiar: it was the hollow whistle for building work to begin. And scarcely had its harsh register started to penetrate and echo across the country when, with one immense stage-effect, clumping, coughing, rumbling, wheezing, crunching and battering, the steam shovels were heard to go into action.

Tumult resulted. Mere handclapping was forgotten; all the boys, up on their feet, shouted and cheered and the Lower School, feeling itself outnoised, whistled. Even Mr. Zachary T. Hopewell pronounced a "Brava!" as he slapped together his wasted palms. Chairs fell over and clattered; roommates hugged each other with a confused yelling of "Oh, boy!" "Say, what a break!" "Won't be long now!" "Give 'God' a cheer, boys!" "Yip–pee!"

And then again there was silence. It was, after all, chapel. Thor stood up there holding his powerful arms out sideways like a cop holding up traffic, and everything was subdued. The chairs were rattled back into order. Down the hill the shovels chugged on.

"Boys, we will now sing Hymn 396–'Praise Him from Whom all Blessings Flow.'"

The hymn, the psalm, and a short reading from Emerson cooled them off. And then came the usual announcements.

"This afternoon," said Thor, "as you know, we have our regular bimonthly Public Hour. But unfortunately the visiting speaker we had scheduled, the famous explorer Admiral Snow, wired us a day or two ago that he had been taken ill and now it's too late to bring in a substitute. So Mr. Minnow, who has had great success in arranging these programs, has consented to take over the hour himself and address you on a subject of his choice. I'm sure you will all take special interest in hearing what a most talented member of our family has got in store for you."

And he bounded off the platform, grabbing the hymnal while he was virtually in mid-air.

Minnow? A "Mr. Minnow" teaching at Westbrook? It was unbelievable but true: Minnow was his last name, and Theophilus was his first. His subjects were elementary French, Third Form English, which was largely Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, and Fourth Form English, which devoted a whole term to the *Roger de Coverley Papers*. Outside of that, he was the master in charge of a small wing of the junior dormitory, and the faculty advisor to the English Club, a serious reading group that was allowed to meet every other Thursday evening, but which had recently folded up for lack of members.

Then Theophilus Minnow's final job, in view of what Thor called his "literary and outside interests," was to arrange a variety of programs for the fortnightly Public Hour, 2.15 to 3 P.M. In October he had presented an address on "Central vs. Local Government" by a member of Congress; in November, a sort of chemical vaudeville by the school Science Club, very

successful even though the final explosion, demonstrating the effectiveness of carbonic acid gas, shattered three windows; in January, excerpts from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," performed in the olden style without settings by the Thespian Association, with occasional Mendelssohn music by the combined school orchestra of Westbrook and the Highcliffe Academy for Girls. It was a smash hit. But now, in May, the missing lecture by Admiral Snow . . . that was not so good.

Mr. Minnow did not look the part of an impresario. A school teacher with a more insignificant appearance could hardly be imagined. He, too, seemed to live up to his name. It was not that he was so short, it was his phenomenal thinness, his lack of circumference; he looked two-dimensional. And this needle of a body was surmounted by a pinhead, pale, shiny, and almost bald, although Mr. Minnow was not yet thirty-five. Nobody knew much about him: they watched his shuffling gait, his small uncertain voice, his athletic nonenity, and wondered how he had ever gotten here. Was it the charm of his French pronunciation—the winning way in which he could ask, "*Le crayon est-il sur la table?*" Was it his fondness for Ben Franklin's prose and his eloquence at teaching it? (Mr. Minnow would have smiled his quiet, suffering little smile; he would not have admitted that he thought Ben Franklin the most insufferable four-flusher in American spiritual history.) No one could quite understand.

Not even any mannerisms betrayed him. In a moment of high nervousness—a study-hall group momentarily out of hand, or a class sunk into a hopeless May-time coma—he did have the habit of pulling off his spectacles and cleaning their thick, almost opaque-looking lenses. He would clean them not once but many times, as if hoping for a clearer and more commanding vision. Then also he did have the mannerism, they said, of sitting up late at night in his cubicle of a study which overlooked his wing of the dormitory, and sometimes curious noises were heard to come from it. But a keyhole check-up proved that Mr. Minnow was only reading aloud to himself, from paper-bound books, in a nasal and foreign sing-song.

That was not enough to attach any label to him (even "The Fish" did not stick). He had been here two years, and had remained so colorless and inoffensive a stranger that no one had tried to solve his enigma. Basically, of course, he was a laughable character; but the boys were quietly intrigued when on occasion this little shrimp of a man stepped up and staged big chemical explosions, spectacles with music, and lectures by fat bombastic Congressmen. And so they left him pleasantly at peace.

But among some of the faculty, Mr. Minnow was suspect. Once, when he gave a Sunday afternoon tea in his miniature suite for some of the men, Mr. Zachary T. Hopewell casually scanned his book-shelves and audibly recoiled when he found a volume with the title *Fleurs du Mal*, by a reprehensible French poet ("who shall remain anonymous," Thor might have said) who was remembered for certain personal excesses. Then Mr. Minnow, who

was a passionate smoker of cigarettes, made a bad impression at the very start by lighting up during his first faculty meeting. No one ever smoked in faculty meetings: Thor regarded it as a bad example. But Mr. Minnow's slender, feminine fingers were constantly stained yellow; personal excesses, sneered Mr. Hopewell, no doubt about it.

Yet he carried out his duties impeccably, had taught his classes with general excellence, and if the discipline of his dormitory wing left something to be desired, his quiet, appealing manner toward the boys prevented any of the grosser outbreaks. He too had seen the great effectiveness of Thor's gospel of "Forge ahead" and "Finish strong," and the record showed that he had tried manfully to teach in accordance with it. Perhaps it had been difficult for him, but he never said a word. He had even adopted tweeds, although the first time he appeared in them even his few admirers smiled and one, a willowy sophisticated chap from New York, called the act "heroic."

Mr. Minnow had sat up late the night before to prepare his address. He had smoked many cigarettes, walked his floor spasmodically, and been heard, long after "lights out," going down to the highway soda fountain for a cup of coffee. Earlier he had looked anxious and distraught and had omitted evening inspection.

In the morning, during a free hour, he had returned to his room and to the sound of the revived steam shovels, finished and read aloud his confused manuscript. He had stuffed it into his inside pocket, so that his chest swelled out surprisingly, and come back for a review lesson on Ben Franklin's maxims.

"What is education?" began Mr. Minnow, when he had arranged the manuscript before him on the oaken reading stand. "Is it the learning by heart of an enormous number of facts? Does it consist in being able to write back to your teachers on demand exactly what they told you the day before? At the end of the school and college years there waits a neatly rolled sheepskin, signed and attested; is that the goal of education?

"I know you too well to think that you believe that is what we are here for. For two years I have enjoyed your contact and confidence. I know you are not collectors of indiscriminate information. Some of you, I daresay, may be collectors of discriminate misinformation, but that is something else again."

Two hundred faces, neatly ranked in the rows of the Georgian hall, converged upon him, at first cool, distant, mildly challenging; but now a quick formless wave of light laughter passed over some of them.

"A few of you may, in the course of events, turn out to be Ph.D's. But I'm sure that those will not be so small-minded as to get their doctorate by writing a three-year thesis on the subject of, say, 'The Intelligence of Orphan Children in Texas.' "

Another titter from the upper forms.

"You would ask, when they set you that topic, 'Why orphans? Why Texas?' " There were broad grins.

"I know that this school, with its great liberal and humane principles, doesn't say to you that this—in the words of W. S. Gilbert—is education:

> "I can write a washing-bill in Babylonic cuneiform,
> And quote all the details of Caractacus' uniform."

He had them all laughing now; his small head on the weedy trunk remained shiny, tight, bald, and severe.

"But what, then, does it really mean to be educated? It seems to me that before we can define what we are getting at we have got to rid the ground of a lot of false notions.

"Some of you are leaving in a very few months to enter the great world of the university. The rest are following at some distance. You will run into all sorts and kinds of people, and not the least of them will be the ones who tell you that a college education is a stamp, a certificate, a sign that you have conformed to a discipline which makes you ready for the daily life of a grown man. You will be initiated into the science of degree requirements, of points credit, of group-hours, and all the other machinery of mass education. Unless you happen into one of our few liberal and enlightened colleges, you will have to deal with a whole troop of academic policemen whose job it is to make you obey the traffic rules and to do nothing that is not set before you. You will not like it, but if you say anything you will be told that you can lump it.

"And that is not a condition to be taken lightly and seen just as a feature of some stiff-necked conservative colleges. That condition is one that prevails in our nation's life today. The gospel of our time and place is the gospel of conformity. You are always being told that the thing to be is a 'regular fellow.' A regular fellow is one who never raises doubts, questions, or other movements of the brain. He is sealed with a rubber stamp. He is safe."

The faces had slumped back again in their chairs. The far-off, passive, challenging air had returned.

"A hundred years ago this country was in the process of being settled by a hardy and virile race, so independent and self-reliant that it hated to live within sight of another man's house or within the sound of his rifle. The ideal it set up was that of individualism; and it lived by that ideal.

"But now, bitter is the change. The houses are ranked together, row on dismal row, the rifle shot is that of the gangster's intimidation, the great ideal of individualism still gets lip service, but only in burlesque form by political reaction. The hardy race of the pioneers has died away and all that has come out of the dragon's teeth it sowed is a flabby and weak-spined generation, too cowed to call its life its own, and courageous only when it jealously assassinates the man who still proclaims his spiritual freedom, in other words, his individualism.

"In this land of liberty we find our speech curtailed, our press bought,

our education using the method of prejudice and fear. A professor of law reading the Declaration of Independence in an empty lot in a strike town gets beaten and locked up. Important, earnest books and plays are banned as indecent by that fountainhead of the arts, Boston. Men of progressive political belief are blacklisted, blackjacked, or deported. The records are hundredfold. We have done sad work indeed toward carrying out the great idea which Milton posed for a democracy: 'And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?' "

Mr. Minnow had given up reading verbatim from the mussed sheets. The periods between his references to the pages had become longer, and the beady little eyes behind thick glasses seemed fixed with pointed concentration on the last row in the hall, the Sixth Form. His voice kept its tentative, uncertain register, but his phrases were growing constantly stronger and more sustained; he allowed his diminutive shoulders to snap forward, in a way that he had never done before, when ending an emphatic line. Full silence and order had gripped the hall, even though—significantly—there was not one teacher present.

"And now, ground down by this twentieth-century ideal of conformity, we have lost sight of the sterner ways of individual growth and salvation of the past, and allowed ourselves to lead substitute lives, to adopt what an American critic has called the 'mucker pose.' Woe betide the man who proclaims the aristocracy of mind against that of wealth and matter; who refuses to abide by the slogans of shabby politics and a long-captured press; who has no use for the short-cuts to success, the fifteen-minute-a-day method of wisdom, and the smoking-car standard of popular appeal.

"Now it may seem that I have been wandering afield. But all of this ties directly to our subject of education. We have colleges today where classes in garage mechanics, bee-keeping, and advanced cement-mixing have pushed Virgil and Dante into a limbo deeper than they ever dreamed of. We have great eastern universities that have squandered their millions on vulgar and parvenu buildings, gilded and falsely antique, as show-windows to advertise their wares. The old red schoolhouse—a thing of many Puritanical meannesses, I admit—has given way to the $5,000,000 high school with four football teams, weekly pep meetings, a student publicity bureau, and a full-sized grandstand."

Mr. Minnow had forgotten himself. There was a quick spasm of alarmed looks, significant nudges throughout the hall. A senior councilman whispered to his neighbor that Minnow was drunk. Something should be done about it.

The commotion was not lost on Mr. Minnow. He hauled up in his outburst. His hand was seen to tremble, he seemed suddenly to catch up with his

words and realize what had crossed his lips. Was he hurriedly trying to find a way to turn back or qualify the words? He did nothing. Outside the steam shovels battered.

"What is education?" asked Mr. Minnow after the pause, beginning in a different and lower voice. "It is not the mere amassing of facts. It is not conformity to a set of popular ideals. Education might be called a systematic exploration of self. That is not a definition, I know, but it is at least a method. The true teacher in my opinion is the one who proclaims with Whitman:

> You shall no longer take things at second or third hand, nor look through the eyes of the dead, nor feed on the specters in books,
> You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from me,
> You shall listen to all sides and filter them for yourself.

And the true student is the one who strips himself of all preconceived and inherited notions, who listens to all sides, who cultivates the habit of doubt. That method will set him apart from other men. And there is no turning around on that. For education in its high sense is a lonely exploit, even as mountain-climbing. Education is a voyage away from conformity over a lonely country and leading perhaps to the community of a few kindred spirits—from whose company the impractical poets and dreamers are not excluded.

"Often when I stand before you in the classroom I have the feeling that what I am giving you is not education at all—that most education is done outside the classroom, and that neither I nor any other teacher has any more than a nominal connection with it. For no educational method has ever been devised that can do more than offer the most elementary and fallible charts toward a great land—a land that you have got to discover for yourself, unassisted, alone."

Mr. Minnow stood at Thor's post behind the reading stand which was of course too high for him. He stood by the flag and under the Georgian fan decoration, inadequate, a mere wisp in comparison to the hard breadth of his master. And yet now he began to step out from behind the stand, he released the hold of his pale blue-veined hands on it, he rose rhythmically to his toes, he swayed to the flow of his phrases, his eyes peered beyond the last row, he brushed sharply across the flag.

"As a student of physics you are not educated if you cannot think yourself back in company with Archimedes and Galileo, lonely and persecuted figures, learning the forces and inward rhythms of nature; with Newton and Leibnitz, ponderous and crystal minds, wonderfully and simultaneously uncovering the secret of the calculus. As a student of English you are not educated if you cannot stop in at the Tabard Inn and mingle with the richness and suffering and dross of Chaucer's pilgrims, or sit in thought at Milton's feet in Artillery Walk as he lets fleeting Paradise pass before his blinded eyes, or listen around the campfires to Hardy's peasants and their tales of Wessex

Heath. There is the immensity, that is real, that alone lasts secret and forever!

"There, far off and dimly heard, are the melodies of the springtime of our race, the Romanesque, the troubadours, the madrigals, the boisterous clash of the courts; at a middle distance you may become aware of the breathless wonders of our maturity, a Bach beating the music of the Mass into his choirboys, a Goethe climbing the Brocken and conceiving the great scene of *Faust*, a Rembrandt coming out, for a moment, into the full light. And then, finally, nearer and dearer at hand, the music of the autumn, Shelley pining away, Chopin dissolving into perfume, the art cults forming and falling into atoms, great Baudelaire and the last Gallic masters sensing infinite weariness, singing one last threnody and sinking into shadow.

"If you do not hear them, the great spirits, then all that we have worked for comes to nothing. When you close your book and walk out into the dark away from proud lights and noises, if ghosts don't crowd around you and whisper miraculous things to you, you are not educated."

He was well applauded. The handclaps were loud and strong, orderly and severe. He smiled for the first time, hurriedly wiped his bluish shiny brow, shuffled together his manuscript, and as they began talking and moving out he took off his glasses, breathed on the lenses, and cleaned them carefully.

He had not kept them for the whole hour. It was only 2:45, and that gave the team plenty of time to get dressed for the game with Jameskill High School. One of the team even came up to Mr. Minnow and told him how very much the address had meant to him. They walked out the door together as Mr. Minnow replaced his glasses.

They played a great game and smothered Jameskill High by 7–2. Most of the faculty were in the grandstand.

All in all it was a great day. But next morning Theophilus Minnow was in trouble.

## YOUNG MAN AXELBROD

### *Sinclair Lewis* (*1917*)

The cottonwood is a tree of a slovenly and plebeian habit. Its woolly wisps turn gray the lawns and engender neighborhood hostilities about our town. Yet it is a mighty tree, a refuge and an inspiration; the sun flickers in its towering foliage, whence the tattoo of locusts enlivens our dusty, summer afternoons. From the wheat-country out to the sagebrush plains between the buttes and the Yellowstone it is the cottonwood that keeps a little grateful shade for sweating homesteaders.

In Joralemon we called Knute Axelbrod "Old Cottonwood." As a matter of fact, the name was derived not so much from the quality of the man as

from the wide grove about his gaunt, white house and red barn. He made a comely row of trees on each side of the country road, so that a humble, daily sort of man, driving beneath them in his lumber-wagon, might fancy himself lord of a private avenue. And at sixty-five Knute was like one of his own cottonwoods, his roots deep in the soil, his trunk weathered by rain and blizzard and baking August noons, his crown spread to the wide horizon of day and the enormous sky of a prairie night.

This immigrant was an American even in speech. Save for a weakness about his j's and w's, he spoke the twangy Yankee English of the land. He was the more American because in his native Scandinavia he had dreamed of America as a land of light. Always through disillusion and weariness he beheld America as the world's nursery for justice, for broad, fair towns, and eager talk; and always he kept a young soul that dared to desire beauty.

As a lad Knute Axelbrod had wished to be a famous scholar, to learn the ease of foreign tongues, the romance of history, to unfold in the graciousness of wise books. When he first came to America he worked in a sawmill all day and studied all evening. He mastered enough book-learning to teach district school for two terms, then, when he was only eighteen, a great-hearted pity for faded little Lena Wesselius moved him to marry her. Gay enough, doubtless, was their hike by prairie-schooner to new farm-lands, but Knute was promptly caught in a net of poverty and family. From eighteen to fifty-eight he was always snatching children away from death or the farm away from mortgages.

He had to be content—and generously content he was—with the second-hand glory of his children's success and, for himself, with pilfered hours of reading—that reading of big, thick, dismal volumes of history and economics which the lone, mature learner chooses. Without ever losing his desire for strange cities and the dignity of towers he stuck to his farm. He acquired a half-section, free from debt, fertile, well-stocked, adorned with a cement silo, a chicken-run, a new windmill. He became comfortable, secure, and then he was ready, it seemed, to die; for at sixty-three his work was done, and he was unneeded and alone.

His wife was dead. His sons had scattered afar, one a dentist in Fargo, another a farmer in the Golden Valley. He had turned over his farm to his daughter and son-in-law. They had begged him to live with them, but Knute refused.

"No," he said, "you must learn to stand on your own feet. I vill not give you the farm. You pay me four hundred dollars a year rent, and I live on that and vatch you from my hill."

On a rise beside the lone cottonwood which he loved best of all his trees Knute built a tar-paper shack, and here he "bached it"; cooked his meals, made his bed—sometimes, sat in the sun, read many books from the Joralemon library, and began to feel that he was free of the yoke of citizenship which he had borne all his life.

For hours at a time he sat on a backless kitchen-chair before the shack, a wide-shouldered man, white-bearded, motionless; a seer despite his grotesquely baggy trousers, his collarless shirt. He looked across the miles of stubble to the steeple of the Jack-rabbit Forks church and meditated upon the uses of life. At first he could not break the rigidity of habit. He rose at five, found work in cleaning his cabin and cultivating his garden, had dinner exactly at twelve, and went to bed by afterglow. But little by little he discovered that he could be irregular without being arrested. He stayed abed till seven or even eight. He got a large, deliberate, tortoise-shell cat, and played games with it; let it lap milk upon the table, called it the Princess, and confided to it that he had a "sneaking idee" that men were fools to work so hard. Around this coatless old man, his stained waistcoat flapping about a huge torso, in a shanty of rumpled bed and pine table covered with sheets of food-daubed newspaper, hovered all the passionate aspiration of youth and the dreams of ancient beauty.

He began to take long walks by night. In his necessitous life night had ever been a period of heavy slumber in close rooms. Now he discovered the mystery of the dark; saw the prairies wide-flung and misty beneath the moon, heard the voices of grass and cottonwoods and drowsy birds. He tramped for miles. His boots were dew-soaked, but he did not heed. He stopped upon hillocks, shyly threw wide his arms, and stood worshipping the naked, slumbering land.

These excursions he tried to keep secret, but they were bruited abroad. Neighbors, good, decent fellows with no nonsense about walking in the dew at night, when they were returning late from town, drunk, lashing their horses, and flinging whisky-bottles from their racing democrat wagons, saw him, and they spread the tidings that Old Cottonwood was "getting nutty since he give up his farm to that son-in-law of his and retired. Seen the old codger wandering around at midnight. Wish I had his chance to sleep. Wouldn't catch me out in the night air."

Any rural community from Todd Center to Seringapatam is resentful of any person who varies from its standard, and is morbidly fascinated by any hint of madness. The countryside began to spy on Knute Axelbrod, to ask him questions, and to stare from the road at his shack. He was sensitively aware of it, and inclined to be surly to inquisitive acquaintances. Doubtless that was the beginning of his great pilgrimage.

As a part of the general wild license of his new life,—really, he once roared at that startled cat, the Princess: "By gollies! I ain't going to brush my teeth tonight. All my life I've brushed 'em, and always wanted to skip a time vunce,"—Knute took considerable pleasure in degenerating in his taste in scholarship. He wilfully declined to finish *The Conquest of Mexico*, and began to read light novels borrowed from the Joralemon library. So he rediscovered the lands of dancing and light wines, which all his life he had

desired. Some economics and history he did read, but every evening he would stretch out in his buffalo-horn chair, his feet on the cot and the Princess in his lap, and invade Zenda or fall in love with Trilby.

Among the novels he chanced upon a highly optimistic story of Yale in which a worthy young man "earned his way through" college, stroked the crew, won Phi Beta Kappa, and had the most entertaining, yet moral, conversations on or adjacent to "the dear old fence."

As a result of this chronicle, at about three o'clock one morning when Knute Axelbrod was sixty-four years of age, he decided that he would go to college! All his life he had wanted to. Why not do it?

When he awoke in the morning he was not so sure about it as when he had gone to sleep. He saw himself as ridiculous, a ponderous, oldish man among clean-limbed youths, like a dusty cottonwood among silver birches. But for months he wrestled and played with that idea of a great pilgrimage to the Mount of Muses; for he really supposed college to be that sort of place. He believed that all college students, except for the wealthy idlers, burned to acquire learning. He pictured Harvard and Yale and Princeton as ancient groves set with marble temples, before which large groups of Grecian youths talked gently about astronomy and good government. In his picture they never cut classes or ate.

With a longing for music and books and graciousness such as the most ambitious boy could never comprehend, this thick-faced prairie farmer dedicated himself to beauty, and defied the unconquerable power of approaching old age. He sent for college catalogues and school-books, and diligently began to prepare himself for college.

He found Latin irregular verbs and the whimsicalities of algebra fiendish. They had nothing to do with actual life as he had lived it. But he mastered them; he studied twelve hours a day, as once he had plodded through eighteen hours a day in the hay-field. With history and English literature he had comparatively little trouble; already he knew much of them from his recreative reading. From German neighbors he had picked up enough Plattdeutsch to make German easy. The trick of study began to come back to him from his small school-teaching of forty-five years before. He began to believe that he could really put it through. He kept assuring himself that in college, with rare and sympathetic instructors to help him, there would not be this baffling search, this nervous strain.

But the unreality of the things he studied did disillusion him, and he tired of his new game. He kept it up chiefly because all his life he had kept up onerous labor without any taste for it. Toward the autumn of the second year of his eccentric life he no longer believed that he would ever go to college.

Then a busy little grocer stopped him on the street in Joralemon and quizzed him about his studies, to the delight of the informal club which always loafs at the corner of the hotel.

Knute was silent, but dangerously angry. He remembered just in time

how he had once laid wrathful hands upon a hired man, and somehow the man's collarbone had been broken. He turned away and walked home, seven miles, still boiling. He picked up the Princess, and, with her mewing on his shoulder, tramped out again to enjoy the sunset.

He stopped at a reedy slough. He gazed at a hopping plover without seeing it. He plucked at his beard. Suddenly he cried:

"I am going to college. It opens next veek. I t'ink that I can pass the examinations."

Two days later he had moved the Princess and his sticks of furniture to his son-in-law's house, had bought a new slouch hat, a celluloid collar, and a solemn suit of black, had wrestled with God in prayer through all of a star-clad night, and had taken the train for Minneapolis, on the way to New Haven.

While he stared out of the car-window Knute was warning himself that the millionaires' sons would make fun of him. Perhaps they would haze him. He bade himself avoid all these sons of Belial and cleave to his own people, those who "earned their way through."

At Chicago he was afraid with a great fear of the lightning flashes that the swift crowds made on his retina, the batteries of ranked motor-cars that charged at him. He prayed, and ran for his train to New York. He came at last to New Haven.

Not with gibing rudeness, but with politely quizzical eyebrows, Yale received him, led him through entrance examinations, which, after sweaty plowing with the pen, he barely passed, and found for him a room-mate. The room-mate was a large-browed, soft, white grub named Ray Gribble, who had been teaching school in New England, and seemed chiefly to desire college training so that he might make more money as a teacher. Ray Gribble was a hustler; he instantly got work tutoring the awkward son of a steel man, and for board he waited on table.

He was Knute's chief acquaintance. Knute tried to fool himself into thinking he liked the grub, but Ray couldn't keep his damp hands off the old man's soul. He had the skill of a professional exhorter of young men in finding out Knute's motives, and when he discovered that Knute had a hidden desire to dabble in gay, polite literature, Ray said in a shocked way:

"Strikes me a man like you, that's getting old, ought to be thinking more about saving your soul than about all these frills. You leave this poetry and stuff to these foreigners and artists, and you stick to Latin and math and the Bible. I tell you, I've taught school, and I've learned by experience."

With Ray Gribble, Knute lived grubbily, an existence of torn comforters and a smelly lamp, of lexicons and logarithm tables. No leisurely loafing by fireplaces was theirs. They roomed in West Divinity, where gather the theologues, the lesser sort of law students, a whimsical genius or two, and a horde of unplaced freshmen and "scrub seniors."

Knute was shockingly disappointed, but he stuck to his room because out-

side of it he was afraid. He was a grotesque figure, and he knew it, a white-polled giant squeezed into a small seat in a classroom, listening to instructors younger than his own sons. Once he tried to sit on the fence. No one but "ringers" sat on the fence any more, and at the sight of him trying to look athletic and young, two upperclass men snickered, and he sneaked away.

He came to hate Ray Gribble and his voluble companions of the submerged tenth of the class, the hewers of tutorial wood. It is doubtless safer to mock the flag than to question that best-established tradition of our democracy—that those who "earn their way through" college are necessarily stronger, braver, and more assured of success than the weaklings who talk by the fire. Every college story presents such a moral. But tremblingly the historian submits that Knute discovered that waiting on table did not make lads more heroic than did football or happy loafing. Fine fellows, cheerful and fearless, were many of the boys who "earned their way," and able to talk to richer classmates without fawning, but just as many of them assumed an abject respectability as the most convenient pose. They were pickers up of unconsidered trifles; they toadied to the classmates whom they tutored; they wriggled before the faculty committee on scholarships; they looked pious at Dwight Hall prayer-meetings to make an impression on the serious-minded; and they drank one glass of beer at Jake's to show the light-minded that they meant nothing offensive by their piety. In revenge for cringing to the insolent athletes whom they tutored, they would, when safe among their own kind, yammer about the "lack of democracy in colleges today." Not that they were so indiscreet as to do anything about it. They lacked the stuff of really rebellious souls. Knute listened to them and marveled. They sounded like young hired men talking behind his barn at harvest-time.

This submerged tenth hated the dilettantes of the class even more than they hated the bloods. Against one Gilbert Washburn, a rich esthete with more manner than any freshman ought to have, they raged righteously. They spoke of seriousness and industry till Knute, who might once have desired to know lads like Washburn, felt ashamed of himself as a wicked, wasteful old man.

With the friends of his room-mate began Knute's series of disillusions. Humbly though he sought, he found no inspiration and no comradeship. He was the freak of the class, and aside from the submerged tenth, his classmates were afraid of being "queered" by being seen with him.

As he was still powerful, one who could take up a barrel of pork on his knees, he tried to find friendship among the athletes. He sat at Yale Field, watching the football try-outs, and tried to get acquainted with the candidates. They stared at him and answered his questions grudgingly—beefy youths who in their simple-hearted way showed that they considered him plain crazy.

The place itself began to lose the haze of magic through which he had first seen it. Earth is earth, whether one sees it in Camelot or Joralemon or on

the Yale campus—or possibly even in the Harvard yard! The buildings ceased to be temples to Knute; they became structures of brick or stone, filled with young men who lounged at windows and watched him amusedly as he tried to slip by.

The Gargantuan hall of Commons became a tri-daily horror because at the table where he dined were two youths who, having uncommonly penetrating minds, discerned that Knute had a beard, and courageously told the world about it. One of them, named Atchison, was a superior person, very industrious and scholarly, glib in mathematics and manners. He despised Knute's lack of definite purpose in coming to college. The other was a playboy, a wit and a stealer of street-signs, who had a wonderful sense for a subtle jest; and his references to Knute's beard shook the table with jocund mirth three times a day. So these youths of gentle birth drove the shambling wistful old man away from Commons, and thereafter he ate at the lunch-counter at the Black Cat.

Lacking the stimulus of friendship, it was the harder for Knute to keep up the strain of studying the long assignments. What had been a week's pleasant reading in his shack was now thrown at him as a day's task. But he would not have minded the toil if he could have found one as young as himself. They were all so dreadfully old, the money-earners, the serious laborers at athletics, the instructors who worried over their life-work of putting marks in class-record books.

Then, on a sore, bruised day, Knute did meet one who was young.

Knute had heard that the professor who was the idol of the college had berated the too-earnest lads in his Browning class, and insisted that they read *Alice in Wonderland*. Knute floundered dustily about in a second-hand bookshop till he found an *Alice*, and he brought it home to read over his lunch of a hot-dog sandwich. Something in the grave absurdity of the book appealed to him, and he was chuckling over it when Ray Gribble came into the room and glanced at the reader.

"Huh!" said Mr. Gribble.

"That's a fine, funny book," said Knute.

"Huh! *Alice in Wonderland!* I've heard of it. Silly nonsense. Why don't you read something really fine, like Shakespeare or 'Paradise Lost'?"

"Vell—" said Knute, but that was all he could find to say.

With Ray Gribble's glassy eye on him, he could no longer roll and roar with the book. He wondered if indeed he ought not to be reading Milton's pompous anthropological misconceptions. He went unhappily out to an early history class, ably conducted by Blevins, Ph.D.

Knute admired Blevins, Ph.D. He was so tubbed and eye-glassed and terribly right. But most of Blevins's lambs did not like Blevins. They said he was a "crank." They read newspapers in his class and covertly kicked one another.

In the smug, plastered classroom, his arm leaning heavily on the broad tablet-arm of his chair, Knute tried not to miss one of Blevins's sardonic proofs that the correct date of the second marriage of Themistocles was two years and seven days later than the date assigned by that illiterate ass, Frutari of Padua. Knute admired young Blevins's performance, and he felt virtuous in application to these hard, unnonsensical facts.

He became aware that certain lewd fellows of the lesser sort were playing poker just behind him. His prairie-trained ear caught whispers of "Two to dole," and "Raise you two beans." Knute revolved, and frowned upon these mockers of sound learning. As he turned back he was aware that the offenders were chuckling, and continuing their game. He saw that Blevins, Ph.D., perceived that something was wrong; he frowned, but he said nothing. Knute sat in meditation. He saw Blevins as merely a boy. He was sorry for him. He would do the boy a good turn.

When class was over he hung about Blevins's desk till the other students had clattered out. He rumbled:

"Say, Professor, you're a fine fellow. I do something for you. If any of the boys make themselves a nuisance, you yust call on me, and I spank the son of a guns."

Blevins, Ph.D., spake in a manner of culture and nastiness:

"Thanks so much, Axelbrod, but I don't fancy that will ever be necessary. I am supposed to be a reasonably good disciplinarian. Good day. Oh, one moment. There's something I've been wishing to speak to you about. I do wish you wouldn't try quite so hard to show off whenever I call on you during quizzes. You answer at such needless length, and you smile as though there were something highly amusing about me. I'm quite willing to have you regard me as a humorous figure, privately, but there are certain classroom conventions, you know, certain little conventions."

"Why, Professor!" wailed Knute. "I never make fun of you! I didn't know I smile. If I do, I guess it's yust because I am so glad when my stupid old head gets the lesson good."

"Well, well, that's very gratifying, I'm sure. And if you will be a little more careful—"

Blevins, Ph.D., smiled a toothy, frozen smile, and trotted off to the Graduates' Club, to be witty about old Knute and his way of saying "yust," while in the deserted classroom Knute sat chill, an old man and doomed. Through the windows came the light of Indian summer; clean, boyish cries rose from the campus. But the lover of autumn smoothed his baggy sleeve, stared at the blackboard, and there saw only the gray of October stubble about his distant shack. As he pictured the college watching him, secretly making fun of him and his smile, he was now faint and ashamed, now bull-angry. He was lonely for his cat, his fine chair of buffalo horns, the sunny doorstep of his shack, and the understanding land. He had been in college for about one month.

Before he left the classroom he stepped behind the instructor's desk and looked at an imaginary class.

"I might have stood there as a prof if I could have come earlier," he said softly to himself.

Calmed by the liquid autumn gold that flowed through the streets, he walked out Whitney Avenue toward the butte-like hill of East Rock. He observed the caress of the light upon the scarped rock, heard the delicate music of leaves, breathed in air pregnant with tales of old New England. He exulted:

"I could write poetry now if I yust—if I yust could write poetry!"

He climbed to the top of East Rock, whence he could see the Yale buildings like the towers of Oxford, Long Island Sound, and the white glare of Long Island itself beyond the water. He marveled that Knute Axelbrod of the cottonwood country was looking across an arm of the Atlantic to New York State.

He noticed a freshman on a bench at the edge of the rock, and he became irritated. The freshman was Gilbert Washburn, the snob, the dilettante, of whom Ray Gribble had once said: "That guy is the disgrace of the class. He doesn't go out for anything, high stand or Dwight Hall or anything else. Thinks he's so doggone much better than the rest of the fellows that he doesn't associate with anybody. Thinks he's literary, they say, and yet he doesn't even heel the 'Lit,' like the regular literary fellows! Got no time for a loafing, mooning snob like that."

As Knute stared at the unaware Gil, whose profile was fine in outline against the sky, he was terrifically public-spirited and disapproving and that sort of moral thing. Though Gil was much too well dressed, he seemed moodily discontented.

"What he needs is to vork in a thrashing-crew and sleep in the hay," grumbled Knute almost in the virtuous manner of Gribble. "Then he vould know when he vas vell off, and not look like he had the earache. Pff!"

Gil Washburn rose, trailed toward Knute, glanced at him, hesitated, sat down on Knute's bench.

"Great view!" he said. His smile was eager.

That smile symbolized to Knute all the art of life he had come to college to find. He tumbled out of his moral attitude with ludicrous haste, and every wrinkle of his weathered face creased deep as he answered:

"Yes; I t'ink the Acropolis must be like this here."

"Say, look here, Axelbrod; I've been thinking about you."

"Yas?"

"We ought to know each other. We two are the class scandal. We came here to dream, and these busy little goats like Atchison and Giblets, or whatever your room-mate's name is, think we're fools not to go out for marks.

You may not agree with me, but I've decided that you and I are precisely alike."

"What makes you t'ink I come here to dream?" bristled Knute.

"Oh, I used to sit near you at Commons and hear you try to quell jolly old Atchison whenever he got busy discussing the reasons for coming to college. That old, moth-eaten topic! I wonder if Cain and Abel didn't discuss it at the Eden Agricultural College. You know, Abel the mark-grabber, very pious and high stand, and Cain wanting to read poetry."

"Yes," said Knute, "and I guess Prof Adam say, 'Cain, don't you read this poetry; it von't help you in algebry.' "

"Of course. Say, wonder if you'd like to look at this volume of Musset I was sentimental enough to lug up here today. Picked it up when I was abroad last year."

From his pocket Gil drew such a book as Knute had never seen before, a slender volume, in a strange language, bound in hand-tooled, crushed levant, an effeminate bibelot over which the prairie farmer gasped with luxurious pleasure. The book almost vanished in his big hands. With a timid forefinger he stroked the levant, ran through the leaves.

"I can't read it, but that's the kind of book I alvays t'ought there must be some like it," he sighed.

"Let me read you a little. It's French, poetry."

Gil read aloud. He made of the alien verses a music which satisfied Knute's sixty-five years of longing for he had never known what.

"That's—that's fine," he said.

"Listen!" cried Gil. "Ysaye is playing up at Hartford tonight. Let's go hear him. We'll trolley up, make it in plenty of time. Tried to get some of the fellows to come, but they thought I was a nut."

What an Ysaye was, Knute Axelbrod had no notion; but "Sure!" he boomed.

When they got to Hartford they found that between them they had just enough money to get dinner, hear Ysaye from gallery seats, and return only as far as Meriden.

At Meriden Gil suggested:

"Let's walk back to New Haven, then. Can you make it?"

Knute had no knowledge as to whether it was four miles or forty back to the campus, but "Sure!" he said. For the last few months he had been noticing that, despite his bulk, he had to be careful, but tonight he could have flown.

In the music of Ysaye, the first real musician he had ever heard, Knute had found all the incredible things of which he had slowly been reading in William Morris and "Idylls of the King." Tall knights he had beheld, and slim princesses in white samite, the misty gates of forlorn towns, and the glory of the chivalry that never was.

They did walk, roaring down the road beneath the October moon, stop-

ping to steal apples and to exclaim over silvered hills, taking a puerile and very natural joy in chasing a profane dog. It was Gil who talked, and Knute who listened, for the most part; but Knute was lured into tales of the pioneer days, of blizzards, of harvesting, and of the first flame of the green wheat. Regarding the Atchisons and Gribbles of the class both of them were youthfully bitter and supercilious. But they were not bitter long, for they were atavisms tonight. They were wandering minstrels, Gilbert the troubadour with his man-at-arms.

They reached the campus at about five in the morning.

Fumbling for words that would express his feeling, Knute stammered: "Vell, it was fine. I go to bed now and I dream about—"

"Bed? Rats! Never believe in winding up a party when it's going strong. Too few good parties. Besides, it's only the shank of the evening. Besides, we're hungry. Besides—oh, besides! Wait here a second. I'm going up to my room to get some money, and we'll have some eats. Wait! Please do!"

Knute would have waited all night. He had lived sixty-five years and traveled fifteen hundred miles and endured Ray Gribble to find Gil Washburn.

Policemen wondered to see the celluloid-collared old man and the expensive-looking boy rolling arm in arm down Chapel Street in search of a restaurant suitable to poets. They were all closed.

"The Ghetto will be awake by now," said Gil. "We'll go buy some eats and take 'em up to my room. I've got some tea there."

Knute shouldered through dark streets beside him as naturally as though he had always been a night-hawk, with an aversion to anything as rustic as beds. Down on Oak Street, a place of low shops, smoky lights, and alley mouths, they found the slum already astir. Gil contrived to purchase boxed biscuits, cream-cheese, chicken-loaf, a bottle of cream. While Gil was chaffering, Knute stared out into the street milkily lighted by wavering gas and the first feebleness of coming day; he gazed upon Kosher signs and advertisements in Russian letters, shawled women and bearded rabbis; and as he looked he gathered contentment which he could never lose. He had traveled abroad tonight.

The room of Gil Washburn was all the useless, pleasant things Knute wanted it to be. There was more of Gil's Paris days in it than of his freshmanhood: cloisonné on the mantelpiece, Persian rugs, a silver tea-service, etchings, and books. Knute Axelbrod of the tar-paper shack and piggy farmyards gazed in satisfaction. Vast-bearded, sunk in an easy-chair, he clucked amiably while Gil lighted a fire and spread a wicker table.

Over supper they spoke of great men and heroic ideals. It was good talk, and not unspiced with lively references to Gribble and Atchison and Blevins, all asleep now in their correct beds. Gil read snatches of Stevenson and Anatole France; then at last he read his own poetry.

It does not matter whether that poetry was good or bad. To Knute it was a miracle to find one who actually wrote it.

The talk grew slow, and they began to yawn. Knute was sensitive to the lowered key of their Indian-summer madness, and he hastily rose. As he said good-by he felt as though he had but to sleep a little while and return to this unending night of romance.

But he came out of the dormitory upon day. It was six-thirty of the morning, with a still, hard light upon red-brick walls.

"I can go to his room plenty times now; I find my friend," Knute said. He held tight the volume of Musset, which Gil had begged him to take.

As he started to walk the few steps to West Divinity Knute felt very tired. By daylight the adventure seemed more and more incredible.

As he entered the dormitory he sighed heavily:

"Age and youth, I guess they can't team together long." As he mounted the stairs he said: "If I saw the boy again, he vould get tired of me. I tell him all I got to say." And as he opened his door, he added: "This is what I come to college for—this one night; I live for it sixty-five years. I go away before I spoil it."

He wrote a note to Gil, and began to pack his telescope. He did not even wake Ray Gribble, sonorously sleeping in the stale air.

At five that afternoon, on the day-coach of a westbound train, an old man sat smiling. A lasting content was in his eyes, and in his hands a small book in French, though the curious fact is that this man could not read French.

## A FATHER SEES A SON NEARING MANHOOD

(*From* The People, Yes)

*Carl Sandburg* (*1936*)

A FATHER sees a son nearing manhood.
What shall he tell that son?
"Life is hard; be steel; be a rock."
And this might stand him for the storms
and serve him for humdrum and monotony
and guide him amid sudden betrayals
and tighten him for slack moments.
"Life is a soft loam; be gentle; go easy."
And this too might serve him.
Brutes have been gentled where lashes failed.
The growth of a frail flower in a path up
has sometimes shattered and split a rock.
A tough will counts. So does desire.

So does a rich soft wanting.
Without rich wanting nothing arrives.
Tell him too much money has killed men
and left them dead years before burial:
the quest of lucre beyond a few easy needs
has twisted good enough men
sometimes into dry thwarted worms.
Tell him time as a stuff can be wasted.
Tell him to be a fool every so often
and to have no shame over having been a fool
yet learning something out of every folly
hoping to repeat none of the cheap follies
thus arriving at intimate understanding
of a world numbering many fools.
Tell him to be alone often and get at himself
and above all tell himself no lies about himself
whatever the white lies and protective fronts
he may use amongst other people.
Tell him solitude is creative if he is strong
and the final decisions are made in silent rooms.
Tell him to be different from other people
if it comes natural and easy being different.
Let him have lazy days seeking his deeper motives.
Let him seek deep for where he is a born natural.
Then he may understand Shakespeare
and the Wright brothers, Pasteur, Pavlov,
Michael Faraday and free imaginations
bringing changes into a world resenting change.
He will be lonely enough
to have time for the work
he knows as his own.

## WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

*Walt Whitman* (*1855*)

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

## THE SCHOLARS

*William Butler Yeats (1919)*

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,
Old, learned, respectable bald heads,
Edit and annotate the lines
That young men, tossing on their beds
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

All shuffle there; all cough in ink;
All wear the carpet with their shoes;
All think what other people think;
All know the man their neighbor knows.
Lord, what would they say
Did their Catullus walk that way?

## LAUSANNE

*Thomas Hardy (1901)*

IN GIBBON'S OLD GARDEN: 11–12 P.M.
JUNE 27, 1897

*(The 110th anniversary of the completion of the "Decline and Fall" at the same hour and place)*

A SPIRIT seems to pass,
Formal in pose, but grave withal and grand:
He contemplates a volume in his hand,
And far lamps fleck him through the thin acacias.

Anon the book is closed,
With "It is finished!" And at the alley's end
He turns, and when on me his glances bend
As from the Past comes speech—small, muted, yet composed.

"How fares the Truth now?—Ill?
—Do pens but slily further her advance?
May one not speed her but in phrase askance?
Do scribes aver the Comic to be Reverend still?

"Still rule those minds on earth
At whom sage Milton's wormwood words were hurled:
*'Truth like a bastard comes into the world*
*Never without ill-fame to him who gives her birth'?*"

## TO MY STUDENTS

*Genevieve Taggard (1933)*

I teach. I expect two-percent return.
Sow words; show books; plant thought; burst doors, and point:
See World; see men at work; partake!

Students, I shall be content if you learn
By tiresome emphasis from me:
"*The laws of being are the laws of thought.*"
"*Thought is conditioned by being, not being by thought.*"

I am indulgent and stern.
Be deaf, indifferent. Discount, forget, resist . . .
But never mistake
This meaning:
*"Freedom is the recognition of necessity."*
*"By acting on nature outside himself, and changing it*
*Man simultaneously changes his own nature."*

## LAMENT OF THE NORMAL CHILD

*Phyllis McGinley (1935)*

*I was strolling past a schoolhouse*
*when I spied a sobbing lad.*
*His little face was sorrowful and*
*pale.*
*"Come, tell me why you weep," I*
*said, "and why you seem so sad."*
*And thus the urchin lisped his*
*tragic tale:*

The school where I go is a modern school
With numerous modern graces.
And there they cling to the modern rule
Of "Cherish the Problem Cases!"
From nine to three
I develop Me.
I dance when I'm feeling dancy,
Or everywhere lay on
With creaking crayon
The colors that suit my fancy.
But when the commoner tasks are done,
Deserted, ignored, I stand.
For the rest have complexes, everyone;
Or a hyperactive gland.
Oh, how can I ever be reconciled
To my hatefully normal station?
Why couldn't I be a Problem Child
Endowed with a small fixation?
Why wasn't I trained for a Problem Child
With an Interesting Fixation?
I dread the sound of the morning bell.
The iron has entered my soul.
I'm a square little peg who fits too well
In a square little normal hole.
For seven years
In Mortimer Sears
Has the Œdipus angle flourished;
And Jessamine Gray,
She cheats at play
Because she is undernourished.
The teachers beam on Frederick Knipe
With scientific gratitude,
For Fred, they claim, is a perfect type
Of the Antisocial Attitude.
And Cuthbert Jones has his temper riled
In a way professors mention.
But I am a Perfectly Normal Child,
So I don't get any attention.
I'm nothing at all but a Normal Child,
So I don't get the least attention.
The others jeer as they pass me by.
They titter without forbearance.
"He's Perfectly Normal," they shrilly cry,
"With Perfectly Normal parents."
For I learn to read
With a normal speed.
I answer when I'm commanded.
Infected antrums

Don't give me tantrums.
I don't even write left-handed.
I build with blocks when they give me blocks.
When it's busy hour, I labor.
And I seldom delight in landing socks
On the ear of my little neighbor.
So here, by luckier lads reviled,
I sit on the steps alone.
Why couldn't I be a Problem Child
With a Case to call my own?
Why wasn't I born a Problem Child
With a Complex of my own?

## SETH COMPTON

*Edgar Lee Masters (1915)*

When I died, the circulating library
Which I built up for Spoon River,
And managed for the good of inquiring minds,
Was sold at auction on the public square,
As if to destroy the last vestige
Of my memory and influence.
For those of you who could not see the virtue
Of knowing Volney's *Ruins* as well as Butler's *Analogy*
And *Faust* as well as *Evangeline*,
Were really the power in the village,
And often you asked me,
"What is the use of knowing the evil in the world?"
I am out of your way now, Spoon River—
Choose your own good and call it good.
For I could never make you see
That no one knows what is good
Who knows not what is evil;
And no one knows what is true
Who knows not what is false.
Stop for a moment, and if you see
The thread of revenge leap out of the shuttle
Then quickly snatch from Atropos
The shears and cut it, lest your sons,
And the children of them and their children
Wear the envenomed robe.

# IDEAS OF LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

BECAUSE we have seen personal and political liberty suddenly disappear in so many parts of the world, today we more clearly understand the nature of freedom than ever before and more deeply cherish it. Our Chinese allies write the word *crisis* with two characters, the first meaning danger, the second opportunity. Shall we not let the present dangers to democracy lend "a larger dare to our great enterprise" of strengthening and extending our faith in the democratic way of life?

The much heralded "four freedoms" will serve as a basis for our examination of ideas of liberty and democracy. Then under the guidance of men of letters we shall look back into the past and forward into the future, as we discover the meanings given to human liberty and explore its implications for the future.

In *The American Cause* a contemporary writer calls us to a realistic consideration of the origins and history of our democratic faith, a faith which finds its true expression in heroic action, not in "things accomplished and piled up in goods and gold." Lewis Mumford discusses the moral values inherent in American democracy, the ideals which can give it strength to assume the responsibilities of a world where daily living calls for courage and insight. Irwin Edman urges us to discover in American ways of life the cultural values for which we once turned nostalgically to Europe. In *My Love Affair with Freedom* we are happily reminded that love of freedom is not simply a theme for austere idealists; it may be an almost sensuous response, imparting gusto and flavor to every moment of our day.

A chapter from Howard Fast's stirring novel of the American Revolution, *The Unvanquished*, recalls our country's earlier days of peril in the struggle for freedom and pictures the courage with which our forefathers overcame almost insuperable difficulties. *Freedom's a Hard Bought Thing*, by Stephen Vincent Benét, illustrates the universal human love of liberty in spite of the heavy toll which it exacts in blood and tears.

Finally we shall turn to the great poets who have sought, each in his own generation, to keep alive an intense devotion to liberty. For the names of Milton, Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, Whitman will forever be associated with memorable poems of protest against tyranny and moving affirmations of the "eternal spirit of the chainless mind."

## THE AMERICAN CAUSE

*Archibald MacLeish (1942)*

THE ISSUE before the American People is not a political issue nor an issue to be decided by a public act. It is an issue between the American people and themselves: an issue which involves the vitality and the resources of the American soul.

These, I am well aware, are large and ornate words. They are words which a man would have used at the risk of his reputation for sincerity a dozen months ago. But they are words which none of us can help but use today. History, not rhetoric, has put them in our mouths. History has shown us at late last that the issue which divides our time is far more than an issue between armed forces. History has shown us that it is an issue between worlds: an issue which depends more surely on our souls than on our weapons: an issue which no nation can avoid. Specifically and precisely, history has made plain to us a fact we had refused before to see—the fact that the enemy which attacks us attacks us not with planes alone or tanks alone or arms, but with violence of belief. And the issue which the people of this country face, the issue which lies between this people and itself, is the issue whether or not those who believe in democracy—those specifically who believe in democracy in the United States—can bring against the violence and fanatical obsession of that invading faith a stronger faith, a more resisting ardor of their own.

Before the Battle of France—a battle which may prove to have been more decisive in our own history than in the history of Europe—fascism had seemed to us a force of weapons driven onward by the fear of force behind. But in the Battle of France we learned, in the words of a manifesto issued by a group of the most distinguished scholars in this country, that the enemy "were stronger in arms because they were stronger in heart. It was their fanatical faith that gave them wings and fire. It was the singleness of their purpose that quickened the spearhead of their march." [1] In France also we learned that the weakness of the democracies—the weakness at least of the democracy which there fell—was not, as we had wished to believe, a weakness only in arms, only in mechanical contrivances. We learned, in the words of the same manifesto, that the blindness of democratic diplomacy and the helplessness of democratic strategy "were the external symptoms of a decay of the men . . . This they called appeasement. It implied that no conviction is worth fighting for and that the boundaries between good and evil had fallen. Military defeat was the embodiment of moral abdication."

It was the Battle of France which posed the issue we now face. Before that battle we had thought ourselves spectators of a war in Europe. After

[1] *The City of Man, a Declaration on World Democracy* (The Viking Press, 1940).

it, we knew the war was not in Europe but nearer—in the darker and more vulnerable countries of men's hearts. And after it we were not certain it was we who were spectators.

But the Battle of France did more than pose this issue. It weighted it—and weighted it against us. Before the Battle of France we had not understood—as a nation we had not understood—that the vitality of our democratic faith was put in issue. After the Battle of France we feared the issue was already lost. We saw then that the war was not, as we had wished to believe, a war between European powers which wanted conflicting things, but a war between human beings who believed conflicting things. We saw that the differences of belief were differences as to the kind of society in which men should live. We saw that those who believed in the kind of society in which we also believe had been opposed not only by weapons, not only by machines, but by other men who believed, and believed fanatically, in the total destruction of that society. We saw that in the fighting which followed it had been those who believed fanatically in destruction who had been stronger and those who believed in the society in which we believe who had been less strong—less strong not only in their weapons but in their devotion to their cause. And we had wondered. We wondered whether the sickness of democracy in France would prove to be the sickness of democracy in every country. We wondered whether democracy, which had been unable to match conviction with conviction and certainty with certainty in France, would be able to match conviction with conviction elsewhere. We still are wondering. We are wondering whether democracy in the United States has other spiritual weapons than the doubts and misgivings which ten years of depression and twenty years of skepticism provided for the men of France to fight with.

It is of this fear I wish to speak. And to speak as candidly and earnestly as I am capable of speaking. It is a fear which exists—and which exists in the minds not of foolish or of frightened people, but of responsible men who love this country as well as any of its people love it. It is also an understandable fear, for events which all of us have witnessed make it understandable. It is not a fear therefore which scornful men can put aside, or which demagogues can shout down, or which the patriotic societies can suppress with resolutions. It is a fear of which we must take account. But it is nevertheless—or so at least it seems to me—a fear both needless and mistaken. For it rests upon a total misconception of the democratic cause. It rests, to be precise, upon the misconception of democracy which those who most despise democracy have done their best to propagate and broadcast through the world. It is the fear of those who, being democrats themselves, accept the definition of democracy their enemies have written.

The enemies of liberty are not saboteurs in material things alone. They are saboteurs also in the things of the mind. And it is in the things of the mind that their sabotage is most dangerous. To destroy a machine or a manu-

facturing plant is one thing. The loss is great but the plant or the machine is replaceable. To destroy the integrity of words and to destroy the credibility of the users of words is another: neither can be replaced. The enemies of liberty, here as in other countries, practice the destruction of the integrity of words and the destruction of the credibility of the users of words. Indeed, it is this practice which principally characterizes the enemies of freedom in our time. They are the first men—the first men in the five hundred years since Johannes Gutenberg Zum Jungen, Knight of Mainz, invented the art of printing—the first men to use the printing press, deliberately and systematically, as an instrument of confusion and deceit. They are the first men in the five centuries of printing to turn the printing presses, like machine guns, on the people.

And nowhere have they used these Kulturwaffen to destroy a word more skillfully than with the word democracy—the word essential to our cause—the word which *is* our cause—the word we must defend whatever else we lose, or fail to fight for, or do not defend. What the enemies of liberty would have us take the word democracy to mean is not what Adams thought it meant, or Jefferson, or those who took it westward through the Shenandoah, or those who came to find it here by shipload after shipload through a hundred years. What the enemies of liberty would have us take the word to mean is something men and money and machines created in the nineteenth century and *called* democracy—a way of owning property, a scheme of doing business, an opportunity for comfort or for power or for certain forms of gain or entertainment.

It is this the enemies of liberty would have us take the word to mean. And it is with this meaning in our minds that they would have us make the choice before us—a choice, they say, between the new oncoming order of their fascist world and an old corrupted system full of fat and death—a choice between the new and iron cause for which a people can forget itself and sacrifice itself and go without and suffer and if need be die, and, on the other side, a world of goods and things and comforts and amusements with nothing to believe in but more goods, more things.

This was the choice which their confusions and their defamations and deceits presented to the citizens of France—and which the citizens of France, duped by confusions and deceits, accepted. It is the choice which many in this country, duped or themselves the dupers, would accept as well. The diplomat who tells us that democracy is dead in England, meaning by democracy a way of trading stocks, a chance to make ten millions in the market, accepts the choice the citizens of France accepted. The famous woman who assures us in a beautiful and cadenced prose that democracy is old in every country, and that the future like a wave will drown it down, accepts the same alternatives of terror and despair.

But the fears and desperations and defeats which these and others like

them breed and scatter are unreal fears. The democracy of which this writer and this statesman speak is not democracy but a distorted lie which both, but for their different reasons, take for true. Democracy itself has never been and is not now and never can become a way of trade, a world of goods, a heap of products, whether those products are of gold or steel or corn or silk or what-not: whether the trade is large or small or free or planned or neither. And only a very foolish man—only a man who had no understanding of the word democracy, or what it had been once, or what it can be—would take the issue in these terms and let his enemies compel him to defend, not the dream of freedom in the mind, not the way of freedom toward the future, but things already made, systems established, ways of trading, heaps of goods piled up.

If democracy is what the fascists say it is—if democracy is nothing but the world of innumerable automobiles and the best telephone system on earth and a new gadget just around the corner and the radios driveling on in the hotel lobbies eighteen hours out of twenty-four and the simpering legs in the magazine advertisements and the simpering voices on the movie screen and the hundreds of thousands of miles of roadside billboards with the billboard faces and the ten millions of unemployed waiting for the next boom—if democracy is only this, then democracy cannot survive attack, for democracy is not a cause that men will fight for.

But the true issue is not this issue; democracy is not the world that men and money and machines built in the nineteenth century and called democracy. The real issue is an issue to be fought in the hard and stony passes of the human spirit—the strict Thermopylaes of time where even if a man is killed he cannot die. And democracy itself is neither things nor goods nor fatness and indifference and an empty heart, but winter on the Massachusetts Bay and cold at Trenton and the gunfire in Kentucky and the hungry ground. The real issue is an issue between the frenzy on the one side of a herded, whipped-up, crowd-begotten "cause," and on the other side the single man's belief in liberty of mind and spirit; his willingness to sacrifice his goods and comforts and his earnings for its sake.

The democratic faith which swept the world—the democratic faith which men believed in and men fought for, the faith which men believe in and will fight for still, is not a faith in things or goods or fortunes. John Milton knew the democratic faith that men will fight for. He spoke of it not once but often:

"And as for you, citizens, it is of no small concern, what manner of men ye are, whether to acquire, or to keep possession of your liberty. Unless your liberty be of that kind which can neither be gotten nor taken away by arms (and that alone is such which springing from piety, justice, temperance, in fine from real virtue, shall take deep and intimate root in your minds) you may be assured that there will not be wanting one, who, even without

arms, will speedily deprive you of what it is your boast to have gained by force of arms. . . . For know (that you may not feel resentment, or be able to blame anybody but yourselves), that as to be free is precisely the same thing as to be pious, wise, just and temperate, careful of one's own, abstinent from what is another's, and thence in fine, magnanimous and brave—so to be the opposite of these, is the same thing as to be a slave; and by the wonted judgment and as it were by the just retribution of God, it comes to pass, that the nation, which has been incapable of governing and ordering itself, and has delivered itself up to the slavery of its own lusts, is itself delivered over against its will to other masters—and whether it will or no is compelled to serve."

John Milton's democracy was a democracy in which men believed. It was a democracy for which a band of sober and unmilitary men fought as armies had not fought before them. It was a faith more powerful than any faith or cause which could be brought against it. It has been a faith more powerful than any other for three centuries of time and on two continents. It is still a faith more powerful than any other. All our history has made this plain. Whenever in the history of this nation we have given ourselves to the labor of creating upon this continent a life in which every man might have the freedom of his mind, we have been confident and certain of our future and assured and asked no questions either of ourselves or anyone. Whenever we have given ourselves to other labors, we have lost the meaning of our lives and lost our certainty and questioned everyone and most of all ourselves.

Three generations back, in the thirties and the forties of the last century, when the four-hundred-foot side-wheelers with the crystal chandeliers and the mahogany bars and the eight course dinners and the filigree funnels with their sparks like crazy stars went hooting and slapping up the Ohio and the Hudson and the Mississippi, the Americans had no questions about democracy. They had a job to do. They had the toughest job a people ever undertook—the job of clearing and settling and tying together with ships and roads and rails and words and names the largest area lived on as a single social unit by any nation, at any time. They had the job of creating on an undiscovered continent a country where a hundred million men could live in freedom from the rest and from each other. They had the actual and present job of clearing on this continent the quarter sections where a man could build his freedom out of logs and nails.

And while they had that job to do they asked no questions. They knew what democracy was. They knew what they were too. They were the smartest, toughest, luckiest, leanest, all-around knowingest nation on God's green earth. Their way of living was the handsomest way of living human beings had ever hit on. Their institutions were the institutions history had been waiting for. If you had told them anyone else had a harder hold on the earth than they had, or anyone else believed in himself more than they

believed in themselves, they would have laughed in your face. And gone on with their working.

Who they were, what they were, never bothered the Americans. Virginia gentlemen and Boston philosophers and Long Island poets and visiting British lecturers might write and talk and wonder about American manners and American origins and American politics and the American soul. Americans didn't wonder. They knew all about them. They knew about origins. They had all the origins of Europe in their veins before the century was over—all the races a man ever heard of and a lot more beside. Races didn't bother the Americans. They were something a lot better than any race. They were a People. They were the first self-constituted, self-declared, self-created People in the history of the world. And their manners were their own business. And so were their politics. And so, but ten times so, were their souls.

Who an American was and what democracy was, was nothing to talk about. You could see for yourself. An American was a man who had the luck to be born on this continent where the heat was hotter and the cold was colder and the sun was brighter and the nights were blacker and the distances were farther and the faces were nearer and the rain was more like rain and the mornings were more like mornings than anywhere else on earth—sooner and sweeter and lovelier over unused hills.

An American was a man who knew which way to take to reach tomorrow. An American was a man who could let himself in and let himself out and nobody asking him "please" not even the President. An American was a man who never asked anyone anything—who he was or where he came from or what he did—because it was answer enough to be a man. At least in America.

That was the way it used to be in this country. That was the way it was while the people of this country were clearing the quarter sections for a free man's field. That is the way it has been whenever we have remembered clearly and understood with reality what democracy is.

For democracy is never a thing done. Democracy is always something that a nation must be doing. The quarter sections which were freedom a hundred years ago are now not freedom. Freedom will be somewhere else. But the labor of creating freedom is the same. And the consequence.

What is necessary now is one thing and one thing only—that the issue of democracy be made precise and clear—that democracy become again democracy in action, not democracy accomplished and piled up in goods and gold.

Democracy in action is a cause for which the stones themselves will fight.

## THE FOUR FREEDOMS

*Office of War Information (1942)*

BEYOND the war lies peace. Both sides have sketched the outlines of the new world toward which they strain. The leaders of the Axis countries have published their design for all to read. They promise a world in which the conquered peoples will live out their lives in the service of their masters.

The United Nations, now engaged in a common cause, have also published their design, and have committed certain common aims to writing. They plan a world in which men stand straight and walk free, free to conduct and shape their affairs. Such a world has been more dream than reality, more hope than fact; but it has been the best hope men have had and the one for which they have most consistently shown themselves willing to die.

This free-ness, this liberty, this precious thing men love and mean to save, is the good granite ledge on which the United Nations now propose to raise their new world after victory. The purpose of this pamphlet is to examine and define the essential freedoms.

To talk of war aims, shouting over the din of battle while the planet rocks and vibrates, may seem futile to some. Yet the talk must go on among free people. The faith people have in themselves is what the free have to build upon. Such faith is basic to them—man's hot belief in man, a belief which suggests that human beings are capable of ordering their affairs. This is a high compliment paid by man to himself, an evidence or gesture of self-respect, of stature, of dignity, and of worth, an affidavit of individual responsibility.

The freedoms we are fighting for, we who are free: the freedoms for which the men and women in the concentration camps and prisons and in the dark streets of the subjugated countries wait, are four in number.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want—which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants—everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear—which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world.

These freedoms are separate, but not independent. Each one relies upon all the others. Each supports the whole, which is liberty. When one is missing, all the others are jeopardized. A person who lives under a tyrant, and has lost freedom of speech, must necessarily be tortured by fear. A person

who is in great want is usually also in great fear—fear of even direr want and greater insecurity. A person denied the right to worship in his own way has thereby lost the knack of free speech, for unless he is free to exercise his religious conscience, his privilege of free speech (even though not specifically denied) is meaningless. A person tortured with fears has lost both the privilege of free speech and the strength to supply himself with his needs. Clearly these four freedoms are as closely related, as dependent one upon another, as the four seasons of the natural year, whose Winter snows irrigate the Spring, and whose dead leaves, fermenting, rebuild the soil for Summer's yield.

The first two freedoms—freedom of speech and freedom of religion—are cultural. They are prerogatives of the thinking man, of the creative and civilized human being. Sometimes, as in the United States, they are guaranteed by organic law. They are rather clearly understood, and the laws protecting them are continually being revised and adjusted to preserve their basic meaning. Freedom from fear and from want, on the other hand, are not part of our culture, but part of our environment—they concern the facts of our lives rather than the thoughts of our minds. Men are unafraid, or well-fed, or both, according to the conditions under which they live.

To be free a man must live in a society which has relieved those curious pressures which conspire to make men slaves: pressure of a despotic government, pressure of intolerance, pressure of want. The declaration of the four freedoms, therefore, is not a promise of a gift which, under certain conditions, the people will receive; it is a declaration of a design which the people themselves may execute.

Freedom, of whatever sort, is relative. Nations united by a common effort to create a better world are obviously not projecting a Utopia in which nobody shall want for anything. That is not the point—nor within the range of human possibility. What unites them is the purpose to create a world in which no one need want for the minimum necessities of an orderly and decent life, for cleanliness, for self-respect and security. It is an ambitious design, perhaps too ambitious for the cynic or the faithless; but it is supported by the sure knowledge that the earth produces abundantly and that men are already in possession of the tools which could realize such a purpose if men chose to use them.

This, then, is a credo to which the representatives of 28 nations have subscribed—not a promise made by any group of men to any other group. It is only the people themselves who can create the conditions favoring these essential freedoms which they are now repurchasing in the bazaar of war and paying for with their lives. Nothing is for sale at bargain prices, nor will the house be built in three days with cheap labor. From a world in ruins there can rise only a slow, deliberate monument. This time, conceived by so many peoples of united purpose, it will rise straight upward and rest on good support.

### Freedom of Speech

To live free a man must speak openly: gag him and he becomes either servile or full of cankers. Free government is then the most realistic kind of government for it not only assumes that a man has something on his mind, but concedes his right to say it. It permits him to talk—not without fear of contradiction, but without fear of punishment.

There can be no people's rule unless there is talk. Men, it turns out, breathe through their minds as well as through their lungs, and there must be a circulation of ideas as well as of air. Since nothing is likely to be more distasteful to a man than the opinion of someone who disagrees with him, it does the race credit that it has so stubbornly defended the principle of free speech. But if a man knows anything at all, he knows that that principle is fundamental in self-government, the whole purpose of which is to reflect and affirm the will of the people.

In America, free speech and a free press were the first things the minds of the people turned to after the fashioning of the Constitution. Farsighted men, in those early days, readily understood that some sort of protection was necessary. Thus when the first amendment to the Constitution was drawn (part of what the world now knows as the Bill of Rights), it prohibited the Congress from making any law which might abridge the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of their grievances.

In the Nazi state, freedom of speech and expression have been discarded—not for temporary military expediency, but as a principle of life. Being contemptuous of the individual, and secretly suspicious of him, the German leader has deprived him of his voice. Ideas are what tyrants most fear. To set up a despotic state, the first step is to get rid of the talkers—the talkers in schools, the talkers in forums, the talkers in political rallies and in trade union meetings, the talkers on the radio and in the newsreels, and in the barber shops and village garages. Talk does not fit the Nazi and the Fascist scheme, where all ideas are, by the very nature of the political structure, the property of one man.

Talk is death to tyranny, for it can easily clarify a political position which the ruler may prefer to becloud, and it can expose injustices which he may choose to obscure.

Our Bill of Rights specifically mentioned the press. Today the press is one of many forms of utterance. Talk and ideas flow in ever-increasing torrents, through books, magazines, schools, the radio, the motion picture. The camera has created a whole new language of its own.

All these new forms are safeguarded with the ancient guarantees, but the essential danger of not being allowed to speak freely remains. Today the privilege is challenged more gravely than ever before; in the countries dominated by the Axis books are burned, universities are shut down, men are put

to death for listening to a radio broadcast. Hitler's New Order seeks to prove that unity and efficiency are achieved most readily among people who are prevented from reading, thinking, talking, debating. This new anesthesia is a subtle drug. Under its quick influence men sleep a strange sleep.

The right to speak, the right to hear, the right of access to information carry with them certain responsibilities. Certain favorable conditions are necessary before freedom of speech acquires validity.

The first condition is that the individual have something to say. Literacy is a prerequisite of free speech, and gives it point. Denied education, denied information, suppressed or enslaved, people grow sluggish; their opinions are hardly worth the high privilege of release. Similarly, those who live in terror or in destitution, even though no specific control is placed upon their speech, are as good as gagged.

Another condition necessary for free speech is that the people have access to the means of uttering it—to newspapers, to the radio, the public forum. Where power or capital are concentrated, when the press is too closely the property of narrow interests, then freedom suffers. There is no freedom, either, unless facts are within reach, unless information is made available. And a final condition of free speech is that there be no penalties attached to the spread of information and to the expression of opinion, whether those penalties be applied by the Government or by any private interests whatsoever.

The operation of a free press and the free expression of opinion are far from absolute rights. The laws of libel and slander set limits on what men may say of other men. The exigency of war sets limits on what information may be given out, lest it give aid and comfort to the enemy. Good taste sets limits on all speech.

Freedom of speech, Justice Holmes has warned, does not grant the right to shout fire in a crowded theater. When ideas become overt acts against peace and order, then the Government presumes to interfere with free speech. The burden of proof, however, is upon those who would restrict speech—the danger must be not some vague danger but real and immediate.

We are not so much concerned with these inevitable limitations to free speech as with the delight at the principle in society and how greatly it has strengthened man's spirit, how steadily it has enlarged his culture and his world. We in America know what the privilege is because we have lived with it for a century and a half. Talk founded the Union, nurtured it, and preserved it. The dissenter, the disbeliever, the crack-pot, the reformer, those who would pull down as well as build up—all are free to have their say.

Talk is our daily fare—the white-bosomed lecturer regaling the Tuesday Ladies' Club, the prisoner at the bar testifying in his own behalf, the editorial writer complaining of civic abuses, the actor declaiming behind the footlights, the movie star speaking on the screen, the librarian dispensing the accumulated talk of ages, the professor holding forth to his students, the

debating society, the meeting of the aldermen, the minister in the pulpit, the traveler in the smoking car, the soap-box orator with his flag and his bundle of epigrams, the opinions of the solemn magistrate and the opinions of the animated mouse—words, ideas, in a never-ending stream, from the enduring wisdom of the great and the good to the puniest thought troubling the feeblest brain. All are listened to, all add up to something and we call it the rule of the people, the people who are free to say the words.

The United States fights to preserve this heritage, which is the very essence of the Four Freedoms. How, unless there is freedom of speech, can freedom of religion or freedom from want or freedom from fear be realized? The enemies of all liberty flourish and grow strong in the dark of enforced silence.

For the right to be articulate the inarticulate airman climbs to his fabulous battleground. For this fight the grim-lipped soldier; the close-mouthed sailor; the marine.

### Freedom of Religion

That part of man which is called the spirit and which belongs only to himself and to his God, is of the very first concern in designing a free world. It was not their stomachs but their immortal souls which brought the first settlers to America's shores, and they prayed before they ate. Freedom of conscience, the right to worship God, is part of our soil and of the sky above this continent.

Freedom of worship implies that the individual has a source of moral values which transcends the immediate necessities of the community, however important these may be. It is one thing to pay taxes to the state—this men will do; it is another to submit their consciences to the state—this they politely decline. The wise community respects this mysterious quality in the individual, and makes its plans accordingly.

The democratic guarantee of freedom of worship is not in the nature of a grant—it is in the nature of an admission. It is the state admitting that the spirit soars in illimitable regions beyond the collectors of customs. It was Tom Paine, one of the great voices of freedom in early America, who pointed out that a government could no more grant to man the liberty to worship God than it could grant to God the liberty of receiving such worship.

The miracle which democracy has achieved is that while practicing many kinds of worship, we nevertheless achieve social unity and peace. And so we have the impressive spectacle, which is with us always here in America, of men attending many different churches, but the same town meeting, the same political forum.

Opposed to this democratic conception of man and of the human spirit is the totalitarian conception. The Axis powers pretend that they own all of a man, including his conscience. It was inevitable that the Nazis should

try to deny the Christian church, because in virtually every respect its teachings are in opposition to the Nazi ideal of race supremacy and of the subordination of the individual. Christianity could only be an annoyance and a threat to Hitler's bid for power and his contempt for the common man.

Today the struggle of Man's spirit is against new and curious shackles. Today a new monstrosity has shown itself on earth, a seven days' wonder, a new child of tyranny—a political religion in which the leader of the state becomes, himself, an object of worship and reverence and in which the individual becomes a corpuscle in the blood of the community, almost without identity. This Nazi freak must fail, if only because men are not clods, because the spirit does live. In the design for a new and better world, religious freedom is a fundamental prop.

We of the nations united in war, among whom all the great religions are presented, see a triumphant peace by which all races will continue the belief in man, the belief in his elusive and untouchable spirit, and in the solid worth of human life.

### Freedom from Want

The proposal that want be abolished from this world would be pretentious, or even ridiculous, were it not for two important recent discoveries.

One is the discovery that, beyond any doubt, men now possess the technical ability to produce in great abundance the necessities of daily life—enough for everyone. This is a revolutionary and quite unprecedented condition on earth, which stimulates the imagination and quickens the blood.

Another is the discovery (or rather the realization) that the earth is one planet indivisible—that one man's hunger is every other man's hunger. We know now that the world must be looked at whole if men are to enjoy the fruits they are now able to produce, and if the inhabitants of the globe are to survive and prosper.

Freedom from want, everywhere in the world, is within the grasp of men. It has never been quite within their grasp before. Prosperous times have been enjoyed in certain regions of the world at certain periods in history, but local prosperity was usually achieved at the expense of some other region, which was being impoverished, and the spectre of impending war hung over all. Now, the industrial changes of the last 150 years and the new prospect implicit in the words *United Nations* have given meaning to the phrase "freedom from want" and rendered it not only possible but necessary.

It was in the year 1492 that the earth became round in the minds of men—although it had been privately globular for many centuries. Now in the year 1942, by a coincidence which should fortify astrologers, the earth's rotundity again opens new vistas, this time not of fabulous continents ready to be ransacked, but of a fabulous world ready to be unified and restored. War having achieved totality, against men's wishes but with their full par-

ticipation, our great resolve as we go to battle must now be that the peace shall be total also. The world is all one today. No military gesture anywhere on earth, however trivial, has been without consequence everywhere; and what is true of the military is true, also, of the economic. A hungry man in Cambodia is a threat to the wellfed of Duluth.

People are worried about the period which will follow this war. Some fear the peace more than they fear the war. But the picture is neither hopeless nor is it black. Already, in this country and abroad, agencies are at work making preliminary studies and designing machinery to stabilize the peacetime world which will follow the war. They are preparing to re-employ the returning soldier, to maintain buying power at a high level, to stand behind industry while it is changing back to peaceable products, to guarantee a certain security to the groups which need such guarantees. The fact that these plans are being drawn is itself encouraging, for when trouble is anticipated and fairly faced, it is less likely to ensue.

The tools of production and the skills which men possess are tremendous in the present war emergency, and when the peace comes, the world will contain more skilled people than ever before in history. Those who are at work planning broadly for a better human society propose to equip this enormous productive manpower with new ideas to fit new conditions.

The pattern is already beginning to become apparent. Once, the soil was regarded as something to use and get the most from and then abandon. Now it is something to conserve and replenish. Once it was enough that a man compete freely in business, for the greatest possible personal gain; now his enterprise, still free, must meet social standards and must not tend toward concentration of power unfavorable to the general well-being of the community. Once, an idle man was presumed to be a loafer; now it is realized he may be a victim of circumstances in which all share, and for which all are responsible.

The great civilizations of the past were never free from widespread poverty. Very few of them, and these only during short periods, produced enough wealth to make possible a decent living standard for all their members, even if that wealth had been equally divided. In the short space of a few decades we have changed scarcity to abundance and are now engaged in the experiment of trying to live with our new and as yet unmanageable riches. The problem becomes one not of production but of distribution and of consumption; and since buying power must be earned, freedom from want becomes freedom from mass unemployment, plus freedom from penury for those individuals unable to work.

In our United States the Federal Government, being the common meeting ground of all interests and the final agency of the people, assumes a certain responsibility for the solution of economic problems. This is not a new role for the Government, which has been engaged since the earliest days of

our history in devising laws and machinery and techniques for promoting the well-being of the citizen, whether he was a soldier returning from a war, or a new settler heading west to seek his fortune, or a manufacturer looking for a market for his goods, or a farmer puzzled over a problem in animal husbandry.

The beginning has been made. The right to work. The right to fair pay. The right to adequate food, clothing, shelter, medical care. The right to security. The right to live in an atmosphere of free enterprise. We state these things as "rights"—not because man has any natural right to be nourished and sheltered, not because the world owes any man a living, but because unless man succeeds in filling these primary needs his only development is backward and downward, his only growth malignant, and his last resource war.

All of these opportunities are not in the American record yet, and they are not yet in the world's portfolio in the shape of blueprints. Much of America and most of the world are not properly fed, clothed, housed. But there has never been a time, since the world began, when the hope of providing the essentials of life to every living man and woman and child has been so good, or when the necessity has been so great.

It can be done. The wealth exists in the earth, the power exists in the hills, men have the tools and the training. What remains to be seen is whether they have the wit and the moral character to work together and to lay aside their personal greed.

We and our allies are fighting today not merely to defend an honorable past and old slogans and faiths, but to construct a still more honorable and rewarding future. Fighting men, coming back from the war, will not be satisfied with a mere guarantee of dull security—they will expect to find useful work and a vigorous life. Already moves are being made to meet this inescapable challenge.

The first step, obviously, will be to prevent the sort of slump which has usually followed a great war. War is tremendously costly, in terms of money. Billions are being spent in order that we may win. The peace, too, will be costly, and nothing is gained by evading the fact. But a democracy which can organize itself to defeat one sort of enemy is capable of sustaining the effort through the days that follow. Work, in vast quantity and in infinite variety, will be waiting to be done. We will have the capacity to produce the highest national income ever known, and the jobs to keep men at work.

Freedom from want is neither a conjurer's trick nor a madman's dream. The earth has never known it, nor anything approaching it. But free men do not accept the defeatist notion that it never will. The freeing of all people from want is a continuing experiment, the oldest and most absorbing one in the laboratory, the one that has produced the strangest gases and the loudest

explosions. It is a people's own experiment and goes on through the courtesy of chemists and physicists and poets and technicians and men of strong faith and unshakeable resolve.

### Freedom from Fear

Fear is the inheritance of every animal, and man is no exception. Our children fear the tangible dark, and we give them what reassurance we can, so that they will grow and develop normally, their minds free from imaginary terrors. This reassurance, this sense of protection and security, is an important factor in their lives.

The new dark which has settled on the earth with the coming of might and force and evil has terrified grown men and women. They fear the dark, fear fire and the sword, they are tormented by the dread of evils which are only too real. They fear the conqueror who places his shackles on the mind. Above all else they are tortured by that basic political fear; fear of domination of themselves by others—others who are stronger, others who are advancing, others who have the weapons and are destroying and burning and pillaging. This is the fear which haunts millions of men and women everywhere in the world. It is the fear of being awakened in the night, with the rapping on the door.

No structure of peace, no design for a good world, will have any solidity or strength or even any meaning unless it disperses the shadow of this fear and brings reassurance to men and women, not only for themselves but for their children and their children's children. Aggressive war, sudden armed attack, secret police, these must be forever circumvented. The use of force, historically the means of settling disputes, must be made less and less feasible on earth, until it finally becomes impossible. Even though the underlying causes which foment wars may not be immediately eradicated from the earth, the physical act of war can be prevented when people, by their ingenuity, their intelligence, their memory, and their moral nature, choose to do so. Force can be eliminated as a means of political action only if it be opposed with an equal or greater force—which is economic and moral and which is backed by collective police power, so that in a community of nations no one nation or group of nations will have the opportunity to commit acts of aggression against any neighbor, anywhere in the world.

The machinery for enforcing peace is important and indispensable; but even more important is that there be established a moral situation, which will support and operate this machinery. As the last war ended, an attempt was made to construct an orderly world society capable of self-control. It was an idealistic and revolutionary plan. But like the first automobile, it moved haltingly and was more of a novelty than a success. For a while men's hopes focused on the plan; but it was never universally accepted. The faith was not there, nor the courage.

Today many nations are working together with unbelievable energy and

with harmony of feeling and interest. They are united at the moment by the desire to win battles, but they are also united by common principles and by a conviction that their people ultimately want the same thing from life—freedom, peace, security, the chance to live as individuals.

Such collaboration has its origin in the democratic spirit, which infects men regardless of latitude or longitude, and it has been fed by the close association between nations which are geographically near neighbors—as, for example, the inter-American powers. Canada has been a good neighbor to the United States for many years, and the Canadian border, never fortified, stands today as a symbol of what the world will be when men's faith becomes great enough and their heads become hard enough.

Still another answer to fear is found in the concept of the United Nations. For the first time in history, 28 nations have been acting together, in the very midst of a mortal struggle, to set down the specifications of a peace settlement and the aims of war and post-war action. Their representatives, meeting in Washington on New Year's Day, 1942, signed a historic Declaration by United Nations, saying:

The Governments signatory hereto,

Having subscribed to a common program of purposes and principles embodied in the Joint Declaration of the President of the United States of America and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland dated August 14, 1941, known as the Atlantic Charter,

Being convinced that complete victory over their enemies is essential to defend life, liberty, independence and religious freedom, and to preserve human rights and justice in their own lands as well as in other lands, and that they are now engaged in a common struggle against savage and brutal forces seeking to subjugate the world,

DECLARE:

(1) Each Government pledges itself to employ its full resources, military or economic, against those members of the Tripartite Pact and its adherents with which such government is at war.

(2) Each Government pledges itself to co-operate with the Governments signatory hereto and not to make a separate armistice or peace with the enemies.

The foregoing declaration may be adhered to by other nations which are, or which may be, rendering material assistance and contributions in the struggle for victory over Hitlerism.

The nations signing the Declaration by United Nations are: The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, China, Australia, Belgium, Canada, Costa Rica, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Greece, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, India, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Nicaragua, Norway, Panama, Poland, South Africa, Yugoslavia, and the United States of America. On June 14, Mexico and the Philippine Islands adhered to the Declaration by United Nations.

Can anyone be deaf to the sound of hope in this assemblage? Men have not achieved their goal, but at least they have collectively aspired to it, and have accepted a responsibility for it which is continuing and not merely fitful. The work is to go on. The new building will indeed be built, whatever its shape, whatever its appointments, whatever its defects.

Those are the goals of the peace and the hope of the world. But the specific and immediate problem, the first move to free people from fear, is to achieve a peaceable world which has been deprived of its power to destroy itself. This can only be accomplished by disarming the aggressors and keeping them disarmed. Last time they were disarmed, but they were not prevented from rearming. This time they will be disarmed in truth.

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It will be remembered that the inquisitive Ben Franklin, testing the lightning with his kite, found in the storm's noisy violence the glimmerings of a secret which later illuminated the world. His example suggests that good news is sometimes hidden in bad weather. Today, in the storm which rages across the whole earth, men are sending up their kites to the new lightning, to try its possibilities and to prepare for clearing skies.

The Four Freedoms guide them on. Freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and from fear—these belong to all the earth and to all men everywhere. Our own country, with its ideas of equality, is an experiment which has been conducted against odds and with much patience and, best of all, with some success for most people. It has prospered and brought fresh hope to millions and new good to humanity. Even in the thick of war the experiment goes ahead with old values and new forms. Life is change. The earth shrinks in upon itself and we adjust to a world in motion, holding fast to the truth as we know it, confident that as long as the love of freedom shows in the eyes of men, it will show also in their deeds.

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(*From* Areopagitica)

*John Milton* (*1644*)

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And per-

haps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil; that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her habits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. The virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guyon, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

## FAITH FOR LIVING

### *Lewis Mumford* (*1940*)

MAN'S chief purpose is the creation and preservation of values: that is what gives meaning to our civilization, and the participation in this is what gives significance, ultimately, to the individual human life.

Only in so far as values are fostered—through art and religion and science and love and domestic life—can men effectively use the machines and powers that have enabled them to tame nature and secure human existence from the worst outrages and accidents that forever threaten it. Civilization, our very capacity to be human, rests on that perpetual effort. If any nation or group thinks that the job is finished, or if man puts his confidence solely in the instruments and forgets the ends and ideals and metaphysical purposes—then the structure crumbles away: then man himself is finished.

Thought, social relations, economic practices, biological activities, cosmic backgrounds—all these are organically united and call for co-operations that reach out beyond the borders of any single community, even as they reach out, beyond our limited present, into the past and future. That which exists

by itself has, indeed, no real existence at all; it is a phantasm, an aberration of the mind. The finer life becomes, the more complicated becomes the network of relationships, and the more invisible filaments bind part with part.

Goethe once put this truth admirably in a conversation with Eckermann. "People," he said, "are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and keeps on to the end. What can we call ours except energy, strength, will? If I could give an account of what I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small remainder." That does not merely hold for Goethe; it holds for every human group, every community, every person.

The individual who fancies he has made his own professional career, or the inventor who believes he has the sole right to his invention, or the business man who thinks his own unaided efforts have brought him his fortune is merely ignorant of his debts. Like Bounderby, whom Dickens portrayed in "Hard Times," he is a monster of ingratitude. Darwin formulated his "Origin of Species" with the sense that he was making a completely unique personal discovery. Before he was finished the similar hypothesis of another young naturalist, Wallace, was brought to his attention: it turned out that they had both got their clue from Malthus's "Essay on Population." By the time Darwin published his second edition, he had at last become aware of a whole line of predecessors and partial anticipators, extending back to the Greeks.

The individual contribution, the work of any single generation, is infinitesimal. the power and glory belong to human society at large, and are the long result of selection, conservation, sacrifice, creation, and renewal—the outcome of endless brave efforts to conserve values and ideas, and to hand them on to posterity, along with physical life itself. Each person is a temporary focus of forces, vitalities, and values that carry back into an immemorial past and that reach forward into an unthinkable future. The best consolation for the dying is the thought that others, equally good, will carry on their work that is the comfort the father and mother derive from their children, that the teacher derives from his student, that comrades and colleagues pass on to each other. Men are individually nothing except in relation to that greater reality, Man. And Man himself is nought except in relation to that greater reality which he calls divine. Thought, art, love are all intimations of this divinity: flickerings of man-made filaments that connect, in our imaginations, with distant flashes in the dark impenetrable sky.

This, then, is the philosophic justification for every form of social justice: not merely for a sharing of material goods and animal satisfactions, sufficient to sustain life on its humblest levels—though this is important—but also for that degree of cultivation and leisure which makes possible a fuller sharing of all the higher goods of life.

In America we have an historic tradition that recognizes both needs

The Land Grant act that was passed during the Civil War was an attempt to give to every able and willing family that would stake out a homestead a generous share in the land of our Republic. In another period of crisis, the distribution of work by the W.P.A. was a recognition of the same principle. Embedded still deeper in our traditions is the free elementary school education, now extending even through high school and college, which we have taken to be the inalienable right of every member of the community; as a very means of ensuring his fitness to be an intelligent and responsible member of that community.

Within very definite limits, differentiation of talent must be recognized and differentiation of reward may be serviceable; but never to such an extent as to continue the gross inequalities, the grotesque specialisms, the unpardonable parasitisms that have grown up in the United States—as in the whole Western World—during the past century.

Differentiated tasks, individual preferences, special incentives, intense interests, must all be taken into account in allowing for the full growth of the human personality. But this can happen with justice only after the continuity and security of the person and the community itself are secured. Every attempt to depart from the rule of justice, and to put first, not that which all men must have, but that which a few are able to seize, must defeat the permanent interests of human society. When justice is flouted, in order to give precedence to large holders of capital or landed property, to create a fixed caste with special privileges, or to preserve property itself without respect for its social functions and its duties to the whole community, the result is an evil one. It often ends in the very downfall of the protected caste, through inanition, failure of nerve, sheer laziness.

The first move in the direction of justice is to remove, by example, the false scheme of values that has so long prevailed in Western society. Bread and circuses are no substitute for justice: they lower both the giver and the receiver. Profits and power and special privilege cannot remain as the main motive force of a society that seeks to preserve democratic values and personal liberties: for it is ultimately the one-sided concern with these values that has vitiated and corrupted and now desperately endangered our whole civilization.

The fundamental values of a true community are elsewhere: in love, poetry, disinterested thought, the free use of the imagination, the pursuit of non-utilitarian activities, the production of non-profitmaking goods, the enjoyment of non-consumable wealth—here are the sustaining values of a living culture. To be alive is to hear, to see, to feel, to touch, to shape, to manipulate, to think, and create: then to intensify all these experiences through an organized system of recording and preserving and reproducing them, through the church and the art museum and the concert hall and the laboratory and the school. This is the head-water and reservoir of social life: the Grand Coulee Dam of our whole culture which will finally create a lake

from which energy and life will flow into even the most arid spots of human existence.

A community whose life is not irrigated by art and science, by religion and philosophy, day upon day, is a community that exists half alive. A personality who has not entered into this realm has not yet reached the human estate. The very means and instruments of daily routine, our houses and our clothes, our motor cars and our factories, are conditioned by the existence of these other needs that spring out of the needs of the personality: otherwise those who use them are barbarians—or robots—or at best children playing vacantly with toys. By the same token, these physical structures are stripped of their *proper* significance *as means* when they are condemned to serve as substitutes for life itself. The finest phonograph in the world is no substitute for the hum of a happy mother bending over her child. The most satiny Hollywood boudoir never can make up for the lack of a passionate lover. The most expensive costume will not, when the body must come into play, atone for its limp irresponsiveness; just as the most luxurious student dormitories will never serve the cause of education as well as the presence of intelligent and courageous professors. Life must not wait on physical paraphernalia. Life must come first. "The pretty country folk who lie between the acres of the rye, with a heigh, and a ho, and a hey-nonny-no" may well laugh at the Hollywood boudoir.

Our economic activities, during the era that boasted so loudly of industrial progress, failed to achieve their full potentialities for life. This was in no small part because the goods that the machine could produce so plentifully were not justly shared. Hence poverty, secondary starvation, crime, theft, sordid and battered environments, occupied by depressed and battered people, the industrial environment of the larger part of Western civilization.

Our society was divided against itself. It sought progress and it found itself faced with a dead end: economic crises and wars. It boasted of wealth, and its vast mass of tenant farmers, unemployed workers and underfed children proclaimed its poverty. So we had dearth in the midst of plenty, war in the midst of peace, riches atop of squalor, and, finally, a growing wave of irrationality and superstition and man-worship in a period when exact scientific research had even entered industry.

Human culture, plainly, cannot be sustained unless values enter into every activity. Otherwise we are cursed with a Sunday morality, in which decency and brotherhood and justice are flouted for six days and then piously reinstated on the seventh: a system under which our deeds never by any accident coincide with our professions.

The Athenians were right in believing that the ultimate goods of life could be enjoyed only by free men; they meant by this that they can not be fully enjoyed if they are offered to people who are forced to spend their days in some spiritually deadening or physically exhausting task,

whether in the market, the mine, or the workshop. Human development requires both periods of activity and periods of leisure, in which the results of this activity may be meditated upon, absorbed, digested. One of the reasons that country folk, with limited experience, are nevertheless so much better companions for an artist or a thinker than city people of the same class, is that the former have always kept for themselves a little free time to sit still and brood, whittling wood around a winter fire, or bent impassively over a fishing pole, watching the trout's canny flirtations. The city worker may be better read; but the countryman is more reflective: such experience as he has encountered he has salted down.

But it is equally true—and the intellectual tends always to forget this—that spiritual life suffers by complete divorce from the vivid experiences and the salutary restraints of practical activity. The Athenians, fortunately, before they became engrossed in imperialist ambitions, managed to retain in some measure their hold upon the fundamental manual and operative realities of sport and war. They had tough muscles and well-tempered bodies and eyes quick to note how the grapes were ripening or how the potter molded his clay on the wheel. That sense distinguished Plato from every philosopher down to Descartes. So it is possibly no accident that the most original mind among the Athenians was a stone-cutter by trade and the son of a midwife, or that perhaps the greatest tragic dramatist was also a general. Nor was it an accident, in our own American Golden Day, that Henry Thoreau was a pencil maker and a surveyor, that Herman Melville was a sailor, that Walt Whitman was a carpenter and a printer good enough to set up his own "Leaves of Grass"; or that Abe Lincoln was a rail-splitter who retained to the end of his life a solid confidence in himself that was based on his sure axmanship and shoulders that could carry a heavier burden than his neighbor's.

The segregation of the spiritual life from the practical life is a curse that falls impartially upon both sides of our existence. A society that gives to one class all the opportunities for leisure, and to another all the burdens of work, dooms both classes to spiritual sterility. The first will make busy work for itself: games, fox hunts, parties, organized inanities; while the other will make work itself empty, and even go the forces that make it empty one better, by reducing work to "as little as you can get away with" —only to lose self-respect as well as craftsmanlike pleasure in that very act. One of the main tasks of a purposive intelligence is to keep the inner world and the outer, the spiritual and the practical, the personal and the mechanical or automatic, in constant interaction. They form a dynamic unity.

The moral to be drawn from this is that servile labor—even if it produces social necessities—should be minimized to the utmost. The problem is not entirely solved by the invention of automatic machines; because, if pushed too far, the routine of mechanized production robs those engaged in it, and even more those displaced by it, of the opportunities for educative,

person-satisfying activities. Such work as remains servile or dangerous in our society—whether on the assembly line or on the battlefield—should be shared by the entire adult community.

In short, justice demands either equality of life-sustenance and leisure, in times of plenty and peace, or equality of sacrifice in times of hardship and war. The principle is the same in both cases; and if we introduce the element of sacrifice into our economic system now, where it will affect principally the middle classes and those above them, we may as a country have some guarantee for fruitful and refined leisure—for the good life itself—when at long last we emerge from this murky period.

## LOOK HOMEWARD, AMERICA!

*Irwin Edman (1940)*

### I

Among the things that would have seemed incredible as late as ten years ago is the vanishing of Europe as a combination Nirvana and happy hunting ground for educated or semi-educated Americans. Certainly if the Nazis win (and even if they do not), the peculiar part Europe has played in the lives and imaginations of the more literate Americans is permanently ended. For Europe as Nirvana is over. Europe once meant liberation, it once meant escape. It provided at once a moral holiday and a spiritual tonic. The angles and crudities of the workaday American world, all business and all Philistinism, were left behind. One went abroad to live in the past and in a present steeped in a past. It was an excursion into a cultural paradise.

There were the artistic monuments of the dead and the urbanities of the living. It is difficult to say which gave the more acute thrill to the visiting American, the cathedral of Chartres or the apéritif drunk in the café in its shadow; Racine heard at the Comédie Française, or the French spoken by the hotel porter, Westminster Abbey or the Cockney wit of the London policeman, and the charm of a house-party in Sussex.

It hardly needs to be said just now that all that is over. Europe will not for a long time, possibly never again, offer the kind of escape into history and charm in which the irritating present can be forgotten. For a generation the agony of living will be too urgently visible in the poverty, disease, and disorganization of a post-war and post-Hitler continent. Nor will Europe be a happy hunting ground either. Even if many of the monuments of the past survive the bombs, the sense of the past will be seriously dulled by the acute intrusions of the present. The sense of leisure, tea on an English lawn, or dinner on a French *terrasse*, lunch in the storied corner of a London club, all the haunts of Americans acting as transient beneficiaries of a long tradition of cultured leisure, will hardly have the same flavor.

Cultured leisure may be unknown in post-war Europe, even to the class—much smaller than visiting Americans realized—who ever knew it in Europe at all. . . . What they looked for in Europe they will have to find—as they had of late, even before the outbreak of this second world war, been seeking it—at home.

## II

The long-continued trek of the American imagination to Europe began over a century ago. It brought Emerson to England and Henry James, Sr., too, who thought, among other things, that he could not find proper schools for his children (Henry and William James) in America. The hegira was continued until the late nineteen-thirties by students, writers, cultivated ladies, all restless refugees (how ironic it seems to use the term in this sense now) from America. What drove them abroad was in the first place what amounted to almost a national inferiority complex, a sense of the colonialism and provincialism of America. "Who reads an American book?" a famous English critic asked contemptuously as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. A great many Americans did not do so, not when they could lay hold of an English one. Even in the Golden Day of New England many of the shining figures of that day turned eastward, Emerson to Carlyle and to the Germans, Longfellow to Dante and the Italian past, Hawthorne to Italy and Greece. A multitude of lesser Americans followed them in their spiritual pilgrimages and, when they could afford to, turned their spiritual longings into physical visits. Baedeker in hand, they could be found rapt before all the monuments next to whose name Baedeker had placed two stars. The stars, it should be noted, were not shifted to newer monuments in successive editions.

As the nineteenth century moved on, Americans with a taste for ideas and beautiful things in letters or art had an increasing sense, as their colonial past receded, of their still colonial dependence on Europe in cultural matters. At home the Golden Age was succeeded by the Gilded one. The opulent vulgarities of Newport succeeded the high austerities of Concord. The American mind—that is, the American intelligence (for contemplation was at a discount)—went into the building and the economic exploitation of the country. "Culture" was an effeminate minority voice in the land. Cultivated persons, especially men, had to go abroad to cease to be, or to feel, exotic, and to find a society where the things of the spirit and of the refined senses did not seem shadowy and illicit.

Among the comfortable classes business was the concern of the men, culture of the ladies; and through the eighties many American men, lovers of the arts and ideas, could not help feeling that in the general opinion there was something trivial and unimportant about the ideas and arts they cherished. They felt, sadly, that ideas and belles-lettres and music and painting were not the preoccupations of the influential classes, or of anyone else, in

American society. Furthermore, those things on which the mind and the imagination fed were to be found, so educated Americans came to feel, chiefly in Europe. At college, literature meant chiefly English literature; even in childhood young Americans were brought up on Dickens and Scott and Thackeray, and pictures of English country houses and cathedrals. When people built fine houses were they not ambitiously imitative? Were not churches Gothic, and banks Greek? Why should it not seem natural to go to Europe to find their originals and to drink deep from the fountain whence the original inspiration of these things came? Henry Adams may have protested later that he got no education from England and Italy or Germany, though he confessed he did get Beethoven by accident in a German beer garden. But for many others a sense that the cherishable past was European was combined with a conviction that nothing worth cherishing was being thought or felt in expanding industrial America. All the young men of the genteel tradition (and their mothers and sisters too) went to Europe—their fathers were too busy making money for its own sake and too busy paying for the trip.

But it was not only for the past that culture-loving Americans crossed the Atlantic. Echoes reached America that the new too, the materials of sensibility and talent, were to be found chiefly in Europe. From Dickens to the visiting English and French lecturer of to-day, from the youthful Paderewski to young Serkin, from Wagner to Hindemith, from Monet to Dali, the striking, the original, the distinguished, it was believed, were not to be found in a country whose talent all went into gadgets and skyscrapers. For the *dernier cri* in living culture as well as for the tradition of the past, Americans had to go abroad.

Even the last war did not disenchant them. With the wave of disillusion, with the lapse of the idealistic rhetoric of the Wilsonian period, America seemed culturally more insular than ever. Realistic American fiction portrayed the stupidity of the Babbitts, and the mean streets of the slum cities, and the mean hovels of the rural poor. America was the twentieth century incarnate, bleak and angular, without nuance or overtone. One fled the four-lane highways and skyscrapers and country clubs for the café terraces, the winding roads, the shadowed cathedral closes of England, the châteaux of France, the hills of Fiesole overlooking Florence, where a whole colony of writers and art critics lived, or for Rome where lived the Pope—and Santayana. One went to bask in past beauties or to have a look at that ferment of new artistic and intellectual movements current in Europe after the last war, not least in Germany and Austria. Some went to see the new Expressionist movements in the theater in Berlin, some to study the co-operative movement in Denmark, or Sweden's model Middle Way, or the socialist housing schemes of Vienna, or the brilliant and humane housing schemes for working people in Amsterdam.

To mention these things now is to speak a bitter obituary. Even before

the outbreak of the war last September most of these experiments were over and their inventors or moving spirits were dead or in concentration camps or in exile in America; Europe had become considerably less agreeable or psychologically satisfactory or intellectually tenable as an escape or as a tonic. Germany and Austria, for a brief period so fashionable among the literate (Salzburg was briefly a musical Mecca), were rubbed off their pilgrim's map. The brilliant circle of liberal intelligence led once by young Papini had long ago vanished in Italy. And when one was in Europe, everywhere the shadow of war and the sense of a dark future, or none at all, made it clear to even the most sentimental idealizing American that Europe was no longer a museum or a spiritual haven. The American went to England for its past and found Englishmen ready to turn to America for their future. The monuments of culture were still there, *pro tem*, but there was nothing for the contemporary imagination to feed on. And then the war came, and even those who during the rise of Fascism and the descent of poverty still fled to Europe for escape, could do so no longer. Even the Europe that one could see in America was ceasing to arrive, or to mean as much, or anything. The Russian Ballet was a ghost of a vanished culture; the Russian Art Theater was no more. German theater directors were in Hollywood and German novelists in Princeton. The literates now must not only stay at home; they must look within the American landscape, physical and imaginative, for their stimulus and their liberation. It is perhaps one of the few healthy consequences of our tragic time that this should be so. The Innocent Abroad has been for too long a familiar figure. Heaven knows for how long American thinking and creative impulse have been semi-paralyzed by a superstitious respect for Europe, and a sentimental confusing of the patrimony of the past with the Europe of the present. Americans were still visiting the Goethe house in Weimar while the Brown House was already in sinister existence in Munich.

## III

It would be a silly exaggeration to say that because Europe is now going through the agony of possibly complete collapse, Americans were foolish in turning to Europe for certain beauties of the past and charms of the present. Europe, whatever happens, still remains the source of our own past in science, in letters, and in art. Whatever be said of that unhappy continent, whatever the political stupidities and barbarities, it is the world from which Western culture derives, and Europe in ruins, or in Nazi conquest, would carry with it much of what has formed the mind and imagination of every civilized American.

Nor were Americans ill advised in enjoying the delicious surface of current but long-established ways of life, the pleasant incidentals of the bourgeois social tradition. It would be dishonest not to admit that in the delightful smaller arts of life, in delicious food cooked and served with art,

in gracious holiday spots, in the courtesies of casual intercourse, Americans found across the Atlantic what they did not find in Kansas or Ohio or, for that matter, in Boston or New York.

But no culture ever survived or grew by being derivative and colonial. No artistic vision is steady or clear when it wears only distance glasses. Americans, looking across the Atlantic, missed seeing with accuracy or vividness what lay before them at their feet.

It is just as well that Americans look homeward for their culture. It may well be that, for the long present, not only because of the economic and political insecurity in Europe, but because of the concerted Nazi-Fascist antipathy to ideas and art, this country may be the only vehicle of free cultural expression, of thought and feeling and perception, for a long time to come. If the light goes out here it may not be lighted anywhere else. The Europe that cultivated Americans cared about, so far as it is the past, can in some measure be found at home. This is suggested by the revival of the humanistic tradition in American colleges, the passion for the classics being nurtured, if only in translation, among young people of college age, the widespread enjoyment, on radio and records, of the tradition of European music, painting enjoyed both in museums and in reproductions as it has never been enjoyed before. The Europe that Americans feel must not die, cannot die so long as music, art, and literature flourish as studies and enthusiasms in America.

But obviously a culture purely receptive is dead or decadent. It would be foolish spiritual isolationism to turn our backs on the European past or on what can be saved of its present. It would be, and is, simply honest vitality to find our present in ourselves. For it is clear that when Americans fled to Europe, not for its past, but for its present, they were fleeing largely to what was really illusory or, as events have proved, insecure. What they were really seeking was largely an escape that came not so much from the actual conditions of European life as Europeans lived it, as from the surface delights of European leisure, as enjoyed by Americans on a holiday, an interlude often prolonged for years by well-to-do expatriates. This escape was largely infertile, as Henry James, the most gifted of the refugees from American life, confessed in his later years. The creative or the merely connoisseur American living abroad lived largely in a synthetic and reconstructed past or an alien present seen from the outside. He was not at home nor did he know America in his own time; he did not intimately know any other world, nor was he at home anywhere else. He was a spectator, not a dramatist; a collector of bric-a-brac, not an artist.

Only lately have Americans begun to examine the materials of American culture in terms both of their own patrimony and their own present. There are various surface symptoms. There is, in the first place, the flood of historical novels and of regional ones. In the former, American writers (and their readers) are waking to the drama, the color, and the human meaning of

facts they had not remembered save as dull sentences in school-books. The history of America has begun to come alive in terms of literary art, and the very familiarity of the events and materials used gives works that use them an accent and overtone that speak with added poignancy to the native heart. Again there have been all the class and regional studies, some fictional, some scientific. Among the latter may be mentioned *Middletown*, that analytic portrait of the middle class in the Middle West; Howard Odum's *Rainbow Round My Shoulder*, the Negro brought to light without halo or without nonsense in his setting in the South as he lives. There are Jonathan Daniels' books in which a Southerner discovers New England and the South. There began, in the twenties, the "realistic" novels, some tender and compassionate and confused like Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio;* some bitter and satirical like *Babbitt* and *Main Street*. There was the fading New England type presented with irony and pity in Marquand's *The Late George Apley* and by Santayana in *The Last Puritan*. There are Van Wyck Brooks' careful documentary studies of the dwindling light of New England culture.

But there is something further and more important. It is not the discovery of the American past or even of the American present in terms of broad sociological patterns or social types. It is the finding of the American present, not in terms at all, but in images; in those things that are the present as it stirs us to specific emotions and perceptions and thoughts: the present as specific qualities and specific promises in our own here and now. It hardly needed the catastrophe of a world war to make Americans, especially writers and artists, aware, with delight and with hope, of colors and intimations of the civilization they were living in and which, as a nation, they were creating. America might be (as some foreign observers like Georges Duhamel have shudderingly observed) the twentieth century incarnate. Americans had already begun to discover that they had a past, a short one, but crowded with interest, even by the most fastidious standards of art and thought; but they began now to take up the challenge that America typified the present and suggested the direction of the future. That present was starred through all its failures and uncertainties with beauties, some new to the world, many inalienably beautiful, and all full of promise.

Americans found they did not have to go to the châteaux of the Loire or the Renaissance palaces of Italy to have something for the imagination to feed upon. New York began to be beautiful when it began doing business in towers. Architects learned to turn the conditions of contemporary work and play and the materials at their disposal into soaring loveliness in steel and glass. An American visiting in Europe used to look only at the old; the foreign visitor to the United States and the American himself know that the striking man-made beauties in this country are new: the great vaulting bridges at New York and San Francisco, the parkways all over the country, the streamlined trains, the airports. These are enchanting for

their beauty and impressive for their power. But they are exhilarating for another reason. To any flexible mind they carry with them a hint and a challenge as to what the American imagination, inventive and disciplined, can make out of our own conditions and our own resources in our own day for our own future. In one city, New York, under one municipal administration, the city has achieved a new and quite singular beauty, borrowing nothing from a European yesterday, portending everything for an American to-morrow.

Nor is architecture the only art in which the American future is taking beautiful shape and finding expressive voice. Painters too are discovering in native types and in native scenes and—after long aping of the French—in a native technic, a way of speaking to us visually of what our own experience may be in color and design. A cornfield in Iowa is no less artistic material than a valley in France, and a Middle Western painter may find it a theme to embody, more truly and spontaneously than a Mediterranean landscape, what is in his heart; and his audience may see and feel more in it too. Poets, tired of imitating the French imagists or the genteel English tradition of hawthorn and hedges, may, like Robert Frost, speak with an incorrigible and unduplicable native accent. (And they may, incidentally, like Robert Frost, be first recognized in England.) Novelists ceased, even before the war, to flee to Europe to write about a continent to which they were strangers or about other Americans who were equally strangers there, or from a disdainful distance about an America with which they had lost touch. They write like John Steinbeck about the migrants in California, about little people at home in little places, or, if they write about the sophisticated mind and heart, those hearts are exhibited beating in their native setting in Ohio or New Orleans or Mississippi or in apartments in Chicago or New York.

The most expert historians of literature and the arts assure us that even so delicate a thing as style, where it is distinctive and genuine, is the fruit of a culture, the function of a social pattern. Even so soaring a spirit as Plato was a characteristic product of the Athens in which he lived, and Shelley's skylark rose from an English earth. If genius is to flourish in America it will be our own characteristic flowering, as were Emerson and Thoreau and Whitman, and Pennsylvania barns and New England churches.

## IV

One of the fears the cultivated American used to have, a fear still operative in certain quarters to-day, was that culture was destined to be killed by the fact of democracy. In the present state of Europe the old argument of the aesthetes and intellectuals already seems quaint. It ran substantially as follows: Democracy was synonymous with mediocrity, a leveling down of distinction to and by the mass; our society, in its scale of values, was getting to be a regimented five-and-ten-cent store. Only in a society still

imaginatively dominated by aristocratic traditions could culture survive. There are two growing classes of fact that have made this thesis almost fantastic. In Europe at present the arts and philosophy are paralyzed, and even before the outbreak of war, political and economic instability made impossible the concentration necessary to art and thought. Now, in addition, the power reigning over a large part of Europe is the avowed enemy of free creation, of the intellect, of art.

The war, we have been told repeatedly, is a revolution. It is such in many senses, and one of them is that it is a war against the West, a war against the traditional elements and motives of Western culture as we have known it in art, in thought, and in religion. There is significance for America and possibly for world culture in the fact that the leaders in European science, art, and scholarship have come, in some cases by necessity, in some by choice, to this country. It can no longer be said by anyone who reads the daily papers that the arts and sciences as free inquiries and creations are flourishing in Europe. And unless these enterprises are free they cease to be at all. One may parallel now the scornful comment of the nineteenth-century English critic: "Who now reads a German or Italian book?" Or ask, "Who writes them?" And even in England, and even if England wins, under the economic dislocation of post-Hitler Europe it will be sheer luck if the arts survive at all.

Meanwhile the old fear that a democratic society cannot nourish American culture is proving curiously ill-founded. For it is not only by virtue of European conditions that America is emerging as a world center of the arts and sciences, not simply because artists and scientists, and experimentally observed rats as well, are being shipped to America. But the native arts and the native mind are beginning to have an audience in this country and a widespread popular participation that a generation ago one might have believed impossible. There is importance in the epidemic interest in music —several million people, for instance, listen to Toscanini on Saturday night. It is significant that literally hundreds of thousands came to see, within a few weeks' time, the exhibition of Italian masterpieces and of Picasso at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. There is something arresting in the fact that even automobile designers and manufacturers of kitchen utensils and railroad trains are concerned with the grace and design of their products because they know their public suddenly has come to care about them. The importance of these things is not simply that beauty is being widely enjoyed, that America has come of age in appreciation. Their larger significance is suggested by the line of Walt Whitman's, "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." One of the things that drove Americans abroad as spiritual waifs was the sense that at home no one could understand them, no one would listen to them. There is now almost a pathetic eagerness for the best and a widespread attempt to create it too. The spiritual refugee used to feel not only that no one would listen to

him, but that nobody was "speaking his language." Many are speaking the musician's language now, there are literally thousands of high school orchestras, and even college glee clubs sing Palestrina and Bach. Much of the radio is still tripe, but poets are heard over it too.

It would be absurd to turn one's back on that European tradition of which America is, in the largest perspective, a variation and an extension. Isolationism, autarchy in the arts, is as absurd and unworkable in art as it is in the realm of economics and politics. In the contemporary timetable of distances, it is one world, all of it, and Europe is not a different planet; and in all times the arts have been trans-local. But it is also true that the arts have always flourished in their own soil and out of their own roots. In each instance they have been nourished by the sun that lighted other soils and by winds that blew from a "world elsewhere." But they have always grown where they grew in their own way and in their own climate. The climate is becoming more salubrious to the arts in America, and the flowers are being more lovingly and more expertly tended.

There is, moreover, at this dubious moment in Europe's destiny, a special reason, not unconnected with the nature of democratic life, why Americans should look homeward There is, oddly enough, a political condition for the fine arts which both passionate democrats and passionate artists and connoisseurs forget That is the condition of freedom, of spontaneous choice. Artists in uniform are not artists at all. The very essence of a work of art, in so far as it is more than a mere physical object or an ingenious contraption, is its uniqueness, its freshness, its personal signature. The very character of intellectual work is its individuality and integrity. The artist must say what he sees and speak what he is. The thinker must follow scrupulously the lead of his subject, and the standards imposed by his technic. Where the habits of freedom, individuality, and integrity are at a discount, as they are in totalitarian societies, the arts and sciences, except as slavish routines, are ended. There are many reasons why American democracy is worth defending if it should be imperiled. Not the least important is that it looks very much as if only in America is there, for the long present, a chance for the survival of those conditions of individual variation and spontaneous play of mind and heart which are essential to the arts.

Political freedom is the prerequisite of artistic invention, as the sterility of art and literature and thought under contemporary totalitarian rule proves. While this freedom endures, the opportunities for a native American culture are nothing short of thrilling. Here is a great people of many stocks, enriched of late by the sad accidents of European destiny, by the best of European minds and creative art. Here are stories crying to be told, pictures to be painted, feelings to be transmuted into the "potable gold" of poetry. Here are audiences too, larger, more eager, and more discriminating than they have ever been. Here is a future, possibly the only future for culture or creation in the Western world. Americans may still go to Europe

after the war, as they go to the ruins of Rome at Baalbek, or of Greece at Epidauris and Delphi, beautiful cemeteries of the spirit of man. But for the future of their own imagination and thinking, for the possible survival of art and thought at all, Americans will have to look to their own land and lives for incitement and materials. It would be arrogant to believe that the will to create or widening audiences or maturing talents will produce, of themselves, anything comparable in stature to the great monuments of European genius of the past two thousand years. It would be shocking not to be shocked that a long tradition of genius may be coming to an end But the spirit bloweth where it listeth; to-day the conditions for creation are ours, and our works will at least not be poorer because they are honestly and natively our own.

## MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH FREEDOM

*E. B. White (1940)*

I HAVE often noticed on my trips up to the city that people have recut their clothes to follow the fashion. On my last trip, however, it seemed to me that people had remodeled their ideas too—taken in their convictions a little at the waist, shortened the sleeves of their resolve, and fitted themselves out in a new intellectual ensemble copied from a smart design of the very latest page of history. It seemed to me they had strung along with Paris a little too long.

I confess to a disturbed stomach. I feel sick when I find anyone adjusting his mind to the new tyranny abroad. Because of its fundamental strictures, fascism does not seem to me to admit of any compromise or any rationalization, and I resent the patronizing air of persons who find in my plain belief in freedom a sign of immaturity. If it is boyish to believe that a human being should live free, then I'll gladly arrest my development and let the rest of the world grow up.

I shall report some of the strange remarks I heard in New York. One man told me that he thought perhaps the Nazi ideal was a sounder ideal than our constitutional system "because have you ever noticed what fine alert young faces the young German soldiers have in the newsreel?" He added: "Our American youngsters spend all their time at the movies—they're a mess." That was his summation of the case, his interpretation of the new Europe. Such a remark leaves me pale and shaken. If it represents the peak of our intelligence, then the steady march of despotism will not receive any considerable setback at our shores.

Another man informed me that our democratic notion of popular government was decadent and not worth bothering about—"because England is really rotten and the industrial towns there are a disgrace." That was

the only reason he gave for the hopelessness of democracy; and he seemed mightily pleased with himself, as though he were more familiar than most with the anatomy of decadence, and had detected subtler aspects of the situation than were discernible to the rest of us.

Another man assured me that anyone who took *any* kind of government seriously was a gullible fool. You could be sure, he said, that there is nothing but corruption "because of the way Clemenceau acted at Versailles." He said it didn't make any difference really about this war. It was just another war. Having relieved himself of this majestic bit of reasoning, he subsided.

Another individual, discovering signs of zeal creeping into my blood, berated me for having lost my detachment, my pure skeptical point of view. He announced that he wasn't going to be swept away by all this nonsense, but would prefer to remain in the role of innocent bystander, which he said was the duty of any intelligent person. (I noticed, however, that he 'phoned later to qualify his remark, as though he had lost some of his innocence in the cab on the way home.)

Those are just a few samples of the sort of talk that seemed to be going round—talk which was full of defeatism and disillusion and sometimes of a too studied innocence. Men are not merely annihilating themselves at a great rate these days, but they are telling one another enormous lies, grandiose fibs. Such remarks as I heard are fearfully disturbing in their cumulative effect. They are more destructive than dive bombers and mine fields, for they challenge not merely one's immediate position but one's main defenses. They seemed to me to issue either from persons who could never have really come to grips with freedom, so as to understand her, or from renegades. Where I expected to find indignation, I found paralysis, or a sort of dim acquiescence, as in a child who is dully swallowing a distasteful pill. I was advised of the growing anti-Jewish sentiment by a man who seemed to be watching the phenomenon of intolerance not through tears of shame but with a clear intellectual gaze, as through a well-ground lens.

The least a man can do at such a time is to declare himself and tell where he stands. I believe in freedom with the same burning delight, the same faith, the same intense abandon which attended its birth on this continent more than a century and a half ago. Since my attitude is regarded in some circles as a youthful one, I shall address my declaration to the young men and women of America, the upcropping generation. I've always wanted to tell them what I love anyway—ever since I discovered America in a Model T Ford and saw, in every town, the high school building so much bigger and newer than the other buildings, and wondered what was going on behind those walls. My declaration is built on plain lines—nothing fancy. When you know what you love, when you know where you stand, the business of making a declaration is easy and goes along without a hitch. I want to tell something to all the young men and the young women in all

the forty-eight States and in the territory of Alaska, the ones that are cropping up and getting going, looking for the jobs, casting the brand new votes, shining up the new guns in the old armories, looking for the answers, reading the ads in the papers, and listening to the bulletins from London. I want to make an affidavit before the generation that is making America go round—the girls getting their first jobs writing the letters that begin "Yours of the fifth instant," the boys showing up at the factory in the early morning, punching the time-clock and taking their places on the assembly line for the first time, the fellows swinging a racquet or a scythe or holding a drill, boys and girls on the banks of the Hudson and the Columbia and the Snake and the Kanawha, sons and daughters of cowhands on the dude ranches in the big States where the bigness is something you can cut with a knife, young fellows and girls in the tank towns and in the cities that make all the noise, boys rafting on ponds and translating Cæsar's Gallic Wars to the thunder of the new wars, playing the slot machines in the drugstores, swimming in the pool below the falls everywhere in America, skiers on the winter hills returning in the twilight down the white lanes to the New England farmhouses, boys in camp and on the trails between lakes, carrying their canoes, American boys hunting jobs and finding them and not finding them, boys on the sand truck sanding the tarred roads in the slippery weather in the country places, fellows and girls in the Bluegrass where the big oaks stand on the beautiful lawns where the thoroughbred horses graze, young fishermen in the smelt houses along the frozen Kennebec, boys and girls in Westchester who can hear the foghorn from the Sound when the wind is right, fellows working on lake steamers or walking in the Shenandoah in the soft spring months when the scent of mayflowers searches the heart, in the filling station at the pump checking the oil, working in the big hotels—in Miami, in Atlantic City, in the Adirondacks, hopping the bells and carrying the ice water and on the golf course handing the mashie to the man who wants to make an approach shot, young people who are taking the secretarial courses and the night-school training and who are writing to the manufacturers for the samples and saving the coupons and saving the stamps and writing the new poems and the love letters and the bills of sale all over America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico. There are millions of them; and I think their faces are good alert faces too, and their faces have an inquiring look, which I like, because they haven't been told the answer—haven't been told how to do, with precision, the audacious deed.

I am writing my declaration rapidly, much as though I were shaving to catch a train. Events abroad give a man a feeling of being pressed for time. Actually I do not believe I am pressed for time, and I apologize to the reader for a false impression that may be created. I just want to tell, before I get slowed down, that I am in love with freedom and that it is an affair of long standing and that it is a fine state to be in, and that I am

deeply suspicious of people who adjust to fascism and dictators. From such adaptable natures a smell rises. I pinch my nose.

For as long as I can remember I have had a sense of living somewhat freely in a natural world. I don't mean I enjoyed freedom of action, but my existence seemed to have the quality of free-ness. I traveled with secret papers pertaining to a divine conspiracy. Intuitively I've always been aware of the vitally important pact which a man has with himself, to be all things to himself, and to be identified with all things, to stand self-reliant, taking advantage of his haphazard connection with a planet, riding his luck, and following his bent with the tenacity of a hound. My first and greatest love affair was with this thing we call freedom, this lady of infinite allure, this dangerous and beautiful and sublime being who restores and supplies us all.

It began with the haunting intimation (which I presume every child receives) of his mystical inner life, of God in man; of nature publishing herself through the "I." This elusive sensation is moving and memorable. It comes early in life: a boy, we'll say, sitting on the front steps on a summer night, thinking of nothing in particular, suddenly hearing as with a new perception and as though for the first time the pulsing sound of crickets, overwhelmed with the novel sense of identification with the natural company of insects and grass and night, conscious of a faint answering cry to the universal perplexing question: "What is 'I'?" Or a little girl, returning from the grave of a pet bird, leaning with her elbows on the windowsill, inhaling the unfamiliar draught of death, suddenly seeing herself as part of the complete story. Or to an older youth, encountering for the first time a great teacher who by some chance word or mood awakens something and the youth beginning to breathe as an individual and conscious of strength in his vitals. I think the sensation must develop in many men as a feeling of identity with God—an eruption of the spirit caused by allergies and the sense of divine existence as distinct from mere animal existence. This is the beginning of the affair with freedom.

But a man's free condition is of two parts: the instinctive freeness he experiences as an animal dweller on a planet, and the practical liberties he enjoys as a privileged member of human society. The latter is, of the two, more generally understood, more widely admired, more violently challenged and discussed. It is the practical and apparent side of freedom. The United States, almost alone today, offers the liberties and the privileges and the tools of freedom. In this land the citizens are still invited to write their plays and books, to paint their pictures, to meet for discussion, to dissent as well as to agree, to mount soapboxes in the public square, to enjoy education in all subjects without censorship, to hold court and judge one another, to compose music, to talk politics with their neighbors without wondering whether the secret police are listening, to exchange ideas as well as goods, to kid the government when it needs kidding, and to read real news of real events

instead of phony news manufactured by a paid agent of the state. This is a fact and should give every person pause.

To be free, in a planetary sense, is to feel that you belong to earth. To be free, in a social sense, is to feel at home in a democratic framework. In Adolf Hitler, although he is a freely flowering individual, we do not detect either type of sensibility. From reading his book I gather that his feeling for earth is not a sense of communion but a driving urge to prevail. His feeling for men is not that they co-exist, but that they are capable of being arranged and standardized by a superior intellect—that their existence suggests not a fulfillment of their personalities but a submersion of their personalities in the common racial destiny. His very great absorption in the destiny of the German people somehow loses some of its effect when you discover, from his writings, in what vast contempt he holds *all* people. "I learned," he wrote, ". . . to gain an insight into the unbelievably primitive opinions and arguments of the people." To him the ordinary man is a primitive, capable only of being used and led. He speaks continually of people as sheep, halfwits, and impudent fools—the same people from whom he asks the utmost in loyalty, and to whom he promises the ultimate in prizes.

Here in America, where our society is based on belief in the individual, not contempt for him, the free principle of life has a chance of surviving. I believe that it must and will survive. To understand freedom is an accomplishment which all men may acquire who set their minds in that direction; and to love freedom is a tendency which many Americans are born with. To live in the same room with freedom, or in the same hemisphere, is still a profoundly shaking experience for me, so that I can't rest till I have tried to tell young men and women about it.

One of the earliest truths (and to him most valuable) that the author of *Mein Kampf* discovered was that it is not the written word, but the spoken word, which in heated moments moves great masses of people to noble or ignoble action. The written word, unlike the spoken word, is something which every person examines privately and judges calmly by his own intellectual standards, not by what the man standing next to him thinks. "I know," wrote Hitler, "that one is able to win people far more by the spoken than by the written word. . . ." Later he adds contemptuously: "For let it be said to all knights of the pen and to all the political dandies, especially of today: the greatest changes in this world have never yet been brought about by a goose quill! No, the pen has always been reserved to motivate these changes theoretically."

Luckily I am not out to change the world—that's being done for me, and at a great clip. But I know that the free spirit of man is persistent in nature; it recurs, and has never successfully been wiped out, by fire or flood. I set down the above remarks merely (in the words of Mr. Hitler) to motivate that spirit, theoretically. Being myself a knight of the goose

quill, I am under no misapprehension about "winning people"; but I am inordinately proud these days of the quill, for it has shown itself, historically, to be the hypodermic which inoculates men and keeps the germ of freedom always in circulation, so that there are individuals in every time in every land who are the carriers, the Typhoid Marys, capable of infecting others by mere contact and example. These persons are feared by every tyrant—who shows his fear by burning the books and destroying the individuals. A writer goes about his task today with the extra satisfaction which comes from knowing that he will be the first to have his head lopped off—even before the political dandies. In my own case this is a double satisfaction, for if freedom were denied me by force of earthly circumstance, I am the same as dead and would infinitely prefer to go into fascism without my head than with it, having no use for it any more and not wishing to be saddled with so heavy an encumbrance.

## HOW WASHINGTON CROSSED THE DELAWARE

(*From* The Unvanquished)

*Howard Fast* (*1942*)

ONCE AGAIN, at long last, Glover and the Virginian sat opposite each other, a pitcher of hot flip between them with full glasses on hand, Glover rested and shaven, the foxhunter leaner than ever, hollow of cheek, with deep, dark circles under his eyes. Each man saw the change in the other, and each accepted it with new and humble awareness. Some of the down-east cold had gone out of Glover; he had seen men stripped bare to the soul, and it was harder to take, even, than what he had seen at Pell's Point. As with the foxhunter, he had chosen his road and was determined to walk down it for as long as it went. Both of them the same age, they were as alike in some ways as they were different in others; Glover saw that the aristocrat was gone, and he accepted the fact, sensing if not realizing the strange new pride and purpose in the man sitting across the table from him. They were both lonely men, and even from each other they could take no comfort to ease that loneliness; but in their loneliness they comprehended each other.

The foxhunter, sipping at his glass, said, "I'm glad to see you, colonel. It was a long time."

Glover nodded and smiled a very rare smile.

"I never considered fishermen," the foxhunter mused, half humorously. "I never thought that my life, my army, and my country's cause might depend upon them so much."

"That's good of you, sir," Glover said, a trace of a flush creeping into his wrinkled, weathered face.

"We owe you much."

"Very little, I would reckon," Glover remarked uneasily.

"At any rate, the point is that you're here. I am not much good at compliments."

"Nor I at holding on to them, sir."

The foxhunter drained his glass and said, "I had a plan in mind—"

The Yankee leaned forward.

"Cumbersome, insane—" He poured new flip for each of them, and staring at the hot, strong rum, said: "I needed you; it was no use to think about it otherwise."

"Crossing the Delaware," Glover said softly, not incredulously, but with matter-of-fact awe.

The foxhunter nodded.

The Marblehead man, smiling, murmured, "I reckoned that. It had to be that. What else could it be?"

"The British went away," the Virginian said, speaking with singular rapidity for one usually so slow in marshalling his thoughts. "They went away to the firesides of New York and left the Germans sitting on the bank. That's how they despise us. It's just as well, and we owe the Jagers a great deal!" It was the first time Glover, or indeed any of the others had seen this side of him, a gush of passionate eloquence. "They left the Jagers, men who fight and kill and murder, not because their country is at war, not because they hate or oppose hate, but because they are hirelings and mercenaries! Knyphausen is there, and we have a score with Knyphausen!" He broke off suddenly, the effort leaving him spent and coughing.

"When do you want to cross?" Glover asked.

"Christmas Day," the tall man answered quietly, the spell broken, his old, calm, almost rigid self come back again.

Reasons were not something Glover cared to discuss; he leaned back, eyes half closed, considering the execution of the matter, as if for a beaten, half-starved, half-armed rabble to attack an encampment of Prussian-trained mercenaries was the most commonplace occurrence in the world.

"How many men?" he asked.

"We should have almost five thousand by then."

"In one night?"

"In a few hours, I hope," the tall man said.

Glover whistled softly, closed his eyes entirely, and sipped at his rum. His fingers drummed on the table, and with his eyes still closed, he asked, "How would it come out, actually, sir?"

"I want them embarked, taken across, re-formed on the other side, and marched from the landing places to Trenton, and I want the attack undertaken, from beginning to end, in darkness."

"It might be done," Glover speculated. "At the same point?"

"At three points, as far as I've planned it, one nine miles upriver, another a mile below here, and the third at Burlington."

"That makes it harder," Glover said. "What kind are the boats?"

"I'm not seaman enough to judge," the foxhunter said. "They're up and down the river for miles, but all on this side. There are enough, I think, for we took every boat on the river that we could move." He stared anxiously at Glover, who leaned back again, eyes closed, fingers drumming nervously.

"How do you think?" the foxhunter asked him.

"I think we can do it," Glover answered slowly. "If you want guns, it will mean barges; we'd be all night working them across in dinghies. But I think we can do it."

"I can count on you?"

"You can count on me, sir," Glover said, and then they shook hands, each leaning his long length across the top of the rickety table. . . .

"If this is insanity," the Virginian was saying solemnly, "it will be our last insanity, gentlemen. I haven't come to this decision easily; it has cost me many hours of thought and struggle with myself. I haven't lightly considered and used those powers which our Congress gave me, but only after much resolve and equal necessity. How urgent the necessity is, I don't have to point out to you. The game is up. I said once that if needful I would retreat a thousand miles to the west, so long as that would keep our army intact and our Congress in existence. But we have broken faith with our Congress, gentlemen; because we cannot defend them they have had to leave their city and run as we have been running, and were we to retreat not a thousand miles, but a hundred miles, there would be nothing left of our army."

They were all there, facing him, Greene and Sullivan and Knox and Mercer, Stirling, Putnam, Mifflin and Glover. Reed and Cadwalader were at Burlington, but they had already been informed of the plan. The men who were left with the commander listened gravely to what was, for all purposes, a summons to destruction.

"I have chosen for the time," he went on, "Christmas Day at night, one hour before the next daylight."

They stared at him curiously.

"Because the Jagers will be drunk," he explained in a matter-of-fact way.

"Can you count on that, sir?" someone asked.

"We can't count on anything, nor can we hope; we are moving, gentlemen, because our need is desperate."

"Cannon, sir?" Knox asked.

"You have sixteen pieces?"

"Eighteen, sir. General Putnam found two twelve-pounders that could be spared from Philadelphia."

"You will try to put them all across, Harry," he said. "Colonel Glover here has found barges and you will begin to embark the guns the moment the light fades. That will be soon after four o'clock. We will try to take

across horses as well, and if possible will mount a group of men on the other side. General Putnam will return to Philadelphia, where there are signs of an insurrection, but the rest of you will be with me. Tomorrow, you will set your watches with mine, so that even if we are apart in the night, we will be able to operate in accord."

They nodded gravely, their fear gone, their faces set, not with hope, but with the realization that this was either a beginning or an end.

"Colonel Cadwalader," the foxhunter said, "has been good enough to present us with some Madeira. I will have it broken open, gentlemen, and we will drink a toast."

By noon on Christmas Day, the whole camp was stirring, the Continentals, wrapped in every rag or piece of blanket they could lay hands on, nervously forming into files, the officers glancing at their big, round watches, everyone stamping, moving, clapping hands to keep warm, the vapor of their breath steaming into the air.

It was a sharp, grey day, clouds banked up in the sky, the still air promising a snowfall before long. It was not very cold, but cold enough for the poor devils, who with all their rags piled on were still half naked. Even now, they did not know exactly what they were going into, except that it would be with the Jagers, a word that rose and fell like sounding notes through their ranks, in anger, in hatred, in sudden terror, a band of south-German volunteers from the Pennsylvania back-country sickening at the thought of going to face the Prussian devils, all they had fled from and feared, their dread baked into them through countless generations, the New Englanders thinking of that raucous battle cry, "Yonkee, Yonkee," of how it might feel to be pinned by a bayonet to a tree or to go into a Hessian jail, poked and prodded along like beasts, the Jersey Dutch remembering a terror that had always loomed over the low country across the sea, the Pennsylvanians recalling stories of eight hundred other Pennsylvanians stabbed and cut and butchered as they fled up Harlem Heights to the poor security of Fort Washington. They were not brave, but mixed with their fear, there was an aching and terrible determination.

Hamilton was a tonic for Knox. He wouldn't leave the battery of eighteen guns, not giving the gunners a chance to think, but keeping them busy greasing the axles, cleaning the bores, chipping rust off the sighting screws, and making careful packages of the loads. Knox thought back to the time, not so far past, when they were twenty thousand strong in New York and when they could count the gun by the hundreds. Things had changed, just as he had changed from a bookseller who had once dreamed of being a publisher like Ben Franklin. That was gone and out of his life, left behind and somehow already too far behind to ever be reached for or regained; and he would never sit and gloatingly correct manuscript for a

book that might sell a hundred or even a hundred and fifty thousand copies. He had liked comfort and ease so much, the good things of life, a house tastefully furnished with imported Chippendale, the best books by the wittiest English writers, the round comfort of his wife in bed at night, children he could look at always, mold, filling them with the good, civilized smell of printer's ink. He was only twenty-six, but he felt old, washed clean of every purpose but one, to stalk along with the Virginian on a lonely road that led to nowhere.

And Hamilton scampered around the guns like a thin-faced, violet-eyed imp.

Looking at the woefully scant ranks, the foxhunter asked Mercer, "Have you the count?"

"Twenty-three hundred and seventy-two."

"And about eighteen hundred with Cadwalader," the foxhunter said, almost to himself.

And then he and the little Scotsman looked at each other.

Greene came over to the fat colonel of artillery and asked him, "What do you think, Harry?"

"I don't know; it's better not to think. If he wanted to go into hell and bait devils, I suppose I would go along with him. There's nothing else, is there?"

"I suppose not."

"What time have you?"

"Twelve-twenty."

Knox wound his clumsy, silver-shelled timepiece, and then set the hands. "This isn't much good," he complained. "It goes off about five minutes on the hour."

"So long as you know if it's fast or slow."

"Slow, sometimes more, sometimes less."

"I hope it doesn't snow," Greene remarked.

"It will."

"I hate to think of those poor devils in that water."

Knox shrugged and grinned.

"When are you going to start the cannon?"

"Soon."

"There's ice in the water," Greene said.

"There would be," Knox agreed ruefully. "There would be every damned filthy thing today."

"Well—good luck, Harry."

Ice, breaking from the shelves and shallow creeks in the north, was fast filling the river, big, nasty slabs, not very thick, but sharp and like

knife-edges in the swirling current. Watching it gather through the white veil of his breath, Glover shook his head ruefully.

"I don't like it," he told Captain Purdy of Gloucester.

"We'll have to count on poling."

"If the bottom don't fall away."

"At any rate, we'll slip downstream more than we thought. I figure we ought to look for a likely spot up about a mile."

"It's too late, and we can't get the guns into the boats without the ferry landing. We'll do what we can."

The foxhunter, now mounted on a bony chestnut, galloped along the freezing, shivering line, calling, "General Greene! General Greene!" His big cloak was threadbare and flapped loosely about his long figure; his nose was bright red, his eyes watery; and he coughed and sneezed as he demanded, "General Greene!"

"What is it, sir?"

"What time is it?"

"Just about half after one."

"Well, what are you waiting for, Nathanael? Start the men for the ferry. Can't you see they're freezing cold?"

"I thought I would wait just a while longer."

"No, start them off now!" And then he wheeled away and was spurring his horse down to see how Knox and Hamilton were doing with the artillery.

It made Greene's heart ache to watch the half-frozen men shuffling along on their way to the river. They had known an hour of dreadful anticipation, but by now their fear had been whipped into a stolid, dogged determination. Their cockiness was gone and their boasting was gone, but in its place had come a silent, somber intent. Many of them believed that this was the end of their tragic, short-lived revolution; arguments and reasons had vanished; they were men going forward to die because they had committed themselves to freedom, and now, when everything else was gone, there remained only that commitment.

They did not sing nor did they talk as they moved along; they gripped their big, clumsy flintlocks with deadly earnestness; and their eyes, for the most part, were set straight ahead; and they did not know that the cold shuffling sound of their steps would echo undyingly.

And Greene, also treading a blank path, thought to himself: "They are brave, and that is something I will remember. Even if they run away, I will always remember that they were brave at this time."

Greene had once fought a battle with himself; he was a Quaker, and the edict was stern and straightforward: Thou shalt not kill. But if ever there was vindication, this was it, on Christmas Day, the day a man came

into the world to preach Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men—and incongruous as that was, strange as that was, Greene knew that he was not defiling the day, that he was keeping a rendezvous with men of good will. As faint of heart as the rabble that marched beside him, he was nevertheless proud and humble.

Leaning over his saddle, the foxhunter asked Glover, "How are things now?"

"As well as can be expected, sir."

"You have the boats ready?"

Glover nodded, but pointing to the spinning ice cakes.

"You can get us across?"

"We'll get across," Glover said. "Maybe a little more time than we reckoned on, but we'll get across. When do you want to start?"

The tall man looked at his watch and then at the sky. He thought that in about twenty minutes it would be dark enough to veil their movements from the other shore.

"Men first, then the guns?"

"A little of each," the tall man smiled.

He rode along the line of his men. They were crouched on the cold ground, and as he went past a succession of white faces turned in the dusk to look at him. He thought that it would have been the right thing to say something to them, but looking at their faces, there was nothing for the life of him that he thought mattered enough to put into words. He wondered whether they felt, as he did, the crashing insanity of this last desperate move. And what did they think of him? Did they hate him or did they love him, or did they follow him as sheep follow a leader? Was the stake, the intangible something called freedom, big enough? Was it worth the suffering, the starving, the cold and the hunger?

He didn't know. Once he had been sure of many things, but now he was sure only of the dark, singular path he must travel. He was lonely, and he knew that regardless of what happened, regardless of what came out of this, victory or defeat, glory or ruin, there would never be compensation nor relief from that loneliness. Still, he was not unhappy; often, he had said and written that he would not undergo this again for any reward on earth, but now he was not quite certain of that fact. He had learned something terribly difficult for an aristocrat, for a foxhunter, for the wealthiest man in America; but now that he had learned he would not have been willing to unlearn. Wanting more than anything else to be loved and respected by others, he had found a strange peace in giving out of his own troubled heart.

For hours and hours the infantry had been standing and crouching motionless in the cold; now, at last, the order came to move. Their limbs

were stiff and their joints creaked as they walked; they clapped their hands and beat their knuckles against their muskets. They stumbled and fell and got up again, feeling their way in the darkness; and they laughed, somewhat hysterically, at the way the Marblehead fisherman sang out, "Step smart there! Step lively!" They jostled against each other, and some of them slipped and fell into the icy water, and then were fished out shivering and cursing. The grinding crunch of the ice cakes and the constant thud against the frail sides of the boats made their throats contract, but they didn't hold back. They went into the inky blackness slowly but certainly.

For all the cold, the artillerymen poured sweat as they put their shoulders to the cannon, and strained and heaved them onto the barges, some of them standing waist-deep in the ice-cold water, others fighting the cannon on the rocking boats as if the big, insensate pieces of metal had suddenly come alive, others staggering under the weight of cannister and iron balls. And the fishermen, groaning at the clumsy, butter-fingered landsmen, cursed and directed and pleaded. Knox, his huge voice drowning out all other sound, roared commands.

"Come at it there! Stand to it! Put your shoulders to it, God damn you! Put your shoulders to it!"

A barge overturned, spilling three horses into the water, creating a sudden maelstrom of confusion as the frightened beasts fought the current, neighing shrilly. Sullivan, whose horse was among the three, shouted, "Get them! Get them! For God's sake, don't let them drown!"

The foxhunter, stumbling through the dark, looking for the harried, tireless Glover, came up with Knox and grasped both his shoulders, demanding, "For God's sake, Harry, it's past midnight! Why can't you get the guns loaded?"

Knox was soaked with sweat and river water, alternately feverish and chilled, his boots full of icy slush, his hat gone, his coat split down the back. He looked at the tall man pleadingly, shaking his head, "I'm doing my best, sir. I can't do more than that. It's the ice. The boats can't go across to where they want to go; they have to float downstream and then be dragged up. And I've been trying to get powder and shot across, sir—in case we want to use the guns in a hurry."

"Well, get them across, Harry! Get them across! And call for Glover. My voice is gone—call out!"

Knox roared and bellowed like a bull, but when he turned around again, the Virginian had gone off into the dark.

At two o'clock in the morning, most of the army had already been ferried across the river. Working like demons, the fishermen had once more accomplished the impossible; they had pushed the army and guns through the

black night, the ice and the current, to a point on the other bank some nine miles distant from the Hessian encampment at Trenton. Glover, coming to report, found the foxhunter standing with Knox and Greene.

"I think that you had better go across now, sir," Glover said. "The worst part of it is over."

Washington nodded, and Greene took his arm to help him down into the boat. But he stood aside and said, "Get in, Harry. I'll feel safer once you're set."

For Knox, the reaction was close to hysteria. He climbed into the boat, bellowing laughter until the tears ran over his cheeks. He sat down, and Greene followed him, and then the Virginian, helped by the steadying hand of Glover, stepped in. He looked around for a place to sit, and then poked the fat colonel of artillery with his toe, telling him:

"Shift your weight, Harry, and trim the boat."

The fishermen pushed off from shore, their hard laughter breaking for once the wall that had been between them and the tall Virginia farmer; and Knox, still shaking with mirth, felt a great happiness and a great pride, for next to him, on the same seat, and close against him, was the man he loved more than any other. He looked at Washington, and saw how the light grey eyes were searching the darkness; and Knox knew, and Greene knew, with fierce joy, that this was not the end, that for their kind there could never be an end, but only new beginnings.

## FREEDOM'S A HARD-BOUGHT THING

*Stephen Vincent Benét (1940)*

A LONG TIME AGO, in times gone by, in slavery times, there was a man named Cue. I want you to think about him. I've got a reason. He got born like the cotton in the boll or the rabbit in the pea patch. There wasn't any fine doings when he got born, but his mammy was glad to have him. Yes. He didn't get born in the Big House, or the overseer's house, or anyplace where the bearing was easy or the work light. No, Lord. He came out of his mammy in a field hand's cabin one sharp winter, and about the first thing he remembered was his mammy's face and the taste of a piece of bacon rind and the light and shine of the pitch-pine fire up the chimney. Well, now, he got born and there he was.

His daddy worked in the fields and his mammy worked in the fields when she wasn't bearing. They were slaves; they chopped the cotton and hoed the corn. They heard the horn blow before the light came and the horn blow that meant the day's work was done. His daddy was a strong man—strong in his back and his arms. The white folks called him Cuffee. His mammy was a good woman, yes, Lord. The white folks called her Sarah,

and she was gentle with her hands and gentle with her voice. She had a voice like the river going by in the night, and at night when she wasn't too tired she'd sing songs to little Cue. Some had foreign words in them—African words. She couldn't remember what some of them meant, but they'd come to her down out of time.

Now, how am I going to describe and explain about that time when that time's gone? The white folks lived in the Big House and they had many to tend on them. Old Marster, he lived there like Pharaoh and Solomon, mighty splendid and fine. He had his flocks and his herds, his butler and his baker; his fields ran from the river to the woods and back again. He'd ride around the fields each day on his big horse, Black Billy, just like thunder and lightning, and evenings he'd sit at his table and drink his wine. Man, that was a sight to see, with all the silver knives and the silver forks, the glass decanters, and the gentlemen and ladies from all over. It was a sight to see. When Cue was young, it seemed to him that Old Marster must own the whole world, right up to the edge of the sky. You can't blame him for thinking that.

There were things that changed on the plantation, but it didn't change. There were bad times and good times. There was the time young Marse Edward got bit by the snake, and the time Big Rambo ran away and they caught him with the dogs and brought him back. There was a swivel-eyed overseer that beat folks too much, and then there was Mr. Wade, and he wasn't so bad. There was hog-killing time and Christmas and springtime and summertime. Cue didn't wonder about it or why things happened that way; he didn't expect it to be different. A bee in a hive don't ask you how there come to be a hive in the beginning. Cue grew up strong; he grew up smart with his hands. They put him in the blacksmith shop to help Daddy Jake; he didn't like it, at first, because Daddy Jake was mighty cross-tempered. Then he got to like the work; he learned to forge iron and shape it; he learned to shoe a horse and tire a wagon wheel, and everything a blacksmith does. One time they let him shoe Black Billy, and he shod him light and tight and Old Marster praised him in front of Mr. Wade. He was strong; he was black as night; he was proud of his back and his arms.

Now, he might have stayed that way—yes, he might. He heard freedom talk, now and then, but he didn't pay much mind to it. He wasn't a talker or a preacher; he was Cue and he worked in the blacksmith shop. He didn't want to be a field hand, but he didn't want to be a house servant either. He'd rather be Cue than poor white trash or owned by poor white trash. That's the way he felt; I'm obliged to tell the truth about that way.

Then there was a sickness came and his mammy and his daddy died of it. Old Miss got the doctor for them, but they died just the same. After that, Cue felt lonesome.

He felt lonesome and troubled in his mind. He'd seen his daddy and his mammy put in the ground and new slaves come to take their cabin. He didn't repine about that, because he knew things had to be that way. But

when he went to bed at night, in the loft over the blacksmith shop, he'd keep thinking about his mammy and his daddy—how strong his daddy was and the songs that his mammy sang. They'd worked all their lives and had children, though he was the only one left, but the only place of their own they had was the place in the burying ground. And yet they'd been good and faithful servants, because Old Marster said so, with his hat off, when he buried them. The Big House stayed, and the cotton and the corn, but Cue's mammy and daddy were gone like last year's crop. It made Cue wonder and trouble.

He began to take notice of things he'd never noticed. When the horn blew in the morning for the hands to go to the fields, he'd wonder who started blowing that horn, in the first place. It wasn't like thunder and lightning; somebody had started it. When he heard Old Marster say, when he was talking to a friend, "This damned epidemic! It's cost me eight prime field hands and the best-trained butler in the state. I'd rather have lost the Flyaway colt than Old Isaac," Cue put that down in his mind and pondered it. Old Marster didn't mean it mean, and he'd sat up with Old Isaac all night before he died. But Isaac and Cue and the Flyaway colt, they all belonged to Old Marster and he owned them, hide and hair. He owned them, like money in his pockets. Well, Cue had known that all his life, but because he was troubled now, it gave him a queer feeling.

Well, now, he was shoeing a horse for young Marster Shepley one day, and he shod it light and tight. And when he was through, he made a stirrup for young Marster Shepley, and young Marster Shepley mounted and threw him a silver bit, with a laughing word. That shouldn't have bothered Cue, because gentlemen sometimes did that. And Old Marster wasn't mean; he didn't object. But all night Cue kept feeling the print of young Marster Shepley's heel in his hands. And yet he liked young Marster Shepley. He couldn't explain it at all.

Finally, Cue decided he must be conjured. He didn't know who had done it or why they'd done it. But he knew what he had to do. He had to go see Aunt Rachel.

Aunt Rachel was an old, old woman, and she lived in a cabin by herself, with her granddaughter, Sukey. She'd seen Old Marster's father and his father, and the tale went she'd seen George Washington with his hair all white, and General Lafayette in his gold-plated suit of clothes that the King of France gave him to fight in. Some folks said she was a conjure and some folks said she wasn't, but everybody on the plantation treated her mighty respectful, because, if she put her eye on you, she mightn't take it off. Well, his mammy had been friends with Aunt Rachel, so Cue went to see her.

She was sitting alone in her cabin by the low light of a fire. There was a pot on the fire, and now and then you could hear it bubble and chunk, like a bullfrog chunking in the swamp, but that was the only sound. Cue made his obleegances to her and asked her about the misery in her back. Then

he gave her a chicken he happened to bring along. It was a black rooster, and she seemed pleased to get it. She took it in her thin black hands and it fluttered and clucked a minute. So she drew a chalk line along a board and then it stayed still and frozen. Well, Cue had seen that trick before. But it was different, seeing it done in Aunt Rachel's cabin, with the big pot chunking on the fire. It made him feel uneasy and he jingled the bit in his pocket for company.

After a while the old woman spoke. "Well, Son Cue," said she, "that's a fine young rooster you've brought me. What else did you bring me, Son Cue?"

"I brought you trouble," said Cue, in a husky voice, because that was all he could think of to say.

She nodded her head as if she'd expected that. "They mostly brings me trouble," she said. "They mostly brings trouble to Aunt Rachel. What kind of trouble, Son Cue? Man trouble or woman trouble?"

"It's my trouble," said Cue, and he told her the best way he could. When he'd finished, the pot on the fire gave a bubble and a croak, and the old woman took a long spoon and stirred it.

"Well, Son Cue, son of Cuffee, son of Shango," she said, "you've got a big trouble, for sure."

"Is it going to kill me dead?" said Cue.

"I can't tell you right about that," said Aunt Rachel. "I could give you lies and prescriptions. Maybe I would, to some folks. But your Grandaddy Shango was a powerful man. It took three men to put the irons on him, and I saw the irons break his heart. I won't lie to you, Son Cue. You've got a sickness."

"Is it a bad sickness?" said Cue.

"It's a sickness in your blood," said Aunt Rachel. "It's a sickness in your liver and your veins. Your daddy never had it that I knows of—he took after his mammy's side. But his daddy was a Corromantee, and they is bold and free, and you takes after him. It's the freedom sickness, Son Cue."

"The freedom sickness?" said Cue.

"The freedom sickness," said the old woman, and her little eyes glittered like sparks. "Some they break and some they tame down," she said, "and some is neither to be tamed or broken. Don't I know the signs and the sorrow—me, that come through the middle passage on the slavery ship and seen my folks scattered like sand? Ain't I seen it coming, Lord—O Lord, ain't I seen it coming?"

"What's coming?" said Cue.

"A darkness in the sky and a cloud with a sword in it," said the old woman, stirring the pot, "because they hold our people and they hold our people."

Cue began to tremble. "I don't want to get whipped," he said. "I never been whipped—not hard."

"They whipped your Grandaddy Shango till the blood ran twinkling down his back," said the old woman, "but some you can't break or tame."

"I don't want to be chased by dogs," said Cue. "I don't want to hear the dogs belling and the paterollers after me."

The old woman stirred the pot.

"Old Marster, he's a good marster," said Cue. "I don't want to do him no harm. I don't want no trouble or projecting to get me into trouble."

The old woman stirred the pot and stirred the pot.

"O God, I want to be free," said Cue. "I just ache and hone to be free. How am I going to be free, Aunt Rachel?"

"There's a road that runs underground," said the old woman. "I never seen it, but I knows of it. There's a railroad train that runs, sparking and snorting, underground through the earth. At least that's what they tell me. But I wouldn't know for sure," and she looked at Cue.

Cue looked back at her bold enough, for he'd heard about the Underground Railroad himself—just mentions and whispers. But he knew there wasn't any use asking the old woman what she wouldn't tell.

"How I going to find that road, Aunt Rachel?" he said.

"You look at the rabbit in the briar and you see what he do," said the old woman. "You look at the owl in the woods and you see what he do. You look at the star in the sky and you see what she do. Then you come back and talk to me. Now I'm going to eat, because I'm hungry."

That was all the words she'd say to him that night; but when Cue went back to his loft, her words kept boiling around in his mind. All night he could hear that train of railroad cars, snorting and sparking underground through the earth. So, next morning, he ran away.

He didn't run far or fast. How could he? He'd never been more than twenty miles from the plantation in his life, he didn't know the roads or the ways. He ran off before the horn, and Mr. Wade caught him before sundown. Now, wasn't he a stupid man, that Cue?

When they brought him back, Mr. Wade let him off light, because he was a good boy and never ran away before. All the same, he got ten, and ten laid over the ten. Yellow Joe, the head driver, laid them on. The first time the whip cut into him, it was just like a fire on Cue's skin, and he didn't see how he could stand it. Then he got to a place where he could.

After it was over, Aunt Rachel crope up to his loft and had her granddaughter, Sukey, put salve on his back. Sukey, she was sixteen, and golden-skinned and pretty as a peach on a peach tree. She worked in the Big House and he never expected her to do a thing like that.

"I'm mighty obliged," he said, though he kept thinking it was Aunt Rachel got him into trouble and he didn't feel as obliged as he might.

"Is that all you've got to say to me, Son Cue?" said Aunt Rachel, looking down at him. "I told you to watch three things. Did you watch them?"

"No'm," said Cue. "I run off in the woods just like I was a wild turkey. I won't never do that no more."

"You're right, Son Cue," said the old woman. "Freedom's a hard-bought thing. So, now you've been whipped, I reckon you'll give it up."

"I been whipped," said Cue, "but there's a road running underground. You told me so. I been whipped, but I ain't beaten."

"Now you're learning a thing to remember," said Aunt Rachel, and went away. But Sukey stayed behind for a while and cooked Cue's supper. He never expected her to do a thing like that, but he liked it when she did.

When his back got healed, they put him back with the field gang for a while. But then there was blacksmith work that needed to be done and they put him back in the blacksmith shop. And things went on for a long time just the way they had before. But there was a difference in Cue. It was like he'd lived up till now with his ears and his eyes sealed over. And now he began to open his eyes and his ears.

He looked at the rabbit in the brier and he saw it could hide. He looked at the owl in the woods and he saw it went soft through the night. He looked at the star in the sky and he saw she pointed north. Then he began to figure.

He couldn't figure things fast, so he had to figure things slow. He figure the owl and the rabbit got wisdom the white folks don't know about. But he figure the white folks got wisdom he don't know about. They got reading and writing wisdom, and it seem mighty powerful. He ask Aunt Rachel if that's so, and she say it's so.

That's how come he learned to read and write. He ain't supposed to. But Sukey, she learned some of that wisdom, along with the young misses, and she teach him out of a little book she tote from the Big House. The little book, it's all about bats and rats and cats, and Cue figure whoever wrote it must be sort of touched in the head not to write about things folk would want to know, instead of all those trifling animals. But he put himself to it and he learn. It almost bust his head, but he learn. It's a proud day for him when he write his name, "Cue," in the dust with the end of a stick and Sukey tell him that's right.

Now he began to hear the first rumblings of that train running underground—that train that's the Underground Railroad. Oh, Children, remember the names of Levi Coffin and John Hansen! Remember the Quaker saints that hid the fugitive! Remember the names of all those that helped set our people free!

There's a word dropped here and a word dropped there and a word that's passed around. Nobody know where the word come from or where it goes, but it's there. There's many a word spoken in the quarters that the Big House never hears about. There's a heap said in front of the fire that never flies up the chimney. There's a name you tell to the grapevine that the grapevine don't tell back.

There was a white man, one day came by, selling maps and pictures. The quality folks, they looked at his maps and pictures and he talked with them mighty pleasant and respectful. But while Cue was tightening a bolt on his wagon, he dropped a word and a word. The word he said made that underground train come nearer.

Cue meet that man one night, all alone, in the woods. He's a quiet man with a thin face. He hold his life in his hands every day he walk about, but he don't make nothing of that. Cue's seen bold folks and bodacious folks, but it's the first time he's seen a man bold that way. It make him proud to be a man. The man ask Cue questions and Cue give him answers. While he's seeing that man, Cue don't just think about himself any more. He think about all his people that's in trouble.

The man say something to him; he say, "No man own the earth. It's too big for one man." He say, "No man own another man; that's too big a thing too." Cue think about those words and ponder them. But when he gets back to his loft, the courage drains out of him and he sits on his straw tick, staring at the wall. That's the time the darkness comes to him and the shadow falls on him.

He aches and he hones for freedom, but he aches and he hones for Sukey too. And Long Ti's cabin is empty, and it's a good cabin. All he's got to do is to go to Old Marster and take Sukey with him. Old Marster don't approve to mix the field hand with the house servant, but Cue's different, Cue's a blacksmith. He can see the way Sukey would look, coming back to her in the evening. He can see the way she'd be in the morning before the horn. He can see all that. It ain't freedom, but it's what he's used to. And the other way's long and hard and lonesome and strange.

"O Lord, why you put this burden on a man like me?" say Cue. Then he listen a long time for the Lord to tell him, and it seem to him, at last, that he get an answer. The answer ain't in any words, but's it's a feeling in his heart.

So when the time come and the plan ripe and they get to the boat on the river and they see there's one too many for the boat, Cue know the answer. He don't have to hear the quiet white man say, "There's one too many for the boat." He just pitch Sukey into it before he can think too hard. He don't say a word or a groan. He know it's that way and there's bound to be a reason for it. He stand on the bank in the dark and see the boat pull away, like Israel's children. Then he hear the shouts and the shot. He know what he's bound to do then, and the reason for it. He know it's the paterollers, and he show himself. When he get back to the plantation, he's worn and tired. But the paterollers, they've chased him, instead of the boat.

He creep by Aunt Rachel's cabin and he see the fire at her window. So he scratch at the door and go in. And there she is, sitting by the fire, all hunched up and little.

"You looks poorly, Son Cue," she say, when he come in, though she don't take her eye off the pot.

"I'm poorly, Aunt Rachel," he say. "I'm sick and sorry and distressed."

"What's the mud on your jeans, Son Cue?" she say, and the pot, it bubble and croak.

"That's the mud of the swamp where I hid from the paterollers," he say.

"What's the hole in your leg, Son Cue?" she say, and the pot, it croak and bubble.

"That's the hole from the shot they shot at me," say Cue. "The blood most nearly dried, but it make me lame. But Israel's children, they's safe."

"They's across the river?" say the old woman.

"They's across the river," say Cue. "They ain't room for no more in the boat. But Sukey, she's across."

"And what will you do now, Son Cue?" say the old woman. "For that was your chance and your time, and you give it up for another. And tomorrow morning, Mr. Wade, he'll see that hole in your leg and he'll ask questions. It's a heavy burden you've laid on yourself, Son Cue."

"It's a heavy burden," say Cue, "and I wish I was shut of it. I never asked to take no such burden. But freedom's a hard-bought thing."

The old woman stand up sudden, and for once she look straight and tall. "Now bless the Lord!" she say. "Bless the Lord and praise him! I come with my mammy in the slavery ship—I come through the middle passage. There ain't many that remember that, these days, or care about it. There ain't many that remember the red flag that witched us on board or how we used to be free. Many thousands gone, and the thousands of many thousands that lived and died in slavery. But I remember. I remember them all. Then they took me into the Big House—me that was a Mandingo and a witch woman—and the way I live in the Big House, that's between me and my Lord. If I done wrong, I done paid for it—I paid for it with weeping and sorrow. That's before Old Miss' time and I help raise up Old Miss. They sell my daughter to the South and my son to the West, but I raise up Old Miss and tend on her. I ain't going to repine of that. I count the hairs on Old Miss' head when she's young, and she turn to me, weak and helpless. And for that there'll be a kindness between me and the Big House—a kindness that folks will remember. But my children's children shall be free."

"You do this to me," say Cue, and he look at her, and he look at her, and he look dangerous. "You do this to me, old woman," he say, and his breath come harsh in his throat, and his hands twitch.

"Yes," she say, and look him straight in the eyes. "I do to you what I never even do for my own. I do it for your Grandaddy Shango, that never turn to me in the light of the fire. He turn to that soft Eboe woman, and I have to see it. He roar like a lion in the chains, and I have to see that. So, when you come, I try you and I test you, to see if you fit to follow after

him. And because you fit to follow after him, I put freedom in your heart, Son Cue."

"I never going to be free," say Cue, and look at his hands. "I done broke all the rules. They bound to sell me now."

"You'll be sold and sold again," say the old woman. "You'll know the chains and the whip. I can't help that. You'll suffer for your people and with your people. But while one man's got freedom in his heart, his children bound to know the tale."

She put the lid on the pot and it stop bubbling.

"Now I come to the end of my road," she say, "but the tale don't stop there. The tale go backward to Africa and it go forward, like clouds and fire. It go, laughing and grieving forever, through the earth and the air and the waters—my people's tale."

Then she drop her hands in her lap and Cue creep out of the cabin. He know then he's bound to be a witness, and it make him feel cold and hot. He know then he's bound to be a witness and tell that tale. O Lord, it's hard to be a witness, and Cue know that. But it help him in the days to come.

Now, when he get sold, that's when Cue feel the iron in his heart. Before that, and all his life, he despise bad servants and bad marsters. He live where the marster's good; he don't take much mind of other places. He's a slave, but he's Cue, the blacksmith, and Old Marster and Old Miss, they tend to him. Now he know the iron in his heart and what it's like to be a slave.

He know that on the rice fields in the hot sun. He know that, working all day for a handful of corn. He know the bad marsters and the cruel overseers. He know the bite of the whip and the gall of the iron on the ankle. Yes, Lord, he know tribulation. He know his own tribulation and the tribulation of his people. But all the time, somehow, he keep freedom in his heart. Freedom mighty hard to root out when it's in the heart.

He don't know the day or the year, and he forget, half the time, there ever was a gal named Sukey. All he don't forget is the noise of the train in his ears, the train snorting and sparking underground. He think about it at nights till he dream it carry him away. Then he wake up with the horn. He feel ready to die then, but he don't die. He live through the whip and the chain; he live through the iron and the fire. And finally he get away.

When he get away, he ain't like the Cue he used to be—not even back at Old Marster's place. He hide in the woods like a rabbit; he slip through the night like an owl. He go cold and hungry, but the star keep shining over him and he keep his eyes on the star. They set the dogs after him and he hear the dogs belling and yipping through the woods.

He's scared when he hear the dogs, but he ain't scared like he used to be. He ain't more scared than any man. He kill the big dog in the clearing—the big dog with the big voice—and he do it with his naked hands. He cross water three times after that to kill the scent, and he go on.

He got nothing to help him—no, Lord—but he got a star. The star shine in the sky and the star shine—the star point north with its shining. You put that star in the sky, O Lord, you put it for the prisoned and the humble. You put it there—you ain't never going to blink it out.

He hungry and he eat green corn and cowpeas. He thirsty and he drink swamp water. One time he lie two days in the swamp, too puny to get up on his feet, and he know they hunting around him. He think that's the end of Cue. But after two days he lift his head and his hand. He kill a snake with a stone, and after he's cut out the poison bag, he eat the snake to strengthen him, and go on.

He don't know what the day is when he come to the wide, cold river. The river yellow and foaming, and Cue can't swim. But he hide like a crawdad on the bank; he make himself a little raft with two logs. He know this time's the last time and he's obliged to drown. But he put out on the raft and it drift him to the freedom side. He mighty weak by then.

He mighty weak, but he careful. He know tales of Billy Shea, the slave catcher; he remember those tales. He slide into the town by night, like a shadow, like a ghost. He beg broken victuals at a door, the woman give them to him, but she look at him suspicious. He make up a tale to tell her, but he don't think she believe the tale. In the gutter he find a newspaper; he pick it up and look at the notices. There's a notice about a runaway man named Cue. He look at it and it make the heart beat in his breast.

He patient, he mighty careful. He leave that town behind. He got the name of another town, Cincinnati, and a man's name in that town. He don't know where it is; he have to ask his way, but he do it mighty careful. One time he ask a yellow man directions; he don't like the look on the yellow man's face. He remember Aunt Rachel; he tell the yellow man he conjure his liver out if the yellow man tell him wrong. The yellow man scared and tell him right. He don't hurt the yellow man; he don't blame him for not wanting trouble. But he make the yellow man change pants with him, because his pants mighty ragged.

He patient; he very careful. When he get to the place he been told about, he look all about that place. It's a big house; it don't look right. He creep around to the back—he creep and he crawl. He look in a window; he see white folks eating their supper. They just look like any white folks. He expect them to look different. He feel mighty bad. All the same, he rap at the window the way he been told. They don't nobody pay attention and he just about to go away. Then the white man get up from the table and open the back door a crack. Cue breathe in the darkness.

"God bless the stranger the Lord sends us," say the white man in a low, clear voice, and Cue run to him and stumble, and the white man catch him. He look up and it's a white man, but he ain't like thunder and lightning.

He take Cue and wash his wounds and bind them up. He feed him and hide him under the floor of the house. He ask him his name and where he's

from. Then he send him on. O Lord, remember thy tried servant, Asaph Brown! Remember his name!

They send him from there in a wagon and he's hidden in the straw at the bottom. They send him from the next place in a closed cart with six others, and they can't say a word all night. One time a tollkeeper ask them what's in the wagon, and the driver say, "Southern calico," and the tollkeeper laugh. Cue always recollect that.

One time they get to big water—so big it look like the ocean. They cross that water in a boat; they get to the other side. When they get to the other side, they sing and pray, and white folks look on, curious. But Cue don't even feel happy; he just feel he want to sleep.

He sleep like he never sleep before—not for days and years. When he awake up, he wonder; he hardly recollect where he is. He lying in the loft of a barn. Ain't nobody around him. He get up and go out in the air. It's a fine sunny day.

He get up and go out. He say to himself, *I'm free*, but it don't take hold yet. He say to himself, *This is Canada and I'm free*, but it don't take hold. Then he start to walk down the street.

The first white man he meet on the street he scrunch up in himself and start to run across the street. But the white man don't pay him any mind. Then he know.

He say to himself in his mind, *I'm free. My name's Cue—John H. Cue. I got a strong back and strong arms. I got freedom in my heart. I got a first name and a last name and a middle name. I never had them all before.*

He say to himself, *My name's Cue—John H. Cue. I got a name and a tale to tell. I got a hammer to swing. I got a tale to tell my people I got recollection. I call my first son "John Freedom Cue." I call my first daughter "Come-Out-of-the-Lion's-Mouth."*

Then he walk down the street, and he pass a blacksmith shop. The blacksmith, he's an old man and he lift the hammer heavy. Cue look in that shop and smile.

He pass on; he go his way. And soon enough he see a girl like a peach tree—a girl named Sukey—walking free down the street.

## HOSTAGE

### *Bernard Doret* (*1942*)

THE SHRILLING of the alarm clock carried him from troubled sleep into that sudden awareness which distinguishes between half-sleep and waking. He let the alarm ring penetratingly for a few moments, turning over and burrowing his head into the pillow, in his mind fumbling with the lesson for the first class. Something would have to be done about Grégoire. Should

he speak with the principal about him, or should he have a heart-to-heart talk with the lad, explain to him that differential calculus would be more important to him in later life than prowess on the tennis court? A good boy at heart, that Grégoire, but mentally lazy, lazy.

Rolling over, he sat up in bed, reached out to turn off the alarm, passed his hand over scraggly moustache and beard stubble, stared with leaden eyes at the faded wallpaper, the cracked pitcher and bowl on the dresser, at the textbooks heaped on the makeshift desk near the window. This was not his room at the lycée. This was not the familiar, well-ordered room in which he had awakened so many mornings to face a day's routine in class. And Grégoire, the laughing, curly-headed boy who might have leaped out of a Grecian frieze, had been dead for more than a year, slaughtered with half his regiment when the Nazis broke through at Sedan.

Wearily he swung his long, hairy legs out of bed, feeling gingerly for the worn slippers ranged alongside like battered fishing smacks at anchor. He stood up, the flannel nightgown flapping against his shanks, walked over to the window, pulled up the shade, allowed the early morning sun to stream into the room, staining with gold the carpet so jealously guarded all these years by Mme. Cailloux. Looking out the window, Aristide Feuillet stood bemused, rubbing the stubble on his chin reflectively. By the clarity of the morning light, he could tell that cold weather would be soon coming—the second winter of defeat for France.

No lingering now over the nerve-soothing process of lathering his face with perfumed shaving soap and stroking his cheeks with fine Sheffield steel; he had to use all his skill to avoid ribboning his face with the cheap, ersatz soap and with the inferior safety razor which had replaced the confiscated one. And as he shaved, Aristide Feuillet stared moodily into the mirror at a face which was hollow and gaunt, deeply-lined around the eyes, in no way resembling that of the popular instructor in mathematics who so short a time before had taught at the Lycée Barthélemy.

"I am not a man of politics," he had said, in that humble yet superior fashion so becoming to scholars, in the days when the round, iron tables at the Café des Deux Lapins were not crowded with boisterous, blond recruits in ill-fitting, gray tunics. "You, my friends, may discuss the nature of the personal affairs of M. Pierre Laval to your heart's content. Sham, pure sham. I shall remain with my books: my Aristotle, my Euclid, my Descartes. You may keep your double-dealing politicians, your corrupt newspapers which dance for whoever pays the piper. All I ask—" and here the near-sighted eyes of Aristide Feuillet would grow pensive, and he would wipe the back of one hand across his moustache—"is to be left alone to read, to study, and to teach." And with that he would finish his cognac slowly, leave a few coins for the waiter, and saunter leisurely off down the street. To his intimates at the Café des Deux Lapins, it was known as "the departure Feuillet."

It had been his good fortune, perhaps, that when the Nazi troops of occu-

pation came goose-stepping into town, and when their commandant installed himself in the mayor's office at the Hôtel de Ville, it was found that Professor Feuillet of the Lycée Barthélemy had never openly taken sides on a political question. While some might have thought that the teacher held aloof for fear of losing his job, (when the administration changes so frequently, why take sides?), local sources close to the Nazi commandant held that Feuillet was a man interested only in himself, and that he could be relied upon to appreciate the opportunity given him by a post as clerk in the tax-collector's office. Who knows, declared sources close to the commandant, but that the giving of a job to the mathematics teacher after the lycée was closed, (and necessarily so), would not influence him to point out to the townspeople, who held him in high esteem, the benefits of so benevolent an administration as that of the commandant?

And so, each morning, Aristide Feuillet arose with the ringing of the alarm clock, shaved, dressed, breakfasted on whatever rations Mme. Cailloux had been able to obtain, and then proceeded down the Rue Martinique, across the Place de la Révolution, to the town hall, where he would perform whatever the lynx-eyed German accountant assigned. France's catastrophe had not changed his habit of walking leisurely, hands clasped behind his back. On his morning walk, Aristide Feuillet would have ample opportunity to reflect on the changes which had taken place since Herr Hitler had cut France in two and had relinquished nominal control over one half. For lack of bread, of course, Lévy's bakery was closed, but scrawled across his window in yellow paint was the legend, "*I am a dirty Jew. Do not buy here.*"

Further down the street, in the house where Galimard, the town's most outspoken anti-fascist, had lived, the battered, bullet-riddled door still hung crazily on one hinge, and there were still dark stains on the vestibule rug, evidence of the fight old Galimard and four of his comrades had put up when the commandant had sent a squad to arrest the dangerous radical.

But these were only surface manifestations. What really burned deep into Aristide Feuillet's bowels was the fact that he could no longer recognize the town itself. It had, in the old days, been neither a very large nor very fine place, but it had been *French*, its language the tongue of a great, cultured nation, its citizen free to earn his living and cast his ballot in the way he pleased, its walls and streets and men and women all part of the land which had witnessed the great Revolution, the triumphs of Napoleon, the miracles at Verdun and the Marne, the land which had sired Pasteur and Zola, Balzac and Voltaire.

But now, wherever Feuillet turned his eyes, there was the mark of the Nazi. Men like Henri Fessier, who lived up there, pressed into slave labor to feed the iron war machine now lumbering forward across the Russian plains; his children, the two which still remained alive, starving, with swollen bellies; young girls, gaunt and white-faced, loitering in the streets during the blackout, drawn as though by a magnet to the lycée-barracks where the German

troops had food and wine; queues of women waiting wretchedly but stoically for whatever crusts of bread the Nazis chose to dole out; crippled veterans, released from prison camps, hobbling painfully along the street in quest of what? Their mangled legs? Their shattered arms? The honor and the soul of a France delivered into the hangman's hands without a fight?

As he turned into the Place de la Révolution, the sound of a hammer chipping stone came to him across the clear morning air. That would be Matteo Bardi, the Corsican stone mason who, long ago, had been jeered openly for his pro-fascist sympathies. His hammer would be busy changing the inscription running across the façade of the town hall. By order of the Nazi commandant, Bardi would be effacing the first word of three, "LIBERTY."

His lips compressed bitterly, Aristide Feuillet started across the public square.

"Go easily, Hans," chided the commandant. "I am not a pig you are dressing for your father's shop window!"

The orderly stepped backward smartly, a gob of creamy lather pendulous from the razor frozen in his hand.

"Excuse me, Herr Major," he said, stiffly. "As the Herr Major is so good as to point out, I am a butcher by trade, not a barber."

"Exactly, exactly," said the commandant. "But you will learn, my dear Hans. Or would you rather take a little trip to Russia, one of these days? Butchers are in demand there, I hear."

"At the Herr Major's service," said the orderly, taking a step forward. "But, with the Herr Major's kind permission, I would much rather remain as his orderly." Bending rigidly from the hips, he lathered the commandant's chin, plied the razor carefully and diligently, while Major Ritter Wolfgang von Hartwig, belching from his hearty breakfast in a genteel manner, contemplated the papered ceiling of the room which for years had been the holy of holies of the Lycée Barthélemy, the principal's office.

Not bad, not bad at all, this post. In itself, not so much for a soldier who had served his apprenticeship under Ludendorff, but a safe stepping stone to something really important. He was much better off than officers on active service in this damned eastern campaign against the Reds. Casualties there were tremendous, although ultimately all objectives would be reached on schedule. With Russia costing the German Army some of its finest officers, there would be limitless opportunities for advancement for those who knew how to please the Party hierarchy and yet remain alive. Would Luetge's letter come today, with information about the latest list of promotions?

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the commandant, quietly.

The door opened, and Corporal Weber, a pimply-faced Bavarian, entered, saluted smartly, stood at attention with hands on trousers seams. A good

soldier, Weber, thought the commandant, but prone to be dismayed by what he does not understand. There were dismay and fright now in the droop of Weber's lip, the dilation of his pupils.

"Yes?" said the commandant, getting to his feet and making use of the warm, dry towel which the orderly reached him. "What is it, Weber?"

The corporal had good reason to be frightened, it seemed. Private Schnecke, of his squad, had left his rifle in its appointed place in the rack, before turning in for the night after coming off guard duty. This morning, the rifle of Private Schnecke was missing. There was no trace of it in the barracks. No one could explain its disappearance.

"*Till Eulenspiegel?*" asked the commandant. He admired the subtlety of his joke, but quickly lost his smile. The air crackled with questions. The officer of the day was sent for, and the sergeant of the guard. But the sentries had passed no one. There had been no alarm the previous night. And no one had left the barracks as yet that morning. Yet, for all that, there was no trace of Private Schnecke's rifle.

Buttoning himself into his tight tunic, the commandant smiled unpleasantly at the stoop-shouldered quartermaster who was responsible for the care of the barracks and equipment.

"That rifle must be found," he said. "I did not spend two weeks combing this territory to confiscate weapons to have rifles stolen from our barracks under our noses. Or, better, *your* nose. Do you understand?"

The commandant strode past the red-faced quartermaster. Turning, he shot back, "Twenty-four hours extra sentry duty, by the way, for the good soldier Schnecke."

In the courtyard of the former school he noticed that it was a fine day and relaxed. One rifle could not arm a revolution. The incident might be used to extract additional fines from those who had a few francs to spare.

"I'll walk to my office," the commandant said, half-aloud, "this autumn air will help me digest my breakfast."

"Skoda," Paul said, looking over to where Maxime sat hunched on the cot. Paul had carried the rifle over to where the candle cast a feeble aura of light. He ran his finger along the cold, blue steel of the barrel, opened and shut the bolt gently. "Skoda," he repeated. "They got this gun as a present."

"We too," said Maxime. He laughed bitterly. "It cost us nothing. Nothing but our country."

Paul shrugged. "I still don't understand," he said, leaning the rifle against the rickety table beneath the candle. "How did you get in past the guard? How did you get out again?"

Maxime said nothing for a moment. With a deft twist of his body, he sprawled flat on the cot, his worn army boots carefully kept off the blanket. He stared at the cobwebbed beams of the cellar ceiling.

"That is something you wouldn't know, old boy. It is all so long ago.

So long ago. How long is it since Giraud declaimed Lamartine to us? How long since Feuillet scribbled equations in chalk? How long since Grégoire last beat you on the tennis court? One hundred years?"

Paul shrugged again. This was hardly the time for schoolboy reminiscences. His days at the Lycée Barthélemy were as dead and gone as his interrupted studies at the university. There was no looking back to halcyon days. There was work now for soldiers without generals, work among the vanquished but unconquered people of France. France had been betrayed from the top. France must now be saved from the bottom. For a moment, Maxime's next words echoed meaninglessly in his mind.

"You were the good boy then, Paul. You studied. You read more than was assigned. You kept your nose buried in books, whether there was an exam to be crammed for or not."

"So?"

"So? I didn't. That's why we have this fine German army rifle!"

"Don't talk in riddles!"

Maxime laughed mirthlessly. "What did Grégoire and I do nights? Did we wear out our elbows and bottoms, or did we go out? How many times did we slip past Rambouillet, that blue-nosed guardian of our non-existent morals? Did he ever catch us leaving the lycée after hours? Did he ever catch us returning? Do you think a Nazi sentry has keener eyes than the terror of the Lycée Barthélemy?"

"Hardly," said Paul. "Hardly. There never was a more conscientious proctor than good old Rambouillet."

"How did we do it, you're going to ask. That was Grégoire's secret. One night when we slipped out to meet (you remember Ninon, who used to sit at the corner table? . . . ah, but you wouldn't!) he made me promise that I would never tell. Otherwise, you see, the game might have been spoiled. Too many players. Now Grégoire's dead."

"Yes," said Paul. "And a lot of others, too."

"That's why I went back. For Grégoire. For the others. Just wait, we'll have revenge, revenge for those of us who had no chance to fight. For what these dogs have done to our town!"

His voice cracked, died away. Maxime turned his face to the wall. Paul stared at him, so inert and yet so tense on the cot. His glance shifted to the rifle.

"Whom do you want to shoot?" he said.

"Who do you think?"

"I can guess. But look, Maxime, what good do you think it would do? How many Nazis can you kill with this one rifle? How long would it be before they would hunt you down? Wouldn't it be better if you took my advice, waited and worked, and then struck when the iron was hot?"

Maxime got to his feet with a bound, faced Paul.

"Listen, my good friend. You may know more than I about many things.

It won't be the hotheads like me who will drive these swine from our country. It's true, I am only one. But I'm tired of skulking like a rat in a hole, waiting, waiting, while these thieves eat our bread and torture our people. You're not going to stop me. What is your name, Paul? It's Galimard, isn't it? Do you remember your uncle? You've heard tell of how they dealt with him?"

When Paul looked up from the floor his face was strained. "Still, this is no way of facing the problem," he said. "*Organization*, Maxime!"

Smiling, Maxime reached into his pocket, took out a clip of cartridges, slipped it into the rifle's magazine.

"Paul, you know how I respect your judgment," he said. "But this morning, before we go, let me be a soldier of France again."

Aristide Feuillet, his ear attuned to the hammer of the stone mason, entered the Place de la Révolution from the Rue Martinique at about the same moment that the swaggering commandant entered the public square from an adjoining street. Aware of the approach of the Nazi overlord, Feuillet instinctively drew off to one side, so as not to be compelled to doff his hat to the commandant. Looking neither to right nor to left, Hartwig walked on, straight for the Hôtel de Ville, smiling with satisfaction as the sound of steel on stone made him aware that Bardi was carrying out his orders for the slight alterations to the building.

On the roof of the wine merchant's house, which commanded an excellent view of the square, Maxime lay prone across the cornice, sighting along the barrel of the rifle. The way the Nazi was walking he presented his side to the marksman on the roof, and Maxime, aiming just below the cap, held his fire until the commandant was no more than fifty yards distant. Then his body stiffened and his finger crept lovingly to the trigger.

The square was not crowded. There were two or three other people crossing towards the town hall, among them a bent man who walked with the shuffle of that old bore, Feuillet. He would not miss. He would show Professor Feuillet he could handle at least one problem in applied mathematics.

Aiming for the head, Maxime pressed the trigger lightly, felt the heavy, steel-jacketed bullet smashing through flesh and bone and pulpy gray matter of the brain, saw the commandant stop short in his tracks and then crumple to the paving, a gray bundle of old clothes. Leaping to his feet, Maxime let loose an exultant, welling cry, hurled the rifle far out into the square, crouched low and was gone.

Startled by the rifle report, booming like a cannon in the still morning air, Aristide Feuillet looked up automatically in the direction from which the sound came. He saw a figure outline itself against the patch of blue sky visible through the crowded chimneys, heard the shout of "Vic-to-ry-y-y!" and saw a long object come hurtling down into the square.

In that brief moment, it seemed to the nearsighted teacher that there was something familiar about that figure in athletic pose. Before his mind fully comprehended what had happened, he had said to himself, "The incorrigible schoolboys! There's another, standing on a housetop, shouting, and endangering the lives of passersby by throwing objects down into the square!"

When Feuillet looked down, he saw the commandant, lying sprawled clumsily on the paving, very dead. And he heard hoarse shouts as the German guard at the Hôtel de Ville came running out, rifles at the ready with the sun glinting off fixed bayonets. Except for the blurry, visual impression of a masculine figure against the sky, and the ringing shout of "Victory!" he was quite confused about the incident, and what happened in the next few hours.

The captain was very blond and very nearsighted; with his thick-lensed glasses gleaming like mirrors in a ray of light from the corridor, and, seated on a stool with his fat legs in their tight breeches spread far apart, he looked like a schoolboy waiting for he knew not what punishment from a stern teacher. Actually, the situation was just the reverse.

"Tell me, my dear Monsieur Feuillet," he said, in his precise, academic French. "You have the reputation in this town of being a reasonable man?"

Aristide Feuillet said nothing. He shrank back against the wall, his body huddled on the bare wooden bench which served as bed and seat in the detention cell on the top floor of the town hall.

"You must admit, my dear Monsieur Feuillet," continued the captain, "that your situation is not of the happiest. Let us review your case. Eight hours ago, while walking peacefully across the public square, my esteemed superior officer, Major Ritter Wolfgang von Hartwig, was most foully assassinated. You were within a few feet of him at the time. No one that we can discover, so far, knows the identity of the murderer or murderers."

He paused, leaned forward expectantly, sighed when Feuillet made no move.

"Under the circumstances, knowing the vicious nature of those who would stoop to so dastardly a crime, you were naturally taken into custody, more to protect you from the cowardly perpetrators of this heinous deed, (who, I might say, would fear your testimony at the bar of justice), than for any other reason. It was felt, too, that you might be helpful in assisting us to restore order here by identifying the Red Jewish swine responsible for this outrage."

He cocked his head quizzically, looking like an owl with his round head and big glasses.

"After all, my dear Monsieur Feuillet, you were *there*. Is it not reasonable to assume that you could have seen the person who fired the shot and hurled the rifle, (stolen, I might say, quite inexplicably from our barracks last night,

an act for which there are provided the heaviest punishments), into the public square? Your silence, I must say, has saddened us."

The boyish captain removed his glasses, withdrew a handkerchief from his cuff, polished the glasses carefully, and replaced them athwart his snub nose. He seemed more the schoolboy than ever. There was a note of pleading in his voice.

"In addition, I might say, since you were an instructor at the former Lycée Barthélemy, one might expect you to have some special knowledge of ingress to and egress from that building. You have, haven't you? Yes?"

The captain now grew irritated at Feuillet's silence.

"Well, if you have nothing to say to me, I have something to tell you."

Feuillet was glad that the young German could not see his face too clearly in the half-lit cell.

"I have been ordered to arrest fifty citizens of this town," the captain said, with measured accents. "I have been ordered to hold them as hostages against the surrender, within twenty-four hours, of the person or persons responsible for the murder of Major Ritter von Hartwig. I have been ordered to post a reward of 15,000,000 francs for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the cowardly agent or agents of London and Moscow who committed this crime. If the guilty party or parties do not expiate this murder, others must. By midnight tomorrow, fifty will die for one, unless—"

Aristide Feuillet licked his dry lips. "Why do you tell this to me?" he said, with an attempt at indifference.

"You are one of the fifty," said the captain, casually.

Stunned for a moment, Feuillet leaped to his feet, clutched the captain by the shoulders. "But I've done nothing!" he cried blindly. "Why me? I was on my way to work! Just like every day! I've given you no trouble! I know nothing of what happened! You can't kill me for that!"

The captain brushed away his sweating hands. He rapped on the door. It was opened at once by a soldier. Gesturing to the private to take the stool, the captain hovered in the doorway.

"Really?" he said. "You're French, aren't you?"

The iron door slammed in his face. The round, boyish face of the captain appeared in the grilled opening.

"You have until midnight tomorrow. If you have anything of importance to say to me, call the guard."

The bland face disappeared, with the cold eyes magnified behind the lenses. There was only the grilled opening, and the feeble, solitary electric bulb in the corridor.

Aristide Feuillet did not move, but remained pressed close against the cold iron of the cell door, shuddering.

There was no doubt that the German meant what he said. He did not want to die. Perhaps some day the Nazis would be driven out of town, and

he would return to his classroom, to his books, to the rows of intent young faces looking up at him. He was not old. Life could still be sweet.

Wearily, he turned back to the bench, and sat down, head between his hands.

Who was that man on the roof? He might have been anyone of scores of boys who had filed through his classroom. What difference could that make? But the captain had said . . . did he not leave the door open? . . . could he not? . . .

Now it has come, he thought. Now I must make up my mind. One way. Or the other. No more verbal sparring with the men at the cafe. No more balancing one side against the other, and keeping aloof from both. I must deliver someone to the Nazis—or myself.

Only himself? What of the others? Forty-nine of them, the captain had said. Would it not be better for him to save their lives? Could anyone reproach him for sacrificing one life to save forty-nine? The poorest student could tell which figure was the greater, and which carried the most weight, whether in apples, degrees or men.

But this was not mathematics. The generals and politicians of France had surrendered, and the Nazis had made their peace with them, but the war went on against the people of France. This was a war to the death against a brutal, foreign tyranny which had swept into France on wings of treachery. In Russia the Nazis were finding it impossible to achieve their strategic objectives, for in that country there was no question of treachery. That was hardly the case in France. Clearly, the captain had intimated he thought him to be a man who would buy his own life by betraying another's. He had assumed treachery would come easily to him.

Lurching to his feet, Feuillet paced the narrow cell, up and down, up and down again. Someone in the next cell was crying, with the racking, self-conscious sobs of a grown man. Another hostage?

Why should the captain have thought him any different from those who helped the captain and his kind take over France? His record was, so to speak, clean. He had engaged in no activity which might indicate that he was not waiting for the highest bidder. He accepted the job in the tax-collector's office when they came and closed the lycée. He was never known to lift voice or finger. Why should they not think he would accept their new order and play the game their way? What difference could it make to him?

Just think of it: provide them with a scapegoat, go through the mockery of a public trial, provide grist for Herr Dr. Goebbels' propaganda mill. He could walk out of this cell alive. And 15,000,000 francs! Deauville. North Africa. The United States, perhaps. Or Paris.

But there was no Paris; only a city ten times as large as this town, and suffering ten times as much.

On the Fourteenth of July, when the bands had played in the Place de

la Révolution, he had blushed with embarrassment because of the tingling in his spine and the tears of emotion welling in his eyes.

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie.*
*Le jour de gloire. . . .*"

Pure humbug, theatre, of course. Patriotism, love of one country, was not for the cosmopolitan, the scientist.

But now, repeating the words of the old battle song, he did not blush, even though hot tears were rolling down his cheeks. There was no brassy music to be heard, to cheat and seduce the emotions, to make a grown man as maudlin as a child running after a parade. Was there a brass band playing the "Marseillaise" in all of France?

He had not always been the easy-smiling cynic. He could remember himself as a 17-year-old student, gawky and shabbily genteel in his rusty-black Sunday clothes, standing on a curb of the Champs-Elysées with hundreds of thousands of men and women, cheering, cheering the victorious armies of France filing past the Arc de Triomphe. That had been a day for France and for the young Aristide Feuillet!

But, after that, came other days. Corruption in high places, betrayal upon betrayal of the people by those elected to represent them. High-sounding words. Appeasement of the forces gaining power among the nations bordering France. Subsidies and favoritism to the inner enemies of the Third Republic while democratic movements were crushed with cabal and club. The Ruhr, Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia. Was it any wonder that the student of '18 had been replaced by the indifferent professor of '39 who saw no reason why he should "die for Danzig?"

But now the self-righteous veil had been lifted from his eyes. There was no time now for suspicion, for mistrust, for indifference and contempt. He was unversed in political science, had no notion of what the proper government of France should be, other than that it should carry out to the full the historic slogan of "LIBERTY, FRATERNITY, EQUALITY." Once those were attained, all the rest would come. You could depend for that on a people which was being welded together with the harsh flame of hunger and murder and savage suppression.

It was not a question of holding himself in aloof disdain from the bungling and corrupt persons of whom one formerly thought as the rulers of France. Their day was done. This bitter present, and what brighter future would come, belonged to the men and women who had gone about their simple tasks and plain lives loyally and uncomplainingly, who had lived on the same meagre yet sufficient scale as he, the people whose lives had been altered most by the fascist invasion. Whatever now lay in his power to do, must be done to help those people—the artisans who were being forced to forge the instruments for their own destruction, the farmers whose harvests were forfeit before sown, the silent, tearless women who

must carry on without their men, the dispossessed students who had looked to his generation and him for teaching and guidance and had received—what?

His head ached and his eyes burned. He needed air. Covering the few paces to the window, he looked up and out at a clear sky, cold blue, silent with the awesome silence of vast reaches of space, spangled with stars. The bars pent him in, but if he reached up he could easily open the window, let in cool, fresh air. He did so.

Familiar, deep-pitched and rhythmic waves of sound came to his ears. An impulse made him seize the bars with both hands, lift himself up on tiptoe, look down thus on the Place de la Révolution.

British bombers so far had not singled out the town, but it was blacked out every night, with a curfew after nine. He had no idea of the time now, but despite the blackout in the clear moonlight he could see dark masses of figures and blurred faces of people: hundreds of them jamming the public square from the Hôtel de Ville to the streets which radiated through the town. Formless and tense, the crowd of men and women merged into a single identity.

Hanging there by the failing strength of his flaccid, professor's arms, Feuillet looked down. For the first time since he had arisen his lips twisted into a thin smile. He let the soles of his shoes touch the floor again, but kept his grips on the bars.

Stoically, patiently, they stood there, the folk of the town, waiting. There were no loud outcries, there were no pointless tears. And they were not singing, that would have invited the strong, nervous German guard to open fire with machine gun and rifle.

The men and women in the Place de la Révolution were merely humming, humming the tune started by some one in the rear, now spreading almost to the sandbagged portico of the town hall.

Humming. Only daring to echo wordlessly the tune which had carried the ragged armies of the infant republic on to victory after victory over richly-subsidized counter-revolution. Only humming the melody of the song which had been heard above the cannon at Austerlitz and Jena, at Verdun and the Marne. *Frenchmen.*

But, no: fervor and patriotism alone could not fight tanks and machine guns and bayonets. Not very much in itself, the people of the town did well to stand down there before the town hall, waiting for news of those of them who were held hostage. For the tune they hummed was as a summons, a warning and a promise. As it swelled into the chorus, Feuillet's lips moved with the beat, forming the words, soundlessly.

*"Aux armes, Citoyens!"*

All those good people down there, watching and waiting. They'd never forget. Never forget the fifty who had been chosen to die because some

foolish French boy had taken one Nazi's life. Helpless and disarmed now, able to fight only with the spirit, they would not always stand patiently in the town square. His place was with them. If only he could be there when they rallied to arms; he was not old and it did not take too much strength to level a rifle, to press a trigger—

*"Formez vos bataillons!"*

No time for tears, Feuillet. France had had enough of tears. A life lived in quiescence could, if need be, end in positive action. Teaching, of a sort, had been his profession. *Now he could at least begin really to teach others.* Freedom, only thing worth living for. Dying for.

*"Marchons, marchons . . ."*

Others would learn, others would take heart, others stronger than he would rise up, strike relentlessly. No fear, no mercy. Until—

*"Qu'un sang impur*
*Abreuve nos sillons!"*

Aristide Feuillet, turning from the window, sprawled out full length on the bare wooden bench. He lay for a little while, motionless, staring up through the darkness of the cell. Then his breath came more slowly, his fingers straightened, relaxed, and he slept with the peace of a child who has awakened terrified in the night, and reached out and found the warm, tender hand of his mother close by.

## IS THERE ANY EASY ROAD TO FREEDOM?

*Carl Sandburg (1941)*

A RELENTLESS man loved France
Long before she came to shame
And the eating of bitter dust,
Loving her as mother and torch,
As bone of his kith and kin
And he spoke passion, warning:
*"Rest is not a word of free peoples—*
*rest is a monarchical word."*

A relentless Russian loved Russia
Long before she came to bare agony
And valor amid rivers of blood,
Loving her as mother and torch,
As bone of his kith and kin:
He remembered an old Swedish saying:
*"The fireborn are at home in fire."*

A Kentucky-born Illinoisan found himself
By journey through shadows and prayer
The Chief Magistrate of the American people
Pleading in words close to low whispers:
"*Fellow citizens . . . we cannot escape history.*
*The fiery trial through which we pass*
*Will light us down in honor or dishonor*
*To the latest generation . . .*
*We shall nobly save or meanly lose*
*the last best hope of earth.*"
Four little words came worth studying over:
"*We must disenthrall ourselves.*"
And what is a thrall? And who are thralls?
Men tied down or men doped, or men drowsy?
He hoped to see them
shake themselves loose
and so be disenthralled.

There are freedom shouters.
There are freedom whisperers.
Both may serve.
Have I, have you, been too silent?
Is there an easy crime of silence?
Is there any easy road to freedom?

## LINCOLN?

(*From* The People, Yes)

*Carl Sandburg* (*1936*)

Lincoln?
He was a mystery in smoke and flags
saying yes to the smoke, yes to the flags,
yes to the paradoxes of democracy,
yes to the hopes of government
of the people by the people for the people,
no to debauchery of the public mind,
no to personal malice nursed and fed,
yes to the Constitution when a help,
no to the Constitution when a hindrance,
yes to man as a struggler amid illusions,
each man fated to answer for himself:
Which of the faiths and illusions of mankind
must I choose for my own sustaining light
to bring me beyond the present wilderness?

Lincoln? was he a poet?
and did he write verses?
"I have not willingly planted a thorn
in any man's bosom."
"I shall do nothing through malice; what
I deal with is too vast for malice."

Death was in the air.
So was birth.
What was dying few could say.
What was being born none could know.

He took the wheel in a lashing roaring
hurricane.
And by what compass did he steer the course
of the ship?
"My policy is to have no policy," he said in
the early months,
And three years later, "I have been controlled
by events."

He could play with the wayward human mind, saying at Charleston, Illinois, September 18, 1858, it was no answer to an argument to call a man a liar.
"I assert that you [pointing a finger in the face of a man in the crowd] are here today, and you undertake to prove me a liar by showing that you were in Mattoon yesterday.
"I say that you took your hat off your head and you prove me a liar by putting it on your head."

He saw personal liberty across wide horizons.
"Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid," he wrote Joshua F. Speed, August 24, 1855 "As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal, except Negroes.' When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty."

Did he look deep into a crazy pool
and see the strife and wrangling
with a clear eye, writing the military
head of a stormswept area·
"If both factions, or neither, shall abuse
you, you will probably be about right. Be-
ware of being assailed by one and praised
by the other"?

Lincoln? was he a historian?
did he know mass chaos?
did he have an answer for those
who asked him to organize chaos?

"Actual war coming, blood grows hot, and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion. Deception breeds and thrives. Confidence dies and universal suspicion reigns.

"Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, lest he be first killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow. And all this, as before said, may be among honest men only; but this is not all.

"Every foul bird comes abroad and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion.

"Strong measures, deemed indispensable, but harsh at best, such men make worse by maladministration. Murders for old grudges, and murders for pelf, proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion. These causes amply account for what has happened in Missouri."

Early in '64 the Committee of the New York Workingman's Democratic Republican Association called on him with assurances and he meditated aloud for them, recalling race and draft riots:

"The most notable feature of a disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so.

"The strongest bond of human sympathy, outside of the family relation, should be one uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues and kindreds.

"Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

Lincoln? did he gather
the feel of the American dream
and see its kindred over the earth?

"As labor is the common burden of our race,
so the effort of some to shift
their share of the burden
onto the shoulders of others
is the great durable curse of the race."

"I hold,
if the Almighty had ever made a set of men
that should do all of the eating
and none of the work,
he would have made them
with mouths only, and no hands;
and if he had ever made another class,

that he had intended should do all the work
and none of the eating,
he would have made them
without mouths and all hands."

"—the same spirit that says, 'You toil and work and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

"As I would not be a *slave*, so I would not be a *master*. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference, is no democracy."

"I never knew a man who wished to be himself a slave. Consider if you know any *good* thing that no man desires for himself."

"The sheep and the wolf
are not agreed upon a definition
of the word liberty."

"The whole people of this nation
will ever do well
if well done by."

"The plainest print cannot be read
through a gold eagle."

"How does it feel to be President?" an Illinois friend asked.

"Well, I'm like the man they rode out of town on a rail. He said if it wasn't for the honor of it he would just as soon walk."

Lincoln? he was a dreamer.
He saw ships at sea,
he saw himself living and dead
in dreams that came.

Into a secretary's diary December 23, 1863
went an entry: "The President tonight
had a dream. He was in a party of plain
people, and, as it became known who
he was, they began to comment on his
appearance. One of them said: 'He is a
very common-looking man.' The Presi-
dent replied: 'The Lord prefers com-
mon-looking people. That is the reason
he makes so many of them.' "

He spoke one verse for then and now: 90
"If we could first know where we are,
and whither we are tending,
we could better judge
what to do, and how to do it."

## I PAINT WHAT I SEE

A BALLAD OF ARTISTIC INTEGRITY

*E. B. White (1938)*

"What do you paint, when you paint
a wall?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Do you paint just anything there at
all?
"Will there be any doves, or a tree
in fall?
"Or a hunting scene, like an English
hall?" 5

*"I paint what I see," said Rivera.*

"What are the colors you use when
you paint?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Do you use any red in the beard of
a saint?
"If you do, is it terribly red, or
faint? 10
"Do you use any blue? Is it Prus-
sian?"

*"I paint what I paint," said Ri-
vera.*

"Whose is that head that I see on
my wall?"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson.
"Is it anyone's head whom we know,
at all? 15
"A Rensselaer, or a Saltonstall?
"Is it Franklin D.? Is it Mordaunt
Hall?
"Or is it the head of a Russian?"

*"I paint what I think," said
Rivera.*

*"I paint what I paint, I paint what I
see,* 20
*"I paint what I think," said Rivera,*
*"And the thing that is dearest in life
to me*
*"In a bourgeois hall is Integrity;*
*"However . . .*
*"I'll take out a couple of people
drinkin'* 25
*"And put in a picture of Abraham
Lincoln.*

"*I could even give you McCormick's reaper*
"*And still not make my art much cheaper.*
"*But the head of Lenin has got to stay*
"*Or my friends will give me the bird today*
"*The bird, the bird, forever.*"

"It's not good taste in a man like me,"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson,
"To question an artist's integrity
"Or mention a practical thing like a fee,
"But I know what I like to a large degree
"Though art I hate to hamper;
"For twenty-one thousand conservative bucks
"You painted a radical. I say shucks,
"I never could rent the offices—
"The capitalistic offices.
"For this, as you know, is a public hall
"And people want doves, or a tree in fall,
"And though your art I dislike to hamper,
"I owe a *little* to God and Gramper,
"And after all,
"It's *my* wall . . ."

"*We'll see if it is*," *said Rivera.*

## SONNET

*John Milton (1645)*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,
For who loves that must first be wise and good
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

## ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

*William Wordsworth (1802)*

Once did She hold the gorgeous east in fee;
And was the safeguard of the west the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,

Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.
She was a maiden City, bright and free;
No guile seduced, no force could violate;
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.
And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay;
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid
When her long life hath reached its final day:
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade
Of that which once was great is passed away.

1802

## NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER, 1802

*William Wordsworth (1802)*

Inland, within a hollow vale, I stood;
And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,
The coast of France—the coast of France how near!
Drawn almost into frightful neighborhood.
I shrunk; for verily the barrier flood
Was like a lake, or river bright and fair,
A span of waters, yet what power is there!
What mightiness for evil and for good!
Even so doth God protect us if we be
Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,
Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity;
Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

## IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF THAT THE FLOOD

*William Wordsworth (1802)*

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good

Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armory of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

## FEELINGS OF A REPUBLICAN ON THE FALL OF BONAPARTE

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1816)*

I hated thee, fallen tyrant! I did groan
To think that a most unambitious slave,
Like thou, shouldst dance and revel on the grave
Of Liberty. Thou mightst have built thy throne
Where it had stood even now: thou didst prefer
A frail and bloody pomp which Time has swept
In fragments towards Oblivion. Massacre,
For this I prayed, would on thy sleep have crept,
Treason and Slavery, Rapine, Fear, and Lust,
And stifled thee, their minister, I know
Too late, since thou and France are in the dust,
That Virtue owns a more eternal foe
Than Force or Fraud: old Custom, legal Crime,
And bloody Faith the foulest birth of Time.

## POLITICAL GREATNESS

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1824)*

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd those herds whom tyranny makes tame;
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts,
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of their own likeness. What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

## TO A FOIL'D EUROPEAN REVOLUTIONAIRE

*Walt Whitman (1856)*

Courage yet, my brother or my sister!
Keep on—Liberty is to be subserv'd whatever occurs;
That is nothing that is quell'd by one or two failures, or any number of failures,
Or by the indifference or ingratitude of the people, or by any unfaithfulness,
Or the show of the tushes of power, soldiers, cannon, penal statutes.

What we believe in waits latent forever through all the continents,
Invites no one, promises nothing, sits in calmness and light, is positive and composed, knows no discouragement,
Waiting patiently, waiting its time.
(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection also,
For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him,
And stakes his life to be lost at any moment.)

The battle rages with many a loud alarm and frequent advance and retreat,
The infidel triumphs, or supposes he triumphs,
The prison, scaffold, garroté, handcuffs, iron necklace and lead-balls do their work,
The named and unnamed heroes pass to other spheres,
The great speakers and writers are exiled, they lie sick in distant lands,
The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their own blood,
The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when they meet;
But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor the infidel enter'd into full possession.
When liberty goes out of a place it is not the first to go, nor the second or third to go,
It waits for all the rest to go, it is the last.

When there are no more memories of heroes and martyrs,
And when all life and all the souls of men and women are discharged from any part of the earth,
Then only shall liberty or the idea of liberty be discharged from that part of the earth,
And the infidel come into full possession.
Then courage European revolter, revoltress!
For till all ceases neither must you cease.

I do not know what you are for, (I do not know what I am for myself, nor what any thing is for,)

But I will search carefully for it even in being foil'd,
In defeat, poverty, misconception, imprisonment—for they too are great.

Did we think victory great?
So it is—but now it seems to me, when it cannot be help'd, that defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

# THE CHALLENGE OF DEMOCRACY

INSCRIBED on the Statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York harbor are the words, "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." These lines, setting forth the essence of our American ideals of democracy, constitute a perpetual challenge to every generation to keep alive the fundamental concepts of the founding fathers of our country. Today these ideals have been vigorously reaffirmed in such phrases as "the new belief in the common man" or "the century of the common man." Carl Friedrich's opening essay presents the assumptions on which the belief is founded and traces the growth and development of this idea in America. The other writers in this section have dramatized the common man, his struggle to adjust himself to an age of technology, his efforts to keep his head up during the depression, his determination to oppose fascism, his participation in the tasks of an America at war.

Though the common man has sometimes been defeated and has been compelled for the moment to yield to forces greater than himself, he has rarely become permanently discouraged. If at times he appears to be "quintessence of dust," he is more often, even in misfortune, "how like a god." He may be a helpless victim of technological change, as are the Joads in the selection from *The Grapes of Wrath*, but as Mr. Carpenter reminds us, even this unrooted itinerant family furnishes evidence of man's unconquerable spirit, of his ability to triumph over desperate poverty and wretchedness. The *Man on a Road* of Maltz's story meets with courage and dignity a fate he cannot control. In Martha Gellhorn's story, Mrs. Maddison is a recipient of relief, but she never permits the frustration of her hopes to destroy her courage or her faith in democracy. *Those Are as Brothers* by Nancy Hale presents the difficulties which many of the recent exiles from Europe must face in their efforts to adjust themselves to the unfamiliar ways of our American life. It shows that when we recognize their problems to be like our own, then we become as brothers. In *Winterset* Mio's intense passion for revenge disappears in the discovery that pity and love are infinitely more important for human happiness than a justice springing from hatred and vengeance. A passage from *Mud on the Stars* portrays a young man's growth from youthful irresponsibility to maturity. It depicts his gradual realization that, whether his family own three thousand acres for which to fight or only three, he has a tremendous stake in the conflict in which he must do his part if we are to build a better America out of this global war.

Poets, from the very nature of their interests and of their art have always been vigorous champions of the integrity and dignity of ordinary men and women. Throughout the ages they have been the first to protest against the encroachment of social and political forces upon the sacred precincts of the life of the individual. The best English and American poets of our day are no exception to this rule. True to the noble traditions of their craft, they have continued to assert the rights of the individual in an age when social change and violent conflict are threatening the ideals and achievements of our democracy.

## THE COMMON MAN IN AMERICAN POETRY AND POLITICS

(*From* The New Belief in the Common Man)

*Carl Friedrich* (*1942*)

> We have changed our prepossessions, and our ambitions must therefore change.—*J. H. Robinson*

THE BELIEF in the common man is the core of the democratic creed. The idea of a free people is inconceivable without it. How can a people be free if its members cannot think and act for themselves? And why should they be free if their thoughts and their emotions are unworthy of respect?

And yet it is a rather extraordinary belief. Few and far between are the occasions in the history of mankind when that belief has been held by many men. For long ages before the modern democratic era the common man was looked upon by political philosophers and men of practical experience alike as a ward to be taken care of or exploited for the greater glory of God, or of Empire, or of the rulers themselves. Throughout the seventeenth century, and well into the eighteenth, the mass of the people were at best an object of solicitude for benevolent rulers. Even so "enlightened" a mind as Voltaire appealed to the good will of kings in his efforts to help the common people. If the common people themselves showed signs of thinking, speaking, or acting by themselves, they and their leaders were denounced. This was equally true in aristocratic England and in monarchical France or Prussia. The common man was held incompetent to judge what was in his own interest, let alone what was in the general or public interest.

### THE PROBLEM

Throughout the nineteenth century, critics continued to assail the belief in the common man as contrary to experience and even absurd. It is often assumed that the belief in reason and the belief in the common man went hand in hand. This assumption is contrary to the facts. Eighteenth-century

rationalists frequently took exactly the opposite view, and this tendency continued through the nineteenth century. Reason, they felt, was the possession of an intellectual élite. The "philosopher" was seen as the high priest of this esoteric group of intellectual men. Even powerful rulers, such as Frederick the Great of Prussia and Joseph I of Austria, were keenly interested in being members of the charmed circle of "philosophers."

The belief in the common man crystallized and was proclaimed in the French and American Revolutions. "We hold these truths to be self-evident . . . that all men are born free and equal." So far are these truths from being self-evident that they had never been accepted before the Declaration of Independence. What is more, they have again and again been challenged since. Their constant repetition in Fourth-of-July oratory has given them a ritualistic significance, but it has not heightened their standing as realistic conceptions appealing to practical men. Somehow, they have been put away with the Sermon on the Mount as to-be-remembered-on-Sunday.

The ringing phrases of the American credo are echoed in Thomas Paine's conclusion to his *Age of Reason* (1794–1795): "Certain I am that when opinions are free, either in matters of government or religion, truth will finally and powerfully prevail." Here we have the new secular gospel in a nutshell: Give the simple mind of the ordinary man the facts, and he will see the rational, the reasonable way to act; and having seen his way, he will follow it.

The belief in the common man consists of three equally important parts. Let us state these assumptions more fully. First, ordinary men, when confronted with a problem, finding themselves in a "jam," will think hard and get all the facts they can. Second, they will reach sensible conclusions as to the right way to get out of the jam—right technically and morally. Common men will reach such conclusions without the help of "experts," and it is part of their "common sense" to recognize an expert when they see one. That is what the belief in the common man implies as to the mind. But it is equally important that, third, the common man is believed to possess the character to go through with the solution, to follow the right road as seen, to act rationally as well as to think rationally.

## How the Idea Unfolded

Now it will be seen upon reflection that the first two assumptions are assumptions concerning the mind of man, while the third is an assumption concerning man's character. And the sad fact is that if you ask people whether in fact they think that human beings, ordinary men and women, are like that—do seek facts, do draw sound conclusions, and do stick to these conclusions—it will be found that many would answer in the negative. Since that is so, we are confronted with a series of questions. Are these assumptions sound, in spite of very widespread doubt? If not, can other assumptions be substituted so as to give us a sounder basis for a new belief

in the common man, or do we have to abandon the belief in the common man altogether, and maybe a belief in democracy with it? Perhaps a brief examination of how this belief arose will help us in answering these questions.

Three stages seem to me clearly marked in the evolution of the attitude toward the common man. In the first, or rationalist, stage the belief in the common man rested upon contrasting him with decrepit princes and aristocrats. In this period the common man is essentially a *petit bourgeois*. In the second, or emotional, stage the belief flowed from the boundless enthusiasm and optimism of pioneering America; the common man has become a farmer or a worker. In the third stage, the realist stage, the belief rests upon an unquestioning acceptance of the democratic society. The common man is everyman.

### First Stage: Paine and Bentham

The rise of the modern view of human nature implied in the belief in the common man has a long history. In the age of its flowering it found in the English-speaking world two radical exponents, Tom Paine and Jeremy Bentham. They exerted a broad popular influence. They may be taken as representative. However, Bentham did not, in his earlier writings, show any faith in the common man. Along with Hume and other utilitarians, he rather believed in a benevolent tutelage for the common man, furnished by the better class. This English version of the continental doctrine of benevolent despotism Bentham grounded in the belief that ordinary men were unlikely to take a rational view of their self-interest, or to follow it if they saw it. While there might be an identity of interests in the strictly economic realm, an artificial identification of interests, he argued, had to be achieved in other spheres. The principle of utility, according to which a man's interest is to increase his pleasure and to decrease his pain as much as possible, was true for all men. Yet this principle was perceived by only a minority. At the time of the French Revolution Bentham was, strictly speaking, a Tory rather than a democrat. He believed in the uncommon man, the aristocracy.

Not so Thomas Paine. In his *Rights of Man* (1791–1792) as well as in his earlier *Common Sense* (1776), he stoutly insisted upon the capacity of the common man to take care of himself. "As Nature created man for social life, she fitted him for the station she intended . . . She has not only forced men into society, by a diversity of wants, which the reciprocal aid of each other can supply, but she has implanted in him a system of social affections, which, though not necessary for his existence, are essential to his happiness." Paine believed in the spontaneous capacity of every man for social life and in the almost complete capacity of men "for reciprocally accommodating the wants of each other." Hence he insisted that "the instant formal government is abolished, society begins to act. A general associa-

tion takes place, and common interest produces common security." What is more, "the more perfect civilization is, the less occasion has it for government." This faith in man's ability to work together borders on the anarchist doctrines of men like Godwin. "All the great laws of society are laws of nature." Referring time and again to the experience of the American Revolution, Paine felt proudly confident of the rational and sociable nature of all men. . . .

### The American Revolution and After

Although English gentry provided the leadership in the revolutionary fight for independence, the bulk of the "rebels" were common men of all stocks. Harry Emerson Wildes has recently painted a graphic panorama of the encampment at Valley Forge. He rightly insists that this encampment marked the turning point of the Revolution. The men who came to Valley Forge "were battered, hungry, sick and in distress. . . . A disciplined, resourceful, and heartened army marched away from Valley Forge." He describes how through that terrible winter the men carried on, clung to their ideals. "The lesson of Valley Forge must not be lost. The Continental troops, who came as unrelated, virtually independent groups from separate states, went forth a welded national army. Their Spartan endurance of distress and disaster had taught them the need for a federated union of free men, enlightened and politically equal, if their ideals of liberty, democracy, and the pursuit in peace of happiness were to be realized." The same story is told in dramatic simplicity in Walter Edmonds' *Drums Along the Mohawk* (1936). The unquenchable spirit of simple farmers, their willingness to fight against overwhelming odds for their right to be independent, is here portrayed with a convincing realism. Along with Washington and the Adamses, the common men fought and won the Revolution against the British Empire, which was then an aristocracy. In America, rationalism and Puritanism, the frontier life and the melting pot, a rural economy of small farmers—they all had their share and played their part in the molding of the belief in the common man.

But the leaders were afraid of the common man. The writings of Hamilton and other Federalists are full of animadversions against the common people, whom they called "the mob." Like its European counterpart, the wealthy upper class of America had no liking for democracy. It quickly recoiled from the forces it had led to victory.

The terrible distress into which the common people were plunged after the war led to the widespread uprising of debtors in what is known as Shays' Rebellion. The Federalists saw in it the portent of an impending revolutionary upheaval—the anarchy which results from democracy. On the other hand, Jefferson sympathized with the exasperated debtors. They were the little men who had given their all in the fight for freedom only to

find themselves driven from their homesteads by those who knew how to take advantage of the depreciation of the currency. Edward Bellamy, in *The Duke of Stockbridge*, has vividly portrayed the chasm that had opened up between the commons and the "gentry"—between the men who through their participation in the war had become imbued with the democratic spirit and the squirearchy which remained attached to the oligarchical system of colonial society.

A number of the great revolutionary leaders became leaders of the common man. Sam Adams and Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and Benjamin Franklin, started the procession, which includes Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. In wave after wave has been carried forward the revolution which started with the men at Valley Forge and Bunker Hill: the march of common men.

Down the years, however, a distinction has remained, which early divided Jefferson and Sam Adams. Sam Adams' faith in the common man was fully as strong as Jefferson's, but there was this significant difference between these two staunch republicans: whereas Jefferson put his trust in the American farmer, Sam Adams' common man was a townsman. No clear line can, of course, be drawn between the countryman and the townsman, but the believer in the farmer is a believer in property, even though it be the small property of the man who tills his own soil. On the other hand, those who believe in the townsman have gradually shifted the emphasis from the small shopkeeper and craftsman in Sam Adams' day to the class-conscious proletariat of the industrial age. Thus Veblen, in *The Vested Interests and the State of the Industrial Arts* (1919), speaks of the habits of thought engendered by the machine system in industry and by the mechanically standardized organization of daily life under this new order—a familiar theme through his work. Only in Veblen's eyes the countryman had been assimilated to the industrial worker. This countryman, though seemingly remote from "the habits of thought engendered by the machine system," was in fact part of Veblen's inspiration. In spite of such views (concretely expressed in the Farmer-Labor movements of the Central Northwest), there has remained down to the present day a marked difference in general outlook between those who think primarily of farmers and those who think of workers when talking of the common man.

### Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau

The fact of the matter is that the rather general belief in the common man which has been traditional in America since the Revolution was not effectively implemented by the intelligentsia until the mid-nineteenth century. The common man took possession in fact before he became generally accepted in theory. Though the common man became the mainstay of American democracy in the aftermath of the Jeffersonian "revolution," the

intellectuals were slow to respond to the idea. The intellectual is predisposed toward the uncommon man; he strives to be uncommon. But the triumph of the common man was so complete in America that eventually even the intelligentsia became infected with his spirit. Walt Whitman knew the issue and put it very simply:—

> One's-self I sing, a simple separate person,
> Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse . . .

Though the voices that sang of this new spirit are many, let us listen to three: Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau. All three were born at the turn of the century, all were children of the new age. Whitman was literally drunk with enthusiasm for the common man. The son of a Long Island farmer and carpenter, he was to belong completely to the life of the common man. Time and again he returns to this theme. In the "Carol of Occupations," first published in 1855 and later republished under the titles "Chants Democratic" (1860) and "To Workingmen" (1867), he concludes:

Will you seek afar off? you surely come back at last,
In things best known to you finding the best, or as good as the best,
In folks nearest to you . . .
The popular tastes and employments taking precedence in poems or anywhere,
You workwomen and workmen of these States having your own divine and strong life,
And all else giving place to men and women like you.

Or in "With Antecedents" (1860):—

I know that the past was great, and the future will be great,
(For the sake of him I typify—for the common average man's sake—your sake if you are he,)
And that where I am, or you are, this present day, there is the centre of all days, all races,
And there is the meaning to us of all that has ever come of races, and days, or ever will come.

For him, the belief in the common man and democracy is all rooted in strong erotic impulse; the brotherhood of men is no idle phrase:

For you these, from me, O Democracy, to serve you, ma femme!
For you! for you I am trilling these songs,
In the love of comrades,
In the high-towering love of comrades.

In these and many other similar lines Walt Whitman displays his enthusiasm for *Man* as such. He truly could have said, with the Roman poet, "Nothing human I consider alien."

Emerson was very explicit in his determination to make the belief in

the common man the mainstay of his conception of a democratic society, even of all society. The very title, *Representative Men*, was chosen in studied opposition to Carlyle's hero worship. "Great Men!" said Emerson, "the word is injurious!", what makes an individual is his capacity to represent the general. But from this sound view, Emerson goes on to state more extravagant views. The belief in the common man becomes, as in Whitman, a limitless Utopia. Emerson made this view most explicit in a lecture entitled "New England Reformers," the last of his *Essays*. After proclaiming that a man is equal to the church and equal to the state, he flatly pronounces that "he is equal to every other man." "The net amount of man and man does not much vary," he tells us. "Each is incomparably superior to his companion in some faculty. His want of skill in other directions has added to his fitness for his own work." Nowhere to our knowledge has the belief in the common man been stated with more uncompromising exaggeration. To labor an obvious point: take the millions of good, competent housewives or farmers—in what faculty is one of them "incomparably superior" to any of the others? Indeed, these assertions are so palpably contrary to fact that one is puzzled to know how anyone ever could have set them down on paper.

Having stated Emerson's extreme belief and pointed out its weakness, the question remains: what was he trying to get at?

What was the sound kernel of his argument? It seems that Emerson's key point was that most men (and women) possess some aptitude which assures them of their place in society. It is a protest against the conceit of the uncommon man who, because he can write poetry or command an army, assumes a superiority that is absolute over the farmer, forgetting that the farmer can do other things well. When seen in that perspective Emerson's position is sound enough, so far as it goes. But it fails to deal with the crux of the élite doctrines: that the work of the farmer does not compare in *importance* with that of the uncommon men, in short, that the farmer's skill is a common skill, whereas the statesman's is an uncommon skill. The reason for this failure comes from Emerson's individualism, from his making the comparison between individual men, rather than the collective judgment of the many.

His younger friend, Thoreau, was more clearly aware of the collective problem. Indeed, there is a definitely collective strand running through Thoreau's thinking, which is, of course, particularly apparent in his political essays, *Civil Disobedience*, *Slavery in Massachusetts*, and *A Plea for Captain Brown*. Although his view appears at first blush to be an extreme of individualism, further reflection reveals a powerful collective impulse in the insistence upon the individual's responsibility for collective wrongs. In *Civil Disobedience* he proclaims this view in its sharpest form: "Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also in prison . . . the only house in a slave state in which a free man

can abide with honor." "I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as *my* government which is the slave's government also." The "oaken strength" of his sense of communal responsibility is further emphasized and well expressed in the opening sentence of *Slavery in Massachusetts:* "I lately attended a meeting of the citizens of Concord, expecting, as one among many, to speak on the subject of slavery in Massachusetts; but I was surprised and disappointed to find that what had called my townsmen together was the destiny of Nebraska, and not of Massachusetts." This insistence upon the moral issue leads him to challenge sharply the authority of the majority· "What is wanted is men, not of policy, but of probity—who recognize a higher law than the constitution, or the decision of the majority. . . . What should concern Massachusetts is not the Nebraska Bill, nor the Fugitive Slave Bill, but her own slave-holding and servility."

Was Thoreau, then, a believer in an intellectual élite, a Platonist? Was he a believer in the uncommon man? Far from it. His appeal is addressed to all men of good will, but more especially to the common men around him. It was to the villagers of Concord that he addressed his *Plea for Captain Brown.* But his view finds clearest expression in the chapter on "Reading" in *Walden.* "It is time that villages were universities. . . . Shall the world be confined to one Paris or Oxford forever? . . . In this country, the village should in some respects take the place of the nobleman of Europe. . . . *To act collectively is according to the spirit of our institutions.* . . . Instead of noblemen, let us have noble villages of men." Thoreau's passion for craftsmanship is clearly associated with an ardent belief in the common man, animated by what Veblen was later to call the "instinct of workmanship." For workmanship is closely related to character. Here is the bridge from Henry Thoreau and his *Walden* to Veblen. This emphasis begets a curious blend of radicalism and conservatism.

It is a striking fact that all three men, Thoreau, Emerson, and Whitman, responded enthusiastically to two representative common men of their time John Brown and Abraham Lincoln. Each of them at once seems to have sensed the symbolic significance of the fanatic preacher who expressed the deep-seated urge to act regardless of consequences. He reminds one of the American youth, who when asked why he joined the Lincoln Brigade to help Republican Spain, answered simply, "Somebody had to do something." That each of them should likewise have perceived the depth of Lincoln's representative quality confirms their kinship in being close to the common man.

John Brown and Abraham Lincoln were curiously linked in the struggle against slavery. The epic of that struggle has found its poet in our own day in Stephen Vincent Benét. His *John Brown's Body* is so extraordinary because it succeeds in a hitherto unprecedented fashion in bringing the common man onto the stage of history. Farmers and workers, craftsmen and merchants, English and Scotch, Poles and Germans, but Americans all—

the "Invocation" conjures up the colorful pageant that is America. No matter where they come from, they join the procession of the common man.

> Stepchild of every exile from content
> And all the disavouched, hard-bitten pack
> Shipped overseas to steal a continent
> With neither shirts nor honor to their back.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOADS

*Frederic I. Carpenter (1941)*

A POPULAR heresy has it that a novelist should not discuss ideas—especially not abstract ideas. Even the best contemporary reviewers concern themselves with the entertainment value of a book (will it please their readers?), and with the impression of immediate reality which it creates. *The Grapes of Wrath*, for instance, was praised for its swift action and for the moving sincerity of its characters. But its mystical ideas and the moralizing interpretations intruded by the author between the narrative chapters were condemned. Presumably the book became a best seller in spite of these, its art was great enough to overcome its philosophy.

But in the course of time a book is also judged by other standards. Aristotle once argued that poetry should be more "philosophical" than history; and all books are eventually weighed for their content of wisdom. Novels that have become classics do more than tell a story and describe characters; they offer insight into men's motives and point to the springs of action. Together with the moving picture, they offer the criticism of life.

Although this theory of art may seem classical, all important modern novels—especially American novels—have clearly suggested an abstract idea of life. *The Scarlet Letter* symbolized "sin," *Moby Dick* offered an allegory of evil. *Huck Finn* described the revolt of the "natural individual" against "civilization," and *Babbitt* (like Emerson's "Self-reliance") denounced the narrow conventions of "society." Now *The Grapes of Wrath* goes beyond these to preach a positive philosophy of life and to damn that blind conservatism which fears ideas.

I shall take for granted the narrative power of the book and the vivid reality of its characters: modern critics, both professional and popular, have borne witness to these. The novel is a best seller. But it also has ideas. These appear abstractly and obviously in the interpretative interchapters. But more important is Steinbeck's creation of Jim Casy, "the preacher," to interpret and to embody the philosophy of the novel. And consummate

is the skill with which Jim Casy's philosophy has been integrated with the action of the story, until it motivates and gives significance to the lives of Tom Joad, and Ma, and Rose of Sharon. It is not too much to say that Jim Casy's ideas determine and direct the Joads's actions.

Beside and beyond their function in the story, the ideas of John Steinbeck and Jim Casy possess a significance of their own. They continue, develop, integrate, and realize the thought of the great writers of American history. Here the mystical transcendentalism of Emerson reappears, and the earthy democracy of Whitman, and the pragmatic instrumentalism of William James and John Dewey. And these old philosophies grow and change in the book until they become new. They coalesce into an organic whole. And, finally, they find embodiment in character and action, so that they seem no longer ideas, but facts. The enduring greatness of *The Grapes of Wrath* consists in its imaginative realization of these old ideas in new and concrete forms. Jim Casy translates American philosophy into words of one syllable, and the Joads translate it into action.

I

"Ever know a guy that said big words like that?" asks the truck driver in the first narrative chapter of *The Grapes of Wrath*. "Preacher," replies Tom Joad. "Well, it makes you mad to hear a guy use big words. Course with a preacher it's all right because nobody would fool around with a preacher anyway." But soon afterward Tom meets Jim Casy and finds him changed. "I was a preacher," said the man seriously, "but not no more." Because Casy has ceased to be an orthodox minister and no longer uses big words, Tom Joad plays around with him. And the story results.

But although he is no longer a minister, Jim Casy continues to preach. His words have become simple and his ideas unorthodox. "Just Jim Casy now. Ain't got the call no more. Got a lot of sinful idears—but they seem kinda sinsible." A century before, this same experience and essentially these same ideas had occurred to another preacher: Ralph Waldo Emerson had given up the ministry because of his unorthodoxy. But Emerson had kept on using big words. Now Casy translates them: "Why do we got to hang it on God or Jesus? Maybe it's all men an' all women we love; maybe that's the Holy Sperit—the human sperit—the whole shebang. Maybe all men got one big soul ever'body's a part of." And so the Emersonian oversoul comes to earth in Oklahoma.

Unorthodox Jim Casy went into the Oklahoma wilderness to save his soul. And in the wilderness he experienced the religious feeling of identity with nature which has always been the heart of transcendental mysticism: "There was the hills, an' there was me, an' we wasn't separate no more. We was one thing. An' that one thing was holy." Like Emerson, Casy came to the conviction that holiness, or goodness, results from this feeling

of unity: "I got to thinkin' how we was holy when we was one thing, an' mankin' was holy when it was one thing."

Thus far Jim Casy's transcendentalism has remained vague and apparently insignificant. But the corollary of this mystical philosophy is that any man's self-seeking destroys the unity or "holiness" of nature: "An' it [this one thing] on'y got unholy when one mis'able little fella got the bit in his teeth, an' run off his own way. . . . Fella like that bust the holiness." Or, as Emerson phrased it, while discussing Nature: "The world lacks unity because man is disunited with himself. . . . Love is its demand." So Jim Casy preaches the religion of love.

He finds that this transcendental religion alters the old standards: "Here's me that used to give all my fight against the devil 'cause I figured the devil was the enemy. But they's somepin worse'n the devil got hold a the country." Now, like Emerson, he almost welcomes "the dear old devil." Now he fears not the lusts of the flesh but rather the lusts of the spirit. For the abstract lust of possession isolates a man from his fellows and destroys the unity of nature and the love of man. As Steinbeck writes: "The quality of owning freezes you forever into 'I,' and cuts you off forever from the 'we.' " Or, as the Concord farmers in Emerson's poem "Hamatreya" had exclaimed: " 'Tis mine, my children's and my name's," only to have "their avarice cooled like lust in the chill of the grave." To a preacher of the oversoul, possessive egotism may become the unpardonable sin.

If a society has adopted "the quality of owning" (as typified by absentee ownership) as its social norm, then Protestant nonconformity may become the highest virtue, and even resistance to authority may become justified. At the beginning of his novel Steinbeck had suggested this, describing how "the faces of the watching men lost their bemused perplexity and became hard and angry and resistant. Then the women knew that they were safe . . . their men were whole." For this is the paradox of Protestantism: when men resist unjust and selfish authority, they themselves become "whole" in spirit.

But this American ideal of nonconformity seems negative: how can men be sure that their Protestant rebellion does not come from the devil? To this there has always been but one answer—faith: faith in the instincts of the common man, faith in ultimate social progress, and faith in the direction in which democracy is moving. So Ma Joad counsels the discouraged Tom: "Why, Tom, we're the people that live. They ain't gonna wipe us out. Why, we're the people—we go on." And so Steinbeck himself affirms a final faith in progress: "When theories change and crash, when schools, philosophies . . . grow and disintegrate, man reaches, stumbles forward. . . . Having stepped forward, he may slip back, but only half a step, never the full step back." Whether this be democratic faith, or mere transcendental optimism, it has always been the motive force of our American life and finds reaffirmation in this novel.

II

Upon the foundation of this old American idealism Steinbeck has built. But the Emersonian oversoul had seemed very vague and very ineffective—only the individual had been real, and he had been concerned more with his private soul than with other people. *The Grapes of Wrath* develops the old idea in new ways. It traces the transformation of the Protestant individual into the member of a social group—the old "I" becomes "we." And it traces the transformation of the passive individual into the active participant—the idealist becomes pragmatist. The first development continues the poetic thought of Walt Whitman; the second continues the philosophy of William James and John Dewey.

"One's-self I sing, a simple separate person," Whitman had proclaimed. "Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse." Other American writers had emphasized the individual above the group. Even Whitman celebrated his "comrades and lovers" in an essentially personal relationship. But Steinbeck now emphasizes the group above the individual and from an impersonal point of view. Where formerly American and Protestant thought has been separatist, Steinbeck now faces the problem of social integration. In his novel the "mutually repellent particles" of individualism begin to cohere.

"This is the beginning," he writes, "from 'I' to 'we.'" This is the beginning, that is, of reconstruction. When the old society has been split and the Protestant individuals wander aimlessly about, some new nucleus must be found, or chaos and nihilism will follow. "In the night one family camps in a ditch and another family pulls in and the tents come out. The two men squat on their hams and the women and children listen. Here is the node." Here is the new nucleus. "And from this first 'we,' there grows a still more dangerous thing: 'I have a little food' plus 'I have none.' If from this problem the sum is 'We have a little food,' the thing is on its way, the movement has direction." A new social group is forming, based on the word "en masse." But here is no socialism imposed from above; here is a natural grouping of simple separate persons.

By virtue of his wholehearted participation in this new group the individual may become greater than himself. Some men, of course, will remain mere individuals, but in every group there must be leaders, or "representative men." A poet gives expression to the group idea, or a preacher organizes it. After Jim Casy's death, Tom is chosen to lead. Ma explains: "They's some folks that's just theirself, an' nothin' more. There's Al [for instance] he's jus' a young fella after a girl. You wasn't never like that, Tom." Because he has been an individualist, but through the influence of Casy and of his group idea has become more than himself, Tom becomes "a leader of the people." But his strength derives from his increased sense of participation in the group.

From Jim Casy, and eventually from the thought of Americans like Whitman, Tom Joad has inherited this idea. At the end of the book he sums it up, recalling how Casy "went out in the wilderness to find his own soul, and he found he didn't have no soul that was his'n. Says he foun' he jus' got a little piece of a great big soul. Says a wilderness ain't no good 'cause his little piece of a soul wasn't no good 'less it was with the rest, an' was whole." Unlike Emerson, who had said goodbye to the proud world, these latter-day Americans must live in the midst of it. "I know now," concludes Tom, "a fella ain't no good alone."

To repeat: this group idea is American, not Russian; and stems from Walt Whitman, not Karl Marx. But it does include some elements that have usually seemed sinful to orthodox Anglo-Saxons. "Of physiology from top to toe I sing," Whitman had declared, and added a good many details that his friend Emerson thought unnecessary. Now the Joads frankly discuss anatomical details and joke about them. Like most common people, they do not abscond or conceal. Sometimes they seem to go beyond the bounds of literary decency: the unbuttoned antics of Grandpa Joad touch a new low in folk-comedy. The movies (which reproduced most of the realism of the book) could not quite stomach this. But for the most part they preserved the spirit of the book, because it was whole and healthy.

In Whitman's time almost everyone deprecated this physiological realism, and in our own many readers and critics still deprecate it. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary—both artistically and logically. In the first place, characters like the Joads do act and talk that way—to describe them as genteel would be to distort the picture. And, in the second place, Whitman himself had suggested the necessity of it: just as the literature of democracy must describe all sorts of people, "en masse," so it must describe all of the life of the people. To exclude the common or "low" elements of individual life would be as false as to exclude the common or low elements of society. Either would destroy the wholeness of life and nature. Therefore, along with the dust-driven Joads, we must have Grandpa's dirty drawers.

But beyond this physiological realism lies the problem of sex. And this problem is not one of realism at all. Throughout this turbulent novel an almost traditional reticence concerning the details of sex is observed. The problem here is rather one of fundamental morality, for sex had always been a symbol of sin. *The Scarlet Letter* reasserted the authority of an orthodox morality. Now Jim Casy questions that orthodoxy. On this first meeting with Tom he describes how, after sessions of preaching, he had often lain with a girl and then felt sinful afterward. This time the movies repeated his confession, because it is central to the motivation of the story. Disbelief in the sinfulness of sex converts Jim Casy from a preacher of the old morality to a practitioner of the new.

But in questioning the old morality Jim Casy does not deny morality. He doubts the strict justice of Hawthorne's code: "Maybe it ain't a sin.

Maybe it's just the way folks is. Maybe we been whippin' the hell out of ourselves for nothin'." But he recognizes that love must always remain responsible and purposeful. Al Joad remains just "a boy after a girl." In place of the old, Casy preaches the new morality of Whitman, which uses sex to symbolize the love of man for his fellows. Jim Casy and Tom Joad have become more responsible and more purposeful than Pa Joad and Uncle John ever were: they love people so much that they are ready to die for them. Formerly the only unit of human love was the family, and the family remains the fundamental unit. The tragedy of *The Grapes of Wrath* consists in the breakup of the family. But the new moral of this novel is that the love of all people—if it be unselfish—may even supersede the love of family. So Casy dies for his people, and Tom is ready to, and Rose of Sharon symbolically transmutes her maternal love to a love of all people. Here is a new realization of "the word democratic, the word en masse."

III

"An' I got to thinkin', Ma—most of the preachin' is about the poor we shall have always with us, an' if you got nothin', why, jus' fol' your hands an' to hell with it, you gonna git ice cream on gol' plates when you're dead. An' then this here Preacher says two get a better reward for their work."

Catholic Christianity had always preached humility and passive obedience Protestantism preached spiritual nonconformity, but kept its disobedience passive. Transcendentalism sought to save the individual but not the group. ("Are they *my* poor?" asked Emerson.) Whitman sympathized more deeply with the common people and loved them abstractly, but trusted that God and democracy would save them. The pragmatic philosophers first sought to implement American idealism by making thought itself instrumental. And now Steinbeck quotes scripture to urge popular action for the realization of the old ideals.

In the course of the book Steinbeck develops and translates the thought of the earlier pragmatists. "Thinking," wrote John Dewey, "is a kind of activity which we perform at specific need." And Steinbeck repeats: "Need is the stimulus to concept, concept to action." The cause of the Okie's migration is their need, and their migration itself becomes a kind of thinking—an unconscious groping for the solution to a half-formulated problem. Their need becomes the stimulus to concept.

In this novel a kind of pragmatic thinking takes place before our eyes: the idea develops from the predicament of the characters, and the resulting action becomes integral with the thought. The evils of absentee ownership produce the mass migration, and the mass migration results in the idea of group action: "A half-million people moving over the country. . . . And tractors turning the multiple furrows in the vacant land."

But what good is generalized thought? And how is future action to be

planned? Americans in general, and pragmatists in particular, have always disagreed in answering these questions. William James argued that thought was good only in so far as it satisfied a particular need and that plans, like actions, were "plural"—and should be conceived and executed individually. But Charles Sanders Peirce, and the transcendentalists before him, had argued that the most generalized thought was best, provided it eventually resulted in effective action. The problems of mankind should be considered as a unified whole, monistically.

Now Tom Joad is a pluralist—a pragmatist after William James. Tom said, "I'm still layin' my dogs down one at a time." Casy replied: "Yeah, but when a fence comes up at ya, ya gonna climb that fence." "I climb fences when I got fences to climb," said Tom. But Jim Casy believes in looking far ahead and seeing the thing as a whole: "But they's different kinda fences. They's folks like me that climbs fences that ain't even strang up yet." Which is to say that Casy is a kind of transcendental pragmatist. His thought seeks to generalize the problems of the Okies and to integrate them with the larger problem of industrial America. His solution is the principle of group action guided by conceptual thought and functioning within the framework of democratic society and law.

And at the end of the story Tom Joad becomes converted to Jim Casy's pragmatism. It is not important that the particular strike should be won, or that the particular need should be satisfied, but it is important that men should think in terms of action, and that they should think and act in terms of the whole rather than the particular individual. "For every little beaten strike is proof that the step is being taken." The value of an idea lies not in its immediate but in its eventual success. That idea is good which works—in the long run.

But the point of the whole novel is that action is an absolute essential of human life. If need and failure produce only fear, disintegration follows. But if they produce anger, then reconstruction may follow. The grapes of wrath must be trampled to make manifest the glory of the Lord. At the beginning of the story Steinbeck described the incipient wrath of the defeated farmers. At the end he repeats the scene. "And where a number of men gathered together, the fear went from their faces, and anger took its place. And the women sighed with relief . . . the break would never come as long as fear could turn to wrath." Then wrath could turn to action.

## IV

To sum up: the fundamental idea of *The Grapes of Wrath* is that of American transcendentalism: "Maybe all men got one big soul ever'body's a part of." From this idea it follows that every individual will trust those instincts which he shares with all men, even when these conflict with the teachings of orthodox religion and of existing society. But his self-reliance

will not merely seek individual freedom, as did Emerson. It will rather seek social freedom or mass democracy, as did Whitman. If this mass democracy leads to the abandonment of genteel taboos and to the modification of some traditional ideas of morality, that is inevitable. But whatever happens, the American will act to realize his ideals. He will seek to make himself whole—*i.e.*, to join himself to other men by means of purposeful actions for some goal beyond himself.

But at this point the crucial question arises—and it is "crucial" in every sense of the word. What if this self-reliance lead to death? What if the individual is killed before the social group is saved? Does the failure of the individual action invalidate the whole idea? "How'm I gonna know about you?" Ma asks. "They might kill ya an' I wouldn't know."

The answer has already been suggested by the terms in which the story has been told. If the individual has identified himself with the oversoul, so that his life has become one with the life of all men, his individual death and failure will not matter. From the old transcendental philosophy of identity to Tom Joad and the moving pictures may seem a long way, but even the movies faithfully reproduced Tom's final declaration of transcendental faith: "They might kill ya," Ma had objected.

"Tom laughed uneasily, 'Well, maybe like Casy says, a fella ain't got a soul of his own, but on'y a piece of a big one—an' then—'

" 'Then what, Tom?'

" 'Then it don't matter. Then I'll be aroun' in the dark. I'll be ever'where—wherever you look. Wherever they's a fight so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever they's a cop beating up a guy, I'll be there. If Casy knowed, why, I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad, an'—I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry an' they know supper's ready. An' when our folks eat the stuff they raise an' live in the houses they build—why, I'll be there See?' "

For the first time in history, *The Grapes of Wrath* brings together and makes real three great skeins of American thought. It begins with the transcendental oversoul, Emerson's faith in the common man, and his Protestant self-reliance. To this it joins Whitman's religion of the love of all men and his mass democracy. And it combines these mystical and poetic ideas with the realistic philosophy of pragmatism and its emphasis on effective action. From this it develops a new kind of Christianity—not otherworldly and passive, but earthly and active. And Oklahoma Jim Casy and the Joads think and do all these philosophical things.

## OWNERS AND TENANTS

(*From* The Grapes of Wrath)

*John Steinbeck* (*1939*)

THE OWNERS of the land came onto the land, or more often a spokesman for the owners came. They came in closed cars, and they felt the dry earth with their fingers, and sometimes they drove big earth augers into the ground for soil tests. The tenants, from their sun-beaten dooryards, watched uneasily when the closed cars drove along the fields. And at last the owner men drove into the dooryards and sat in their cars to talk out of the windows. The tenant men stood beside the cars for a while, and then squatted on their hams and found sticks with which to mark the dust.

In the open doors the women stood looking out, and behind them the children—corn-headed children, with wide eyes, one bare foot on top of the other bare foot, and the toes working. The women and the children watched their men talking to the owner men. They were silent.

Some of the owner men were kind because they hated what they had to do, and some of them were angry because they hated to be cruel, and some of them were cold because they had long ago found that one could not be an owner unless one were cold. And all of them were caught in something larger than themselves. Some of them hated the mathematics that drove them, and some were afraid, and some worshiped the mathematics because it provided a refuge from thought and from feeling. If a bank or a finance company owned the land, the owner man said, The Bank—or the Company—needs—wants—insists—must have—as though the Bank or the Company were a monster, with thought and feeling, which had ensnared them. These last would take no responsibility for the banks or the companies because they were men and slaves, while the banks were machines and masters all at the same time. Some of the owner men were a little proud to be slaves to such cold and powerful masters. The owner men sat in the cars and explained. You know the land is poor. You've scrabbled at it long enough. God knows.

The squatting tenant men nodded and wondered and drew figures in the dust, and yes, they knew, God knows. If the dust only wouldn't fly. If the top would only stay on the soil, it might not be so bad.

The owner men went on leading to their point: You know the land's getting poorer. You know what cotton does to the land; robs it, sucks all the blood out of it.

The squatters nodded—they knew, God knew. If they could only rotate the crops they might pump blood back into the land.

Well, it's too late. And the owner men explained the workings and thinkings of the monster that was stronger than they were. A man can hold land if he can just eat and pay taxes; he can do that.

Yes, he can do that until his crops fail one day and he has to borrow money from the bank.

But—you see, a bank or a company can't do that, because those creatures don't breathe air, don't eat side-meat. They breathe profits; they eat the interest on money. If they don't get it, they die the way you die without air, without side-meat. It is a sad thing, but it is so. It is just so.

The squatting men raised their eyes to understand. Can't we just hang on? Maybe the next year will be a good year. God knows how much cotton next year. And with all the wars—God knows what price cotton will bring. Don't they make explosives out of cotton? And uniforms? Get enough wars and cotton'll hit the ceiling. Next year, maybe. They looked up questioningly.

We can't depend on it. The bank—the monster has to have profits all the time. It can't wait. It'll die. No, taxes go on. When the monster stops growing, it dies. It can't stay one size.

Soft fingers began to tap the sill of the car window, and hard fingers tightened on the restless drawing sticks. In the doorways of the sun-beaten tenant houses, women sighed and shifted feet so that the one that had been down was now on top, and the toes working. Dogs came sniffing near the owner cars and wetted on all four tires one after another. And the chickens lay in the sunny dust and fluffed their feathers to get the cleansing dust down to the skin. In the little sties the pigs grunted inquiringly over the muddy remnants of the slops.

The squatting men looked down again. What do you want us to do? We can't take less share of the crop—we're half starved now. The kids are hungry all the time. We got no clothes, torn an' ragged. If all the neighbors weren't the same, we'd be ashamed to go to meeting.

And at last the owner men came to the point. The tenant system won't work any more. One man on a tractor can take the place of twelve or fourteen families. Pay him a wage and take all the crop. We have to do it. We don't like to do it. But the monster's sick. Something's happened to the monster.

But you'll kill the land with cotton.

We know. We've got to take cotton quick before the land dies. Then we'll sell the land. Lots of families in the East would like to own a piece of land.

The tenant men looked up alarmed. But what'll happen to us? How'll we eat?

You'll have to get off the land. The plows'll go through the dooryard.

And now the squatting men stood up angrily. Grampa took up the land, and he had to kill the Indians and drive them away. And Pa was born here, and he killed weeds and snakes. Then a bad year came and he had to borrow a little money. An' we was born here. There in the door—our children born here. And Pa had to borrow money. The bank owned the land then, but we stayed and we got a little bit of what we raised.

We know that—all that. It's not us, it's the bank. A bank isn't like a man. Or an owner with fifty thousand acres, he isn't like a man either. That's the monster.

Sure, cried the tenant men, but it's our land. We measured it and broke it up. We were born on it, and we got killed on it, died on it. Even if it's no good, it's still ours. That's what makes it ours—being born on it, working it, dying on it. That makes ownership, not a paper with numbers on it.

We're sorry. It's not us. It's the monster. The bank isn't like a man.

Yes, but the bank is only made of men.

No, you're wrong there—quite wrong there. The bank is something else than men. It happens that every man in a bank hates what the bank does, and yet the bank does it. The bank is something more than men, I tell you. It's the monster. Men made it, but they can't control it.

The tenants cried: Grampa killed Indians, Pa killed snakes for the land. Maybe we can kill banks—they're worse than Indians and snakes. Maybe we got to fight to keep our land, like Pa and Grampa did.

And now the owner men grew angry. You'll have to go.

But it's ours, the tenant men cried. We—

No. The bank, the monster owns it. You'll have to go.

We'll get our guns, like Grampa when the Indians came. What then?

Well—first the sheriff, and then the troops. You'll be stealing if you try to stay, you'll be murderers if you kill to stay. The monster isn't men, but it can make men do what it wants

But if we go, where'll we go? How'll we go? We got no money.

We're sorry, said the owner men. The bank, the fifty-thousand-acre owner can't be responsible. You're on land that isn't yours. Once over the line maybe you can pick cotton in the fall. Maybe you can go on relief. Why don't you go on west to California? There's work there, and it never gets cold. Why, you can reach out anywhere and pick an orange. Why, there's always some kind of crop to work in. Why don't you go there? And the owner men started their cars and rolled away.

The tenant men squatted down on their hams again to mark the dust with a stick, to figure, to wonder. Their sun-burned faces were dark, and their sun-whipped eyes were light. The women moved cautiously out of the doorways toward their men, and the children crept behind the women, cautiously, ready to run. The bigger boys squatted beside their fathers, because that made them men. After a time the women asked, What did he want?

And the men looked up for a second, and the smolder of pain was in their eyes. We got to get off. A tractor and a superintendent. Like factories.

Where'll we go? the women asked.

We don't know. We don't know.

And the women went quickly, quietly back into the houses and herded the children ahead of them. They knew that a man so hurt and so perplexed

may turn in anger, even on people he loves. They left the men alone to figure and to wonder in the dust.

After a time perhaps the tenant man looked about—at the pump put in ten years ago, with a goose-neck handle and iron flowers on the spout, at the chopping block where a thousand chickens had been killed, at the hand plow lying in the shed, and the patent crib hanging in the rafters over it.

The children crowded about the women in the houses. What we going to do, Ma? Where we going to go?

The women said: We don't know, yet. Go out and play. But don't go near your father. He might whale you if you go near him. And the women went on with the work, but all the time they watched the men squatting in the dust—perplexed and figuring.

The tractors came over the roads and into the fields, great crawlers moving like insects, having the incredible strength of insects. They crawled over the ground, laying the track and rolling on it and picking it up. Diesel tractors, puttering while they stood idle; they thundered when they moved, and then settled down to a droning roar. Snub-nosed monsters, raising the dust and sticking their snouts into it, straight down the country, through fences, through dooryards, in and out of gullies in straight lines. They did not run on the ground, but on their own roadbeds. They ignored hills and gulches, water courses, fences, houses.

The man sitting in the iron seat did not look like a man; gloved, goggled, rubber dust mask over the nose and mouth, he was part of the monster, a robot in the seat. The thunder of the cylinders sounded through the country, became one with the air and the earth, so that earth and air muttered in sympathetic vibration. The driver could not control it—straight across country it went, cutting through a dozen farms and straight back. A twitch at the controls could swerve the cat', but the driver's hands could not twitch because the monster that built the tractor, the monster that sent the tractor out, had somehow got into the driver's hands, into his brain and muscle, had goggled him and muzzled him—goggled his mind, muzzled his speech, goggled his perception, muzzled his protest. He could not see the land as it was, he could not smell the land as it smelled; his feet did not stamp the clods or feel the warmth and power of the earth. He sat in an iron seat and stepped on iron pedals. He could not cheer or beat or curse or encourage the extension of his power, and because of this he could not cheer or whip or curse or encourage himself. He did not know or own or trust or beseech the land. If a seed dropped did not germinate, it was nothing. If the young thrusting plant withered in drought or drowned in a flood of rain, it was no more to the driver than to the tractor.

He loved the land no more than the bank loved the land. He could admire the tractor—its machined surfaces, its surge of power, the roar of its detonating cylinders; but it was not his tractor. Behind the tractor rolled the

shining disks, cutting the earth with blades—not plowing but surgery, pushing the cut earth to the right where the second row of disks cut it and pushed it to the left; slicing blades shining, polished by the cut earth. And pulled behind the disks, the harrows combing with iron teeth so that the little clods broke up and the earth lay smooth. Behind the harrows, the long seeders—twelve curved iron penes erected in the foundry, orgasms set by gears, raping methodically, raping without passion. The driver sat in his iron seat and he was proud of the straight lines he did not will, proud of the tractor he did not own or love, proud of the power he could not control. And when that crop grew, and was harvested, no man had crumbled a hot clod in his fingers and let the earth sift past his fingertips. No man had touched the seed, or lusted for the growth. Men ate what they had not raised, had no connection with the bread. The land bore under iron, and under iron gradually died; for it was not loved or hated, it had no prayers or curses.

At noon the tractor driver stopped sometimes near a tenant house and opened his lunch sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper, white bread, pickle, cheese, Spam, a piece of pie branded like an engine part. He ate without relish. And tenants not yet moved away came out to see him, looked curiously while the goggles were taken off, and the rubber dust mask, leaving white circles around the eyes and a large white circle around nose and mouth The exhaust of the tractor puttered on, for fuel is so cheap it is more efficient to leave the engine running than to heat the Diesel nose for a new start Curious children crowded close, ragged children who ate their fried dough as they watched. They watched hungrily the unwrapping of the sandwiches, and their hunger-sharpened noses smelled the pickle, cheese, and Spam. They didn't speak to the driver. They watched his hand as it carried food to his mouth. They did not watch him chewing; their eyes followed the hand that held the sandwich. After a while the tenant who could not leave the place came out and squatted in the shade beside the tractor.

"Why, you're Joe Davis's boy!"

"Sure," the driver said.

"Well, what you doing this kind of work for—against your own people?"

"Three dollars a day. I got damn sick of creeping for my dinner—and not getting it. I got a wife and kids. We got to eat. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day."

"That's right," the tenant said. "But for your three dollars a day fifteen or twenty families can't eat at all. Nearly a hundred people have to go out and wander on the roads for your three dollars a day. Is that right?"

And the driver said, "Can't think of that. Got to think of my own kids. Three dollars a day, and it comes every day. Times are changing, mister, don't you know? Can't make a living on the land unless you've got two, five, ten thousand acres and a tractor. Crop land isn't for little guys like us any more. You don't kick up a howl because you can't make Fords, or because

you're not the telephone company. Well, crops are like that now. Nothing to do about it. You try to get three dollars a day someplace. That's the only way."

The tenant pondered. "Funny thing how it is. If a man owns a little property, that property is him, it's part of him, and it's like him. If he owns property only so he can walk on it and handle it and be sad when it isn't doing well, and feel fine when the rain falls on it, that property is him, and some way he's bigger because he owns it. Even if he isn't successful he's big with his property. That is so."

And the tenant pondered more. "But let a man get property he doesn't see, or can't take time to get his fingers in, or can't be there to walk on it—why, then the property is the man. He can't do what he wants, he can't think what he wants. The property is the man, stronger than he is. And he is small, not big. Only his possessions are big—and he's the servant of his property. That is so, too."

The driver munched the branded pie and threw the crust away. "Times are changed, don't you know? Thinking about stuff like that don't feed the kids. Get your three dollars a day, feed your kids. You got no call to worry about anybody's kids but your own. You get a reputation for talking like that, and you'll never get three dollars a day. Big shots won't give you three dollars a day if you worry about anything but your three dollars a day."

"Nearly a hundred people on the road for your three dollars. Where will we go?"

"And that reminds me," the driver said, "you better get out soon. I'm going through the dooryard after dinner."

"You filled in the well this morning."

"I know. Had to keep the line straight. But I'm going through the dooryard after dinner. Got to keep the lines straight. And—well, you know Joe Davis, my old man, so I'll tell you this. I got orders wherever there's a family not moved out—if I have an accident—you know, get too close and cave the house in a little—well, I might get a couple of dollars. And my youngest kid never had no shoes yet."

"I built it with my hands. Straightened old nails to put the sheathing on. Rafters are wired to the stringers with baling wire. It's mine. I built it. You bump it down—I'll be in the window with a rifle. You even come too close and I'll pot you like a rabbit."

"It's not me. There's nothing I can do. I'll lose my job if I don't do it. And look—suppose you kill me? They'll just hang you, but long before you're hung there'll be another guy on the tractor, and he'll bump the house down. You're not killing the right guy."

"That's so," the tenant said. "Who gave you orders? I'll go after him. He's the one to kill."

"You're wrong. He got his orders from the bank. The bank told him, 'Clear those people out or it's your job!' "

"Well, there's a president of the bank. There's a board of directors. I'll fill up the magazine of the rifle and go into the bank."

The driver said, "Fellow was telling me the bank gets orders from the East. The orders were, 'Make the land show profit or we'll close you up.'"

"But where does it stop? Who can we shoot? I don't aim to starve to death before I kill the man that's starving me."

"I don't know. Maybe there's nobody to shoot. Maybe the thing isn't men at all. Maybe, like you said, the property's doing it. Anyway I told you my orders."

"I got to figure," the tenant said. "We all got to figure. There's some way to stop this. It's not like lightning or earthquakes. We've got a bad thing made by men, and by God that's something we can change." The tenant sat in his doorway, and the driver thundered his engine and started off, tracks falling and curving, harrows combing, and the phalli of the seeder slipping into the ground. Across the dooryard the tractor cut, and the hard, foot-beaten ground was seeded field, and the tractor cut through again; the uncut space was ten feet wide. And back he came. The iron guard bit into the house-corner, crumbled the wall, and wrenched the little house from its foundation so that it fell sideways, crushed like a bug. And the driver was goggled and a rubber mask covered his nose and mouth. The tractor cut a straight line on, and the air and the ground vibrated with its thunder. The tenant man stared after it, his rifle in his hand. His wife was beside him, and the quiet children behind. And all of them stared after the tractor.

## A MODEST PROPOSAL

*Jonathan Swift (1729)*

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants, who as they grow up either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance, and, therefore, whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the

commonwealth would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of other projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in the computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couples whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couples who are able to maintain their own children, although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom; but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts, although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier, during which time they can, however, be properly looked upon only as probationers, as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and a half-a-crown at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in the sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, increaseth to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infants' flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentiful in March, and a little before and after; for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he hath only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire

will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass, the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased in discoursing on this matter to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments, for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable, and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves; and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice (although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, hath always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended.

But in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island of Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago, and in conversation told my friend that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who without one single groat to their fortunes cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed, and I have been

desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages of the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation as well as our most dangerous enemies, and who stay at home on purpose with a design to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage, by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, the poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress and help to pay their landlord's rent, their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of an hundred thousand children, from two years old and upward, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings apiece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum, beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, the constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, this food would likewise bring great customs to taverns, where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating; and a skillful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and the tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of

them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, wherein we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor act any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he hath at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it hath something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistency to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not as this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

## $595 F. O. B.

*George H. Corey (1935)*

"Know what this is?" asked the Police Lieutenant.

"Sure, it's a metal rasp," replied Slim.

"Ever see one like it before?" queried the officer.

"Certainly, we use them all the time out at the auto plant," Slim answered.

"Ever see this particular file before?"

The Lieutenant pushed the rasp over the edge of the desk close to the faces of the two men standing before him. Slim, young and straight, turned to the bent figure of Monahan at his side. The old man's eyes were intent upon the file. The Lieutenant raised his voice and repeated:

"I asked you if you'd ever seen this particular file before?"

Light, ochreous and feeble, from a lamp on the police desk fell across the two men's puzzled faces. Their eyes were fixed upon the smooth, sweat-stained handle of the rasp held in the policeman's outstretched arm. On its blackened, circular end they read the letters, T I N Y, crudely scratched into the greasy wood. The old man twisted his head and stared at the bare, green wall behind the desk. Slim lifted his eyes to the level of the officer's tense face.

"Recognize it, now?" asked the Lieutenant.

"It's Tiny's, I guess," Slim said.

Monahan nodded his spotty, bald head slowly up and down. The policeman relaxed and leaned back into his chair. He dropped the heavy file onto the top of the desk and picked up two pieces of typewritten paper.

"I want you to sign these papers," he said. "All it says on them is that you have identified this file as one used by this fellow Tiny Cady at the auto plant."

He handed each of the men a paper and continued:

"Sign them and go home to bed. If you want to think it over, we've got a couple of cells downstairs for thinking."

Slim looked dumbly at Monahan as the old man shrugged his shoulders and said.

"There's no out on that. Give us a pen."

"Seems like a hell of a lot of rumpus over a guy stealin' a lousy fifty-cent file," murmured Slim.

The Lieutenant blotted the signatures and rose from his chair. He stepped down from the dais, walked around in front of the desk and stood beside the two men

"You've got nothing to worry about, boys. Go on home now."

Obediently Slim and Monahan moved off toward the door to the street.

Monahan and Slim walked along in silence until they reached the corner of Canal and Royal Streets. The hands on a big clock in front of a jewelry store pointed to 6:30. It was light now and the street cars rattling down toward the river were crowded with factory workers. Monahan looked at the clock and said:

"Crise, Slim, we can just about make it to the factory."

Slim didn't answer him.

"C'mon, Slim, we got to step on it," repeated Monahan.

"I'm not going back to the factory, Monahan. If they ask you about me tell 'em I'm through. Tell 'em I've quit," replied Slim.

Slim turned quickly and crossed the street. He continued down Canal Street and turned off at Tehopatoulas. A few doors from the corner he entered a saloon crowded with longshoremen. They were gathered round a small bar and seated at tables drinking sugar mash whiskey. Slim slid into a chair at a table in a corner and ordered a double shot. The first swallow tasted like all the evil-smelling sweet things his nose had ever encountered. The whiskey's sickening, sweet smell was dissipated by the knife-like burn it set up in his throat. The next drink went easier.

Quick warmth and a loosening of tension followed the next glass. The jumbled happenings of the past twelve hours became fused with the events of the last year.

Tiny's friendly, grinning face was a haven of refuge on that first day in the auto factory. Slim tagged along behind the big Texan as he showed the newcomer where to stow his clothes and where to get his tools Clad in makeshift work clothes worn shabby by his bulging knees and elbows, Tiny pointed out Slim's locker and gave him the key. The Texan's head, which towered a foot above Slim's, was topped with the battered crown of a soft hat that had once been gray. The brim had been carefully cut away and its original color was lost under heavy smudges of grease and dirt Other workmen passed through the locker room while Slim got into his overalls. Tiny's face, red and alive, seemed ever set to break into a great roar of laughter. Slim looked at the faces of other workmen. In the colorless light coming through the frosted glass windows they were grim, the color of green slate.

"Ever done this kind of work before?" asked Tiny.

"Never in my life," said Slim. "I was a sailor last thing I did"

"You're goin' to be a metal finisher now, kid," continued Tiny. "You've got to learn to sling a file, see? It's a hell of a job, but you'll get onto it."

"I hope so," Slim smiled.

"You'll get wise to everything in quick order," added Tiny.

"I'm kind of light to swing a file and do much good, ain't I?" added Slim.

"That's all right. There ain't room enough on that damned line for many guys as big as me."

"Okay, I'm all set. Where do we go?" said Slim, buttoning his pants.

"Wait a minute, kid, or what do they call you?"

"My name's Slim. Slim Ewell."

"Okay then, Slim, but wait a second. These here lockers, see them? Well, never put nothin' in them you don't want the superintendent to see. The bastards go through 'em every once in a while lookin' for Union Cards, Wobbly tickets, and booze. They'll fire you cold for findin' any of 'em. Watch your step on that stuff."

"Who's our boss?" asked Slim.

"I'm head of the crew you'll work in, but a big Polack named Krakowski's foreman of the whole line. He ain't a bad guy, but he's gettin' old and cranky. Raises hell sometimes, but don't pay no attention to him."

"I'm scared I'll bugger things up there at first," said Slim.

"Don't worry 'bout that. There's lots of new guys turnin' to on the line, these days."

"Who else's in your crew, Tiny?"

"I got four good guys that's been here quite a while. A young guy named Joey, an Irishman 'bout your size named Monahan, a German called Gus, and a big Greek. That makes six of us now. We get a dime apiece for every unit that comes over the line. Did they explain that part to you?"

"A dime apiece for each car?" asked Slim.

Tiny burst into a deep belly-laugh.

"Crise, no. Not a dime apiece. The six of us splits a dime."

"That don't seem like much money, does it?"

"It ain't, Slim, but we bats off a hell of a lot of dimes. Right now the line ain't goin' so fast on account they got a lot of green men startin' in. We're runnin' 'bout fifty bodies an hour just now, but I hear they're goin' to step it up today yet."

"Step it up to more than fifty?"

"Wait'll you see the line when that Polack turns that ol' switch so's she's rollin' seventy and eighty jobs an hour along her back. It's a bitch-kitty, then, I'll tell ya."

Tiny opened the door leading to the factory and a wave of sounds enveloped them. They walked through a maze of machinery clustered thick with men. Tiny raised an arm in a friendly salute as he passed each group. The workmen lifted their faces from their tasks to return the greeting. Slim followed carefully behind the big Texan until they drew up to a long steel track that ran from one end of the factory to the other. Tiny put his hands to his mouth and shouted into Slim's ear:

"That's the line, Kid. Half a mile long."

Slim stepped back a few feet to look at the other end. Directly in front of him he saw two steel tracks, several feet apart, across which were suspended steel rollers. In a narrow fissure down the center and parallel with the tracks an endless chain moved slowly forward. On both sides of the "line" as far as he could see hundreds of men were working on the gray metal shells which crudely resembled the bodies of automobiles.

"This is the sedan line," Slim roared. "The bodies roll off the other end all finished, painted and everything."

Slim's eyes fell upon a thick white mark painted on the floor at right angles to the line. Twenty feet farther down he noticed a similar line. He nudged Tiny and pointed to the white marking nearest him. Tiny glanced at his pointing finger and yelled:

"Got to finish your job this side of that mark. Other side of it the bodies

belong to the grinders. Let's go now! Watch me for a minute and then you can start."

Tiny picked up a huge file and walked to the end of the line where four other men, files in hand, stood waiting. No one noticed Slim as he stepped back to watch Tiny. A body had just moved over the white marking leaving the line vacant directly in front of Tiny's men. The crew stood rigid, looking upward toward the welding-room.

The deafening noise of thousands of men under a single roof, beating, scraping and grinding raw metal was suddenly augmented by the piercing screech of an overhead crane which slung the next body onto the line. The body was hardly free of the crane before the five men, led by Tiny, attacked it with their files. Slim watched the big Texan maneuver for a position behind the moving steel shell. This crew's job was to smooth the rough, welded seams on the rear panel of the bodies. Tiny was first to swing into action. Legs apart, the file held in his two massive hands, he lunged upon the narrow strip of crinkly steel. A deep rasping sound rose over the factory's unending rumble as his file bit into the raw, blue metal. Tiny hurled himself against the welt of steel again and another sliver of metal peeled off. His face became tense; globules of sweat dropped from his forehead onto his dirt-caked arms. The lunging movement fell into a rhythm. One, two—lunge. Quickly the huge rasp under Tiny's mighty arms sliced the rough weld into a sleek glistening seam. As the body moved over the white marking on the floor, Tiny, followed by the other four men, withdrew from it and ran to cast themselves upon the next unit already in place behind them. As the crew backed away from the finished body another gang crowded in to take their places. This crew carried electric grinders that filled the air with showers of white sparks as their whirling emery stones slid across the metal.

Tiny shoved a file into Slim's hands and pushed him into position behind the waiting body. He shouted to him:

"You got the idea, now. Eat 'em up."

The big file mocked at Slim. It slipped over the brittle surface of the metal, hardly making a scratch. The arms of the other men in the crew were in his way and the body moved out of reach before he could swing his file across the weld. Desperately he beat his file against the seam, but the metal remained rough and blue. Gently, Tiny swept him to one side just as the body approached the white marking and with quick, powerful strokes of his file ground the weld even and shiny.

Krakowski, the pig-eyed Polish foreman, stood alongside the line watching the new man. Now and then he barked a command that was drowned in the thunder of thousands of tools beating against metal.

Slim's confused nervousness became a paralyzing fright at the sight of the Polish foreman, Krakowski. The chunky figure of the boss of the line leaned heavily against a packing crate abreast the metal finisher's sector. In quick glances stolen between strokes of his file, Slim's eyes took in the Pole's bald,

pumpkin-shaped head set upon a massive, beef-red neck. Two small, misshapen ears broke its symmetry. His eyes, shoe-button shaped and set wide apart, were fixed upon the moving forms of the metal finishers.

The fright that had seized Slim fled as he noted that the foreman's attention was directed toward Tiny and not upon himself. The Pole's squatty head and bulbous eyes followed the rhythmic motions of the giant metal finisher's body. His heavy lips rolled inward tight against his teeth.

The superintendent of the plant, a cat-faced man wearing thick, sweat-smeared glasses, tapped Krakowski's shoulder. The foreman turned quickly, bowed stiffly and smiled. The superintendent's attention was riveted upon the big metal finisher. The two men stood beside each other watching Tiny's arms move machine-like over a rough seam. They saw the crude blue weld become smooth and bright beneath the powerful strokes of his rasp. The superintendent cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted in a voice loud enough for Slim, at the end of the line, to hear.

"Keep an eye on him, Krakowski. He's got the makings of a foreman."

Tiny, aware now that he was being watched, expanded his effort with savage attacks upon the brittle metal.

When Slim looked up from his task next, the two bosses had moved down the assembly line to the next operation.

The metal finishing crew sat eating their lunches in the material storage yard outside the plant. In grease-smudged work clothes they lolled over wooden packing cases, stuffing lumps of bread and meat into their mouths. Slim emptied his mouth enough to talk, and said to the group:

"Honest to Crise, Tiny, I heard him. The boss said it loud enough for me to hear, 'Keep an eye on him, Krakowski. He's got the makin's of a foreman.' I heard him say it to the foreman."

"Dot's no more tan right," said the diabetic German, Gus.

"Eferyone knows Tiny's the bes' goddamned man on the line."

A slice of bread crust between the big metal finisher's lips swerved upward as his mouth tightened into a grin. He made an awkward gesture with his free hand to protest his embarrassment. Steve, the taciturn Greek, another member of the crew, nodded his head in agreement; Joey, a youngster whose face was ancient with dissipation and hard work, emptied his mouth with a hurried swallow and said:

"I wouldn't want to be in your shoes, Tiny. Not with that bastard Krakowski for a foreman. He's goin' to ride your tail till you're plain nuts. You just watch."

Gus nodded his head up and down and added:

"The kid's right, Tiny. I'fe been in dis place a lonk time and I know dot Polack. I know how he figures tinks."

"He can't hurt me any," laughed Tiny.

"Don't kit yourself, poy," replied Gus. "I vas here ten years ago ven

dot bastard started on de lines. Efery time I sees Krakowski lookin' at you I tinks of ven he vas a metal finisher. Dot ain't so long ago. He vas like a bull, so strong. Jost de same like dis boss looks at you vorkin' so fine now, da bosses used to look at Krakowski. In tree years dey made from him a foreman."

Tiny listened to Gus and answered slowly.

"He ain't got no reason to ride me. I ain't goin' to get his job. He's been here for years."

"Dot's chust de trouble, Tiny. Vot you tink dis damned Polack tink vhen de boss says you make a goot foreman?"

Tiny shrugged his shoulders and answered lazily.

"I don't know what the hell he's liable to think."

"Youse younk mans don't know vot old man tink. Krakowski's gettin' old. Maybe he's forty already. Dot's old for de line. How many foremans hass ve got? It's de same always. Seven foremans. For ten years ve haff always seven foremans. *Now* you know vot dot guy tinks?" asked Gus.

"Gus is right," interrupted Joey, "the Polack's figurin' you're after his job from now on. Who wouldn't? There ain't no signs of their needin' an extra foreman."

"Dot's right Chocy," replied Gus. "Krakowski's old and soft now. Vot you tink happen to him if de boss say 'back on de line you go Krakowski?' Dot vould kill him. You know vhere is Svenson, now, vot was foreman on number six? Ven dey put dat collich poy in Svenson's chob and pushed de Svede back on de line he chumped in de river. Vot else could he do?"

The crew sat silent over their crumpled sandwich wrappings. The German's words ended the conversation. The five minute warning whistle sent them scurrying into the factory.

The feud between Krakowski and Tiny became a subject of guarded conversation among the men. Each day's gossip brought fresh evidence of bitter combat. Only yesterday Tiny had retaliated to the Pole's constant heckling with a barbed gesture. As the power was shut off for the noon hour and Krakowski walked away from the metal-finishing sector, Tiny broke into a loud whistle to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be." The workmen of the opposite side took up the tune. The infuriated Pole flushed crimson and shuffled his feet clumsily in an attempt to fall out of step with the beat of the refrain. The whistling pursued him along the assembly line for a hundred yards.

Krakowski stood beside Tiny's crew scrutinizing its work for flaws. The crew was working smoothly and he found nothing with which to torment Tiny. Slim watched the big Texan cast quick glances at the Pole. The boss metal finisher knew the foreman had his eyes on him and he swung into an exhibition demonstration. The back-breaking task of pulling a huge file

across a rough seam kept the other five men in the crew tense and hurried. The giant Tiny made it seem like an effortless, almost playful task. His sinewy arms dragged the big rasp over the steel with uncanny ease, the sound of his file above the others, and beat a steady rhythm. One, two—one, two, the crisp metal seemed to turn soft under Tiny's great arms.

The serpentine procession of steel-gray hulls moved along the assembly line at a rate of fifty units an hour. At this speed the metal finishers were hard pressed for time to complete their tasks. Krakowski left their sector and moved to a place beneath the overhead crane. He shouted up to the man in the control box above him. As the man poked his head through a little window in the box, the foreman raised two fingers on his right hand. The crane operator returned the signal and rolled the screeching hoist back to the welding-room. Slim saw the Pole give the signal. He nudged Tiny with his elbow and said:

"He's pushing her up to seventy an hour."

Tiny passed the word through the crew. They cursed the foreman with vicious grunts that were lost in the deafening noise. The raw steel shells moved faster, the noise grew louder.

Krakowski walked back along the line and surveyed the chaos in the metal finishing crew. Seventy units an hour called for an inhuman expenditure of effort. Slim, a competent workman now, wallowed in sweat and confusion. Furiously he swung his rasps over the seam as he battled to clip a few seconds from each unit of work. One, two—one, two—a stroke of the file every two seconds; twenty strokes for every unit, seventy bodies an hour; a cent and half for Slim, a cent and a half for Tiny, one, two—one, two—thirty strokes every minute, one, two—one, two; fourteen hundred strokes every hour. Economical transportation at $595, F.O.B. the factory.

The noon whistle blew and the men dropped their tools before the machinery stopped. Exhausted from the murderous pace of the past hour they flopped onto the material cases flanking the line. Tiny and Slim, the last to leave the job, looked about the place to rest. Slim found a big, unopened box and raised himself wearily onto it. As the big metal finisher heaved his tired frame over the crate Krakowski appeared alongside of him.

"I'm goin' to have to put two more men in your crew, Cady," said the Pole.

"What's wrong with our gang?" asked Tiny.

"Can't keep up. You see for yourself," replied Krakowski.

"Give us a while to get used to the new speed," pleaded Tiny.

"Adding two men will cut hell out of our pay," added Slim.

"Not while we're running at seventy an hour it won't," said Krakowski.

"You know damned well we won't hold that rate long," argued Tiny. "We'll be back at fifty in no time. You know that."

"That's not my fault. Two new men will report to you after lunch. You break them in." Krakowski turned and walked away leaving the two metal finishers sullen with futility and anger.

Warm weather came and the metal-finishing crew sat about the material yard eating lunch. With the late spring came the end of the peak production period and work on the line lagged. There were still eight men in the crew, though the amount of work had dwindled. Slim lay on a bale of cushion padding and stuffed the remainder of a sandwich into his mouth. He mopped his moist head and body with a blackened towel wrapped around one hand. With eight men in the crew instead of six and production down, the lunch hour had become a surly lull in the day's labor. The two new men tried vainly to overcome the unfriendliness with which the rest of the crew had accepted them. Tiny defended them but his arguments angered the rest of the crew. Two extra men cut the old crew's pay one-quarter.

The two new men finished their lunches and invented an excuse to move off from the old-timers. As they passed out of sight Tiny spoke up.

"I feel sorry for those poor bastards. They can't help being shoved into our crew."

No one answered the crew boss. Slim and the others knew it was true, but that didn't help their pay checks. Gus, the German, daubed his dirty towel over the endless stream of sweat pouring from his face and said:

"It's dot goddamned Krakowski's fault. Dis business can't go on, Tiny. Ffery day it's gettin' worser. Last veek ve draw how much?"

"A lousy nineteen bucks, that's all," answered Slim.

The German continued. "Und for you, Tiny, it is vorser dan for us. How much did dey dock you for dose files vot was missing?"

"Eight smackers!" said Tiny bitterly.

"Eight dollars! Crise, that's half your pay," exclaimed Joey.

Joey and the Greek rose and started off toward the tobacco shop across the street.

"Where you goin'?" asked Slim.

"Healey, that Union organizer's givin' a speech today across the street in the lunch room. We're goin' to listen to him," said Joey.

Tiny sat across from Gus and Slim and watched Joey and the Greek pass through the factory gate. When they had disappeared from sight Tiny leaned over close to the other two men and said:

"Gus, I'm worried about the crew. Krakowski keeps them so cussed mad all the time that they're gettin' sloppy."

"I've seen it comin'," said Gus.

"What in hell can I do? I can't fire these two extra men. And even with the line runnin' slow, I can't do everyone's work. It's gettin' so sloppy the inspectors had me on the carpet this mornin'."

"Dot's dangerous, Tiny," warned the German. "Ven de vork gets sloppy

den Krakowski can do anythink to you and it's all right mit de boss. Vonce he shows de boss quality is missink in de vork den he can make from you a sveeper, a 'privy man', or maybe shoff you into de paint boot."

"What would you do, Gus?" asked Slim.

"Dot I couldn't tell you. Dere is nottink to do mit a guy like Krakowski. I'm old und I know sometink vot goes on in de Polack's head. Only an olt man can 'furshay' dis tink. De Polack is olt. He's got no money, vot mit eight kits to raise. All his life he vorked hard for de bosses. Vun day he hears de boss say you make a goot foreman. In dot tick head he tinks—'Vot becomes of Krakowski if dey makes dis Tiny a foreman?' Beck to de line, he tinks and den—out on de street—or de river, like Svenson."

"Maybe Chocy and de Greek got de right idea," continued Gus, rising from his box. "Maybe Healey and his Union beesiness is vot ve haf to get first. I don't know. Anyvay, vy don't you and Slim come to his meetink tonight? De rest of de crew iss goink."

Slim and Tiny sat without talking. The German walked away toward the assembly building.

"Maybe that's an idea," said Slim.

"Won't do no harm findin' out what it's all about," agreed Tiny.

"I'll find out from Joey where Healey's holdin' tonight's meetin'," said Slim as he rose to his feet. The warning whistle blew and the two men joined the stream of workers returning to the assembly lines.

Tiny and Slim took their seats in the dirty meeting hall and looked around for the familiar faces of their crew. About fifty men were gathered in the room when Healey rose to the platform and called for silence. He surveyed his audience for a moment and then began to talk. Piece by piece he built the background of labor's struggle against capital. Then he launched into his immediate cause.

"And how long are you sniveling idiots going to slave for the pittance your bloated bosses toss you each week? How much longer are you going to let them treat you like animals? No, not even animals suffer the abuses heaped upon you.

"What animal do you know of that must pull a 'privy cord' so that some other slave will take his place on the line while he rushes to the toilet? Does any animal live by a system of work so inhuman that it allows not even time for a man to perform a fundamental act of nature? Name me any other animal than your poor selves who is so mistrusted, so driven and persecuted that his master must make him perform these acts of nature on a stage set in the center of the factory, on a stage so that his hirelings may count the seconds he is away from his work?"

Short, angry laughs told Healey he was on the right track. He continued:

"In the yard where you eat lunch are piles of raw material, men. Close your eyes and think of it for a moment. It's covered carefully with tar-

paulins and guarded day and night. The wood stacked in the timber yard is covered and watched. Even the great piles of coal are protected from the wind and rain. These raw materials are valuable; the company paid out money for them and they're cared for.

"But you—you laborers, what care or protection do you get? When that pile of sheet metal can't be used it is soaked in grease and guarded. But, you, when the factory is through with you, at the end of the season, what happens? Out you go. Onto the street. Like a mangy dog, an unwanted whore. Out you go to starve, steal or die until you are wanted again.

"We don't ask for much, men. We're not asking for their riches. We ask for as much care as they give the raw materials; the sheet metal, the steel or the wood they use in the cars we build. Is that too much to ask for? To be treated as well as a piece of steel?"

A roar of approval went up from Healey's audience.

"What ill-begotten swine are you that your bosses must spy on you like thieves? That you should let them steal into your lockers and search your clothes? That you should squirm before them and pray not to be fired for their findings on these marauding, illegal entries into your personal effects?

"You call yourselves men and yet you consent to these slave-driving bosses' denying you the rights your forefathers fought and died to get. The right to unite for protection from starvation and death. The right to work like human beings and not beasts."

The little Irishman darted back and forth across the platform. The dull, thirsty minds of his listeners soaked up his words. Tiny, seated next to Slim, shifted uneasily on his chair.

Indignation spread slowly through the crowd, Healey halted for an instant and drank a glass of water. While he paused, the smoke of discontentment burst into flames in scattered sections of the room.

"That means the foreman, too," one of the men yelled.

"That's right, Krakowski, and the others. They're worse than the bosses," yelled another workman.

Healey held his hands above his head, begging for silence. Desperately he pounded a table with a water glass and shouted for order. The men could not be silenced. The Union organizer let the outburst run its course.

In a few minutes it subsided. There was no one with whom to argue. Quiet established, Healey took a short cut to his goal. He stepped out to the edge of the platform and called out:

"Who's going to be the first to join, then? Who's going to get card number one and fire the first shot in the battle against the slave-drivers?"

This challenge threw the assemblage into an angry demonstration. The clumsy workmen pushed and shoved one another to reach the platform first. In the disorder of the movement, Tiny and Slim slipped out of the hall unnoticed.

They walked along the cool, dark street in silence for more than a block. Under the flickering glare of a street lamp Slim looked up at the big metal finisher and said:

"Healey's right, Tiny. We're gettin' rooked."

"Sure we are, but we'd lose what little we're not gettin' rooked out of if we signed up with the Union."

"How do you figure that, Tiny?"

"Krakowski and the bosses knew about that meetin'."

"What can they do? Ain't no law against goin' to a meetin'," Slim argued.

"No, but there is against joinin' the Union. The company had half a dozen stools in that crowd. The poor saps who sign up will be out on their tails before the ink's dry on their Union Cards."

"What the hell's the difference, Tiny? We're not gettin' anywhere workin'."

"No, but we're eatin' and that's somethin'. No sir, they don't get my job, now! Not with a thousand guys waitin' at that factory gate every mornin'. Waitin' for someone to get fired."

"Healey told us yesterday not to be so scared of that gang waiting at the gate every morning. He says they ain't workmen at all. Just a bunch of bums hired by the company to keep us scared of our jobs," continued Slim.

"Maybe they are bums. What's the difference? It don't take a hell of a lot of brains to sling a file does it? That's the trouble with the Union. I know we're gettin' a rooking, same as I know the Polack's trying to get my job, but what's the sense of fightin'?" added Tiny.

"But Healey says if we all get together we've got a chance."

"Healey's talkin' through his hat, Slim. What chance have we got? In any other business maybe he's right, but in the auto business we've got no chance. The company's got the jobs broken down so simple that they can take the dumbest cluck in the world, shove a tool in his hand, throw him on the line and in two days they've got an auto worker."

"But if we all struck at the same time, we might tie them up."

"That's more of the Irishman's pipe dreams. The bosses ain't sleepin'. Look at the green men they're pourin' into the factory every day. Where are they comin' from? Down here in New Orleans? Not on your life! Georgia Crackers, Hill-billys from up North, poor bastards that never seen more'n a dollar in their lives. Think Healey can get those guys to strike?"

"Not right away, maybe," argued Slim.

"Damned right. And when they get wise to themselves there'll be more mountain boys to shove into their jobs."

"The way you see it, then, there ain't nothin' we can do?"

"Not while the company's holdin' all the aces, Slim. Only thing to do is to play their game for all you can get out of it, then get out. I've missed more than one meal tryin' to beat the bosses. Twice I've been busted higher 'an a kite fightin' for Unions Once in Galveston in the dock strike and once

in the mine war in Georgia. Besides, Slim, maybe I'll get a break at the plant. Joinin' the Union won't help my chances of gettin' one."

The two men arrived in front of Tiny's tottering, two-storied shack and turned up the cinder path to the porch stairs. As Tiny slipped the key into the lock Slim lowered his voice to a whisper and said:

"I hope you get a break from the bastards, Tiny. You got it comin' to you."

The Union organizer's work took its toll along the line. In the weeks that followed Healey's first appearance outside the factory gates, dozens of men lost their jobs. Mysteriously, but quickly the names on the Union roster had found their way into the company's office. Swiftly these names were sliced from the payroll.

The crew leaders and foremen sweated and raged to break in the army of green men hired to fill the vacant places. Most of them had never had tools in their hands before. Yesterday they were farmers, banjo players, race track touts, or vacuum-cleaner salesmen. Tomorrow they would be skilled auto workers.

In crews such as Tiny's, where some degree of skill was needed, the green men brought chaos and confusion. The experienced Greek and Gus had been fired. A flabby-armed piano tuner and a pot-bellied bartender struggled in their places. Tiny pleaded for replacements. Krakowski shook his head understandingly, shrugged his shoulders and did nothing.

The great snake of blue-gray steel slid stealthily onward. Tiny tore off his workshirt and pitched into the work with a fiendish burst of effort. Slim and Monahan, too, battled to cover the green men's work. It was futile. Farther and farther they lagged, holding the succeeding crews from their work. This kept up all day. Every half hour the metal finishers fell so far behind that the line had to be halted. During one of the long halts in the afternoon the superintendent stopped beside the metal finishers and surveyed the confusion. Krakowski close at his side, explained it to him.

Half an hour after the plant had closed down Tiny's crew was still hard at it. Groggy with fatigue, they completed the last unit of the schedule. Tiny and Slim dropped onto a bench to rest before washing up. They were alone but a few seconds before Krakowski appeared from the other side of the factory.

"Finally finished up, eh?" said the Pole.

"Yeh! Finally!" grunted Tiny.

"Bad business, this holding up the line, Cady," continued the foreman. "Costs the company a lot of money."

"Why the hell don't you give me some men who can work?" said Tiny.

"Those two birds will never make finishers," added Slim.

"Wot can I do, Cady? That's all they hire; green men. Other crews get along with green men," the Pole countered.

"You better get us better men tomorrow, Krakowski," threatened Tiny.

"That's what I came to tell you about," the foreman replied. "The superintendent gave me orders to transfer you and Slim to the paint booth tomorrow. Both of you start there in the morning."

Tiny jumped to his feet.

"The paint booth? Why you son – – —." He was shouting.

"I've checked you off this operation. In the morning you'll get new cards from the boss of the paint booth."

The Pole wheeled about and walked away.

Muffled beneath grotesque equipment suggestive of deep sea divers, Slim and Tiny walked heavily toward the paint spraying booth. The thickly padded, paint-stiffened clothes made their movements robot-like. Slim followed Tiny into the long enclosure where the finished bodies received the widely advertised "*Gorgeous New Colors*." They stopped before a huge, mirrored, incandescent bulb that flooded the line with hot, sharp light. Before them, on the inert line, stood a body heavily impregnated with a dull gray priming coat. The atmosphere was still and hot. A dozen men, clad in the same thick uniforms, passed silently along the line. Tiny and Slim greeted them with stiff, upward movements of their arms.

A warning bell rang and the two men set up their equipment ready for work. Slim flicked on three more powerful flood lamps and watched Tiny test his spray gun. The big Texan wore a bulky pair of coveralls the legs of which were tucked into the tops of heavy overshoes. Stout cords bound the open ends of his sleeves tight around his wrists. The coarse coveralls encircled his neck snugly, making the costume airtight. Over Tiny's forehead was drawn a piece of rough toweling that extended back over his head and neck in the manner of a hood. Its ends were tucked under his close-fitting collar. Only that part of his face between chin and eyes was exposed to the murderous irritation of the paint-laden atmosphere.

As the line began to move Tiny slipped a breathing-mask over his mouth, leaving only his eyes and patches of his face exposed. Over these areas he rubbed a thick layer of vaseline. Slim adjusted his breathing-mask, signaling Tiny the equipment was ready and stepped back from the glare of the floodlamps.

The Texan grasped the spray gun in his gloved hands and pressed the control trigger.

A hissing explosion burst from the nozzle and a fine spray of paint rained upon the smooth body panels. Some of the paint hit its goal, covering the sleek, gray sheets of metal with a layer of bright green pigment. Much of it, however, missed its mark and shot out into the still air. This same operation was taking place at half a dozen places down the line. Across from Tiny, on the other side of the line another sprayer was covering the other half of the body. In a few minutes the booth was choked with a dense precipitation

of multi-colored paint. Overhead a whining exhaust fan whisked bits of the contaminated air out of the shed. Most of the pigment that missed its goal settled upon the dust in the air and hung suspended in the atmosphere.

In the dazzling light the pupils of Tiny's eyes contracted into narrow slits and floating particles of pigment settled on his vaseline-coated face mottling it with the colors of the spectrum. Beneath the thickly padded worksuit his body pumped a flood of hot sweat that sought escape from the airtight uniform in thick streams that ran down his back and legs. Slim saw brown circular stains appear at his crotch and knees.

Outside on the line Krakowski was having trouble. Tiny and Slim knew it was serious as they stood idly by the motionless conveyor waiting for the line to move. Delays grew more frequent. During the precious noon periods when, for an hour, they were free of the booth, workers on the line outside told them of Krakowski's problems. One day it was the metal finishing crew. Then it was the grinders, or the door hangers whose work lagged until the line had to be halted. The delays were costly and the management hounded the befuddled Pole. Hour after hour Krakowski rushed up and down the line shouting orders, goading the men to greater effort, wrestling tools from their hands.

Frantically he struggled to instill order and speed. Tiny and Slim knew his effort was futile. The experienced men were disgruntled and shirked deliberately; the green men, confused and frightened, accomplished little. Patiently the two men waited for the superintendent to return them to the metal finishing section.

Tiny and Slim were back slinging their files again. For three weeks the big metal finisher had been laboring to keep his crew abreast the mounting work. Tiny's return to the line as boss metal finisher became a personal victory to each of the old-timers on the line—a victory of the men over the bosses. They speeded up their work and helped the green men. Delays became infrequent and the line approached its normal swift pace.

They were in production on a new model car. "*Amazingly New*," Slim read in the newspaper advertisements. "*The Car that Has Revolutionized Motoring*" at $595 F.O.B. the factory. The finishers' jobs hadn't changed, though. The welded seams on the rear panels were a little wider and took longer to trim smooth.

Slim pulled the privy cord and waited for a relief man to take his place at the line. In a few minutes he appeared and Slim handed him his file. Then he started off in the direction of the toilet in the center of the plant. He wanted to smoke a cigarette and there was only one safe place to do it. Halfway to the overhead toilet Slim doubled back on his trail, cut across two assembly lines and headed toward the superintendent's office. When the superintendent's office had been built a narrow space had been left between it and the end of the factory. Slim looked carefully to see that no one was

watching and slipped into the open end of the hiding place. Stealthily he opened a fresh pack and lit up. He inhaled a thick mouthful of smoke and felt it flood his lungs. As he exhaled he watched the blue spirals of smoke curl upward toward the roof. The place was doubly safe because the superintendent's office was roofless and he smoked continuously. Flat on his back, Slim lay on the concrete floor, cigarette in his hand. He listened to the noise of voices in the superintendent's office. From the other side of the open-topped office Slim heard a strange voice say:

"We can't have another series of delays again. Detroit's raising hell with me already."

Slim held his cigarette motionless as he listened to the voice of the superintendent reply:

"No need to worry, Chief. I think I've got it licked."

"What was it?" asked the Chief.

"One of my foremen fell down on the job. He's getting old and I guess I've got to ease him out," continued the superintendent.

Slim stabbed the lighted end of his butt onto the concrete and listened eagerly.

"I hope that solves it. Are you going to have to send to Detroit for a new foreman?"

"I don't think so, Chief. I've got a big metal finisher here who's a demon for work. I'm checking up on him now. If he's clear of the Union I'm going to give him a try at the job."

Swiftly and noiselessly Slim rose and slipped out of the fissure between the office and the factory wall. He sought the shortest route back to the line. He could still hear the bosses talking as he approached the open space in front of the offices. His eyes swept the clearing as he prepared to step out into the open space. Suddenly he stopped short and stepped back. Leaning against a pillar, a few feet in front of the boss's office Slim saw Krakowski. His thick neck was rigid and his hands shuffled a batch of time cards clumsily.

The conversation inside ended and the Pole walked hurriedly toward the opposite end of the factory. Slim waited until he was out of sight, then he started back to the crew.

For an hour the line had been moving at a stiff pace. The metal finishing crew was working feverishly. Tiny held his hot file between handfuls of cotton waste. A warning nudge in his ribs from a workman in the next crew told him the boss was coming. Silent elbows prodded into ribs telegraphed the news from one end of the plant to the other. Tiny nudged Slim and he in turn put the man next to him on guard.

Slim looked up and saw Krakowski's chunky form weaving through clumps of workmen a hundred feet ahead of him. Deftly the foreman slipped through the knots of men. A few feet ahead of the metal finishers he stopped and tapped a stubby finger on the shoulder of a man in the next crew. The

lazy Georgian Grinder looked up at the foreman and smiled. He was a well known character in the auto plant whose defiance of the company's stringent rules against loafing had won him a reputation for bravery. At least twice a day he was to be found seated on the debris-littered floor of the half-exposed toilet, the sport sheet of the *Times-Picayune* on his knee and his back resting against the cool, circular tile of the water closet.

The big grinder looked up at Krakowski and raised his ear to the Pole's moving lips. The foreman turned away as the grinder dropped his rasp and reached for a piece of cotton waste.

Tiny had just completed the seam in front of him as Krakowski's hand touched his wrist. The big metal finisher looked up and the foreman leaned over and spoke to him. Slim's elbow, pressed quickly into the ribs of a man in the next crew, started the telegraphic nudge toward the other end of the line. Krakowski moved off in the direction of the superintendent's office. Tiny and the grinder followed close behind him. Two relief men answered the signal on the privy cord. They took the two vacated places.

It was almost time to knock off for the day and Tiny hadn't returned. Anxiously the metal finishers watched for him. Slim tried to dissipate his concern by thinking of a lot of good things that might have happened. Maybe they had made Tiny an inspector or a foreman. The peculiarly fixed squint in the Pole's eyes when he led Tiny away an hour before made these pleasantries hard to believe. A grinder in the crew ahead pressed his flexed arm into Slim's back. He raised his eyes, but could not see Tiny. Between strokes of his file he darted quick glances in the direction of the other end of the factory. At last the familiar hulk came into sight.

Tiny moved rapidly toward his crew. Abreast them he reached out, grabbed the relief man's arm and snatched the file from the surprised worker's hands. Tiny's eyes seemed to be focused on some far-off object. His smile was gone and the lean muscles of his face were drawn uncomfortably snug over their framework. Lips pressed tight against teeth and strangely expressionless eyes forbade questioning. Slim tried to catch his eye. The crew went on with its work.

Tiny snatched up a piece of cord and broke it in two. He tied one piece around the wooden handle of his file, placed it on the edge of a bench at his side and then slipped out of his overalls. Slim looked at the clock on the wall, but it was still a half hour before quitting time. The big metal finisher picked up his file again, took a deep breath and dropped the rasp between his pants and his belly. Then he tied the loose end of string on the file handle to his pants belt. The heavy end of the rasp slip down his right trouser leg. With the other piece of string he fastened the dangling end of the file tight against his leg. The rest of the crew looked at one another with bewilderment. Tiny shook his leg, made certain the file was secure, and strode off toward the locker room.

A few minutes before quitting time the Georgian grinder from the next

crew returned and took off his overalls. Slowly he rolled them into a bundle. The five o'clock whistle blew and Slim hastened over to him.

"What happened?"

"Got fired," drawled the grinder.

"Not Tiny, too?"

"Sure, canned both of us."

"I don't believe it. What happened?" continued Slim.

"Honest to Crise, Slim, we got fired."

"What for?"

"Union cards. Both of us."

"You're nuts. Tiny didn't belong to the Union."

"I know it. They framed the poor bastard."

"Who framed him?" asked Slim.

"Krakowski," replied the Grinder. "He knew they were goin' through the lockers this mornin' an' he planted a green card in Tiny's coat pocket. Tiny's name was signed on it and it was stamped paid with the Union seal. I seen it up in front, just now."

"But Tiny could prove he didn't belong. We all know he didn't."

"Not a chance. Krakowski had Healey up there and he swore Tiny was a member."

"The dirty bastard," mumbled Slim. "What did Tiny say?"

"After Healey spoke up, he didn't say nothin'. He just stood there kind of dumb-like."

A sudden kick against the leg of Slim's chair bolted the parade of scenes from his mind. He looked up and saw a dirty apron drawn tight around a bartender's distended belly.

"Whatcha goin' to have, kid? Can't sit here all day on a coupl'a shots."

"Nothin' more, thanks," Slim answered. "I'm leaving now."

He rose and walked quietly over the sawdust-covered floor to the street. Aimlessly he drifted toward Canal Street. At the corner of Tehoupatoulas, a kid selling newspapers yelled and waved a bundle of papers. Absently, Slim fished a nickel out of his pants pocket and dropped it into the outstretched black hand.

Across the street the benches in front of the station were empty. Slim crossed the street, chose a dry seat and slid onto it. Listlessly he opened the damp newspaper on his lap, flipped it right-side-up and started to read. In huge letters sprawled across the sheet's eight columns he spelled out:

LABOR RED SLAYS AUTO FOREMAN

A three-column picture of Tiny filled the center of the page. Under the picture was a single word caption—*WANTED.* A two-column bulletin at the right of the page was headed with:

DISGRUNTLED RED LABOR AGITATOR
SLAYS BOSS ON EVE OF DISMISSAL
POLICE COMB CITY FOR AUTO WORKER

Special—The body of Otto Krakowski, a foreman in the River Auto Plant, was found early this morning in a passageway at the side of his home at 2348 Ponce de Leon Avenue. Almost simultaneously a police net was thrown over New Orleans and surrounding parishes to apprehend the man believed to be his assailant, Tiny Cady, 30, discharged worker formerly employed in the River Auto Plant. Krakowski's body was discovered just before dawn this morning by Joseph Kline, a milkman. The victim's head had been brutally battered with a huge file which has already been identified by two of Cady's fellow employees as one used by the former worker at the auto plant. A careful check-up by the police of the Eighth Precinct Station revealed that Cady had stolen the file following his discharge late yesterday.

Factory officials name Cady as a dangerous Red labor agitator who has been responsible for much of the Union trouble experienced recently at the River plant. Police were told by factory officials of Cady's discharge yesterday, following their discovery of a quantity of Communistic literature in his possession. The missing labor Red was also prominent in the illicitly organized labor union discovered a short time ago at the auto plant. Chief of Police Davis is confident he will have the man suspected of Krakowski's murder in custody before nightfall. A police cordon has been thrown around all exits from the city and a careful guard is being kept at the suspected man's home at 212½ Bottom Street. Chief Davis believes Cady's arrest will solve one of the most brutal murders this city has experienced in many years.

Factory officials are lending every aid to the police in their effort to locate Cady who is described as a powerful man, six feet, three inches in height. According to information furnished the police this morning, Cady harbored a grudge against his former foreman, Krakowski, for the latter's having brought to light the Communistic labor activities which resulted in his discharge from the factory.

## MRS. MADDISON RETURNS TO THE LAND

*Martha Gellhorn (1936)*

In the relief office they had read the bulletins coming from Washington via State headquarters, and they had received a good many visitors called field supervisors and field representatives. Under pressure and feeling theirs-not-to-reason-why, they had shipped unemployed families back to the land. It was a Project, which made it vast and important, possible of endless interpretation and confusion, and above all it had to be done quickly. Some of the Relief workers, who had lived long in these parts and knew conditions and what you had to have to farm, and what kind of land they were putting people on, and what the houses meant in ill-health, shook their heads grimly

but in wise silence. Rural rehabilitation: in itself a magnificent idea. A chance for men to be again self-supporting; their own masters; captains of their destinies, souls, pocket-books. "It's a fine idea," Mrs. Cahill said, "only nobody seems to have thought much about those negro shanties we're putting our folks in." Mrs. Lewis, who worked out towards the sawmill district, said it certainly was a fine idea, but she thought there'd be some trouble about medical aid: she also shook her head. "The malaria," Mrs. Lewis said. Miss Ogilvie, who had a sharper tongue than the others, and used to lie awake at night furtively being ashamed of herself for having such a nice bed, said: "It sez, in the bulletins, $105.80 a year is the average cost to the govment for rural rehab families, for everything personal. Lissen to me," she said, with the sun shining on her eyeglasses. "That just isn't human. And to think those northerners made all that fuss about slaves. I don't think they got their heads screwed on right up there."

Mrs. Cahill brooded over the present and future of Mrs. Maddison and her children. She realised that Mrs. Maddison was starving herself, doing some very fine and tricky work with her Relief money in order to coddle Tiny. She liked Mrs. Maddison and thought Tennessee was stupid, sexually awake only, selfish, and that Tiny had so few chances of being a decent or healthy citizen that Mrs. Maddison's sacrifice probably came under the heading of heroic if senseless gestures.

She wanted very much to get Mrs. Maddison away from Tennessee's disaffection, and she also liked Alec, and thought he could do with something to eat for a change. But rural rehabilitation. . . . Something about the name upset Mrs. Cahill, who was fairly simple and usually said what she meant. It was such a vast sound, such a stupendous and splendid idea, and when you got right down to it, it was a chance to live in an abandoned negro shanty or a badly made, too small, new house; without adequate water, heat or light, with inadequate provision for staple groceries or clothes or medical care: and work until your back broke to raise a crop for which there might or might not be buyers. Obviously it was easier to be in debt to the Government than to private landowners. The Government, being so much bigger, sometimes got a little entangled and forgot to collect on time or just lent you more money to pay back with. But the idea distressed her, still. She talked this problem over with the local administrator and finally she approached Alec, calling on him one day when he was sitting on the river-bank fishing quite hopelessly, but fooling himself into feeling busy.

"Alec," Mrs. Cahill said, "have you ever thought about farming?"

"No'm."

"Would you like to go on a farm?"

Alec thought. He thought about farms as he remembered them and they seemed not unpleasant. Anyhow, a lot better than this overcrowded hut he was living in. And vaguely he had an idea that his mother had baked pies. There would, of course, be a catch in it somewhere.

"I'm not gonna take no Relief," he said rather sulkily.

"It isn't Relief, Alec, it's a loan the Government makes you and you've got some years to pay it back. They give you a certain amount of stuff, farm animals, and tools, and feed, and fertilizer, and seed, and groceries and such; and you make a crop and you pay some money back to the Government."

"Like on shares," Alec said.

"Well." Mrs. Cahill was a little embarrassed. She knew that most enlightened people did not feel the share-cropper system was all that might be hoped. However. "Well. Sort of."

"Who'll go, just me and Sabine or all of us?"

"Well, I thought if we could arrange it, you and your mother and your wife would go—the houses aren't very big and Tiny's so small, it might be better for her to stay here with Tennessee."

"Where'll they live then? Tennessee can't live way off down here with that drunk husband of hers around."

"No, I thought Tennessee could take Mrs. Maddison's house while you're on the farm. That way it'd be all right."

"I'll think about it." Alec was careful not to show pleasure or surprise; he mistrusted the Government and all employers, deeply. It always sounded better than what you got in the end. No sense acting happy, then they'd cut you down even more. But a series of new ideas started in his head: satisfactory images and plans. The first picture he evoked was one of a table groaning with food, home-made preserves and things from the garden and fried chicken from their own backyard and pitchers of milk and corn bread and good pale butter. He tightened his jeans around him and wandered back to find Sabine and tell her warily about the future.

Sabine was sick of their cabin and especially now that Tennessee and the baby were there, and it was so crowded she couldn't properly wash things out, or cook, or ever be quiet. Without saying anything to Alec or comparing notes she too had a vision of wonderful food. And maybe a good dress for coming in to town after the first crop, and some new silk stockings and even a permanent. She said casually that it looked all right to her and better ask Mrs. Maddison.

Mrs. Maddison's reasons were very simple: Tennessee and the baby would have a nice house if she left and then she wouldn't have to go around acting to the neighbours as if she and Tennessee saw each other and behaved as daughter and mother should. When, in fact, Tennessee didn't speak and Mrs. Maddison felt more and more lonely and unwanted every day. And she was getting headaches from the sewing-room; her ten cent store glasses didn't seem to be so good after all. And then again, food. And maybe a garden. She saw the house in her mind: a neat little white house with roses all over it and several large magnolia trees and things on shelves in jars, very good to eat, which she had made herself, and curtains at the windows. The Maddi-

sons agreed. Mrs. Cahill wangled. Many papers were made out and signed. Mrs. Maddison had a grand time rushing up to the Relief office, panting and flushed and clamouring for her rights and being stern and saying, I know Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't mean for us not to have oil lamps.

Finally after a month of negotiations they were put into an intimidated Ford truck with whatever baggage they thought necessary or pleasant, and driven to their new start in life. They returned to the land.

. . . . . .

"Oh," Mrs. Maddison said. She stood with a rolled patchwork quilt under one arm, and in her other hand, a market basket full of oddments, notably an alarm clock, a potato masher, two bars of laundry soap and some rope for hanging up the wash.

Sabine stared too but she could find nothing to say; and behind her, alarmed but not realising the extent of the disaster, stood Alec with his mouth open.

"Gimme a hand, bud," the truck-driver said. "I'll help you get the big pieces in but I gotta hurry along; I got some other families moving out to-day."

Alec helped lift down the rusted stove they had brought from his shack, bed-posts, a table, a chest. He went in the house finally, with a chair resting over his head, and stopped in the middle of the floor, looking about him. He didn't know what to do. His instinct and his first desire were to cry out to this man, who was going to leave, "Don't go, don't leave us here." And then quickly, he thought: if only we could go back with him . . . They were so far away, they were so alone and so helpless. What would they do here; how could they live in this place. Suddenly he realised that farming was not a job like salvaging iron: you had to know what to do, and when. And also you had to know what to expect.

Sabine was crying softly behind him. "They shoulda told us," she kept saying. "It ain't right."

Mrs. Maddison was still outside; she had not moved. She didn't notice that the handle of the market basket was eating into her hand and that her arm and shoulder were getting stiff, holding the quilt. These things took time: when you had made a picture, clear and neat in your mind, it took time to erase it. She saw plainly the house she had imagined: white, with roses growing untidily all over it. There should perhaps have been a grey cat asleep on the doorstep in the sun. The curtains would already be up . . . Mrs. Cahill had been very uncertain about moving white families into abandoned negro shanties: these houses weren't even desirable for negroes, she had felt, and that—by local tradition—was saying a good deal. It's got a tired look, Mrs. Maddison thought, tired and worn-out and dirty. The kind of place you thought you'd die in, on the days when you were blue. Mrs. Maddison felt that it was too late to start again, what kind of God was it, who was after

her? Driving her from one filthy rattle-trap shack to another, driving and driving. She had a right to be tired; she had a right not to try any more.

"Where's Ma?" Alec said.

"Outside."

"C'mon in, Ma," Alec shouted, and there was irritation and despair in his voice; "c'mon in and see the fine house your Relief got us."

She waited a moment longer. It would take a little more courage to go inside, though she could imagine how it was. And she thought: they're young and they're not used to things. I'm the one's got to say something cheerful.

She climbed up the rickety steps. There were two front rooms, both having doors on to the porch. Behind one of them there was a lean-to addition, for a kitchen. It was the simplest form of house. She looked at both rooms and bent a little getting through the low door into the kitchen.

"Well," she said.

They waited. Somehow they felt this was her fault. She was older. She should have known the kind of place they were coming to. They looked at her without kindness.

"Well," Mrs. Maddison said, "I reckon Sabine and me can fix it up so's it'll be all right. It'll be all right in a coupla years."

Alec laughed: "We'll be dead first. We'll freeze in this place in winter. Look," he said. Angrily he ripped more of the torn paper from the walls; light showed through the gaps. "Rain," he said, "we'll be washed outa bed, that's what. And how're we gonna git warm in a place like this." Sabine, catching his anger, kicked her heel hard against the floor and the planking splintered and went through.

"Don't do that," Mrs. Maddison said. "You don't have to show me. But we gotta live here. We don't have no other place to live. So we better get busy about it."

"Your Relief," Alec said in fury. "It's your Relief's doing."

Mrs. Maddison put down her bundles on the floor. She stood up before him, a thin old woman with her hair tightly wobbed on top of her head, sharp-faced and tired, her cheeks fallen in where teeth were missing.

"Lissen to me, Alec Maddison. Don't you talk like that to me. And don't go on saying foolishness. I'd of been dead if it warn't for that Relief. And Miss Lucy's a good woman. And Mr. Roosevelt's a fine man. He's got a good kind face and he's doing what he can for us. Only it takes time. They gotta make mistakes like everybody. But don't you go blaming everything on them. And you jest get busy and set up that bed there, and put the stove where it belongs, and get the pipe fixed up on it, and Sabine, you get busy with a broom and clean out this place and don't look like somebody's stole your last penny. If we gotta live here, we gotta live here. No sense talking."

Resentfully they obeyed her. Mrs. Maddison unpacked what china and pots and pans they had: put clothes and odd bits of linen into the chest. She sang thinly as she worked. She made a lot of noise, too, trying to keep a

silence from settling on the house. It's up to me, she thought, they're too young yet. They get discouraged. It's up to me. Suddenly she felt a great pride that their three lives and their happiness and success depended on her: that she was the one who would keep things going, and somehow make a triumph out of this gloomy and decrepit house. It had to be done; it was another job. One more thing to get through before she died. She'd manage it too. The worst thing, Mrs. Maddison decided, would be ever to admit that you didn't have any hope left at all, and that living was too much for you.

. . . . . .

Alec was a bad farmer, and Sabine an unwilling housewife. Mrs. Maddison, with love, sought to make excuses for them It was true that they had little to work with. The mule named Thomas was old, embittered and weary. It was no joke ploughing up the field, holding the plough down with blistered hands, behind that languid and uncertain animal. Thomas had a tendency to wander off, suddenly bored by the straight line. It was also true that Alec had to haul water on a crude handmade sled, from a well about fifteen minutes walking down the road. There was no well on the place: they rationed water as if they were on a raft, with the salt ocean swelling ominously about them. And she and Sabine had to take their clothes to a pond over the hill, a greenish pond, where mosquitoes sang their welcome, to wash them. And there were no screens, and no mosquito-nets for the beds, so that sleeping was uneasy, a drugged, resentful fight against the whining pests. And the house; oh yes, Mrs. Maddison told herself, it's bad. But still. She could not keep herself from singing, a thin monotonous song, as she worked. In the evenings she sat on the porch alone, beside her pot of evil-burning rags, and looked over the land. With contentment, and a kind of proud peacefulness that Alec and Sabine found maddening.

Alec was planting cotton· it was the only pay crop (if there were buyers) and the Government demanded this. The farm was twenty acres in all; and he intended to put in eight acres of cotton. By turns, and depending on his anger or where he'd been ploughing, he said: the land's clay . . . it's nothing but sand, no cotton nor nothing else'll grow . . . rocks, rocks, God I oughta be ploughing with dynamite. . . . The vegetable garden became Mrs. Maddison's affair· turnips and squash, peas, beans, beets, carrots, lettuce, potatoes, corn and suddenly, from nowhere, mysteriously, she produced flower seeds: larkspur and asters and a few brown, frail-looking rose plants, carefully embedded by the porch pillars. Mrs. Maddison saw everything green and rich already. Later, she thought, when we've made the crop, we'll buy chickens and a cow. The fullness of life. There might be money for paint too, and new planks to nail over the rotting floor boards, and windows later, and yards of bright print for curtains. It would be a home. She'd live long enough to make it into a home.

Sabine would get up in the morning, with a fretful look on her mouth, and say, "'Tain't no use doing anything with this house." In silence Alec hitched the plough behind Thomas and set out for the fields. Sabine and Alec worked against their disgust, wearily, and came back at nights to hate this place where they had to live. Mrs. Maddison could find no words to encourage them. Now, before the garden came up, they had to live sparingly on corn bread and sorghum and turnip greens which she bought at the cross roads store five miles away: and the coffee was thin, trying to use as little of it as possible, only coloured water: and the milk was oil and yellowish from the can. . . . But in June the garden would be coming on, and there'd be flowers on the cotton. And all summer afterwards they could eat their own things, the fresh green things from their own land; and by September—only five months, only five months—they'd be picking cotton. And then. Maybe Miss Lucy could get them a cow before then. She dreamed as she worked.

There wasn't much to do about the house. The gray, unpainted walls, darkened in places from smoke, always seemed dirty. But, being spring, the broken windows didn't matter so much. She thought about them a good deal and finally wrote a letter with difficulty, to Mrs. Cahill, saying that there were five windows in the house and all broken: now if she could get some cheese-cloth to tack over them, that would anyhow keep out the flies, and maybe when next Alec went to town he could pick up a few boards for shutters in case it rained. And so maybe it would be best if she just knocked out the windows altogether, since they were jagged-like and ugly, and could Mrs. Cahill maybe get her some cheese-cloth. The cheese-cloth arrived, together with a box of tacks, and Mrs. Maddison was as excited as if she'd suddenly been given velvet curtains to hang sumptuously over French windows. . . .

She dug up the garden and planted the seeds. Alec and Sabine together planted the cotton seed in the brown narrow furrows of earth in the fields. Mrs. Maddison was alone in the house all day. There wasn't much cooking to do because finally it always seemed to be pan bread or corn bread and sorghum and whatever else she could find or invent or afford to eke this out. She wanted the garden to be big and the Government had been generous with seeds. She wrote a few letters, almost drawing the words as if each one were a picture, asking for magazines—she would again paper the walls gaily and cleanly. Mrs. Cahill, who could not forget the old woman in that evil, decaying shack, sent her several yards of cheap print in startling colours. Mrs. Maddison made curtains and bed spreads, and hung a length of it over the low door to the kitchen, which at least shut off the sight of that place, if not the smell.

It grew hot. Alec was working without a hat in the fields and he would come back at noon ominously white with the heat. Sabine made a bonnet for herself from newspapers; she worked in bent, broken, high-heeled slippers, the heels catching in the earth, suddenly jerking her ankle sideways. Before

they drank the last of the water that they'd hauled in a keg, it was warmish and had a grey flat taste. Mrs. Maddison tended the garden with passion and delicacy, almost luring the seeds to take root and grow. She lay awake at nights thinking of the feathery short green things that would be coming out of the earth. She particularly thought of the flowers. Alec's and Sabine's room had the walls papered now with advertisements: there weren't enough magazines despite Mrs. Cahill's efforts, to do both rooms. In the winter, Mrs. Maddison thought, when there isn't so much work outside, Sabine and I can make rag rugs so it'll be warmer underfoot. In two years, in three years, this place would be a good place. safe and quiet, with things in jars for the winter and every summer plenty in the garden, and a little money coming from the cotton for extras. Safe and quiet· Tennessee and the baby could come too. They'd save money for timber and put up another room. She'd have her family around her. If only they could live it out until the first crop got sold. There were days when her head ached and the garden went black before her eyes: I'm getting old, she thought. And then too she was so sick of the food they ate that it was hard to swallow; it rested uneasily on her stomach. She was thinner.

Alec and Sabine were hoeing now, cutting out the plants that grew too close together, weeding, keeping the grass off, breaking the light dry crust of earth that formed over the plants after rain. They never talked· all three of them lived in an agony of fatigue, hurrying, trying each day to keep ahead of the land which didn't want to be worked over and driven; caring for the seeds which seemed animate, each one with its own fragile and demanding life. At night after supper, Alec and Sabine went to bed. And Mrs. Maddison too weary for sleep, sat on the porch, leaning against one of the thin posts that held it up, trying to ease the aches in her body before she lay down. For a while she would sit quietly thinking of nothing but only identifying the places in her body that meant pain. the shoulders, the centre of her back, her knees, her wrists. She waited for the aches to stop being sharp and separate, knowing that they'd merge into a general weariness that was not hard to bear. And then she could look out over the fields, and her garden beside the house. And look at the sky. Things seemed sure to her now: her life and her children's lives were no longer dependent on other people, on the strange fancies of employers, and the rules and regulations of the Government. Yes, they were in debt: but the Government was going to give them time to pay. It wasn't like being on shares or a tenant, when you never knew where you stood. As long as we grow things, Mrs. Maddison thought. She liked the emptiness of the land before her. It's good land Mrs. Maddison said to herself, and we're making something to last. Something for the children. There's nothing wrong with being poor, Mrs. Maddison decided proudly, if you've got your own place, and no one coming to holler about the rent and throw you out; and if you know there's food in your garden, and you don't need to go

begging around at every store. It's the begging and not knowing where you're going to be next. "And work," she said suddenly aloud, "Land's sake, no one's ever gonna call my chilrun no-count loafers."

. . . . . .

A man came and talked with Alec about the cotton; he said he was the farm supervisor for the rural rehabilitation families around here. A woman came and talked to Mrs. Maddison about groceries and what they needed in the house: she was the home visitor out this way. The callers made Alec mutely angry. He didn't want anybody butting in his business. Even if they acted nice about it. He could get along. Next time they came Mrs. Maddison could just tell them to get the hell out; he'd manage his own farm. Mrs. Maddison, who had an entirely personal conception of Government, was encouraged by these visits. For her, simply, it meant that Mr. Roosevelt and Mrs. Cahill were not forgetting her. If they couldn't come themselves they'd send their people. She was glad of this: she knew Miss Lucy wasn't forgetting her because there was the cheese-cloth and the print. But those things were gifts and had nothing to do with the Government. The Government was supposed to be interested and come around every once in a while and ask how you were getting on and ask if they could help. Government was like that. She had been rather boastful with Miss Blythe, who was Mr. Roosevelt's representative out that way. She'd shown off her not yet producing garden and her house, and extended her arm largely to exhibit their land, the acres which were theirs, which made them respectable steady rooted people with a future. Miss Blythe had been flattering about the house and said she'd try to get their grocery order raised. "Of course," Miss Blythe said, "if you can manage with it being so small—well that's just that much less money to pay back later." Mrs. Maddison liked that too; she was borrowing money, she wasn't begging.

Mrs. Maddison told Alec that Mr. Roosevelt had some right nice people working for him out this way; but Alec was neither interested nor pleased

Sabine and Alec were more than silent; they were sullen now. They hated everything about the farm, and they had no faith in it. Alec used to say bitterly he knew his cotton would be bad, or it'd rain too much later, or there'd be boll weevil; or no buyers. He didn't believe anything could come of this; he saw the future as a long half-starved drudgery, slaving for nothing. And the silent days and the silent nights. Sabine saw herself growing ugly, her hair straight and unkempt, her hands coarse; no clothes, no finery, no fun. No girls to gossip with and no dances or any of the things she wanted. At least, in town, they could get together with their friends and have a little drink and somebody could always play a fiddle and they could go up-town and look at the stores anyhow. But this: working yourself to death and nothing to show for it. Those hateful ugly selfish little cotton plants.

Mrs. Maddison was going calling. She was in such a good humour that

she had to share it. She walked over the dusty reddish roads, with her hat sitting up on top of her head, where it would shade her, but not press down and give her headache. Her gingham dress was darned till it seemed to be covered with white sores. None of this worried her, she was going graciously to pay a call on Mrs. Lowry and pass the time of day, and talk brightly of the future.

Mrs. Lowry was sitting on her porch fanning herself. She was about Mrs. Maddison's age. Mrs. Maddison said, "Howdy, Mrs. Lowry, fine weather we're having," and they sat down to talk. Mrs. Lowry said it was a treat, she never saw anybody for a month of Sundays and she'd have come to see Mrs. Maddison but they were that busy. "Farming," Mrs. Lowry said; "you just gotta keep at it every second till you die." But she seemed proud of it on the whole. Mrs. Maddison liked her. She thought it would be nice in the winter, when they had more time, and she and Mrs. Lowry could swap recipes and patterns for crocheting. Later, when the vegetables had been canned and the cotton sold.

Mrs. Lowry had been in her house a year. "Lawd knows it's nothin' to look at," she said. "But you ought of seen it when we come. Dirty, I never seen such a place. Now we got our own vegetables put up, and such-like; we're gettin' on all right. It's worst the first year."

Mrs. Maddison agreed.

"The bad thing is the young folks," Mrs. Lowry said. "There's no fun for them. And they don't have no patience, poor things."

"Later," Mrs. Maddison said to Mrs. Lowry, her eyes shining with the thought of it, "when we're all fixed up and everybody's not working so hard, we'll get together and have a barn dance. I see you gotta barn here, and we could sweep it out and fix it up pretty, and everybody bring a little something themselves, and have a real party."

She had said this breathlessly, hurrying before the vision failed her. In her mind, the barn was filled with young men and girls, dressed as she had been dressed when she was young and went to a party. They'd be doing square dances, and the fiddlers thumping with their feet on the floor to keep time. And apple-bobbing. And blind man's buff. All the neighbours there together, being gay and serene, and every man sure of his home, sure of to-morrow, and easy with to-day.

Mrs. Lowry understood her excitement. "If only the young folks'll wait," she said. "We'll have a good time yet before we die."

. . . . . .

Alec lay in his darkened room and Sabine talked to Mrs. Maddison in savage whispers.

"We're going," she said. "Soon's he can move we're going. We're not gonna stay out here to get ourselves killed. Sunstroke," she said, and her whisper was shrill. "He'll be laying in the fields dead next. And me with the

malaria. What kinda life is that? They can't make us stay. We hate this place n'we're going quick; n'we're never coming back. So."

Mrs. Maddison twisted her hands in her lap. There were roses now, climbing up the door posts, and even if the posts were unpainted and the house gray and streaked behind them, these were real roses. Next year there would be more and maybe paint, too. The garden was green and just looking at it made you feel rich and safe. She'd been serving her own vegetables now for weeks. Next year, if they had a cow, there'd be butter to put on the new tender carrots and the beets, and the fresh green peas. The cotton was coming out thinly in the fields, but it was only the beginning. She'd gone down and picked a boll, and held the soft white fluff in her hands gently. This was money; of course there'd be a buyer and fine prices. This was more lumber for another room, and shoes, and a buggy, maybe. The worst was over. Things were growing. Larkspur and roses and squash and potatoes and cotton. This was what life meant, if life was good. She'd even gotten her room papered in advertisements now. With money, they could buy boards, make furniture, a solid roof, a whole floor, and paint to make it clean and gay. They had only now to live a little carefully and everything would come to them. They were safe now and what lay ahead was more safety and even ease. In the winter, when they couldn't work after dark and there was nothing much to do anyhow, there were the neighbours. All the things she'd planned and dreamed.

"Sabine," she said softly, "he'll get over it in a day or so. N'you'll get over the malaria. Miss Blythe said she'd send some quinine. We done the work, Sabine. You can't go now. The worst is all over."

"We're going. And don't you try to stop us, neither. You're old and you don't expect to get any fun outa life. But we're young. And we're not gonna stay around here and kill ourselves."

"You won't have any fun back in that old shack of yours. You won't even have stuff to eat. What kinda life is that, then? Sabine, we worked so hard," Mrs. Maddison said. There were tears in her eyes, but she was not looking at the younger woman. She was looking out the door, at the roses. For the last month it had seemed to her that not only Mr Roosevelt and Mrs. Cahill were remembering her, but God also. The things she wanted: a home, and roses, and food, and quiet when the work was over, and a place to live and be. Tennessee could come in the fall; when they had a little money, too. She was an old woman and she was a lucky one· she had everything she could want.

She cried out against this dreadful and wanton thing they meant to do: leave the land when things were growing; leave the cotton unpicked and the garden going to weeds and waste. And the house they'd made into something like a home; let it rot back again into a worn-out negro shanty. But she knew they wouldn't listen to her. Miss Blythe came and argued and so did the farm foreman: he even threatened Alec, saying "You'll never get a loan again" and

"You're a low quitter, that's what you are." Alec was ill, and hysterically obstinate; something had happened to him. He hated the land beyond any explanation. He would rather starve than stay there; it was a slavery to him and a bleak, empty, exhausting life, with none of the things that made for pleasure. Sabine chattered with chills and burned with fever, and cursed the home visitor and the farm foreman and Mrs. Maddison, and said she'd crawl to town on her hands and knees if she had to, but she wasn't going to stay out here in this hole and kill herself, and get ugly, and go crazy with the work, and no fun ever, ever, ever.

The entire neighbourhood got drawn into this, and Mrs. Lowry stood on the porch with Mrs. Maddison, one day at sunset, looking out over the white beginnings of the cotton, and the greenness of the garden and said: "It's a sin and a shame, Flora. They'll be sorry, too."

Mrs. Cahill drove out in her uncertain Ford and tried to talk to Alec, who wouldn't listen. Mrs. Maddison could not stay on alone; the work was too much for her. She couldn't keep the cotton cultivated and do the garden too. "You'd be having sunstroke next," Mrs. Cahill said and smiled.

"He did have a sunstroke," Mrs. Maddison said abruptly. "It was a real bad sunstroke and he was sick's a baby."

"I know." Mrs. Cahill put her hand on Mrs. Maddison's shoulder. The old woman would defend those no-count children if they did murder.

"Would you like to take home some roses, Miss Lucy, or some larkspur? It's all gonna be wasted now."

She stood beside her flowers weeping quietly and helplessly. "All wasted," she said. "It's all come to nothing."

"Alec deserves a beating," Mrs. Cahill said furiously. "He's selfish, and he's being stupid, too. Sabine's a fool and you couldn't expect anything else of her. But Alec. I'd like to get some big strong man to give him the beating of his life."

"It's only that he's not hisself. He's still weakish from that there sunstroke. But it's gonna be too late when he sees what he done. We'll of lost the place then."

Mrs. Cahill put her arm around Mrs. Maddison's shoulder. "You've done your best, darling. Nobody'll ever blame you. You made a fine place here and somebody'll be lucky to get it, and they'll know what a good worker you are. We'll see you get taken care of all right in town. I'm sorry. I'm sorrier than I can tell you."

"We were all fixed," Mrs. Maddison said. "We could of lived like real people again. Well," she said, "how's things in the sewing-room, Miss Lucy?"

Finally Mrs. Cahill drove Alec and Sabine back with her. She thought it would be easier for Mrs. Maddison to have them out of the way. The driver would come with the truck to-morrow or the next day and move Mrs. Maddison and their possessions back into town. The land couldn't be

wasted; someone would have to work it and try to profit by it and pay back the debt. Mrs. Cahill drove in angry silence. Once Sabine started to talk to her and she turned and said: "You're a no-count girl, Sabine, and you've got a no-count husband, and I don't want any truck with you. You've broken that poor old woman's heart and you deserve anything that comes to you. I'll drive you to town but I won't act friendly with you."

Mrs. Maddison had something to do. Before it grew dark, before she slept. Now that her son had really done this thing; gone away, not caring for the land or the money he owed. She got out a block of ruled paper and a stubby pencil and began: Dear Mr. Roosevelt. . . .

It was a long letter. She explained Alec's sunstroke and Sabine's malaria, and how hard it had been for over four months, working with so little and the house cheerless and such poor food. She told about everything which excused Alec in his desertion; but loyally, she said too, that the garden was fine now, and the cotton coming up. She hoped he wouldn't be too disappointed in Alec, but Alec was young, and when you were young you were foolish, and did bad things without knowing. She hoped he would excuse Alec. She was grateful for the things Mr. Roosevelt had done, and she would work to pay back the money they owed but she was afraid it would take a long time. Work was so hard to get and money so scarce. She enclosed a short spray of larkspur because she wanted him to know that it was a fine place she was leaving. . . .

She sat alone on the front porch and watched the stars come out. It had all come to nothing. The safety and the ease that was ahead, and the good times, and having a place and being someone. Nothing. The land was fine and beautiful, she thought, and she could smell the roses in the dark.

## MAN ON A ROAD

*Albert Maltz (1938)*

At about four in the afternoon I crossed the bridge at Gauley, West Virginia, and turned the sharp curve leading into the tunnel under the railroad bridge. I had been over this road once before and knew what to expect—by the time I entered the tunnel I had my car down to about ten miles an hour. But even at that speed I came closer to running a man down than I ever have before. This is how it happened.

The patched, macadam road had been soaked through by an all-day rain and now it was as slick as ice. In addition, it was quite dark—a black sky and a steady, swishing rain made driving impossible without headlights. As I entered the tunnel a big cream colored truck swung fast around the curve on the other side. The curve was so sharp that his headlights had given me no warning. The tunnel was short and narrow, just about passing space for two

cars, and before I knew it he was in front of me with his big, front wheels over on my side of the road.

I jammed on my brakes. Even at ten miles an hour my car skidded, first toward the truck and then, as I wrenched on the wheel, in toward the wall. There it stalled. The truck swung around hard, scraped my fender, and passed through the tunnel about an inch away from me. I could see the tense face of the young driver with the tight bulge of tobacco in his cheek and his eyes glued on the road. I remember saying to myself that I hope'd he'd swallow that tobacco and go choke himself.

I started my car and shifted into first. It was then I saw for the first time that a man was standing in front of my car about a foot away from the inside wheel. It was a shock to see him there. "For Chrissakes," I said.

My first thought was that he had walked into the tunnel after my car had stalled. I was certain he hadn't been in there before. Then I noticed that he was standing profile to me with his hand held up in the hitch-hiker's gesture. If he had walked into that tunnel, he'd be facing me—he wouldn't be standing sideways looking at the opposite wall. Obviously I had just missed knocking him down and obviously he didn't know it. He didn't even know I was there.

It made me run weak inside. I had a picture of a man lying crushed under a wheel with me standing over him knowing it was my car.

I called out to him "Hey!" He didn't answer me. I called louder. He didn't even turn his head. He stood there, fixed, his hand up in the air, his thumb jutting out. It scared me. It was like a story by Bierce where the ghost of a man pops out of the air to take up his lonely post on a dark country road.

My horn is a good, loud raucous one and I knew that the tunnel would re-double the sound. I slapped my hand down on that little black button and pressed as hard as I could. The man was either going to jump or else prove that he was a ghost.

Well, he wasn't a ghost—but he didn't jump, either. And it wasn't because he was deaf. He heard that horn all right.

He was like a man in a deep sleep. The horn seemed to awaken him only by degrees, as though his whole consciousness had been sunk in some deep recess within himself. He turned his head slowly and looked at me. He was a big man, about thirty-five with a heavy-featured face—an ordinary face with a big, fleshy nose and a large mouth. The face didn't say much. I wouldn't have called it kind or brutal or intelligent or stupid. It was just the face of a big man, wet with rain, looking at me with eyes that seemed to have a glaze over them. Except for the eyes you see faces like that going into the pit at six in the morning or coming out of a steel mill or foundry where heavy work is done. I couldn't understand that glazed quality in his eyes. It wasn't the glassy stare of a drunken man or the wild, mad glare I saw once in the eyes of a woman in a fit of violence. I could only think of a man I once knew who had died of cancer. Over his eyes in the last days there was the same

dull glaze, a far away, absent look as though behind the blank, outward film there was a secret flow of past events on which his mind was focused. It was this same look that I saw in the man on the road.

When at last he heard my horn, the man stepped very deliberately around the front of my car and came toward the inside door. The least I expected was that he would show surprise at an auto so dangerously close to him. But there was no emotion in him whatsoever. He walked slowly, deliberately, as though he had been expecting me and then bent his head down to see under the top of my car. "Kin yuh give me a lift, friend?" he asked me.

I saw his big, horse teeth chipped at the ends and stained brown by tobacco. His voice was high-pitched and nasal with the slurred, lilting drawl of the deep South. In West Virginia few of the town folk seem to speak that way. I judged he had been raised in the mountains.

I looked at his clothes—an old cap, a new blue work shirt, and dark trousers, all soaked through with rain. They didn't tell me much.

I must have been occupied with my thoughts about him for some time, because he asked me again. "Ahm goin' to Weston," he said. "Are you a-goin' thataway?"

As he said this, I looked into his eyes. The glaze had disappeared and now they were just ordinary eyes, brown and moist.

I didn't know what to reply. I didn't really want to take him in—the episode had unnerved me and I wanted to get away from the tunnel and from him too. But I saw him looking at me with a patient, almost humble glance. The rain was streaked on his face and he stood there asking for a ride and waiting in simple concentration for my answer. I was ashamed to tell him "no." Besides, I was curious. "Climb in," I said.

He sat down beside me, placing a brown paper package on his lap. We started out of the tunnel.

From Gauley to Weston is about a hundred miles of as difficult mountain driving as I know—a five-mile climb to the top of a hill, then five miles down, and then up another. The road twists like a snake on the run and for a good deal of it there is a jagged cliff on one side and a drop of a thousand feet or more on the other. The rain and the small rocks crumbling from the mountain sides and littering up the road made it very slow going. But in the four hours or so that it took for the trip I don't think my companion spoke to me half a dozen times.

I tried often to get him to talk. It was not that he wouldn't talk, it was rather that he didn't seem to hear me—as though as soon as he had spoken, he would slip down into that deep, secret recess within himself. He sat like a man dulled by morphine. My conversation, the rattle of the old car, the steady pour of rain were all a distant buzz—the meaningless, outside world that could not quite pierce the shell in which he seemed to be living.

As soon as we had started, I asked him how long he had been in the tunnel.

"Ah don' know," he replied. "A good tahm, ah reckon."

"What were you standing there for—to keep out of the rain?"

He didn't answer. I asked him again, speaking very loudly. He turned his head to me. "Excuse me, friend," he said, "did you say somethin'?"

"Yes," I answered. "Do you know I almost ran you over back in that tunnel?"

"No-o," he said. He spoke the word in that breathy way that is typical of mountain speech.

"Didn't you hear me yell to you?"

"No-o." He paused. "Ah reckon ah was thinkin' "

"Ah reckon you were," I thought to myself. "What's the matter, are you hard of hearing?" I asked him.

"No-o," he said, and turned his head away looking out front at the road.

I kept right after him. I didn't want him to go off again. I wanted somehow to get him to talk.

"Looking for work?"

"Yessuh."

He seemed to speak with an effort. It was not a difficulty of speech, it was something behind, in his mind, in his will to speak It was as though he couldn't keep the touch between his world and mine. Yet when he did answer me, he spoke directly and coherently. I didn't know what to make of it. When he first came into the car I had been a little frightened. Now I only felt terribly curious and a little sorry.

"Do you have a trade?" I was glad to come to that question. You know a good deal about a man when you know what line of work he follows and it always leads to further conversation.

"Ah ginerally follows the mines," he said.

"Now," I thought, "we're getting somewhere."

But just then we hit a stretch of unpaved road where the mud was thick and the ruts were hard to follow. I had to stop talking and watch what I was doing. And when we came to paved road again, I had lost him.

I tried again to make him talk. It was no use. He didn't even hear me. Then, finally, his silence shamed me. He was a man lost somewhere within his own soul, only asking to be left alone. I felt wrong to keep thrusting at his privacy.

So for about four hours we drove in silence. For me those hours were almost unendurable. I have never seen such rigidity in a human being. He sat straight up in the car, his outward eye fixed on the road in front, his inward eye seeing nothing. He didn't know I was in the car, he didn't know he was in the car at all, he didn't feel the rain that kept sloshing in on him through the rent in the side curtains. He sat like a slab of moulded rock and only from his breathing could I be sure that he was alive. His breathing was heavy.

Only once in that long trip did he change his posture. That was when he

was seized with a fit of coughing. It was a fierce, hacking cough that shook his big body from side to side and doubled him over like a child with the whooping cough. He was trying to cough something up—I could hear the phlegm in his chest—but he couldn't succeed. Inside him there was an ugly scraping sound as though cold metal were being rubbed on the bone of his ribs, and he kept spitting and shaking his head.

It took almost three minutes for the fit to subside. Then he turned around to me and said, "Excuse me, friend." That was all. He was quiet again.

I felt awful There were times when I wanted to stop the car and tell him to get out. I made up a dozen good excuses for cutting the trip short. But I couldn't do it. I was consumed by a curiosity to know what was wrong with the man. I hoped that before we parted, perhaps even as he got out of the car, he would tell me what it was or say something that would give me a clue.

I thought of the cough and wondered if it were T.B. I thought of cases of sleeping sickness I had seen and of a boxer who was punch drunk. But none of these things seemed to fit. Nothing physical seemed to explain this dark, terrible silence, this intense, all-exclusive absorption within himself.

Hour after hour of rain and darkness!

Once we passed the slate dump of a mine. The rain had made the surface burst into flame and the blue and red patches flickering in a kind of witch glow on a hill of black seemed to attract my companion. He turned his head to look at it, but he didn't speak, and I said nothing.

And again the silence and rain! Occasionally a mine tipple with the cold, drear, smoke smell of the dump and the oil lamps in the broken down shacks where the miners live. Then the black road again and the shapeless bulk of the mountains.

We reached Weston at about eight o'clock. I was tired and chilled and hungry. I stopped in front of a café and turned to the man.

"Ah reckon this is hit," he said.

"Yes," I answered. I was surprised. I had not expected him to know that we had arrived. Then I tried a final plunge. "Will you have a cup of coffee with me?"

"Yes," he replied, "thank you, friend."

The "thank you" told me a lot. I knew from the way he said it that he wanted the coffee but couldn't pay for it; that he had taken my offer to be one of hospitality and was grateful. I was happy I had asked him.

We went inside. For the first time since I had come upon him in the tunnel he seemed human. He didn't talk, but he didn't slip inside himself either. He just sat down at the counter and waited for his coffee. When it came, he drank it slowly, holding the cup in both hands as though to warm them.

When he had finished, I asked him if he wouldn't like a sandwich. He turned around to me and smiled It was a very gentle, a very patient smile.

His big, lumpy face seemed to light up with it and become understanding and sweet and gentle.

The smile shook me all through. It didn't warm me—it made me feel sick inside. It was like watching a corpse begin to stir. I wanted to cry out "My God, you poor man!"

Then he spoke to me. His face retained that smile and I could see the big, horse teeth stained by tobacco.

"You've bin right nice to me, friend, an' ah do appreciate it."

"That's all right," I mumbled.

He kept looking at me. I knew he was going to say something else and I was afraid of it.

"Would yuh do me a faveh?"

"Yes," I said.

He spoke softly. "Ah've got a letter here that ah done writ to mah woman, but ah can't write very good. Would you all be kind enough to write it ovah for me so it'd be proper like?"

"Yes," I said, "I'd be glad to."

"Ah kin tell you all know how to write real well," he said, and smiled.

"Yes."

He opened his blue shirt. Under his thick woolen underwear there was a sheet of paper fastened by a safety pin. He handed it to me. It was moist and warm and the damp odor of wet cloth and the slightly sour odor of his flesh clung to it.

I asked the counterman for a sheet of paper. He brought me one. This is the letter I copied. I put it down here in his own script.

My dere wife—

i am awritin this yere leta to tell you somethin i did not tell you afore i lef frum home. There is a cause to wy i am not able to get me any job at the mines. i told you hit was frum work abein slack. But this haint so.

Hit comes frum the time the mine was shut down an i worked in the tunel nere Gauley Bridge where the govinment is turnin the river inside the mounten. The mine supers say they wont hire any men war worked in thet tunel.

Hit all comes frum thet rock thet we all had to dril. Thet rock was silica and hit was most all of hit glass. The powder frum this glass has got into the lungs of all the men war worked in thet tunel thru their breathin. And this has given to all of us a sickness. The doctors writ it down for me. Hit is silicosis. Hit makes the lungs to git all scab like and then it stops the breathin.

Being as our home is a good peece frum town you aint heerd about Tom Prescott and Hansy MCCulloh having died two days back. But wen i heerd this i went to see the doctor.

The doctor says i hev got me thet sickness like Tom Prescott and thet is the reeson wy i am coughin sometime. My lungs is agittin scab like. There is in all ova a hondred men war have this death sickness frum the tunel. It is a turible plague becus the doctor says this wud not be so if the company had gave us masks to ware an put a right fan sistem in the tunel.

So i am agoin away becus the doctor says i will dead in about fore months.

i figger on gettin some work maybe in other parts. i will send you all my money till i caint work no mohr.

i did not want i should be a burdin upon you all at hum. So thet is wy i hev gone away.

i think wen you doan here frum me no mohr you orter go to your grandmaws up in the mountens at Kilney Run. You kin live there an she will take keer of you an the young one.

i hope you will be well an keep the young one out of the mines. Doan let him work there.

Doan think hard on me for agoin away and doan feel bad. But wen the young one is agrowed up you tell him wat the company has done to me.

i reckon after a bit you shud try to git you anotha man. You are a young woman yit.

Your loving husband,
Jack Pitckett.

When I handed him the copy of his letter, he read it over. It took him a long time. Finally he folded it up and pinned it to his undershirt. His big, lumpy face was sweet and gentle. "Thank you, friend," he said. Then, very softly, with his head hanging a little—"Ahm feelin' bad about this a-happenin' t'me. Mah wife was a good woman." He paused. And then, as though talking to himself, so low I could hardly hear it, "Ahm feelin' right bad."

As he said this, I looked into his face. Slowly the life was going out of his eyes. It seemed to recede and go deep into the sockets like the flame of a candle going into the night. Over the eyeballs came that dull glaze. I had lost him. He sat deep within himself in his sorrowful, dark absorption.

That was all. We sat together. In me there was only mute emotion—pity and love for him, and a cold, deep hatred for what had killed him.

Presently he arose. He did not speak. Nor did I. I saw his thick, broad back in the blue work shirt as he stood by the door. Then he moved out into the darkness and rain.

## THOSE ARE AS BROTHERS

### *Nancy Hale (1941)*

THE LONG, clear American summer passed slowly, dreaming over the Connecticut Valley and the sound, square houses under the elms and the broad living fields, and over the people there that came and went and lay and sat still, with purpose and without, but free, moving in and out of their houses of their own free will, free to perceive the passage of the days through the different summer months and the smells and the sun and the rain and the high days and the brooding days, as was their right; without fear and without apprehension.

On the front lawn of the white house on the river bank the two little boys came out every morning and dug holes and hammered nails into boards and pushed the express wagon around filled with rocks. Their skins were filled with the sun, with the season, and they played all day, humming tuneless songs under their breath.

Up the road at the gardener's cottage of the big house where nobody lived, the gardener, who was unmarried, a short stout man who was a Jewish refugee, tended the borders of the garden and painted the long white fence and worked on the driveway; in the summer-morning sun he sang, too, in German, as he did his slow, neat work.

In the evenings after supper when it was dusk and the only light was left in the red sky on the other side of the river he would come walking down the road to the house on the river bank, to call on the German governess who took care of the two little boys. His footsteps could be heard walking, hard and quick, down the road. Fraulein would be sitting on the stone front steps. He would stop short in the road in front of her, dressed in his clean clothes, his body round and compact and his black hair brushed down, and bow. "Good evening," he said. Fraulein said, "How are you?" Then he would come and sit beside her on the steps and the conversation would continue in German, because although he could understand sufficient English, Mr. Loeb could talk hardly any.

Fraulein was friendly to him because she was a friendly woman, but always a little superior because he was a Jew and she belonged to a family of small merchants in Cologne. She was sorry for him because he was a refugee and because he had been in a concentration camp in Germany, and it was necessary to be kind to those who had suffered under that Hitler, but a Jew was a Jew; there were right German names and wrong German names; Fräulein's name was Strasser. She did not mind speaking her mind to him on the subject of the Nazis who were ruining Germany. There were no other Germans about, in this place, as there were in the winter in New York, who might be on the other side; to them she had only praise to speak of Hitler, for her family was still in Cologne and people suffered at home for what was said by their relatives in America—if it came to the wrong ears. But Mr. Loeb was a Jew and safe to talk to, to tell exactly what she thought of those people, those Nazis. He never said anything much back, just listened and nodded; his face was round and florid.

In the evenings Mrs. Mason, the children's mother, sat in a garden chair out on the lawn and listened to the crickets in the marshes and watched the red fade beyond the river. Or, if it was one of the nights when she could not enjoy the evening sounds, the smells, when a little of the tension and fear clung to her mind and twisted it about, she would sit inside the living room, on one of the chintz-covered chairs under a light with a book. She read all sorts of books—novels, detective stories, and the papers and magazines that were full of the news about Europe. On the bad nights, the nights when

peace was not quite at her command, she noticed that whatever she read seemed curiously to be written about her . . . to fit her situation, no matter what it was meant to be about. And especially all the books, the articles, about the Nazis. She did not know if it was morbid of her, but she could not help feeling he had stood for the thing that was the Nazis, that spirit, and she had been a country being conquered, a country dominated by those methods. It was so like; so very like. When she read of those tortured in concentration camps, of those dispossessed and smashed to the Nazi will, she knew she felt as those people felt. She had been through a thing that was the same in microcosm. Her life was a tiny scale model of the thing that was happening in Europe: the ruthless swallowing the helpless. By a miracle, by an overlooked shred of courage, she had escaped and was free here. She was a refugee like that man out there talking to Fraulein who had escaped, too, by another miracle, for only miracles saved people from that spirit. In refuge, peace and assurance were coming back slowly like strength to a sick body, and the fear, the terror that was once everything, was draining away drop by drop with the days of safety. The same thing must be happening to him, the man out there; confidence and a quietly beating heart, in this calm summer country where there was nothing any more to fear.

Only the habit of fear, only the uncontrollably quickened pulse for no reason, the fear that came out of nothing because fear was a poison in the blood and passed in and out of the heart again and again and again before it was finally worked out, if it ever was. Perhaps, she thought, it never was. If you were infected virulently enough with that poison perhaps it never left you but recurred forever like some tropical fevers, forever part of you and in your blood though you were a thousand miles away from the source. He was nearly a thousand miles away, too, and there would be no reason, no need, ever to see him again; but perhaps the fear would stay with her though there was nothing left to fear.

As the summer wandered by, the young man from across the river came over more and more often to see Mrs. Mason. He had a boat with an outboard motor; she would hear it buzzing across the water, and the sound of the motor cut as he drew near to the dock; there would be silence while he tied up, and then he would come walking up the lawn, very tall with his fair hair cut short all over, catching the light from the sunset in the quiet dusk.

"Hello, Fraulein," he would say as he came up the steps. "Hello, Mr. Loeb."

Mr. Loeb always got to his feet and bowed smartly. Fräulein said "Good evening, Mr. Worthington." Then the screen door would slam and the sound of German being spoken quietly would begin again and he would walk into the living room and grin at Mrs. Mason.

He used to sit in the chintz-covered chairs with his long legs stuck out

in front of him, smoking cigarettes. Sometimes he took her out on the smooth dark river in his boat. Once they struck a log in the darkness on the water and she started violently and cried out. "What are you afraid of?" he asked her. "You're so lovely; I don't see why you should ever be afraid of anything." It was impossible to explain to him that she was not afraid of the log, nor of the water, nor of anything; that it was only a reflex which she was helpless to control, without reason; just fear. "You know I'd take care of you, if anything ever happened, don't you?" he said. "If you'd just let me." And she knew he would, but that did not make any difference. Nobody could help because nobody could possibly understand the irrationality, the uncontrollability, of fear when it was like this, in the blood. Any help had to come from within, the self-learning through days, perhaps years, of peace: that nothing of all which was over would ever happen again. Talking to it was no good; no young man's protectiveness penetrated to it; it had to learn slowly by itself.

The young man was falling in love with Mrs. Mason through that long summer. But it was inconceivable that she should fall in love with him. No matter how kind and strong he was, no matter how much more each day she saw him—how good he was, how there was none of that spirit in him—it was inconceivable that her muscles could ever grow slack enough for her to look at him quietly, a man, and fall in love with him. She had been naked once, and vulnerable to everything that had happened to her; now, and perhaps forever, something in her clutched the coverings of tension, of reserve, of aloneness, having learned what happened when they were dropped. Her mind could say that it would not happen with this young man, who was all gentleness and generosity; but the inner thing did not believe that; it believed nothing except what it had learned.

When they sat on the lawn smoking in the twilight, or inside in the big cool living room, the German talk went on quietly on the front steps. Mr. Loeb was a quiet man, and Fraulein did most of the talking. When she had said her say about the Nazis, Fraulein told him about the children—how Hugh was as good as an angel and Dicky was just so different, a sweet child but always up to something. The big June bugs and the moths banged against the screen door, and the light from the house came soft and yellow through the door and lay upon the stone slabs of the steps.

After a while, when she knew him pretty well, Fraulein told him about that Mr. Mason, what a bad man he was and how glad she was that they did not live with him any more.

"That poor lady," she said. "She took plenty of unhappiness from him, I can tell you. My, what a place! I can't tell you what a man he was. You wouldn't believe it. She never said anything, but I knew what went on. I don't mean maybe beating her; I know husbands get mad sometimes and beat their wives; that's all right, but that man! I tried to keep my babies from seeing the things that used to happen, and she helped me to do it.

Not that I ever discussed it with her. She's that kind of lady, very proud, and I never saw her cry, only heard her sometimes, nights when he was very bad. She had such a look in her eyes in those days; she doesn't have it any more. I can tell you I'm glad she got rid of him. In this country it's very easy to divorce, you know."

"Yes," Mr. Loeb said quietly in the darkness.

"Well, she's got rid of him now and I'm glad. It would have killed her, a life like that. And my poor babies, what would have happened to them? She's got rid of him, thank God, and now she can just forget about him and be happy."

Mr. Loeb said nothing. He didn't smoke because he was saving money out of what he earned as a gardener. He just sat there in the darkness, and he smelled a little of sweat. Fraulein made allowances for his smell, knowing that he was a laborer and a Jew.

In the middle of the summer Hugh had a birthday and there was a big cake with seven candles, and one to grow on. Mr. Worthington came across the river for the little party, and both children were allowed to sit up till ten. After supper Mr. Loeb came walking down the road as usual, and Mrs. Mason called him in.

"Won't you have a piece of cake?" she said, holding out a plate to him. "Here's a piece with a candle."

Mr. Loeb made his bow and took the plate. Mrs. Mason smiled at him and he smiled at her and they did not say anything.

"We're going to play games in the living room," Mrs. Mason said. "Do you know any games, Mr. Loeb?"

The children were wild with excitement and ran round and round the room. Mr. Worthington showed Hugh a game with a piece of paper and a pencil, where he could guess any number of a total if he knew the right-hand numbers of the other lines. It was very mysterious. Dicky didn't understand it at all, and stamped and yelled to make them stop and do something else.

"I show you," Mr. Loeb said and hesitated. He asked Fraulein how to say something in English.

"He shows you a card trick," Fräulein said. Mr. Loeb's face was round and red and smiling. He took the pack of cards Mrs. Mason held out to him and drew out two aces.

"You see," he said to Hugh. "This is the farmer's cow." He pointed to the ace of hearts. "And this is Mrs. Sisson's cow." Mrs. Sisson owned the big place where Mr. Loeb was gardener. The card was the ace of clubs.

"Now I put them back again," Mr. Loeb said, shuffling the pack. "Now. Which cow you want to see? The farmer's cow? Mrs. Sisson's cow?"

Hugh deliberated, standing on one leg.

"Mrs. Sisson's cow," he decided.

"Then go to the barn and look for it!" cried Mr. Loeb.

The children were enchanted. They screamed and rolled on the floor; Dicky kept crying, "Go to the barn and look for it!" Everybody was laughing.

"That was a very nice trick," Mrs. Mason said.

The children, after a while, fell to playing with the cards in a corner on the floor. Their two little round butts stuck up in the air, and their two little boys' heads were close together. From time to time they would break apart and shout about something, then go back to their game.

Mr. Loeb finished his cake and took out a folded handkerchief and wiped his mouth. He put the plate down carefully on the desk near him.

"Thank you very much," he said to Mrs. Mason. He was still standing up politely. Now he moved toward the door.

"Don't go away," she said. "Stay and talk. Sit down, please. You're part of the party."

"Thank you very much," he said.

"Understand you had a bad time with those Nazi fellows," Mr. Worthington said, being very friendly. "Were you really in one of the concentration camps?"

"Yes, I was. It was very bad."

"I was in Germany once," Mr. Worthington said. "The thing I kept noticing was, they were such damned bad losers. One night I went out drinking beer with a lot of fellows, me and a Frenchman I knew. They seemed all-right guys. But about two in the morning when we'd all drunk a lot of beer one of them said, 'Let's have a foot race.' Down the main street there, it was all quiet. Well, we started, and in a minute or two the Frenchman was way in front, and I was just behind. They just quit. Started walking along. Wouldn't admit they'd been racing. But if they'd been ahead you can bet they'd have rubbed it in. They want to be on top, that's it, and they take it out on the fellow underneath. If *they* get licked, they won't admit they were playing at all."

"Yes," said Mr. Loeb.

"You'd see fellows pick fights all the time, late at night, but you never saw them pick a fight unless they thought they could win. I played a lot of tennis over there and, of course, you know, American tennis. . . . They just wouldn't play again. Fellow over here would say, 'Let's play a return match and I'll lick you.' Not them."

"Yes," said Mr. Loeb.

"Those concentration camps, now. Just the fellows on top doing it to the fellows underneath. . . . It must have been a job keeping your courage up."

"I did not keep my courage up," Mr. Loeb said.

Mr. Worthington looked embarrassed.

"I don't blame you," he said. "The things you hear about those places; they break your spirit, I guess."

"Yes," Mr. Loeb said.

Fraulein sat under the light with her hair parted smoothly from the middle. She looked from Mr. Worthington to Mr. Loeb with self-assured eyes, not entirely understanding nor especially interested. Mr. Worthington twisted his long legs around one side of his chair.

"Anyway," he said, "it's all over for you, and I bet you're damned glad. You can just forget about all that stuff. This is a free country and you can do what you please and nobody can hurt you. It's all over and finished for you."

"For many it is not," Mr. Loeb said after a minute.

"Yeah, that's right. Poor devils."

"But," Mr. Loeb said hesitantly, "I have thought—I do not know how you say it—the more and more that are all the time—surrendered?"

"How do you mean?"

"He means oppressed," Mrs. Mason said. Mr. Loeb bowed to her.

"The more and more that are oppressed all the time, the more there are who know together the same thing, who have it together. When it is time and something happens to make it possible, there is something that all of these have had together and that will make them fight together. And now Frenchmen, too, Belgians, too, Flemings. If you have been in a concentration camp it is more together than that you might be of different countries. I speak very badly," Mr. Loeb said.

"No," Mrs. Mason said. "A common cause."

"Please?" Mr. Loeb asked. Fraulein spoke to him in German.

"I do not think that it is what you call cause, just. But knowing the concentration camps together. And what happens. That they were all crying together and no—courage. It makes them love."

"I don't see what you mean, exactly," Mr. Worthington said.

"I do," said Mrs. Mason. "They all remember the same thing together."

"Yes," Mr. Loeb said.

It seemed to her for a minute that she saw a sea of faces upturned, with the same look in all the thousands of them, the anguish, the terrible humiliation, the fear. It was a vast and growing sea, a great host of the tortured and the outcast, who had known ultimate fear instead of death and had been together in the valley of living hell. Separately each of them had known fear, had felt it burning in their veins, but now that they were all together the common fear became something else, larger, because there were so many millions of them, because they were not alone; it was set in dignity like a brand of brotherhood upon their lifted faces. And there were more of them, and more of them; if there were any more they would be the largest part of all the people on earth; this part would be strong by its numbers, and unshakable because of its suffering shared. This was something that she had never thought of before.

The children were sent off to bed at last, and Mrs. Mason went up to

say good night to them. They lay in the two cot beds holding still while they said their prayers and then releasing into a last wild activity before the light should be turned out on them. She pushed them back under their sheets and kissed them. When she came downstairs again Mr. Worthington was sitting alone in the living room and the German voices were coming in softly through the screen door, from the warm darkness outside.

"Hello," Mr. Worthington said.

"Hello," she said. He reached out and took her hand as she passed where he sat, and kissed it. She stood still for a minute and smiled at him.

"I love you from now," he said. She went on looking at his face, bent over her hand but with his eyes looking up at her. After a minute the consciousness of what he said, where she was, the consciousness of herself came back over her and she drew away her hand. But for a moment she had lived in freedom, without watching herself.

In August Mrs. Sisson came back from California and opened the big house, and Mr. Loeb was much busier, doing all the things that Mrs. Sisson wanted done. Mrs. Sisson was a woman of fifty with black hair and a tall strong figure, who was very particular and liked her big place tended to perfection. Mrs. Mason knew her only slightly—to wave to when Mrs. Sisson drove along the road in her black car with her initials on the Connecticut license plate, and to speak to in a neighborly way when they met in the village. Sometimes now Fraulein started to tell her things about Mrs. Sisson, how badly she treated all her servants, that she didn't even feed them properly, and had had three different waitresses in just the time she had been back.

"Nobody wants to work for a woman like that," Fraulein said.

But Mrs. Mason thought she ought not to listen to gossip and did not let Fraulein talk about it much.

One afternoon when she came out of the house Mr. Loeb was standing at the gate, talking to Fraulein. The two little boys were playing at the end of the lawn. Mr. Loeb was talking very fast in German, his voice much higher than usual, and Fraulein was looking at him and from time to time saying something calmly. Mrs. Mason walked down to the gate.

"Hello, Mr. Loeb," she said.

Mr. Loeb made his bow, but he seemed distracted. His eyes were tense and his face was even redder than usual. Mrs. Mason thought he looked almost as if he were going to cry. He turned to her and began to speak in English but stumbled and was silent.

"That Mrs. Sisson," Fraulein said. "She says to him she will report him to the Refugee Committee in New York so that he will never be able to get a job again."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing! She talked to him the way she talks to all the people who work for her; she bawled him out; he doesn't paint the fence quick enough;

she says he's too slow. He's a foolish man; he pays attention to what she says. I tell him he ought to shrug his shoulders. What does he care, as long as he gets his pay?"

"I cannot have her speak to me that way!" Mr. Loeb broke out. "I cannot have her call me those things she says. I cannot. . . ."

"He pays attention," Fraulein said. "He gets his feelings hurt too easy. I tell him, what does he care what she says? She's nothing. But he says to her, she can't speak to him that way; he cannot have her speak to him that way; he cannot stay and work for her if she talks like that. So she says all right, she's going to report him to the Refugee Committee."

"What can she say?"

"She was terrible angry," Mr. Loeb said. "She will say I do not work. She will say I am a no-good worker. She will say I speak to her fresh."

He looked at Mrs. Mason with his frightened eyes, and she nodded at him. Their eyes met and she nodded again, but slowly this time.

"I'll go up and talk to her," Mrs. Mason said. She did not feel at all afraid to do that, suddenly. She was not thinking about how she felt.

Fraulein shrugged.

"I don't think it makes any difference; you excuse me, Mrs Mason. That Mrs. Sisson, she doesn't want Mr. Loeb to work for her any more because he talks back to her, and she writes the letter anyway."

"I'll write to the Refugee Committee, too," she said. "I'll tell them that I know all about Mr. Loeb and he's a good worker and a nice man. But I'll go up and talk to her now anyway."

Mr. Loeb leaned against the fence and looked at her. She came out of the gate into the road.

"Thank you very much," Mr. Loeb said in his foreign, formal voice.

She smiled at him. The tension had gone away from his eyes, the look of fear that she recognized had gone.

"You don't have to worry, you know," she said. "I wouldn't ever let anything happen to you."

## THE STARS ARE STILL THERE

(*From* Mud on the Stars)

*William Bradford Huie* (*1942*)

THE Labor Day week-end was a pleasant one at our house. We had lived in the new house for more than a year, and we had brought order to the little five-acre plot. Raccoon Charley and his wife, Louise, had come to live with Cherry and me. The grass was growing evenly in all the open spots, and the pine trees had been thinned to the proper thickness. Far back of the house

was our one agricultural project, a chicken yard where two hundred chickens and fifty turkeys grazed on fresh green rye. On the side of the house overlooking the river we had our garden. There was a furnace and grill which Charley had built; there were rough hickory chairs and benches and stools; and, strung through the pine trees, there were colored lights. There was also a loudspeaker in one tree, connected with the radio and record-player, and at night it was good to sit outside and watch Old Charley's face over the hickory coals as he fried fish or barbecued chicken, and look out over the great expanse of impounded river, and listen to the Moonlight Sonata and Estrellita.

I now had everything in the world a Garth could want, for we Garths are satisfied with what seems so little to many people. All we want is a house by the river, land that is ours, and a glowing fire at night around which we can sit and sing and over which we can toast a fish or barbecue a chicken. Nothing that we want is expensive. We don't want to travel; we want to remain insular and provincial. We don't want fame. We don't want to waste our energies in the hustle of a city street. We don't want to outwit competitors. We don't want wealth, for wealth isn't needed to obtain the things we want. Our women don't want diamonds and mink coats. They want love and order and peace. Land is dirt cheap. The river is full of fish. Chickens are easy to raise. Music can be had for a song. Love is everywhere. And any Garth can make his own whiskey to warm his heart around the fire. The life process, simple and unadorned, is good to us Garths, and every day I spent in my home by the river I realized more how strong is the influence of heredity, and how much like all the other Garths I was becoming.

"Look out there, Bud, and see what you see. The Land and the River. They're all we've got, but they're all we need. For a hundred and fifty years they've been enough for us Garths."

When I sat out under the trees at night, I could hear Old Mis' Ella speaking those words to me. And the Government? Well, the Government had shoved us around and readjusted us, but the Government hadn't really changed us. We had been scattered, but the uncles and aunts and cousins had all managed to get a little plot somewhere within walking distance of the river. Perhaps the Government had only made life easier and more attractive for us. It had given us more money. I now made more money in a year than some of the old Garths had made in a lifetime. The Government had even stocked our river with a new kind of fish that was better than catfish, and anybody who knew how to spit on a hook could catch a dozen in an hour.

The Friday night before Labor Day Cherry and I had no guests, so we sat out in the garden and ate fish with Charley and Louise. I had just returned from Army maneuvers in Louisiana, and for TVA I was helping with the publicity campaign to reduce domestic consumption of power so as to provide more power for the new aluminum plants.

Cherry and I had a policy of never discussing the war after dark. The war belonged with all the terrible things that were happening outside our world, and in our world we wanted only peace and dignity and love and understanding and music and soft, contented laughter. Cherry and I, like all the other Garths before us, wanted only to live and be left alone.

"We-uns 'bout got everything straightened out agin, haven't we, Mistah Garth?" Old Charley commented as he served the toasted croppie. "De Gov'mint kinda shuk us up for a while, but, hell, we Ga'ths know how to git along Eve'ything allus turns out fo' de best. 'Bout all de Gov'mint did after all was scatter us aroun' and give us them lights an' mo' water an' mo' fish."

"Yeah, Charley, looks like we're doin' all right," I said to him.

We cut off the lights, patriotically, after we had eaten, and Cherry and I sat out in the moonlight for a long time. I always felt so contented and so certain of the eternal goodness of things when I sat with Cherry. Had I really spent two weeks watching confused American boys writhe in confusion and mud, preparing to go somewhere to kill and be killed? Was it true that here in America we were tearing at one another's throats, and somewhere whole races of men were being stood up against walls and shot? I tried to shake off such thoughts, but they seemed to hover over me as though I—just one little confused guy who wanted only a five-acre plot for himself—should attempt to solve all the vexatious problems of the world.

They say only crazy people and preachers "hear voices," but as I sat there by the river it was almost as if I could hear a voice speaking slowly and plainly to me. It said:

"Garth Lafavor, when you first began to think, you thought that America properly belonged to the Garths—to the people who had the git-up-and-git to acquire and build for themselves. And the people who lacked this git-up-and-git were properly dependent on the more fortunate and resourceful. You believed that it was an American's right to build a private domain for himself, and that Government had no right to trespass upon it. This belief, together with the pathetic attachment to the land which you Garths feel, caused you to fight to preserve Garth's Island and the way of life it represented.

"But you can see now that something had happened to make private islands improper in America. The country had become too small and people had become too interdependent. Government had to assume the right to trespass. Government had to assume the right to develop the land and the rivers for the benefit of the Many. Government recognized that the Few are stronger than the Many, so it enlisted on the side of the Many. From now on you Garths will have to be contented with five-acre plots, but you can see that five acres are all a man needs anyhow.

"Then later, in despair, you fought to build a wall around Alabama. To 'defend' Alabama. To 'preserve' Alabama as a state-island in which no man

would be allowed to attack private domains. You thought that the way to stop communism was to put communists in jail.

"But you can see now that you were wrong. America has become too small for one state to have a wall around it. Isolation is no longer an intelligent process. Your kind of folks have got to learn to live with and understand New York Jews—and Irish; and New York Jews and Irish have got to learn to live with and understand your kind of folks. Alabama Jews have got to move over and make room for New York Jews, and everybody in the country has to compromise and make concessions and try to understand and try to build a new way of Government-guided life.

"And now look what you are doing. You are making the same mistake in regard to America as you made in regard to Garth's Island and Alabama. America can't build a wall around herself and live apart from the rest of the world. Just as America has become smaller, so has the world become smaller. Before there can be peace and hope in the world, every man and every nation must come forward and restore peace, and then organize the world, not on an island or a state or a national basis, but on a world basis."

And then I'd give the old, universal answer. "But what of me? All I ask is to be let alone. Can I solve the problems of people who live five thousand miles from my door and whose language I can't understand? What is one man in a universe? If the people of France could not solve their own problems, who am I to presume to solve France's problems?"

But the voice came back: "Perhaps the reason the people of France couldn't solve their problems was because they built walls just as you have done. The only hope now lies in the tearing away of all walls and the creating of an ordered world, and this creation can begin only when every little man in every little valley of the world comes forward to establish peace and then to compromise with the mass of men."

"But it will take so long," I contended. "Why can't I live out my little twenty or thirty years in peace? I can't count much in the whole scheme of things."

"What if it takes a thousand years? Your life will have had purpose if you make your contribution. If you withdraw to your five acres, you will have done no more than a turtle does when he draws up under his shell. Besides, you remember that nigger boy, Roosevelt Wilson? You watched him die, didn't you, while you pretended it was none of your business? But you know now that it was your business, don't you? You might have saved Roosevelt Wilson. But whether Roosevelt Wilson would have been saved or lost wasn't the important thing about that incident. The important thing would have been for you to have *fought* for him. Had you fought for Roosevelt Wilson, you would have gained strength in the fighting, but by pretending you were not concerned, you contributed to your own weakness and cynicism. Men and nations gain strength by fighting for justice and dignity and honor. France would have been saved had Frenchmen been

willing to 'die for Danzig'; and you would have saved your own soul from years of cynicism and doubt and despair had you been willing to fight for a nameless black maverick."

I had one more defensive question that I always asked: "But I'm not expected to fight. America has millions of poor chaps who are jobless, or whose scale of living is so low that Army life will be an improvement for them, or who are younger and more adventurous than I am. I support myself and pay taxes and support a wife. If I buy defense stamps and contribute and cooperate and remain calm, surely I will have done my part?"

But there was an answer to that one, too. "In her hour of greatest danger, must America man her battlements only with the poor, confused chaps who have never had a job? Must we send off to die only the farmer lads from the back country who are so uneducated that a drum-beat excites them, and who are so ill-fed and ill-clothed that Army life will be better than they have had at home? Is democracy's battle to be fought by those who have derived the fewest benefits from democracy? If your Army had more men in it who had sacrificed to come there, and who had come there voluntarily for a purpose, your morale problems would be solved."

Saturday and Sunday were gay days for us. Garths, young and old, came to see us, and we rode in the boat and fished and fried fish and swam and sang. Two of my cousins, Wesley and Judson Garth, were leaving for the Army as soon as the crops were gathered, and they had come to talk to me about what kind of outfit to get in. They wanted to know all about the maneuvers and the new weapons and the chances of war, so I talked to them for an hour or so. They were high-school-educated farm boys who had never been outside the valley.

"When do you think we'll get in it, Garth?" Jud asked me.

"I think it'll be about next Spring," I answered.

Every time I was alone that Labor Day week-end, I felt the same oppressive feeling. The "voice" wanted to argue with me some more, and I didn't have any further arguments.

. . . . . .

Monday morning I got up at sunup, put on a pair of slacks and my fishing hat, and went down to the boat-house. Raccoon Charley was feeding the chickens, and singing at the top of his voice. The old tune *You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May*. I watched him walk around with his face turned up toward the sun, singing in the quiet morning air as though there were no one else in the valley but himself. Charley had no worries. There'd always be a river to fish in, and as long as a Garth lived, Charley would have biskit for breakfast. I cranked the big outboard motor and headed out across the river. I gradually opened the throttle until the cool morning wind was tearing at my shirt front. Across the river on the Morgan County side, I tied up the boat and began walking through the woods and across the fields. When I reached the old cemetery at Gum Springs, I sat down on a rock in

the new plot which contained all the old headstones that had been removed from the Island.

Funny, wasn't it, the way we moved those headstones and left the graves behind? And we had the headstones set up just as though the graves were there. The Garths wanted it that way. They wanted to feel that everybody in the family was buried together. I think every Garth wanted to feel that he was buried close to Old Mis' Ella, for she had more strength than any of the rest of us.

I looked at the oldest headstone, Peter Garth. Born December 2, 1747, in County Cork, Ireland. Died January 23, 1825, on Garth's Island, Alabama. For four years with General Marion, at King's Mountain and at Yorktown, he fought gallantly to build a nation where all men can be free.

I looked at another headstone, Capt. Judson Garth. Born June 26, 1840, on Garth's Island, Alabama. Died September 24, 1864. At the top of the charge at Chickamauga he died gallantly for a Cause he loved.

There were six others who died for that Cause. There was Uncle Sebe. His horse came home all the way from Corinth. And no one was ever allowed to mount that horse again. And there were the others who were with Lee in Virginia. All of them "died gallantly for a Cause he loved." And the Cause was always spelled with a capital "C."

I looked at a third headstone. Pvt. Edward Garth. Born April 13, 1896, on Garth's Island, Alabama. Died October 11, 1918. In the Meuse-Argonne, with Alabama's 167th Infantry, he died gallantly to make the world safe for democracy.

And I looked at a comparatively new headstone. Ella Sparkman Garth. Born August 12, 1838, in Morgan County, Alabama. Died September 12, 1934, on Garth's Island, Alabama. She will live forever in the memories of the Garths who will come after her.

Then I did a very stupid thing for a Phi Beta Kappa and a subscriber to *Esquire* to do in the full light of morning. I wiped the tears out of my eyes. The little yellow men that I meet in the Philippines or the Indies won't have anything on me when it comes to strength derived from ancestor worship. We old-family Southerners derive as much strength from graves as the Japanese do. I tried that morning to figure out how I fitted into the Garth story.

Take Peter Garth, I thought. What did he fight for? He fought for liberty and freedom in the broadest and most literal sense. He fought for freedom to establish a new nation where Garths could be free to own three thousand acres of good land and build a world for themselves. Did he hate anybody? Sure, he hated the British. He hated King George III and he hated the Redcoats and the Hessians. He hated the sight of a king's proclamation nailed to a tree. He hated them all so fiercely that he fought alone. His life meant nothing. Defeat meant nothing. Doubt meant nothing. Hunger and privation meant nothing. He lay behind rocks and killed with hate. And

Then take Judson Garth. What did he fight for? What was the Cause he loved so much? Well, in simple words, he didn't like to have filthy Yankee tradesmen try to tell him how to run Garth's Island. He had a way of life that suited the Garths. He didn't want it changed. He wanted to sell his cotton to the British and buy in a free market. He wanted to free his slaves when he got ready to free them. He didn't want a government telling him what he could do and what he couldn't do. So he decided to create a new government to be run by the Garths and "our kind of folks."

But a man named Lincoln had thought that America should be run for the benefit of all Americans rather than for the benefit of the few Garths. So he had sent his millions of tradesmen to kill Judson Garth and sack Garth's Island and burn the houses and steal the gold and the horses. Then Lincoln was shot, and the bastards took over and raped the South. But they couldn't stamp out the Garths, for the Garths are the kind of people who survive. What was it Old Mis' Ella told me? "Don't ever forget you're a Garth, Bud. Whatever they say about us and whatever they do to us, we'll still be livin' and takin' care of our own when all the puny, snivelin' trash of the earth are starvin' to death!"

Yeah, we Garths had a way of surviving. Then take Edward Garth. He had a different angle. He went out to fight for the "world." He died five thousand miles from Garth's Island. He was convinced that he had to go to France to protect Garth's Island. Then after the war, the smart folks proved that he wasn't protecting Garth's Island at all but was protecting the British Empire, so they laughed at him for twenty years for being an ignorant, chauvinistic dope.

Now there was another war going on, and I was the Garth who had to make the decision. And it was a tough decision to make, for there were lots of new angles to this war. But there was one thing about the Garths, we always fought and hoped. Peter Garth didn't know what kind of government he would get after he whipped the British, but he had faith that Americans could build a good kind of government and a good kind of country. We Garths had no patience with people who hung on the backing-straps. And we didn't send the Negroes and the poor whites off to do the fighting either. We went ourselves, and the richest and the smartest Garth always led the others into battle. We asked no special favors. We cried when the band played *Dixie*, and we believed that one Garth who knew what he was fighting for was worth ten slaves sent to enslave him.

Well, the other Garths had three thousand acres to fight for. I only have five acres which me-and-the-Government own together. I don't have as much "liberty" or "freedom" as the other Garths had. But I still have the land and the river. I can still say what I please, and when Cherry and I go to bed at night we don't have to worry about a gang of ruffians kicking the door down and pushing us around. I can still work where I please and write what I please. I can still call Roosevelt names if I want to and I can still

dislike the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court. Whatever we've suffered and whatever we fear, America is still free and democratic. Perhaps the terms freedom and democracy will require new definitions, but I can match Peter Garth's faith in believing that we Americans can still build good kind of governments if we have the chance.

I tried to imagine the plight of the epitaph writers if I joined the War of 1942 and died at the top of some charge.

Peter Garth Lafavor. Born November 15, 1913, on Garth's Island, Alabama. Died March 3, 1942. In the jungles of Java, ten thousand miles from the Tennessee Valley, he died gallantly for . . . well, for a five-acre plot in a government subdivision where he hoped that he and the government could go on trying to bring more light to Jeeter Lester, where he hoped that he and Raccoon Charley could fish again in the river, and he and his wife could sit in the evening under pine trees and listen to the *Moonlight Sonata* and look out over the river in peace and dignity and safety. He didn't know exactly what form the New World would take, in fact he was badly confused about it, but he fought with the faith that those who came after him would have the strength and the intelligence to build a New America and fit it into a New World in such a way that the folks with the git-up-and-git would be allowed proper recompense, and that the folks without it would at least have biskit-for-breakfast.

I walked back across the fields toward the river. It isn't smart for an intelligent man to admit that he once had to go to a cemetery and conjure up a little emotion in order to help his intelligence make a decision But when I reached the river that morning I was feeling calm and strong. I opened up the motor and let the boat leap across the Government water, and the wind felt good tearing at my shirt front.

. . . . . .

Well, it's nearly midnight, and the story is almost finished. One morning last October, a month after my Labor Day visit to the cemetery, I sat on a bench in the Army recruiting office in Birmingham and waited my turn to enlist. Beside me sat my cousins, Judson and Wesley Garth. They had had time to pick most of their cotton, and I had had time to arrange my affairs.

There was no glamour in that recruiting office. Not a flag to be seen. No young debutantes kissing the brave men who were answering the country's call. No *Stars and Stripes Forever* booming out of a juke-box. No smart young officers in well-tailored uniforms clicking heels and saluting. Instead, two old sergeants sat at rough tables, chewed tobacco and spat carelessly at a common cuspidor between them, and methodically interviewed the "men." The "men" were a score of the type of Alabama fellows who enlisted as privates in the Army before Pearl Harbor. They sat on benches around the walls, and there was neither laughter nor enthusiasm.

It wasn't vanity which made me notice that I was the only "college man" in the crowd; that mine was the only white collar; and that all the hands but mine looked as if they had known sharp contact with plow-handles or with CCC or WPA shovels.

I didn't feel heroic as I sat there. To tell you the truth, I was half afraid I was being a damn fool. It was broad daylight then, and I didn't have any emotion to sustain me. I could still hear a voice talking to me, but it was a cold, reasoning voice. It said: "Goddam, if you've got to go through with this rash business, you can at least be smart enough to go on up the hall and get yourself a commission in public relations. This is no place for you. Look around you. This is the place for the poor, untutored fellows who have to do the dirty work. It won't even be patriotic for you to waste your talents digging latrine ditches and wiping grease. Think of all the speeches you can write to stir up the country, and all the fancy propaganda you can turn out for the enlisted men. Think of all the banquets you can attend at Government expense, and the sleek thighs you can contact while you do the samba in the night clubs. Besides, don't kid yourself. You are soft and weak. If you go in this way, you'll die of dysentery or constipation in two months, or pneumonia will get you the first night you sleep on the ground. And you know something about human psychology. You know that the ignorant noncom bastards will try to grind your guts out the minute they suspect that they are inferior to you in any way. And what about your wife and Raccoon Charley and his wife? They could use the money. You are not being smart. You are not being patriotic. You are being a damn fool."

If I hadn't been sitting between my two cousins, I might have walked out that morning and gone back to the valley. And tonight, instead of celebrating New Year's Eve in this honkytonk, I'd have celebrated it in my home on the river bank in peace and comfort and security. Instead of eating hamburgers, I'd have eaten broiled chicken. And tomorrow, instead of being on my way to a rendezvous with the little yellow men, I'd have continued on my way toward more comfort and security.

I sat there on the bench in the recruiting office for two hours, talking to Jud and Wesley, and the battle that raged inside me then was the toughest one of all. I didn't have anything to help me except those two boys sitting by me and my frail resolution. The battle when I told Cherry goodbye was a hard one, but I had the land and the river around me there. Old Raccoon Charley stood at my side and patted me on the shoulder, and I could look around and see what there was in the world for me to fight for. But sitting there in the recruiting office, I could see nothing but bare walls, and a dirty concrete floor, and poor, ignorant Southern farm boys, and two old sergeants who spat carelessly at a common cuspidor.

When our turn came to be interviewed, the sergeant looked the three of us over and said: "Three brothers, huh?"

"No, suh," I corrected him. "Just cousins."

"Wanna enlist, huh?"

"Yessuh."

"What kinda outfit you wanna get in?"

"We're not too particular," I answered. "Wes here and I want to ride in a jeep and carry tommy guns, and Jud here wants to ride a motorcycle."

He laughed. "Well, that ain't askin' too much. Yuh all ready to go today?"

"Yessuh."

"All right," he snapped. "These two boys are farmers, I guess. What are you?"

"I'm a farmer, too," I said.

He shook his head. "You're no farmer. But get in there and get'cha clothes off."

We went in and took off our clothes, and three hours later we were on a bus headed for Louisiana.

There is no need of pretending that my three months in the New Army have been pleasant or helpful or exciting. Or that the prospect of going to the East Indies gives me a thrill of adventure. Or that I am anxious to die for my country. My months in the Army have been lonely and depressing and dirty. All the softening and civilizing influences are taken away from a man when he enters an army, and life seeks its lowest level. You get close to mud and dirt and dung, and your conversation reflects the retrogression. My heart doesn't leap up when I behold a marching column. There is nothing grand to me about the sight of men who have had to regiment themselves in order to meet an enemy. This war can never be anything but a grim, terrible necessity to me, and I hope that the next generation of Americans will hate armies and will build a world where armies will not be necessary.

I was able to join the New Army eight weeks before Pearl Harbor; I was able to leave my wife and our new home in the valley; I was able to win the battle of the recruiting office; and I have been able to learn how to use a bayonet and a Thompson gun only because I have come to believe from personal experience that men and nations must fight injustice or risk losing their own souls.

I have a selfish reason for being a private in this New Army. There is something I want out of this war, and I want it badly enough to sacrifice for it. I want a new self-respect. When this war is over, I want to know that there is something within me that sets me apart from animals. I want to feel that I am a noble creature, capable of choosing wisely and of making unselfish decisions. I want to feel that an educated man, trained to think, is worthy to be and capable of being master of his own destiny. I want to believe that whenever I am given the choice between complacency and sacrifice, I will never hesitate again.

As I see this war, we Americans who like to believe we are thinking men have a chance to win the world and win our own souls, or else lose the

world and lose our own souls. We are standing at the end of an era of debunking. Some of the debunking was good, but we carried it too far. In our efforts to smash false façades, we smashed some of the solid old foundations. We don't really believe that man is a noble creature any more. We are trying to believe it, but there's a long struggle ahead of us. We ourselves have so often turned to selfishness for support that we doubt that any nation or any individual can be motivated by anything else.

Because we distrust ourselves, we distrust everybody else. Because we distrust ourselves, we doubt that man is noble. A man can't believe in democracy unless he respects himself and believes that he can act unselfishly. He can't believe that other men are noble creatures unless he believes that he himself is a noble creature.

I think that we have reached this present crisis in the world because every man and every group and every nation has come to assume that every other man and every other group and every other nation will act only out of selfishness. Hitler has mocked the intelligence of the world and has almost gotten away with it, because he has found people and nations unable to act unselfishly and unable to believe that anyone else can act unselfishly.

Well, how can I begin unraveling all this terrible mass of confusion and finding good and hope in the world again? How can I find calm strength and resolution? As I see it, I have to begin with myself Before I am fit to fight for decency, I have to do something decent myself. Before I can condemn other persons and other groups for acting selfishly, I have to prove to myself that I can be unselfish. One grand unselfish gesture by a Galilean carpenter was enough to give hope and strength to the world for two thousand years, and it was he who pointed out that the way to save worlds and souls was to be willing to cast them away.

I believe that the immediate future of the world has been laid on the doorstep of the individual American. If the individual American proves equal to the occasion, our century will become one of the glittering centuries of human history.

I believe that Hitler is an effect and not a cause, and I believe that the causes of Hitler can be found within ourselves. This is a war which must be fought within the heart and mind of every man, and within the membership of every nation, as well as on the battlefields of earth, sea and air. When Hitler and Japan have been defeated, the fighting will only have begun. For this is a war, not only to defeat the immediate enemy who is an effect, but to defeat the causes which lie within our own nation and within our own persons.

I am in this Army because I am searching first within myself for the stuff that will be necessary to build a better nation within a better world. Unless I can find it in myself, I can't hope to find it in others, and I have no right to deplore the selfish actions of other Americans. I have been guilty of most of the sins of my time. Smugness, complacency, provincialism, selfish-

ness, irreligion, sexual casualness, and what-the-hell. And now I am trying to overcome the effect they have had upon me. I am trying to make faith and hope a part of my being. I am coming to believe that in spite of decades of civil wars, there is something great and good and noble in Free China. That in spite of all the bloodiness and blackness of the Stalinist régime, something great and good has been stirring in Russia since 1917. That in spite of all her smug selfishness and all the treaties she has broken, Britain can be a power for good in the New World. That in spite of all the confusion of which I have been a part in America, something good has been emerging. I believe that if I, as an individual American, can prove equal to this challenge, all the forces for good in the world can be marshalled under one banner, and in our own life-times, we can witness a stride forward that will thrill every one of us and make us proud to have belonged to this race of men.

That's why I'm here tonight. That's why I've learned to sleep on the ground and to use a Thompson gun. If we don't win—but, hell, we've got to win. The human phalanx can't have fought its way this far only to be scourged back to a dungeon with whips. Man can't have acquired mastery over the land, the sea, and the air only to allow selfishness and cynicism to canker the soul within him.

I believe we will win. I believe that in spite of all the mud that has been splashed across the stars, the sons of the men who fought at Bunker Hill know that the stars are still there.

## WINTERSET

### *Maxwell Anderson* (*1935*)

CHARACTERS

TROCK
SHADOW
GARTH
MIRIAMNE
ESDRAS
THE HOBO
1ST GIRL
2ND GIRL
JUDGE GAUNT
MIO
CARR
HERMAN
LUCIA
PINY
A SAILOR
STREET URCHIN
POLICEMAN
RADICAL
SERGEANT

*Non-speaking*
URCHINS
TWO MEN IN BLUE
SERGE

### ACT ONE

#### SCENE I

SCENE: *The scene is the bank of a river under a bridgehead. A gigantic span starts from the rear of the stage and appears to lift over the heads of the audience and out to the left. At the right rear is a wall of solid supporting masonry. To the left an apartment building abuts against the bridge*

*and forms the left wall of the stage with a dark basement window and a door in the brick wall. To the right, and in the foreground, an outcropping of original rock makes a barricade behind which one may enter through a cleft. To the rear, against the masonry, two sheds have been built by waifs and strays for shelter. The river bank, in the foreground, is black rock worn smooth by years of trampling. There is room for exit and entrance to the left around the apartment house, also around the rock to the right. A single street lamp is seen at the left—and a glimmer of apartment lights in the background beyond. It is an early, dark December morning.*

TWO YOUNG MEN IN SERGE *lean against the masonry, matching bills.* TROCK ESTRELLA *and* SHADOW *come in from the left.*

TROCK. Go back and watch the car.

[*The* TWO YOUNG MEN *go out.* TROCK *walks to the corner and looks toward the city.*]

You roost of punks and gulls! Sleep, sleep it off,
whatever you had last night, get down in warm,
one big ham-fat against another—sleep,
cling, sleep and rot! Rot out your pasty guts
with diddling, you had no brain to begin. If you had
there'd be no need for us to sleep on iron
who had too much brains for you.

SHADOW. Now look, Trock, look,
what would the warden say to talk like that?

TROCK. May they die as I die!
By God, what life they've left me
they shall keep me well! I'll have that out of them—
these pismires that walk like men!

SHADOW. Because, look, chief,
it's all against science and penology
for you to get out and begin to cuss that way
before your prison vittles are out of you. Hell,
you're supposed to leave the pen full of high thought,
kind of noble-like, loving toward all mankind,
ready to kiss their feet—or whatever parts
they stick out toward you. Look at me!

TROCK. I see you.
And even you may not live as long as you think.
You think too many things are funny. Well, laugh.
But it's not so funny.

SHADOW. Come on, Trock, you know me.
Anything you say goes, but give me leave
to kid a little.

TROCK. Then laugh at somebody else!
It's a lot safer! They've soaked me once too often
in that vat of poisoned hell they keep up-state
to soak men in, and I'm rotten inside, I'm all
one liquid puke inside where I had lungs
once, like yourself! And now they want to get me
and stir me in again—and that'd kill me—
and that's fine for them. But before that happens to me
a lot of these healthy boys'll know what it's like
when you try to breathe and have no place to put air—
they'll learn it from me!

SHADOW. They've got nothing on you, chief.

TROCK. I don't know yet. That's what I'm here to find out.
If they've got what they might have
it's not a year this time—
no, nor ten. It's screwed down under a lid.—
I can die quick enough, without help.

SHADOW. You're the skinny kind
that lives forever.

TROCK. He gave me a half a year,
the doc at the gate.

SHADOW. Jesus.

TROCK. Six months I get,
and the rest's dirt, six feet.

[LUCIA, *the street-piano man, comes in right from behind the rock and goes to the shed where he keeps his piano.* PINY, *the apple-woman, follows and stands in the entrance.* LUCIA *speaks to* ESTRELLA, *who still stands facing* SHADOW]

LUCIA. Morning.

[TROCK *and* SHADOW *go out round the apartment house without speaking*]

PINY. Now what would you call them?

LUCIA. Maybe someting da river washed up.

PINY. Nothing ever washed him—that black one.

LUCIA. Maybe not, maybe so. More like his pa and ma raise-a heem in da cella.

[*He wheels out the piano*]

PINY. He certainly gave me a turn.

[*She lays a hand on the rock*]

LUCIA. You don' live-a right, o' gal. Take heem easy. Look on da bright-a side. Never say-a die. Me, every day in every way I getta be da regular heller.

[*He starts out*]

CURTAIN

## ACT ONE

### SCENE II

SCENE: *A cellar apartment under the apartment building, floored with cement and roofed with huge boa constrictor pipes that run slantwise from left to right, dwarfing the room. An outside door opens to the left and a door at the right rear leads to the interior of the place. A low squat window to the left. A table at the rear and a few chairs and books make up the furniture.* GARTH, *son of* ESDRAS, *sits alone, holding a violin upside down to inspect a crack at its base. He lays the bow on the floor and runs his fingers over the joint.* MIRIAMNE *enters from the rear, a girl of fifteen.* GARTH *looks up, then down again.*

MIRIAMNE. Garth—
GARTH. The glue lets go It's the steam, I guess.
It splits the hair on your head.
MIRIAMNE. It can't be mended?
GARTH. I can't mend it.
No doubt there are fellows somewhere
who'd mend it for a dollar—and glad to do it.
That is if I had a dollar.—Got a dollar?
No, I thought not.
MIRIAMNE. Garth, you've sat at home here
three days now. You haven't gone out at all.
Something frightens you.
GARTH. Yes?
MIRIAMNE. And father's frightened.
He reads without knowing where. When a shadow falls
across the page he waits for a blow to follow
after the shadow. Then in a little while
he puts his book down softly and goes out
to see who passed.
GARTH. A bill collector, maybe.
We haven't paid the rent.
MIRIAMNE. No.
GARTH. You're a bright girl, sis.—
You see too much. You run along and cook.
Why don't you go to school?
MIRIAMNE. I don't like school.
They whisper behind my back.
GARTH. Yes? About what?
MIRIAMNE. What did the lawyer mean
that wrote to you?

GARTH [*rising*]. What lawyer?
MIRIAMNE. I found a letter
on the floor of your room. He said, "Don't get me wrong,
but stay in out of the rain the next few days,
just for instance."
GARTH. I thought I burned that letter.
MIRIAMNE. Afterward you did. And then what was printed
about the Estrella gang—you hid it from me,
you and father. What is it—about this murder—?
GARTH. Will you shut up, you fool!
MIRIAMNE. But if you know
why don't you tell them, Garth?
If it's true—what they say—
you knew all the time Romagna wasn't guilty,
and could have said so—
GARTH. Everybody knew
Romagna wasn't guilty! But they weren't listening
to evidence in his favor. They didn't want it.
They don't want it now.
MIRIAMNE. But was that why
they never called on you?—
GARTH. So far as I know
they never'd heard of me—and I can assure you
I knew nothing about it—
MIRIAMNE. But something's wrong—
and it worries father—
GARTH. What could be wrong?
MIRIAMNE. I don't know.
[*A pause*]
GARTH. And I don't know. You're a good kid, Miriamne,
but you see too many movies. I wasn't mixed up
in any murder, and I don't mean to be.
If I had a dollar to get my fiddle fixed
and another to hire a hall, by God I'd fiddle
some of the prodigies back into Sunday School
where they belong, but I won't get either, and so
I sit here and bite my nails—but if you hoped
I had some criminal romantic past
you'll have to look again!
MIRIAMNE. Oh, Garth, forgive me—
But I want you to be so far above such things
nothing could frighten you. When you seem to shrink
and be afraid, and you're the brother I love,
I want to run there and cry, if there's any question

they care to ask, you'll be quick and glad to answer,
for there's nothing to conceal!

GARTH. And that's all true—

MIRIAMNE. But then I remember—
how you dim the lights—
and we go early to bed—and speak in whispers—
and I could think there's a death somewhere behind us—
an evil death—

GARTH [*hearing a step*]. Now for God's sake, be quiet!

[ESDRAS, *an old rabbi with a kindly face, enters from the outside. He is hurried and troubled*]

ESDRAS. I wish to speak alone with someone here
if I may have this room. Miriamne—

MIRIAMNE. [*turning to go*]. Yes, father.

[*The outer door is suddenly thrown open.* TROCK *appears*]

TROCK [*after a pause*]. You'll excuse me for not knocking.

[SHADOW *follows* TROCK *in*]

Sometimes it's best to come in quiet. Sometimes
it's a good way to go out. Garth's home, I see.
He might not have been here if I made a point
of knocking at doors.

GARTH. How are you, Trock?

TROCK. I guess
you can see how I am.

[*To* MIRIAMNE]

Stay here. Stay where you are.
We'd like to make your acquaintance.
—If you want the facts
I'm no better than usual, thanks. Not enough sun,
my physician tells me. Too much close confinement.
A lack of exercise and an overplus
of beans in the diet. You've done well, no doubt?

GARTH. I don't know what makes you think so.

TROCK. Who's the family?

GARTH. My father and my sister.

TROCK. Happy to meet you.
Step inside a minute. The boy and I
have something to talk about.

ESDRAS. No, no—he's said nothing—
nothing, sir, nothing!

TROCK. When I say go out, you go—

ESDRAS [*pointing to the door*]. Miriamne—

GARTH. Go on out, both of you!

ESDRAS. Oh, sir—I'm old—
old and unhappy—

GARTH. Go on!

[MIRIAMNE *and* ESDRAS *go inside*]

TROCK. And if you listen
I'll riddle that door!

[SHADOW *shuts the door behind them and stands against it*]

I just got out, you see,
and I pay my first call on you.

GARTH. Maybe you think
I'm not in the same jam you are.

TROCK. That's what I do think.
Who started looking this up?

GARTH. I wish I knew,
and I wish he was in hell! Some damned professor
with nothing else to do. If you saw his stuff
you know as much as I do.

TROCK. It wasn't you
turning state's evidence?

GARTH. Hell, Trock, use your brain!
The case was closed. They burned Romagna for it
and that finished it. Why should I look for trouble
and maybe get burned myself?

TROCK. Boy, I don't know,
but I just thought I'd find out.

GARTH. I'm going straight, Trock.
I can play this thing, and I'm trying to make a living.
I haven't talked and nobody's talked to me.
Christ—it's the last thing I'd want!

TROCK. Your old man knows.

GARTH. That's where I got the money that last time
when you needed it. He had a little saved up,
but I had to tell him to get it. He's as safe
as Shadow there.

TROCK [*looking at* SHADOW]. There could be people safer
than that son-of-a-bitch.

SHADOW. Who?

TROCK. You'd be safer dead
along with some other gorillas.

SHADOW. It's beginning to look
as if you'd feel safer with everybody dead,
the whole god-damn world.

TROCK. I would. These Jesus-bitten
professors! Looking up their half-ass cases!
We've got enough without that.

GARTH. There's no evidence

TROCK. And suppose they called on you
and asked you to testify?
GARTH. Why then I'd tell 'em
that all I know is what I read in the papers.
And I'd stick to that.
TROCK. How much does your sister know?
GARTH. I'm honest with you, Trock. She read my name
in the professor's pamphlet, and she was scared
the way anybody would be. She got nothing
from me, and anyway she'd go to the chair
herself before she'd send me there.
TROCK. Like hell.
GARTH. Besides, who wants to go to trial again
except the radicals?—You and I won't spill
and unless we did there's nothing to take to court
as far as I know. Let the radicals go on howling
about getting a dirty deal. They always howl
and nobody gives a damn. This professor's red—
everybody knows it.
TROCK. You're forgetting the judge.
Where's the damn judge?
GARTH. What judge?
TROCK. Read the morning papers.
It says Judge Gaunt's gone off his nut. He's got
that damn trial on his mind, and been going round
proving to everybody he was right all the time
and the radicals were guilty—stopping people
in the street to prove it—and now he's nuts entirely
and nobody knows where he is.
GARTH. Why don't they know?
TROCK. Because he's on the loose somewhere! They've got
the police of three cities looking for him.
GARTH. Judge Gaunt?
TROCK. Yes. Judge Gaunt.
SHADOW. Why should that worry you?
He's crazy, ain't he? And even if he wasn't
he's arguing on your side. You're jittery, chief.
God, all the judges are looney. You've got the jitters,
and you'll damn well give yourself away some time
peeing yourself in public.
[TROCK *half turns toward* SHADOW *in anger*]
Don't jump the gun now,
I've got pockets in my clothes, too.
[*His hand is in his coat pocket*]

TROCK. All right. Take it easy.

[*He takes his hand from his pocket, and* SHADOW *does the same*]

[*To* GARTH] Maybe you're lying to me and maybe you're not.
Stay at home a few days.

GARTH. Sure thing. Why not?

TROCK. And when I say stay home I mean stay home.
If I have to go looking for you you'll stay a long time
wherever I find you.

[*To* SHADOW] Come on. We'll get out of here.

[*To* GARTH] Be seeing you.

[SHADOW *and* TROCK *go out. After a pause* GARTH *walks over to his chair and picks up the violin. Then he puts it down and goes to the inside door, which he opens*]

GARTH. He's gone.

[MIRIAMNE *enters,* ESDRAS *behind her*]

MIRIAMNE [*going up to* GARTH].
Let's not stay here.

[*She puts her hands on his arms*]

I thought he'd come for something—horrible.
Is he coming back?

GARTH. I don't know.

MIRIAMNE. Who is he, Garth?

GARTH. He'd kill me if I told you who he is,
that is, if he knew.

MIRIAMNE. Then don't say it—

GARTH. Yes, and I'll say it! I was with a gang one time
that robbed a pay roll. I saw a murder done,
and Trock Estrella did it. If that got out
I'd go to the chair and so would he—that's why
he was here today—

MIRIAMNE. But that's not true—

ESDRAS. He says it
to frighten you, child.

GARTH. Oh, no I don't! I say it
because I've held it in too long! I'm damned
if I sit here forever, and look at the door,
waiting for Trock with his sub-machine gun, waiting
for police with a warrant!—I say I'm damned, and I am,
no matter what I do! These piddling scales
on a violin—first position, third, fifth,
arpeggios in E—and what I'm thinking
is Romagna dead for the murder—dead while I sat here
dying inside—dead for the thing Trock did
while I looked on—and I could have saved him, yes—

but I sat here and let him die instead of me
because I wanted to live! Well, it's no life,
and it doesn't matter who I tell, because
I mean to get it over!

MIRIAMNE. Garth, it's not true!

GARTH. I'd take some scum down with me if I died—
that'd be one good deed—

ESDRAS. Son, son, you're mad—
someone will hear—

GARTH. Then let them hear! I've lived
with ghosts too long, and lied too long. God damn you if you keep me from the truth!—
[*He turns away*]
Oh, God damn the world!
I don't want to die!
[*He throws himself down*]

ESDRAS. I should have known.
I thought you hard and sullen,
Garth, my son. And you were a child, and hurt
with a wound that might be healed.
—All men have crimes,
and most of them are hidden, and many are heavy
as yours must be to you.
[GARTH *sobs*]
They walk the streets
to buy and sell, but a spreading crimson stain
tinges the inner vestments, touches flesh,
and burns the quick. You're not alone.

GARTH. I'm alone
in this.

ESDRAS. Yes, if you hold with the world that only
those who die suddenly should be revenged.
But those whose hearts are cancered, drop by drop
in small ways, little by little, till they've borne
all they can bear, and die—these deaths will go
unpunished now as always. When we're young
we have faith in what is seen, but when we're old
we know that what is seen is traced in air
and built on water. There's no guilt under heaven,
just as there's no heaven, till men believe it—
no earth, till men have seen it, and have a word
to say this is the earth.

GARTH. Well, I say there's an earth,
and I say I'm guilty on it, guilty as hell.

ESDRAS. Yet till it's known you bear no guilt at all—
unless you wish. The days go by like film,
like a long written scroll, a figured veil
unrolling out of darkness into fire
and utterly consumed. And on this veil,
running in sounds and symbols of men's minds
reflected back, life flickers and is shadow
going toward flame. Only what men can see
exists in that shadow. Why must you rise and cry out:
That was I, there in the ravelled tapestry,
there, in that pistol flash, when the man was killed.
I was there, and was one, and am bloodstained!
Let the wind
and fire take that hour to ashes out of time
and out of mind! This thing that men call justice,
this blind snake that strikes men down in the dark,
mindless with fury, keep your hand back from it,
pass by in silence—let it be forgotten, forgotten!—
Oh, my son, my son—have pity!

MIRIAMNE. But if it was true
and someone died—then it was more than shadow—
and it doesn't blow away—

GARTH. Well, it was true.

ESDRAS. Say it if you must. If you have heart to die,
say it, and let them take what's left—there was little
to keep, even before—

GARTH. Oh, I'm a coward—
I always was. I'll be quiet and live. I'll live
even if I have to crawl. I know.
[*He gets up and goes into the inner room*]

MIRIAMNE. Is it better
to tell a lie and live?

ESDRAS. Yes, child. It's better.

MIRIAMNE. But if I had to do it—
I think I'd die.

ESDRAS. Yes, child. Because you're young.

MIRIAMNE. Is that the only reason?

ESDRAS. The only reason.

CURTAIN

## ACT ONE

### SCENE III

SCENE: *Under the bridge, evening of the same day. When the curtain rises* MIRIAMNE *is sitting alone on the ledge at the rear of the apartment house. A spray of light falls on her from a street lamp above. She shivers a little in her thin coat, but sits still as if heedless of the weather. Through the rocks on the other side a* TRAMP *comes down to the river bank, hunting a place to sleep. He goes softly to the apple-woman's hut and looks in, then turns away, evidently not daring to preempt it. He looks at* MIRIAMNE *doubtfully. The door of the street-piano man is shut. The vagabond passes it and picks carefully among some rags and shavings to the right.* MIRIAMNE *looks up and sees him but makes no sign. She looks down again, and the man curls himself up in a makeshift bed in the corner, pulling a piece of sacking over his shoulders.* TWO GIRLS *come in from round the apartment house.*

1ST GIRL. Honest, I never heard of anything so romantic. Because you never liked him.

2ND GIRL. I certainly never did.

1ST GIRL. You've got to tell me how it happened. You've got to.

2ND GIRL. I couldn't. As long as I live I couldn't. Honest, it was terrible. It was terrible.

1ST GIRL. What was so terrible?

2ND GIRL. The way it happened.

1ST GIRL. Oh, please—not to a soul, never.

2ND GIRL. Well, you know how I hated him because he had such a big mouth. So he reached over and grabbed me, and I began all falling to pieces inside, the way you do—and I said, "Oh no you don't mister," and started screaming and kicked a hole through the windshield and lost a shoe, and he let go and was cursing and growling because he borrowed the car and didn't have money to pay for the windshield, and he started to cry, and I got so sorry for him I let him, and now he wants to marry me.

1ST GIRL. Honest, I never heard of anything so romantic!

[*She sees the sleeping* TRAMP]

My God, what you won't see!

[*They give the* TRAMP *a wide berth, and go out right. The* TRAMP *sits up looking about him.* JUDGE GAUNT, *an elderly, quiet man, well dressed but in clothes that have seen some weather, comes in uncertainly from the left. He holds a small clipping in his hand and goes up to the* HOBO]

GAUNT [*tentatively*]. Your pardon, sir. Your pardon, but perhaps you can tell me the name of this street.

HOBO. Huh?

GAUNT. The name of this street?
HOBO. This ain't no street.
GAUNT. There, where the street lamps are.
HOBO. That's the alley.
GAUNT. Thank you. It has a name, no doubt?
HOBO. That's the alley.
GAUNT. I see. I won't trouble you. You wonder why I ask, I daresay.—I'm a stranger.—Why do you look at me?

[*He steps back*]

I—I'm not the man you think. You've mistaken me, sir.
HOBO. Huh?
JUDGE. Perhaps misled by a resemblance. But you're mistaken—I had an errand in this city. It's only by accident that I'm here—
HOBO [*muttering*]. You go to hell.
JUDGE [*going nearer to him, bending over him*]. Yet why should I deceive you? Before God, I held the proofs in my hands. I hold them still. I tell you the defense was cunning beyond belief, and unscrupulous in its use of propaganda—they gagged at nothing—not even—

[*He rises*]

No, no—I'm sorry—this will hardly interest you. I'm sorry. I have an errand.

[*He looks toward the street.* ESDRAS *enters from the basement and goes to* MIRIAMNE. *The* JUDGE *steps back into the shadows*]

ESDRAS. Come in, my daughter. You'll be cold here.
MIRIAMNE. After a while.
ESDRAS. You'll be cold. There's a storm coming.
MIRIAMNE. I didn't want him to see me crying. That was all.
ESDRAS. I know.
MIRIAMNE. I'll come soon.

[ESDRAS *turns reluctantly and goes out the way he came.* MIRIAMNE *rises to go in, pausing to dry her eyes.* MIO *and* CARR, *road boys of seventeen or so, come round the apartment house. The* JUDGE *has disappeared*]

CARR. Thought you said you were never coming east again.
MIO. Yeah, but—I heard something changed my mind.
CARR. Same old business?
MIO. Yes. Just as soon not talk about it.
CARR. Where did you go from Portland?
MIO. Fishing—I went fishing. God's truth.
CARR. Right after I left?
MIO. Fell in with a fisherman's family on the coast and went after the beautiful mackerel fish that swim in the beautiful sea. Family of Greeks—Aristides Marinos was his lovely name. He sang while he fished. Made the pea-green Pacific ring with his bastard Greek chanties. Then I went

CARR. I'll bet that's a seat of learning.

MIO. It's the hind end of all wisdom. They kicked me out after a time.

CARR. For cause?

MIO. Because I had no permanent address, you see. That means nobody's paying school taxes for you, so out you go.

[*To* MIRIAMNE] What's the matter, kid?

MIRIAMNE. Nothing.

[*She looks up at him, and they pause for a moment*]

Nothing.

MIO. I'm sorry.

MIRIAMNE. It's all right.

[*She withdraws her eyes from his and goes out past him. He turns and looks after her*]

CARR. Control your chivalry.

MIO. A pretty kid.

CARR. A baby.

MIO. Wait for me.

CARR. Be a long wait?

[MIO *steps swiftly out after* MIRIAMNE, *then returns*]

Yeah?

MIO. She's gone.

CARR. Think of that.

MIO. No, but I mean—vanished. Presto—into nothing—prodigioso.

CARR. Damn good thing, if you ask me. The homely ones are bad enough, but the lookers are fatal.

MIO. You exaggerate, Carr.

CARR. I doubt it.

MIO. Well, let her go. This river bank's loaded with typhus rats, too. Might as well die one death as another.

CARR. They say chronic alcoholism is nice but expensive. You can always starve to death.

MIO. Not always. I tried it. After the second day I walked thirty miles to Niagara Falls and made a tour of the plant to get the sample of shredded wheat biscuit on the way out.

CARR. Last time I saw you you couldn't think of anything you wanted to do except curse God and pass out. Still feeling low?

MIO. Not much different.

[*He turns away, then comes back*]

Talk about the lost generation, I'm the only one fits that title. When the State executes your father, and your mother dies of grief, and you know damn well he was innocent, and the authorities of your home town politely inform you they'd consider it a favor if you lived somewhere else—that cuts you off from the world—with a meat-axe.

CARR. They asked you to move?

MIO. It came to that.

CARR. God, that was white of them.

MIO. It probably gave them a headache just to see me after all that agitation. They knew as well as I did my father never staged a holdup. Anyway, I've got a new interest in life now.

CARR. Yes—I saw her.

MIO. I don't mean the skirt.—No, I got wind of something, out west, some college professor investigating the trial and turning up new evidence. Couldn't find anything he'd written out there, so I beat it east and arrived on this blessed island just in time to find the bums holing up in the public library for the winter. I know now what the unemployed have been doing since the depression started. They've been catching up on their reading in the main reference room. Man, what a stench! Maybe I stank, too, but a hobo has the stench of ten because his shoes are poor.

CARR. Tennyson.

MIO. Right. Jeez, I'm glad we met up again! Never knew anybody else that could track me through the driven snow of Victorian literature.

CARR. Now you're cribbing from some half-forgotten criticism of Ben Jonson's Roman plagiarisms.

MIO. Where did you get your education, sap?

CARR. Not in the public library, sap. My father kept a news-stand.

MIO. Well, you're right again.

[*There is a faint rumble of thunder*]

What's that? Winter thunder?

CARR. Or Mister God, beating on His little tocsin. Maybe announcing the advent of a new social order.

MIO. Or maybe it's going to rain coffee and doughnuts.

CARR. Or maybe it's going to rain.

MIO. Seems more likely.

[*Lowering his voice*]

Anyhow, I found Professor Hobhouse's discussion of the Romagna case. I think he has something. It occurred to me I might follow it up by doing a little sleuthing on my own account.

CARR. Yes?

MIO. I have done a little. And it leads me to somewhere in that tenement house that backs up against the bridge. That's how I happen to be here.

CARR. They'll never let you get anywhere with it, Mio. I told you that before.

MIO. I know you did.

CARR. The State can't afford to admit it was wrong, you see. Not when there's been that much of a row kicked up over it. So for all practical purposes the State was right and your father robbed the payroll.

MIO. There's still such a thing as evidence.

CARR. It's something you can buy. In fact, at the moment I don't think of anything you can't buy, including life, honor, virtue, glory, public office, conjugal affection and all kinds of justice, from the traffic court to the immortal nine. Go out and make yourself a pot of money and you can buy all the justice you want. Convictions obtained, convictions averted. Lowest rates in years.

MIO. I know all that.

CARR. Sure.

MIO. This thing didn't happen to you.
They've left you your name
and whatever place you can take. For my heritage
they've left me one thing only, and that's to be
my father's voice crying up out of the earth
and quicklime where they stuck him. Electrocution
doesn't kill, you know. They eviscerate them
with a turn of the knife in the dissecting room.
The blood spurts out. The man was alive. Then into
the lime pit, leave no trace. Make it short shrift
and chemical dissolution. That's what they thought
of the man that was my father. Then my mother—
I tell you these county burials are swift
and cheap and run for profit! Out of the house
and into the ground, you wife of a dead dog. Wait,
here's some Romagna spawn left.
Something crawls here—
something they called a son. Why couldn't he die
along with his mother? Well, ease him out of town,
ease him out, boys, and see you're not too gentle.
He might come back. And (by their own living Jesus),
I will go back, and hang the carrion
around their necks that made it!
Maybe I can sleep then.
Or even live.

CARR. You have to try it?

MIO. Yes.
Yes. It won't let me alone. I've tried to live
and forget it—but I was birthmarked with hot iron
into the entrails. I've got to find out who did it
and make them see it till it scalds their eyes
and make them admit it till their tongues are blistered
with saying how black they lied!

[HERMAN, *a gawky shoe salesman, enters from the left*]

HERMAN. Hello. Did you see a couple of girls go this way?

CARR. Couple of girls? Did we see a couple of girls?

MIO. No.

CARR. No. No girls.

[HERMAN *hesitates, then goes out right.* LUCIA *comes in from the left, trundling his piano.* PINY *follows him, weeping*]

PINY. They've got no right to do it—

LUCIA. All right, hell what, no matter, I got to put him away, I got to put him away, that's what the hell!

[TWO STREET URCHINS *follow him in*]

PINY. They want everybody on the relief rolls and nobody making a living?

LUCIA. The cops, they do what the big boss says. The big boss, that's the mayor, he says he heard it once too often, the sextette—

PINY. They want graft, that's all. It's a new way to get graft—

LUCIA. Oh, no, no, no! He's a good man, the mayor. He's just don't care for music, that's all.

PINY. Why shouldn't you make a living on the street? The National Biscuit Company ropes off Eighth Avenue—and does the mayor do anything? No, the police hit you over the head if you try to go through!

LUCIA. You got the big dough, you get the pull, fine. No big dough, no pull, what the hell, get off the city property! Tomorrow I start cooking chestnuts . . .

[*He strokes the piano fondly. The* TWO GIRLS *and* HERMAN *come back from the right*]

She's a good little machine, this baby. Cost plenty—and two new records I only played twice. See, this one.

[*He starts turning the crank, talking while he plays*]

Two weeks since they play this one in a picture house.

[A SAILOR *wanders in from the left. One of the* STREET URCHINS *begins suddenly to dance a wild rumba, the others watch*]

Good boy—see, it's a lulu—it itches in the feet!

[HERMAN, *standing with his girl, tosses the boy a penny. He bows and goes on dancing; the other* URCHIN *joins them. The* SAILOR *tosses a coin*]

SAILOR. Go it, Cuba! Go it!

[LUCIA *turns the crank, beaming*]

2ND GIRL. Oh, Herman!

[*She throws her arms round* HERMAN *and they dance*]

1ST URCHIN. Hey, pipe the professionals!

1ST GIRL. Do your glide, Shirley! Do your glide!

LUCIA. Maybe we can't play in front, maybe we can play behind!

[*The* HOBO *gets up from his nest and comes over to watch.* A YOUNG RADICAL *wanders in*]

Maybe you don't know, folks! Tonight we play good-bye to the piano! Good-bye forever! No more piano on the streets! No more music! No

more money for the music-man! Last time, folks! Good-bye to the piano—good-bye forever!

[MIRIAMNE *comes out the rear door of the apartment and stands watching.* THE SAILOR *goes over to the 1st Girl and they dance together*]

Maybe you don't know, folks! Tomorrow will be sad as hell, tonight we dance! Tomorrow no more Verdi, no more rumba, no more good time! Tonight we play good-bye to the piano, good-bye forever!

[*The* RADICAL *edges up to* MIRIAMNE, *and asks her to dance. She shakes her head and he goes to* PINY, *who dances with him. The* HOBO *begins to do a few lonely curvets on the side above*]

Hoy! Hoy! Pick 'em up and take 'em around! Use the head, use the feet! Last time forever!

[*He begins to sing to the air*]

MIO. Wait for me, will you?

CARR. Now's your chance.

[MIO *goes over to* MIRIAMNE *and holds out a hand, smiling. She stands for a moment uncertain, then dances with him.* ESDRAS *comes out to watch.* JUDGE GAUNT *comes in from the left. There is a rumble of thunder*]

LUCIA. Hoy! Hoy! Maybe it rains tonight, maybe it snows tomorrow! Tonight we dance good-bye.

[*He sings the air lustily.* A POLICEMAN *comes in from the left and looks on.* TWO OR THREE PEDESTRIANS *follow him*]

POLICEMAN. Hey you!

[LUCIA *goes on singing*]

Hey, you!

LUCIA [*still playing*]. What you want?

POLICEMAN. Sign off!

LUCIA. What you mean? I get off the street!

POLICEMAN. Sign off!

LUCIA [*still playing*]. What you mean?

[*The* POLICEMAN *walks over to him.* LUCIA *stops playing and the* DANCERS *pause*]

POLICEMAN. Cut it.

LUCIA. Is this a street?

POLICEMAN. I say cut it out.

[*The* HOBO *goes back to his nest and sits in it, watching*]

LUCIA. It's the last time. We dance good-bye to the piano.

POLICEMAN. You'll dance good-bye to something else if I catch you cranking that thing again.

LUCIA. All right.

PINY. I'll bet you don't say that to the National Biscuit Company!

POLICEMAN. Lady, you've been selling apples on my beat for some time now, and I said nothing about it—

PINY. Selling apples is allowed—

POLICEMAN. You watch yourself—

[*He takes a short walk around the place and comes upon the* HOBO]

What are you doing here?

[*The* HOBO *opens his mouth, points to it, and shakes his head*]

Oh, you are, are you?

[*He comes back to* LUCIA]

So you trundle your so-called musical instrument to wherever you keep it, and don't let me hear it again.

[*The* RADICAL *leaps on the base of the rock at right. The* 1ST GIRL *turns away from the* SAILOR *toward the* 2ND GIRL *and* HERMAN]

SAILOR. Hey, captain, what's the matter with the music?

POLICEMAN. Not a thing, admiral.

SAILOR. Well, we had a little party going here—

POLICEMAN. I'll say you did.

2ND GIRL. Please, officer, we want to dance.

POLICEMAN. Go ahead. Dance.

2ND GIRL. But we want music!

POLICEMAN [*turning to go*]. Sorry. Can't help you.

RADICAL. And there you see it, the perfect example of capitalistic oppression! In a land where music should be free as air and the arts should be encouraged, a uniformed minion of the rich, a guardian myrmidon of the Park Avenue pleasure hunters, steps in and puts a limit on the innocent enjoyments of the poor! We don't go to theatres! Why not? We can't afford it! We don't go to night clubs, where women dance naked and the music drips from saxophones and leaks out of Rudy Vallee—we can't afford that either!—But we might at least dance on the river bank to the strains of a barrel organ—!

[GARTH *comes out of the apartment and listens*]

POLICEMAN. It's against the law!

RADICAL. What law? I challenge you to tell me what law of God or man—what ordinance—is violated by this spontaneous diversion? None! I say none! An official whim of the masters who should be our servants!—

POLICEMAN. Get down! Get down and shut up!

RADICAL. By what law, by what ordinance do you order me to be quiet?

POLICEMAN. Speaking without a flag. You know it.

RADICAL [*pulling out a small American flag*]. There's my flag! There's the flag of this United States which used to guarantee the rights of man—the rights of man now violated by every third statute of the commonweal—

POLICEMAN. Don't try to pull tricks on me! I've seen you before! You're not making any speech, and you're climbing down—

JUDGE GAUNT [*who has come quietly forward*]. One moment, officer. There is some difference of opinion even on the bench as to the elasticity of

police power when applied in minor emergencies to preserve civil order. But the weight of authority would certainly favor the defendant in any equable court, and he would be upheld in his demand to be heard.

POLICEMAN. Who are you?

JUDGE GAUNT. Sir, I am not accustomed to answer that question.

POLICEMAN. I don't know you.

GAUNT. I am a judge of some standing, not in your city but in another with similar statutes. You are aware, of course, that the bill of rights is not to be set aside lightly by the officers of any municipality—

POLICEMAN [*looking over* GAUNT'S *somewhat bedraggled costume*]. Maybe they understand you better in the town you come from, but I don't get your drift.—

[*To the* RADICAL]

I don't want any trouble, but if you ask for it you'll get plenty. Get down!

RADICAL. I'm not asking for trouble, but I'm staying right here.

[*The* POLICEMAN *moves toward him*]

GAUNT [*taking the policeman's arm, but shaken off roughly*]. I ask this for yourself, truly, not for the dignity of the law nor the law nor the maintenance of precedent. Be gentle with them when their threats are childish —be tolerant while you can—for your least harsh word will return on you in the night—return in a storm of cries!—

[*He takes the* POLICEMAN'S *arm again*]

Whatever they may have said or done, let them disperse in peace! It is better that they go softly, lest when they are dead you see their eyes pleading, and their outstretched hands touch you, fingering cold on your heart!—I have been harsher than you. I have sent men down that long corridor into blinding light and blind darkness!

[*He suddenly draws himself erect and speaks defiantly*]

And it was well that I did so! I have been an upright judge! They are all liars! Liars!

POLICEMAN [*shaking* GAUNT *off so that he falls*]. Why, you fool, you're crazy!

GAUNT. Yes, and there are liars on the force! They came to me with their shifty lies! [*He catches at the* POLICEMAN, *who pushes him away with his foot*]

POLICEMAN. You think I've got nothing better to do than listen to a crazy fool?

1ST GIRL. Shame, shame!

POLICEMAN. What have I got to be ashamed of? And what's going on here, anyway? Where in hell did you all come from?

RADICAL. Tread on him! That's right! Tread down the poor and the innocent!

[*There is a protesting murmur in the crowd*]

SAILOR [*moving in a little*]. Say, big boy, you don't have to step on the guy.
POLICEMAN [*facing them, stepping back*]. What's the matter with you! I haven't stepped on anybody!
MIO [*at the right, across from the* POLICEMAN].
Listen now, fellows, give the badge a chance.
He's doing his job, what he gets paid to do,
the same as any of you. They're all picked men,
these metropolitan police, hand picked
for loyalty and a fine up-standing pair
of shoulders on their legs—it's not so easy
to represent the law. Think what he does
for all of us, stamping out crime!
Do you want to be robbed and murdered in your beds?
SAILOR. What's eating you?
RADICAL. He must be a capitalist.
MIO. They pluck them fresh
from Ireland, and a paucity of headpiece
is a prime prerequisite. You from Ireland, buddy?
POLICEMAN [*surly*]. Where are you from?
MIO. Buddy, I tell you flat
I wish I was from Ireland, and could boast
some Tammany connections. There's only one drawback
about working on the force. It infects the brain,
it eats the cerebrum. There've been cases known,
fine specimens of manhood, too, where autopsies,
conducted in approved scientific fashion,
revealed conditions quite incredible
in policemen's upper layers. In some, a trace,
in others, when they've swung a stick too long,
there was nothing there!—but nothing! Oh, my friends,
this fine athletic figure of a man
that stands so grim before us, what will they find
when they saw his skull for the last inspection?
I fear me a little puffball dust will blow away
rejoining earth, our mother—and this same dust,
this smoke, this ash on the wind, will represent
all he had left to think with!
THE HOBO. Hooray!
[*The* POLICEMAN *turns on his heel and looks hard at the* HOBO, *who slinks away*]
POLICEMAN. Oh, yeah?
MIO. My theme
gives ears to the deaf and voice to the dumb! But now
forgive me if I say you were most unkind

in troubling the officer. He's a simple man
of simple tastes, and easily confused
when faced with complex issues. He may reflect
on returning home, that is, so far as he
is capable of reflection, and conclude
that he was kidded out of his uniform pants,
and in his fury when this dawns on him
may smack his wife down!

POLICEMAN. That'll be about enough from you, too, professor!

MIO. May I say that I think you have managed this whole situation rather badly, from the beginning?—

POLICEMAN. You may not!

[FROCK *slips in from the background. The* TWO YOUNG MEN IN SERGE *come with him*]

MIO. Oh, but your pardon, sir! It's apparent to the least competent among us that you should have gone about your task more subtly—the glove of velvet, the hand of iron, and all that sort of thing—

POLICEMAN. Shut that hole in your face!

MIO. Sir, for that remark I shall be satisfied with nothing less than an unconditional apology! I have an old score to settle with policemen, brother, because they're fools and fat-heads, and you're one of the most fatuous fatheads that ever walked his feet flat collecting graft! Tell that to your sergeant back in the booby-hatch.

POLICEMAN. Oh, you want an apology, do you? You'll get an apology out of the other side of your mouth!

[*He steps toward* MIO. CARR *suddenly stands in his path*]

Get out of my way!

[*He pauses and looks round him; the crowd looks less and less friendly. He lays a hand on his gun and backs to a position where there is nobody behind him*]

Get out of here, all of you! Get out! What are you trying to do—start a riot?

MIO. There now, that's better! That's in the best police tradition. Incite a riot yourself and then accuse the crowd.

POLICEMAN. It won't be pleasant if I decide to let somebody have it! Get out!

[*The onlookers begin to melt away. The* SAILOR *goes out left with the* GIRLS *and* HERMAN. CARR *and* MIO *go out right,* CARR *whistling "The Star Spangled Banner." The* HOBO *follows them. The* RADICAL *walks past with his head in the air.* PINY *and* LUCIA *leave the piano where it stands and slip away to the left. At the end the* POLICEMAN *is left standing in the center, the* JUDGE *near him.* ESDRAS *stands in the doorway.* MIRIAMNE *is left sitting half in shadow and unseen by* ESDRAS]

JUDGE GAUNT [*to the* POLICEMAN]. Yes, but should a man die, should it be necessary that one man die for the good of many, make not yourself the

instrument of death, lest you sleep to wake sobbing! Nay, it avails nothing that you are the law—this delicate ganglion that is the brain, it will not bear these things—!

[*The* POLICEMAN *gives the* JUDGE *the once-over, shrugs, decides to leave him there and starts out left.* GARTH *goes to his father—a fine sleet begins to fall through the street lights.* TROCK *is still visible*]

GARTH. Get him in here, quick.

ESDRAS. Who, son?

GARTH. The Judge, damn him!

ESDRAS. Is it Judge Gaunt?

GARTH. Who did you think it was? He's crazy as a bedbug and telling the world. Get him inside! [*He looks round*]

ESDRAS [*going up to* GAUNT]. Will you come in, sir?

GAUNT. You will understand, sir. We old men know how softly we must proceed with these things.

ESDRAS. Yes, surely, sir.

GAUNT. It was always my practice—always. They will tell you that of me where I am known. Yet even I am not free of regret—even I. Would you believe it?

ESDRAS. I believe we are none of us free of regret.

GAUNT. None of us? I would it were true. I would I thought it were true.

ESDRAS. Shall we go in, sir? This is sleet that's falling.

GAUNT. Yes. Let us go in.

[ESDRAS, GAUNT *and* GARTH *enter the basement and shut the door.* TROCK *goes out with his men. After a pause* MIO *comes back from the right, alone. He stands at a little distance from* MIRIAMNE]

MIO. Looks like rain.

[*She is silent*]

You live around here?

[*She nods gravely*]

I guess
you thought I meant it—about waiting here to meet me.

[*She nods again*]

I'd forgotten about it till I got that winter
across the face. You'd better go inside.
I'm not your kind. I'm nobody's kind but my own.
I'm waiting for this to blow over.

[*She rises*]

I lied. I meant it—
I meant it when I said it—but there's too much black
whirling inside me—for any girl to know.
So go on in. You're somebody's angel child
and they're waiting for you.

MIRIAMNE. Yes. I'll go.

[*She turns*]

MIO. And tell them
when you get inside where it's warm,
and you love each other,
and mother comes to kiss her darling, tell them
to hang on to it while they can, believe while they can
it's a warm safe world, and Jesus finds his lambs
and carries them in his bosom.—I've seen some lambs
that Jesus missed. If they ever want the truth
tell them that nothing's guaranteed in this climate
except it gets cold in winter, nor on this earth
except you die sometime.
[*He turns away*]
MIRIAMNE. I have no mother.
And my people are Jews.
MIO. Then you know something about it.
MIRIAMNE. Yes.
MIO. Do you have enough to eat?
MIRIAMNE. Not always.
MIO. What do you believe in?
MIRIAMNE. Nothing.
MIO. Why?
MIRIAMNE. How can one?
MIO. It's easy if you're a fool. You see the words
in books. Honor, it says there, chivalry, freedom,
heroism, enduring love—and these
are words on paper. It's something to have them there.
You'll get them nowhere else.
MIRIAMNE. What hurts you?
MIO. Just that.
You'll get them nowhere else.
MIRIAMNE. Why should you want them?
MIO. I'm alone, that's why. You see those lights,
along the river, cutting across the rain—?
those are the hearths of Brooklyn, and up this way
the love-nests of Manhattan—they turn their points
like knives against me—outcast of the world,
snake in the streets.—I don't want a hand-out.
I sleep and eat.
MIRIAMNE. Do you want me to go with you?
MIO. Where?
MIRIAMNE. Where you go.
[*A pause. He goes nearer to her*]
MIO. Why, you god-damned little fool—
what made you say that?

MIRIAMNE. I don't know.
MIO. If you have a home
stay in it. I ask for nothing. I've schooled myself
to ask for nothing, and take what I can get,
and get along. If I fell for you, that's my look-out,
and I'll starve it down.
MIRIAMNE. Wherever you go, I'd go.
MIO. What do you know about loving?
How could you know?
Have you ever had a man?
MIRIAMNE [*after a slight pause*]. No. But I know.
Tell me your name.
MIO. Mio. What's yours?
MIRIAMNE. Miriamne.
MIO. There's no such name.
MIRIAMNE. But there's no such name as Mio!
M.I.O. It's no name.
MIO. It's for Bartolomeo.
MIRIAMNE. My mother's name was Miriam, so they called me Miriamne.
MIO. Meaning little Miriam?
MIRIAMNE. Yes.
MIO. So now little Miriamne will go in
and take up quietly where she dropped them all
her small housewifely cares.—When I first saw you,
not a half-hour ago, I heard myself saying,
this is the face that launches ships for me—
and if I owned a dream—yes, half a dream—
we'd share it. But I have no dream. This earth
came tumbling down from chaos, fire and rock,
and bred up worms, blind worms that sting each other
here in the dark. These blind worms of the earth
took out my father—and killed him, and set a sign
on me—the heir of the serpent—and he was a man
such as men might be if the gods were men—
but they killed him—
as they'll kill all others like him
till the sun cools down to the stabler molecules,
yes, till men spin their tent-worm webs to the stars
and what they think is done, even in the thinking,
and they are the gods, and immortal, and constellations
turn for them all like mill wheels—still as they are
they will be, worms and blind. Enduring love,
oh gods and worms, what mockery!—And yet
I have blood enough in my veins. It goes like music,

singing, because you're here. My body turns
as if you were the sun, and warm. This men called love
in happier times, before the Freudians taught us
to blame it on the glands. Only go in
before you breathe too much of my atmosphere
and catch death from me.

MIRIAMNE. I will take my hands
and weave them to a little house, and there
you shall keep a dream—

MIO. God knows I could use a dream
and even a house.

MIRIAMNE. You're laughing at me, Mio!

MIO. The worms are laughing.
I tell you there's death about me
and you're a child! And I'm alone and half mad
with hate and longing. I shall let you love me
and love you in return, and then, why then
God knows what happens!

MIRIAMNE. Something most unpleasant?

MIO. Love in a box car—love among the children.
I've seen too much of it. Are we to live
in this same house you make with your two hands
mystically, out of air?

MIRIAMNE. No roof, no mortgage!
Well, I shall marry a baker out in Flatbush,
it gives hot bread in the morning! Oh, Mio, Mio,
in all the unwanted places and waste lands
that roll up into the darkness out of sun
and into sun out of dark, there should be one empty
for you and me.

MIO. No.

MIRIAMNE. Then go now and leave me.
I'm only a girl you saw in the tenements,
and there's been nothing said.

MIO. Miriamne.

[*She takes a step toward him*]

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

[*He kisses her lips lightly*]

MIO. Why, girl, the transfiguration on the mount
was nothing to your face. It lights from within—
a white chalice holding fire, a flower in flame,
this is your face.

MIRIAMNE. And you shall drink the flame
and never lessen it. And round your head

the aureole shall burn that burns there now,
forever. This I can give you. And so forever
the Freudians are wrong.

MIO. They're well-forgotten
at any rate.

MIRIAMNE. Why did you speak to me
when you first saw me?

MIO. I knew then.

MIRIAMNE. And I came back
because I must see you again. And we danced together
and my heart hurt me Never, never, never,
though they should bind me down and tear out my eyes,
would I ever hurt you now. Take me with you, Mio,
let them look for us, whoever there is to look,
but we'll be away.

[MIO *turns away toward the tenement*]

MIO. When I was four years old
we climbed through an iron gate, my mother and I,
to see my father in prison. He stood in the death-cell
and put his hand through the bars and said, My Mio,
I have only this to leave you, that I love you,
and will love you after I die. Love me then, Mio,
when this hard thing comes on you, that you must live
a man despised for your father. That night the guards,
walking in flood-lights brighter than high noon,
led him between them with his trousers slit
and a shaven head for the cathodes. This sleet and rain
that I feel cold here on my face and hands
will find him under thirteen years of clay
in prison ground. Lie still and rest, my father,
for I have not forgotten. When I forget
may I lie blind as you. No other love,
time passing, nor the spaced light-years of suns
shall blur your voice, or tempt me from the path
that clears your name—
till I have these rats in my grip
or sleep deep where you sleep.

[*To* MIRIAMNE]

I have no house,
nor home, nor love of life, nor fear of death,
nor care for what I eat, or who I sleep with,
or what color of calcimine the Government
will wash itself this year or next to lure
the sheep and feed the wolves. Love somewhere else,

and get your children in some other image
more acceptable to the State! This face of mine
is stamped for sewage!
[*She steps back, surmising*]

MIRIAMNE. Mio—

MIO. My road is cut
in rock, and leads to one end. If I hurt you, I'm sorry.
One gets over hurts.

MIRIAMNE. What was his name—
your father's name?

MIO. Bartolomeo Romagna.
I'm not ashamed of it.

MIRIAMNE. Why are you here?

MIO. For the reason
I've never had a home. Because I'm a cry
out of a shallow grave, and all roads are mine
that might revenge him!

MIRIAMNE. But Mio—why here—why here?

MIO. I can't tell you that.

MIRIAMNE. No—but—there's someone
lives here—lives not far—and you mean to see him—
you mean to ask him—
[*She pauses*]

MIO. Who told you that?

MIRIAMNE. His name
is Garth—Garth Esdras—

MIO [*after a pause, coming nearer*]. Who are you, then? You seem
to know a good deal about me.—Were you sent
to say this?

MIRIAMNE. You said there was death about you! Yes,
but nearer than you think! Let it be as it is—
let it all be as it is, never see this place
nor think of it—forget the streets you came
when you're away and safe! Go before you're seen
or spoken to!

MIO. Will you tell me why?

MIRIAMNE. As I love you
I can't tell you—and I can never see you—

MIO. I walk where I please—

MIRIAMNE. Do you think it's easy for me
to send you away?
[*She steps back as if to go*]

MIO. Where will I find you then
if I should want to see you?

MIRIAMNE. Never—I tell you
I'd bring you death! Even now. Listen!
[SHADOW *and* TROCK *enter between the bridge and the tenement house.* MIRIAMNE *pulls* MIO *back into the shadows of the rock to avoid being seen*]
TROCK. Why, fine.
SHADOW. You watch it now—just for the record, Trock—
you're going to thank me for staying away from it
and keeping you out. I've seen men get that way,
thinking they had to plug a couple of guys
and then a few more to cover it up, and then
maybe a dozen more. You can't own all
and territory adjacent, and you can't
slough all the witnesses, because every man
you put away has friends—
TROCK. I said all right.
I said fine.
SHADOW. They're going to find this judge,
and if they find him dead it's just too bad,
and I don't want to know anything about it—
and you don't either.
TROCK. You all through?
SHADOW. Why sure.
TROCK. All right.
We're through, too, you know.
SHADOW. Yeah?
[*He becomes wary*]
TROCK. Yeah, we're through.
SHADOW. I've heard that said before, and afterwards somebody died.
[TROCK *is silent*]
Is that what you mean?
TROCK. You can go.
I don't want to see you.
SHADOW. Sure, I'll go.
Maybe you won't mind if I just find out
what you've got on you. Before I turn my back
I'd like to know.
[*Silently and expertly he touches* TROCK'S *pockets, extracting a gun*]
Not that I'd distrust you,
but you know how it is.
[*He pockets the gun*]
So long, Trock.
TROCK. So long.

SHADOW. I won't talk.
You can be sure of that.
TROCK. I know you won't.
[SHADOW *turns and goes out right, past the rock and along the bank. As he goes the* TWO YOUNG MEN IN BLUE SERGE *enter from the left and walk slowly after* SHADOW. *They look toward* TROCK *as they enter and he motions with his thumb in the direction taken by* SHADOW. *They follow* SHADOW *out without haste.* TROCK *watches them disappear, then slips out the way he came.* MIO *comes a step forward, looking after the two men. Two or three shots are heard, then silence.* MIO *starts to run after* SHADOW]
MIRIAMNE. Mio!
MIO. What do you know about this?
MIRIAMNE. The other way,
Mio—quick!
[CARR *slips in from the right, in haste*]
CARR. Look, somebody's just been shot.
He fell in the river. The guys that did the shooting
ran up the bank.
MIO. Come on.
[MIO *and* CARR *run out right.* MIRIAMNE *watches uncertainly, then slowly turns and walks to the rear door of the tenement. She stands there a moment, looking after* MIO, *then goes in, closing the door.* CARR *and* MIO *return*]
CARR. There's a rip tide past the point. You'd never find him.
MIO. No.
CARR. You know a man really ought to carry insurance living around here.—
God, it's easy, putting a fellow away. I never saw it done before.
MIO [*looking at the place where* MIRIAMNE *stood*]. They have it all worked out.
CARR. What are you doing now?
MIO. I have a little business to transact in this neighborhood.
CARR. You'd better forget it.
MIO. No.
CARR. Need any help?
MIO. Well, if I did I'd ask you first. But I don't see how it would do any good. So you keep out of it and take care of yourself.
CARR. So long, then.
MIO. So long, Carr.
CARR [*looking down-stream*]. He was drifting face up. Must be halfway to the island the way the tide runs.
[*He shivers*]
God, it's cold here. Well—

[*He goes out to the left.* MIO *sits on the edge of the rock.* LUCIA *comes stealthily back from between the bridge and the tenement, goes to the street-piano and wheels it away.* PINY *comes in. They take a look at* MIO, *but say nothing.* LUCIA *goes into his shelter and* PINY *into hers.* MIO *rises, looks up at the tenement, and goes out to the left*]

CURTAIN

## ACT TWO

SCENE: *The basement as in Scene 2 of Act One. The same evening.* ESDRAS *sits at the table reading,* MIRIAMNE *is seated at the left, listening and intent. The door of the inner room is half open and* GARTH'S *violin is heard. He is playing the theme from the third movement of Beethoven's Archduke Trio.* ESDRAS *looks up.*

ESDRAS. I remember when I came to the end
of all the Talmud said, and the commentaries,
then I was fifty years old—and it was time
to ask what I had learned. I asked this question
and gave myself the answer. In all the Talmud
there was nothing to find but the names of things,
set down that we might call them by those names
and walk without fear among things known. Since then
I have had twenty years to read on and on
and end with Ecclesiastes. Names of names,
evanid days, evanid nights and days
and words that shift their meaning. Space is time,
that which was is now—the men of tomorrow
live, and this is their yesterday. All things
that were and are and will be, have their being
then and now and to come. If this means little
when you are young, remember it. It will return
to mean more when you are old.

MIRIAMNE. I'm sorry—I
was listening for something.

ESDRAS. It doesn't matter.
It's a useless wisdom. It's all I have,
but useless. It may be there is no time,
but we grow old. Do you know his name?

MIRIAMNE. Whose name?

ESDRAS. Why, when we're young and listen for a step
the step should have a name—
[MIRIAMNE, *not hearing, rises and goes to the window,* GARTH *enters from within, carrying his violin and carefully closing the door*]
GARTH [*as* ESDRAS *looks at him*]. Asleep.
ESDRAS. He may
sleep on through the whole night—then in the morning
we can let them know.
GARTH. We'd be wiser to say nothing—
let him find his own way back.
ESDRAS. How did he come here?
GARTH. He's not too crazy for that. If he wakes again
we'll keep him quiet and shift him off tomorrow.
Somebody'd pick him up.
ESDRAS. How have I come
to this sunken end of a street, at a life's end—?
GARTH. It was cheaper here—not to be transcendental—
So—we say nothing—?
ESDRAS. Nothing.
MIRIAMNE. Garth, there's no place
in this whole city—not one—
where you wouldn't be safer
than here—tonight—or tomorrow.
GARTH [*bitterly*]. Well, that may be.
What of it?
MIRIAMNE. If you slipped away and took
a place somewhere where Trock couldn't find you—
GARTH. Yes—
using what for money? and why do you think
I've sat here so far—because I love my home
so much? No, but if I stepped around the corner
it'd be my last corner and my last step.
MIRIAMNE. And yet—
if you're here—they'll find you here—
Trock will come again—
and there's worse to follow—
GARTH. Do you want to get me killed?
MIRIAMNE. No.
GARTH. There's no way out of it. We'll wait
and take what they send us.
ESDRAS. Hush! You'll wake him.
GARTH. I've done it.
I hear him stirring now.
[*They wait quietly.* JUDGE GAUNT *opens the door and enters*]

GAUNT [*in the doorway*]. I beg your pardon—
no, no, be seated—keep your place—I've made
your evening difficult enough, I fear;
and I must thank you doubly for your kindness,
for I've been ill—I know it.
ESDRAS. You're better, sir?
GAUNT. Quite recovered, thank you. Able, I hope,
to manage nicely now. You'll be rewarded
for your hospitality—though at this moment
[*He smiles*]
I'm low in funds.
[*He inspects his billfold*]
Sir, my embarrassment
is great indeed—and more than monetary,
for I must own my recollection's vague
of how I came here—how we came together—
and what we may have said. My name is Gaunt,
Judge Gaunt, a name long known in the criminal courts,
and not unhonored there.
ESDRAS. My name is Esdras—
and this is Garth, my son. And Miriamne,
the daughter of my old age.
GAUNT. I'm glad to meet you.
Esdras. Garth Esdras.
[*He passes a hand over his eyes*]
It's not a usual name.
Of late it's been connected with a case—
a case I knew. But this is hardly the man.
Though it's not a usual name.
[*They are silent*]
Sir, how I came here,
as I have said, I don't well know. Such things
are sometimes not quite accident.
ESDRAS. We found you
outside our door and brought you in.
GAUNT. The brain
can be overworked, and weary, even when the man
would swear to his good health. Sir, on my word
I don't know why I came here, nor how, nor when,
nor what would explain it. Shall we say the machine
begins to wear? I felt no twinge of it.—
You will imagine how much more than galling
I feel it, to ask my way home—and where I am—
but I do ask you that.

ESDRAS. This is New York City—
or part of it.
GAUNT. Not the best part, I presume?
[*He smiles grimly*]
No, not the best.
ESDRAS. Not typical, no.
GAUNT. And you—
[*To* GARTH]
You are Garth Esdras?
GARTH. That's my name.
GAUNT. Well, sir.
[*To* ESDRAS]
I shall lie under the deepest obligation
if you will set an old man on his path,
for I lack the homing instinct, if the truth
were known. North, east and south mean nothing to me
here in this room.
ESDRAS. I can put you in your way.
GARTH. Only you'd be wiser to wait a while—
if I'm any judge.—
GAUNT. It happens I'm the judge—
[*With stiff humor*]
in more ways than one. You'll forgive me if I say
I find this place and my predicament
somewhat distasteful.
[*He looks round him*]
GARTH. I don't doubt you do;
but you're better off here.
GAUNT. Nor will you find it wise
to cross my word as lightly as you seem
inclined to do. You've seen me ill and shaken—
and you presume on that.
GARTH. Have it your way.
GAUNT. Doubtless what information is required
we'll find nearby.
ESDRAS. Yes, sir—the terminal,—
if you could walk so far.
GAUNT. I've done some walking—
to look at my shoes.
[*He looks down, then puts out a hand to steady himself*]
That—that was why I came—
never mind—it was there—and it's gone.
[*To* GARTH]

Professor Hobhouse—
that's the name—he wrote some trash about you
and printed it in a broadside.
—Since I'm here I can tell you
it's a pure fabrication—lacking facts
and legal import. Senseless and impudent,
written with bias—with malicious intent
to undermine the public confidence
in justice and the courts. I knew it then—
all he brings out about this testimony
you might have given. It's true I could have called you,
but the case was clear—Romagna was known guilty,
and there was nothing to add. If I've endured
some hours of torture over their attacks
upon my probity—and in this torture
have wandered from my place, wandered perhaps
in mind and body—and found my way to face you—
why, yes, it is so—I know it—I beg of you
say nothing. It's not easy to give up
a fair name after a full half century
of service to a state. It may well rock
the surest reason. Therefore I ask of you
say nothing of this visit.

GARTH. I'll say nothing.

ESDRAS. Nor any of us.

GAUNT. Why, no—for you'd lose, too.
You'd have nothing to gain.

ESDRAS. Indeed we know it.

GAUNT. I'll remember you kindly. When I've returned,
there may be some mystery made of where I was—
we'll leave it a mystery?

GARTH. Anything you say.

GAUNT. Why, now I go with much more peace of mind—
if I can call you friends.

ESDRAS. We shall be grateful
for silence on your part, Your Honor.

GAUNT. Sir—
if there were any just end to be served
by speaking out, I'd speak! There is none. No—
bear that in mind!

ESDRAS. We will, Your Honor.

GAUNT. Then—
I'm in some haste. If you can be my guide,
we'll set out now.

ESDRAS. Yes, surely.

[*There is a knock at the door. The four look at each other with some apprehension.* MIRIAMNE *rises*]

I'll answer it.

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

[*She goes into the inner room and closes the door.* ESDRAS *goes to the outer door. The knock is repeated. He opens the door.* MIO *is there*]

ESDRAS. Yes, sir.

MIO. May I come in?

ESDRAS. Will you state your business, sir?
It's late—and I'm not at liberty—

MIO. Why, I might say
that I was trying to earn my tuition fees
by peddling magazines. I could say that,
or collecting old newspapers—paying cash—
highest rates—on questions asked—

[*He looks round sharply*]

GARTH. We've nothing to sell.
What do you want?

MIO. Your pardon, gentlemen.
My business is not of an ordinary kind,
and I felt the need of this slight introduction
while I might get my bearings. Your name is Esdras,
or they told me so outside.

GARTH. What do you want?

MIO. Is that the name?

GARTH. Yes.

MIO. I'll be quick and brief.
I'm the son of a man who died many years ago
for a pay roll robbery in New England. You
should be Garth Esdras, by what I've heard. You have
some knowledge of the crime, if one can believe
what he reads in the public prints, and it might be
that your testimony, if given, would clear my father
of any share in the murder. You may not care
whether he was guilty or not. You may not know.
But I do care—and care deeply, and I've come
to ask you face to face.

GARTH. To ask me what?

MIO. What do you know of it?

ESDRAS. This man Romagna,
did he have a son?

MIO. Yes, sir, this man Romagna,
as you choose to call him, had a son, and I
am that son, and proud.
ESDRAS. Forgive me.
MIO. Had you known him,
and heard him speak, you'd know why I'm proud, and why
he was no malefactor.
ESDRAS. I quite believe you.
If my son can help he will. But at this moment,
as I told you—could you, I wonder, come tomorrow,
at your own hour?
MIO. Yes.
ESDRAS. By coincidence
we too of late have had this thing in mind—
there have been comments printed, and much discussion
which we could hardly avoid.
MIO. Could you tell me then
in a word?—What you know—
is it for him or against him?—
that's all I need.
ESDRAS. My son knows nothing.
GARTH. No.
The picture-papers lash themselves to a fury
over any rumor—make them up when they're short
of bedroom slops.—This is what happened. I
had known a few members of a gang one time
up there—and after the murder they picked me up
because I looked like someone that was seen
in what they called the murder car. They held me
a little while, but they couldn't identify me
for the most excellent reason I wasn't there
when the thing occurred. A dozen years later now
a professor comes across this, and sees red
and asks why I wasn't called on as a witness
and yips so loud they syndicate his picture
in all the rotos. That's all I know about it.
I wish I could tell you more.
ESDRAS. Let me say too
that I have read some words your father said,
and you were a son fortunate in your father,
whatever the verdict of the world.
MIO. There are few
who think so, but it's true, and I thank you. Then—
that's the whole story?

GARTH. All I know of it.

MIO. They cover their tracks well, the inner ring
that distributes murder. I came three thousand miles
to this dead end.

ESDRAS. If he was innocent
and you know him so, believe it, and let the others
believe as they like.

MIO. Will you tell me how a man's
to live, and face his life, if he can't believe
that truth's like a fire,
and will burn through and be seen
though it takes all the years there are?
While I stand up and have breath in my lungs
I shall be one flame of that fire;
it's all the life I have.

ESDRAS. Then you must live so.
One must live as he can.

MIO. It's the only way
of life my father left me.

ESDRAS. Yes? Yet it's true
the ground we walk on is impacted down
and hard with blood and bones of those who died
unjustly. There's not one title to land or life,
even your own, but was built on rape and murder,
back a few years. It would take a fire indeed
to burn out all this error.

MIO. Then let it burn down,
all of it!

ESDRAS. We ask a great deal of the world
at first—then less—and then less.
We ask for truth
and justice. But this truth's a thing unknown
in the lightest, smallest matter—and as for justice,
who has once seen it done? You loved your father,
and I could have loved him, for every word he spoke
in his trial was sweet and tolerant, but the weight
of what men are and have, rests heavy on
the graves of those who lost. They'll not rise again,
and their causes lie there with them.

GAUNT. If you mean to say
that Bartolomeo Romagna was innocent,
you are wrong. He was guilty.
There may have been injustice

from time to time, by regrettable chance, in our courts,
but not in that case, I assure you.

MIO. Oh, you assure me!
You lie in your scrag teeth, whoever you are!
My father was murdered!

GAUNT. Romagna was found guilty
by all due process of law, and given his chance
to prove his innocence.

MIO. What chance? When a court
panders to mob hysterics, and the jury
comes in loaded to soak an anarchist
and a foreigner, it may be due process of law
but it's also murder!

GAUNT. He should have thought of that
before he spilled blood.

MIO. He?

GAUNT. Sir, I know too well
that he was guilty.

MIO. Who are you? How do you know?
I've searched the records through, the trial and what
came after, and in all that million words
I found not one unbiased argument
to fix the crime on him.

GAUNT. And you yourself,
were you unprejudiced?

MIO. Who are you?

ESDRAS. Sir,
this gentleman is here, as you are here,
to ask my son, as you have asked, what ground
there might be for this talk of new evidence
in your father's case. We gave him the same answer
we've given you.

MIO. I'm sorry. I'd supposed
his cause forgotten except by myself. There's still
a defense committee then?

GAUNT. There may be. I
am not connected with it.

ESDRAS. He is my guest,
and asks to remain unknown.

MIO [*after a pause, looking at* GAUNT]. The judge at the trial
was younger, but he had your face. Can it be
that you're the man?—Yes—Yes.—The jury charge—
I sat there as a child and heard your voice,
and watched that Brahminical mouth. I knew even then

you meant no good to him. And now you're here
to winnow out truth and justice—the fountain-head
of the lies that slew him! Are you Judge Gaunt?

GAUNT. I am.

MIO. Then tell me what damnation to what inferno
would fit the toad that sat in robes and lied
when he gave the charge, and knew he lied! Judge that,
and then go to your place in that hell!

GAUNT. I know and have known
what bitterness can rise against a court
when it must say, putting aside all weakness,
that a man's to die. I can forgive you that,
for you are your father's son, and you think of him
as a son thinks of his father. Certain laws
seem cruel in their operation; it's necessary
that we be cruel to uphold them. This cruelty
is kindness to those I serve.

MIO. I don't doubt that.
I know who it is you serve.

GAUNT. Would I have chosen
to rack myself with other men's despairs,
stop my ears, harden my heart, and listen only
to the voice of law and light, if I had hoped
some private gain for serving? In all my years
on the bench of a long-established commonwealth
not once has my decision been in question
save in this case. Not once before or since.
For hope of heaven or place on earth, or power
or gold, no man has had my voice, nor will
while I still keep the trust that's laid on me
to sentence and define.

MIO. Then why are you here?

GAUNT. My record's clean. I've kept it so. But suppose
with the best intent, among the myriad tongues
that come to testify, I had missed my way
and followed a perjured tale to a lethal end
till a man was forsworn to death? Could I rest or sleep
while there was doubt of this,
even while there was question in a layman's mind?
For always, night and day,
there lies on my brain like a weight, the admonition:
see truly, let nothing sway you; among all functions
there's but one godlike, to judge. Then see to it

you judge as a god would judge, with clarity,
with truth, with what mercy is found consonant
with order and law. Without law men are beasts,
and it's a judge's task to lift and hold them
above themselves. Let a judge be once mistaken
or step aside for a friend, and a gap is made
in the dykes that hold back anarchy and chaos,
and leave men bound but free.

MIO. Then the gap's been made,
and you made it.

GAUNT. I feared that too. May you be a judge
sometime, and know in what fear,
through what nights long
in fear, I scanned and verified and compared
the transcripts of the trial.

MIO. Without prejudice,
no doubt. It was never in your mind to prove
that you'd been right.

GAUNT. And conscious of that, too—
that that might be my purpose—watchful of that,
and jealous as his own lawyer of the rights
that should hedge the defendant!
And still I found no error,
shook not one staple of the bolts that linked
the doer to the deed! Still following on
from step to step, I watched all modern comment,
and saw it centered finally on one fact—
Garth Esdras was not called. This is Garth Esdras,
and you have heard him. Would his deposition
have justified a new trial?

MIO. No. It would not.

GAUNT. And there I come, myself. If the man were still
in his cell, and waiting, I'd have no faint excuse
for another hearing.

MIO. I've told you that I read
the trial from beginning to end. Every word you spoke
was balanced carefully to keep the letter
of the law and still convict—convict, by Christ,
if it tore the seven veils! You stand here now
running cascades of casuistry, to prove
to yourself and me that no judge of rank and breeding
could burn a man out of hate! But that's what you did
under all your varnish!

GAUNT. I've sought for evidence,
and you have sought. Have you found it? Can you cite
one fresh word in defence?
MIO. The trial itself
was shot full of legerdemain, prearranged to lead
the jury astray—
GAUNT. Could you prove that?
MIO. Yes!
GAUNT. And if
the jury were led astray, remember it's
the jury, by our Anglo-Saxon custom,
that finds for guilt or innocence. The judge
is powerless in that matter.
MIO. Not you! Your charge
misled the jury more than the evidence,
accepted every biased meaning, distilled
the poison for them!
GAUNT. But if that were so
I'd be the first, I swear it, to step down
among all men, and hold out both my hands
for manacles—yes, publish it in the streets,
that all I've held most sacred was defiled
by my own act. A judge's brain becomes
a delicate instrument to weigh men's lives
for good and ill—too delicate to bear
much tampering. If he should push aside
the weights and throw the beam, and say, this once
the man is guilty, and I will have it so
though his mouth cry out from the ground,
and all the world
revoke my word, he'd have a short way to go
to madness. I think you'd find him in the squares,
stopping the passers-by with arguments,—
see, I was right, the man was guilty there—
this was brought in against him, this—and this—
and I was left no choice! It's no light thing
when a long life's been dedicate to one end
to wrench the mind awry!
MIO. By your own thesis
you should be mad, and no doubt you are.
GAUNT. But my madness
is only this—that I would fain look back
on a life well spent—without one stain—one breath
of stain to flaw the glass—not in men's minds

nor in my own. I take my God as witness
I meant to earn that clearness, and believe
that I have earned it. Yet my name is clouded
with the blackest, fiercest scandal of our age
that's touched a judge. What I can do to wipe
that smutch from my fame I will. I think you know
how deeply I've been hated, for no cause
that I can find there. Can it not be—and I ask this
quite honestly—that the great injustice lies
on your side and not mine? Time and time again
men have come before me perfect in their lives,
loved by all who knew them, loved at home,
gentle, not vicious, yet caught so ripe red-handed
in some dark violence there was no denying
where the onus lay.

MIO. That was not so with my father!

GAUNT. And yet it seemed so to me. To other men
who sat in judgment on him. Can you be sure—
I ask this in humility—that you,
who were touched closest by the tragedy,
may not have lost perspective—may have brooded
day and night on one theme—till your eyes are tranced
and show you one side only?

MIO. I see well enough.

GAUNT. And would that not be part of the malady—
to look quite steadily at the drift of things
but see there what you wish—not what is there—
not what another man to whom the story
was fresh would say is there?

MIO. You think I'm crazy.
Is that what you meant to say?

GAUNT. I've seen it happen
with the best and wisest men. I but ask the question.
I can't speak for you. Is it not true wherever
you walk, through the little town where you knew him well,
or flying from it, inland or by the sea,
still walking at your side, and sleeping only
when you too sleep, a shadow not your own
follows, pleading and holding out its hands
to be delivered from shame?

MIO. How you know that
by God I don't know.

GAUNT. Because one spectre haunted you and me—
and haunts you still, but for me it's laid to rest

now that my mind is satisfied. He died
justly and not by error.
[*A pause*]

MIO [*stepping forward*]. Do you care to know
you've come so near to death it's miracle
that pulse still beats in your splotchy throat?
Do you know
there's murder in me?

GAUNT. There was murder in your sire,
and it's to be expected! I say he died
justly, and he deserved it!

MIO. Yes, you'd like too well
to have me kill you! That would prove your case
and clear your name, and dip my father's name
in stench forever! You'll not get that from me!
Go home and die in bed, get it under cover,
your *lux-et-lux* putrefaction of the right thing,
you man that walks like a god!

GAUNT. Have I made you angry
by coming too near the truth?

MIO. This sets him up,
this venomous slug, this sets him up in a gown,
deciding who's to walk above the earth
and who's to lie beneath! And giving reasons!
The cobra giving reasons; I'm a god,
by Buddha, holy and worshipful my fang,
and can I sink it in!
[*He pauses, turns as if to go, then sits*]
This is no good.
This won't help much.
[*The* JUDGE *and* ESDRAS *look at each other*]

GAUNT. We should be going.

ESDRAS. Yes.
[*They prepare to go*]
I'll lend you my coat.

GAUNT [*looking at it with distaste*]. No, keep it. A little rain
shouldn't matter to me.

ESDRAS. It freezes as it falls,
and you've a long way to go.

GAUNT. I'll manage, thank you.
[GAUNT *and* ESDRAS *go out,* ESDRAS *obsequious, closing the door*]

GARTH [*looking at* MIO'S *back*]. Well?

MIO [*not moving*]. Let me sit here a moment.
[GARTH *shrugs his shoulders and goes toward the inner door.* MIRI-

AMNE *opens it and comes out.* GARTH *looks at her, then at* MIO, *then lays his fingers on his lips. She nods.* GARTH *goes out.* MIRIAMNE *sits and watches* MIO. *After a little he turns and sees her*]

MIO. How did you come here?

MIRIAMNE. I live here.

MIO. Here?

MIRIAMNE. My name is Esdras. Garth
is my brother. The walls are thin.
I heard what was said.

MIO [*stirring wearily*]. I'm going. This is no place for me.

MIRIAMNE. What place
would be better?

MIO. None. Only it's better to go.
Just to go.

[*She comes over to him, puts her arm round him and kisses his forehead*]

MIRIAMNE. Mio.

MIO. What do you want?
Your kisses burn me—and your arms. Don't offer
what I'm never to have! I can have nothing. They say
they'll cross the void sometime to the other planets
and men will breathe in that air.
Well, I could breathe there,
but not here now. Not on this ball of mud.
I don't want it.

MIRIAMNE. They can take away so little
with all their words. For you're a king among them.
I heard you, and loved your voice.

MIO. I thought I'd fallen
so low there was no further, and now a pit
opens beneath. It was bad enough that he
should have died innocent, but if he were guilty—
then what's my life—what have I left to do—?
The son of a felon—and what they spat on me
was earned—and I'm drenched with the stuff.
Here on my hands
and cheeks, their spittle hanging! I liked my hands
because they were like his. I tell you I've lived
by his innocence, lived to see it flash
and blind them all—

MIRIAMNE. Never believe them, Mio,
never.

[*She looks toward the inner door*]

MIO. But it was truth I wanted, truth—
not the lies you'd tell yourself, or tell a woman,
or a woman tells you! The judge with his cobra mouth
may have spat truth—and I may be mad! For me—
your hands are too clean to touch me. I'm to have
the scraps from hotel kitchens—and instead of love
those mottled bodies that hitch themselves through alleys
to sell for dimes or nickels. Go, keep yourself chaste
for the baker bridegroom—baker and son of a baker,
let him get his baker's dozen on you!

MIRIAMNE. No—
say once you love me—say it once; I'll never
ask to hear it twice, nor for any kindness,
and you shall take all I have!

[GARTH *opens the inner door and comes out*]

GARTH. I interrupt
a love scene, I believe. We can do without
your adolescent mawkishness.

[*To* MIRIAMNE]

You're a child.
You'll both remember that.

MIRIAMNE. I've said nothing to harm you—
and will say nothing.

GARTH. You're my sister, though,
and I take a certain interest in you. Where
have you two met?

MIRIAMNE. We danced together.

GARTH. Then
the dance is over, I think.

MIRIAMNE. I've always loved you
and tried to help you, Garth. And you've been kind.
Don't spoil it now.

GARTH. Spoil it how?

MIRIAMNE. Because I love him.
I didn't know it would happen. We danced together.
And the world's all changed. I see you through a mist,
and our father, too. If you brought this to nothing
I'd want to die.

GARTH [*to* MIO]. You'd better go.

MIO. Yes, I know.

[*He rises. There is a trembling knock at the door.* MIRIAMNE *goes to it. The* HOBO *is there shivering*]

HOBO. Miss, could I sleep under the pipes tonight, miss?
Could I, please?

MIRIAMNE. I think—not tonight.
HOBO. There won't be any more nights—
if I don't get warm, miss.
MIRIAMNE. Come in.
[*The* HOBO *comes in, looks round deprecatingly, then goes to a corner beneath a huge heating pipe, which he crawls under as if he'd been there before*]
HOBO. Yes, miss, thank you.
GARTH. Must we put up with that?
MIRIAMNE. Father let him sleep there—
last winter.
GARTH. Yes, God, yes.
MIO. Well, good night.
MIRIAMNE. Where will you go?
MIO. Yes, where? As if it mattered.
GARTH. Oh, sleep here, too.
We'll have a row of you under the pipes.
MIO. No, thanks.
MIRIAMNE. Mio, I've saved a little money. It's only
some pennies, but you must take it.
[*She shakes some coins out of a box into her hand*]
MIO. No, thanks.
MIRIAMNE. And I love you.
You've never said you love me.
MIO. Why wouldn't I love you
when you're clean and sweet,
and I've seen nothing sweet or clean
this last ten years? I love you. I leave you that
for what good it may do you. It's none to me.
MIRIAMNE. Then kiss me.
MIO [*looking at* GARTH]. With that scowling over us? No.
When it rains, some spring
on the planet Mercury, where the spring comes often,
I'll meet you there, let's say. We'll wait for that.
It may be some time till then.
[*The outside door opens and* ESDRAS *enters with* JUDGE GAUNT, *then, after a slight interval,* TROCK *follows.* TROCK *surveys the interior and its occupants one by one, carefully*]
TROCK. I wouldn't want to cause you inconvenience,
any of you, and especially the Judge.
I think you know that. You've all got things to do—
trains to catch, and so on. But trains can wait.
Hell, nearly anything can wait, you'll find,
only I can't. I'm the only one that can't

because I've got no time. Who's all this here?
Who's that?
[*He points to the* HOBO]

ESDRAS. He's a poor half-wit, sir,
that sometimes sleeps there.

TROCK. Come out. I say come out,
whoever you are.
[*The* HOBO *stirs and looks up*]
Yes, I mean you Come out.
[*The* HOBO *emerges*]
What's your name?

HOBO. They mostly call me Oke.

TROCK. What do you know?

HOBO. No, sir.

TROCK. Where are you from?

HOBO. I got a piece of bread.
[*He brings it out, trembling*]

TROCK. Get back in there!
[*The* HOBO *crawls back into his corner*]
Maybe you want to know why I'm doing this.
Well, I've been robbed, that's why—
robbed five or six times;
the police can't find a thing—so I'm out for myself—
if you want to know.
[*To* MIO]
Who are you?

MIO. Oh, I'm a half-wit,
came in here by mistake. The difference is
I've got no piece of bread.

TROCK. What's your name?

MIO. My name?
Theophrastus Such. That's respectable.
You'll find it all the way from here to the coast
on the best police blotters.
Only the truth is we're a little touched in the head,
Oke and me. You'd better ask somebody else.

TROCK. Who is he?

ESDRAS. His name's Romagna. He's the son.

TROCK. Then what's he doing here? You said you were on the level.

GARTH. He just walked in. On account of the stuff in the papers. We didn't ask him.

TROCK. God, we are a gathering. Now if we had Shadow we'd be all here, huh? Only I guess we won't see Shadow. No, that's too much to ask.

MIO. Who's Shadow?

TROCK. Now you're putting questions. Shadow was just nobody, you see. He blew away. It might happen to anyone.

[*He looks at* GARTH]

Yes, anyone at all.

MIO. Why do you keep your hand in your pocket, friend?

TROCK. Because I'm cold, punk. Because I've been outside and it's cold as the tomb of Christ.

[*To* GARTH]

Listen, there's a car waiting up at the street to take the Judge home. We'll take him to the car.

GARTH. That's not necessary.

ESDRAS. No.

TROCK. I say it is, see? You wouldn't want to let the Judge walk, would you? The Judge is going to ride where he's going, with a couple of chauffeurs, and everything done in style. Don't you worry about the Judge. He'll be taken care of. For good.

GARTH. I want no hand in it.

TROCK. Anything happens to me happens to you too, musician.

GARTH. I know that.

TROCK. Keep your mouth out of it then. And you'd better keep the punk here tonight, just for luck.

[*He turns toward the door. There is a brilliant lightning flash through the windows, followed slowly by dying thunder.* TROCK *opens the door. The rain begins to pour in sheets*]

Jesus, somebody tipped it over again!

[*A cough racks him*]

Wait till it's over. It takes ten days off me every time I step into it.

[*He closes the door*]

Sit down and wait.

[*Lightning flashes again. The thunder is fainter.* ESDRAS, GARTH *and the* JUDGE *sit down*]

GAUNT. We were born too early. Even you who are young
are not of the elect. In a hundred years
man will put his finger on life itself, and then
he will live as long as he likes. For you and me
we shall die soon—one day, one year more or less,
when or where, it's no matter. It's what we call
an indeterminate sentence. I'm hungry.

[GARTH *looks at* MIRIAMNE]

MIRIAMNE. There was nothing left
tonight.

HOBO. I've got a piece of bread.

[*He breaks his bread in two and hands half to the* JUDGE]

GAUNT. I thank you, sir.
[*He eats*]
This is not good bread.
[*He rises*]
Sir, I am used
to other company. Not better, perhaps, but their clothes
were different. These are what it's the fashion to call
the underprivileged.

TROCK. Oh, hell! [*He turns toward the door*]

MIO [*to* TROCK]. It would seem that you and the Judge know each other
[TROCK *faces him*]

TROCK. I've been around.

MIO. Maybe you've met before.

TROCK. Maybe we have.

MIO. Will you tell me where?

TROCK. How long do you want to live?

MIO. How long? Oh, I've got big ideas about that.

TROCK. I thought so. Well, so far I've got nothing against you but your name, see? You keep it that way.
[*He opens the door. The rain still falls in torrents. He closes the door. As he turns from it, it opens again, and* SHADOW, *white bloodstained and dripping, stands in the doorway.* GARTH *rises* TROCK *turns*]

GAUNT [*to the* HOBO]. Yet if one were careful of his health, ate sparingly drank not at all, used himself wisely, it might be that even an old man could live to touch immortality. They may come on the secret sooner than we dare hope. You see? It does no harm to try.

TROCK [*backing away from* SHADOW]. By God, he's out of his grave!

SHADOW [*leaning against the doorway, holding a gun in his hands*]. Keep your hands where they belong, Trock.
You know me.

TROCK. Don't! Don't! I had nothing to do with it!
[*He backs to the opposite wall*]

SHADOW. You said the doctor gave you six months to live—well, I don't give you that much. That's what you had, six months, and so you start bumping off your friends to make sure of your damn six months. I got it from you. I know where I got it.
Because I wouldn't give it to the Judge.
So he wouldn't talk.

TROCK. Honest to God—

SHADOW. What God?
The one that let you put three holes in me
when I was your friend? Well, He let me get up again and walk till

could find you. That's as far as I get, but I got there, by God! And I can hear you
even if I can't see!
[*He takes a staggering step forward*]
A man needs blood
to keep going.—I got this far.—And now I can't see!
It runs out too fast—too fast—
when you've got three slugs
clean through you.
Show me where he is, you fools? He's here!
I got here!
[*He drops the gun*]
Help me! Help me! Oh, God! Oh, God!
I'm going to die! Where does a man lie down?
I want to lie down!

[MIRIAMNE *starts toward* SHADOW. GARTH *and* ESDRAS *help him into the next room,* MIRIAMNE *following.* TROCK *squats in his corner, breathing hard, looking at the door.* MIO *stands, watching* TROCK. GARTH *returns, wiping his hand with a handkerchief.* MIO *picks up and pockets the gun.* MIRIAMNE *comes back and leans against the door jamb*]

GAUNT. You will hear it said that an old man makes a good judge, being calm, clear-eyed, without passion. But this is not true. Only the young love truth and justice. The old are savage, wary, violent, swayed by maniac desires, cynical of friendship or love, open to bribery and the temptations of lust, corrupt and dastardly to the heart. I know these old men. What have they left to believe, what have they left to lose? Whorers of daughters, lickers of girls' shoes, contrivers of nastiness in the night, purveyors of perversion, worshippers of possession! Death is the only radical. He comes late, but he comes at last to put away the old men and give the young their places. It was time.

[*He leers*]

Here's one I heard yesterday:
Marmaduke behind the barn
got his sister in a fix;
he says damn instead of darn;
ain't he cute? He's only six!

THE HOBO. He, he, he!

GAUNT. And the hoot-owl hoots all night,
and the cuckoo cooks all day,
and what with a minimum grace of God
we pass the time away.

THE HOBO. He, he, he—I got ya! [*He makes a sign with his thumb*]

GAUNT [*sings*]. And he led her all around
and he laid her on the ground
and he ruffled up the feathers of her
cuckoo's nest!

HOBO. Ho, ho, ho!

GAUNT. I am not taken with the way you laugh. You should cultivate restraint.

[ESDRAS *re-enters*]

TROCK. Shut the door.

ESDRAS. He won't come back again.

TROCK. I want the door shut! He was dead, I tell you!

[ESDRAS *closes the door*]

And Romagna was dead, too, once! Can't they keep a man under ground?

MIO. No. No more! They don't stay under ground any more, and they don't stay under water! Why did you have him killed?

TROCK. Stay away from me! I know you!

MIO. Who am I, then?

TROCK. I know you, damn you! Your name's Romagna!

MIO. Yes! And Romagna was dead, too, and Shadow was dead, but the time's come when you can't keep them down, these dead men! They won't stay down! They come in with their heads shot off and their entrails dragging! Hundreds of them! One by one—all you ever had killed! Watch the door! See!—It moves!

TROCK [*looking, fascinated, at the door*]. Let me out of here! [*He tries to rise*]

MIO [*the gun in his hand*]. Oh, no! You'll sit there and wait for them! One by one they'll come through that door, pulling their heads out of the gunny-sacks where you tied them—glauming over you with their rotten hands! They'll see without eyes and crawl over you—Shadow and the paymaster and all the rest of them—putrescent bones without eyes! Now! Look! Look! For I'm first among them!

TROCK. I've done for better men than you! And I'll do for you!

GAUNT [*rapping on the table*]. Order, gentlemen, order! The witness will remember that a certain decorum is essential in the court-room!

MIO. By God, he'll answer me!

GAUNT [*thundering*]. Silence! Silence! Let me remind you of courtesy toward the witness! What case is this you try?

MIO. The case of the state against Bartolomeo Romagna for the murder of the paymaster!

GAUNT. Sir, that was disposed of long ago!

MIO. Never disposed of, never, not while I live!

GAUNT. Then we'll have done with it now! I deny the appeal! I have denied the appeal before and I do so again!

HOBO. He, he!—He thinks he's in the moving pictures!

[*A flash of lightning*]

GAUNT. Who set that flash! Bailiff, clear the court! This is not Flemington, gentlemen! We are not conducting this case to make a journalistic holiday!

[*The thunder rumbles faintly.* GARTH *opens the outside door and faces a solid wall of rain*]

Stop that man! He's one of the defendants!

[GARTH *closes the door*]

MIO. Then put him on the stand!

GARTH. What do you think you're doing?

MIO. Have you any objection?

GAUNT. The objection is not sustained. We will hear the new evidence. Call your witness.

MIO. Garth Esdras!

GAUNT. He will take the stand!

GARTH. If you want me to say what I said before I'll say it!

MIO. Call Trock Estrella then!

GAUNT. Trock Estrella to the stand!

TROCK. No, By God!

MIO. Call Shadow, then! He'll talk! You thought he was dead, but he'll get up again and talk!

TROCK [*screaming*]. What do you want of me?

MIO. You killed the paymaster! You!

TROCK. You lie! It was Shadow killed him!

MIO. And now I know! Now I know!

GAUNT. Again I remind you of courtesy toward the witness!

MIO. I know them now!
Let me remind you of courtesy toward the dead!
He says that Shadow killed him! If Shadow were here
he'd say it was Trock! There were three men involved
in the new version of the crime for which
my father died! Shadow and Trock Estrella
as principals in the murder—Garth as witness!—
Why are they here together?—and you—the Judge—
why are you here? Why, because you were all afraid
and you drew together out of that fear to arrange
a story you could tell! And Trock killed Shadow
and meant to kill the Judge out of that same fear—
to keep them quiet! This is the thing I've hunted
over the earth to find out, and I'd be blind
indeed if I missed it now!

[*To* GAUNT]

You heard what he said:
It was Shadow killed him! Now let the night conspire
with the sperm of hell! It's plain beyond denial
even to this fox of justice—and all his words
are curses on the wind! You lied! You lied!
You knew this too!

GAUNT [*low*]. Let me go. Let me go!

MIO. Then why
did you let my father die?

GAUNT. Suppose it known,
but there are things a judge must not believe
though they should head and fester underneath
and press in on his brain Justice once rendered
in a clear burst of anger, righteously,
upon a very common laborer,
confessed an anarchist, the verdict found
and the precise machinery of law
invoked to know him guilty—think what furor
would rock the state if the court then flatly said;
all this was lies—must be reversed? It's better
as any judge can tell you, in such cases,
holding the common good to be worth more
than small injustice, to let the record stand,
let one man die. For justice, in the main,
is governed by opinion. Communities
will have what they will have, and it's quite as well,
after all, to be rid of anarchists. Our rights
as citizens can be maintained as rights
only while we are held to be the peers
of those who live about us. A vendor of fish
is not protected as a man might be
who kept a market. I own I've sometimes wished
this was not so, but it is. The man you defend
was unfortunate—and his misfortune bore
almost as heavily on me.—I'm broken—
broken across. You're much too young to know
how bitter it is when a worn connection chars
and you can't remember—can't remember.
[*He steps forward*]
You
will not repeat this? It will go no further?

MIO. No.
No further than the moon takes the tides—no further
than the news went when he died—

when you found him guilty
and they flashed that round the earth. Wherever men
still breathe and think, and know what's done to them
by the powers above, they'll know. That's all I ask.
That'll be enough.

[TROCK *has risen and looks darkly at* MIO]

GAUNT. Thank you. For I've said some things
a judge should never say.

TROCK. Go right on talking.
Both of you. It won't get far, I guess.

MIO. Oh, you'll see to that?

TROCK. I'll see to it. Me and some others.
Maybe I lost my grip there just for a minute.
That's all right.

MIO. Then see to it! Let it rain!
What can you do to me now when the night's on fire
with this thing I know? Now I could almost wish
there was a god somewhere—I could almost think
there was a god—and he somehow brought me here
and set you down before me here in the rain
where I could wring this out of you! For it's said,
and I've heard it, and I'm free! He was as I thought him,
true and noble and upright, even when he went
to a death contrived because he was as he was
and not your kind! Let it rain! Let the night speak fire
and the city go out with the tide, for he was a man
and I know you now, and I have my day!

[*There is a heavy knock at the outside door.* MIRIAMNE *opens it, at a glance from* GARTH. *The* POLICEMAN *is there in oilskins*]

POLICEMAN. Evening.

[*He steps in, followed by a* SERGEANT, *similarly dressed*]
We're looking for someone
might be here. Seen an old man around
acting a little off?

[*To* ESDRAS]
You know the one
I mean. You saw him out there. Jeez! You've got
a funny crowd here!

[*He looks round. The* HOBO *shrinks into his corner*]
That's the one I saw.
What do you think?

SERGEANT. That's him. You mean to say
you didn't know him by his pictures?

[*He goes to* GAUNT]

Come on, old man.
You're going home.
GAUNT. Yes, sir. I've lost my way.
I think I've lost my way.
SERGEANT. I'll say you have.
About three hundred miles. Now don't you worry.
We'll get you back.
GAUNT. I'm a person of some rank
in my own city.
SERGEANT. We know that. One look at you
and we'd know that.
GAUNT. Yes, sir.
POLICEMAN. If it isn't Trock!
Trock Estrella. How are you, Trock?
TROCK. Pretty good,
Thanks.
POLICEMAN. Got out yesterday again, I hear?
TROCK. That's right.
SERGEANT. Hi'ye, Trock?
TROCK. O.K.
SERGEANT. You know we got orders
to watch you pretty close. Be good now, baby,
or back you go. Don't try to pull anything,
not in my district.
TROCK. No, sir.
SERGEANT. No bumping off.
If you want my advice quit carrying a gun.
Try earning your living for once.
TROCK. Yeah.
SERGEANT. That's an idea.
Because if we find any stiffs on the river bank
we'll know who to look for.
MIO. Then look in the other room!
I accuse that man of murder! Trock Estrella!
He's a murderer!
POLICEMAN. Hello. I remember you.
SERGEANT. Well, what murder?
MIO. It was Trock Estrella
that robbed the pay roll thirteen years ago
and did the killing my father died for! You know
the Romagna case! Romagna was innocent,
and Trock Estrella guilty!
SERGEANT [*disgusted*]. Oh, what the hell!
That's old stuff—the Romagna case.

POLICEMAN. Hey, Sarge!

[*The* SERGEANT *and* POLICEMAN *come closer together*]

The boy's a professional kidder. He took me over
about half an hour ago. He kids the police
and then ducks out!

SERGEANT. Oh, yeah?

MIO. I'm not kidding now.
You'll find a dead man there in the next room
and Estrella killed him!

SERGEANT. Thirteen years ago?
And nobody smelled him yet?

MIO [*pointing*]. I accuse this man
of two murders! He killed the paymaster long ago
and had Shadow killed tonight. Look, look for yourself!
He's there all right!

POLICEMAN. Look boy. You stood out there
and put the booby sign on the dumb police
because they're fresh out of Ireland. Don't try it twice.

SERGEANT [*to* GARTH]. Any corpses here?

GARTH. Not that I know of.

SERGEANT. I thought so.

[MIO *looks at* MIRIAMNE]

[*To* MIO] Think up a better one.

MIO. Have I got to drag him
out here where you can see him?

[*He goes toward the inner door*]

Can't you scent a murder
when it's under your nose? Look in!

MIRIAMNE. No, no—there's no one—there's no one there!

SERGEANT [*looking at* MIRIAMNE]. Take a look inside.

POLICEMAN. Yes, sir.

[*He goes to the inside room. The* SERGEANT *goes up to the door. The* POLICEMAN *returns*]

He's kidding, Sarge. If there's a cadaver
in here I don't see it.

MIO. You're blind then! [*He goes into the room, the* SERGEANT *following him*]

SERGEANT. What do you mean?

[*He comes out,* MIO *following him*]

When you make a charge of murder it's better to have
the *corpus delicti*, son. You're the kind puts in
fire alarms to see the engine!

MIO. By God, he was there!
He went in there to die.

SERGEANT. I'll bet he did.
And I'm Haile Selassie's aunt! What's your name?
MIO. Romagna.
[*To* GARTH] What have you done with him?
GARTH. I don't know what you mean.
SERGEANT [*to* GARTH]. What's he talking about?
GARTH. I wish I could tell you.
I don't know.
SERGEANT. He must have seen something.
POLICEMAN. He's got
the Romagna case on the brain. You watch yourself,
chump, or you'll get run in.
MIO. Then they're in it together!
All of them!
[*To* MIRIAMNE] Yes, and you!
GARTH. He's nuts, I say.
MIRIAMNE [*gently*]. You have dreamed something—isn't it true?
You've dreamed—
But truly, there was no one—
[MIO *looks at her comprehendingly*]
MIO. You want me to say it.
[*He pauses*]
Yes, by God, I was dreaming.
SERGEANT [*to* POLICEMAN]. I guess you're right.
We'd better be going. Haven't you got a coat?
GAUNT. No, sir.
SERGEANT. I guess I'll have to lend you mine.
[*He puts his oilskins on* GAUNT]
Come on, now. It's getting late.
[GAUNT, *the* POLICEMAN *and the* SERGEANT *go out*]
TROCK. They're welcome to him.
His fuse is damp. Where is that walking fool
with the three slugs in him?
ESDRAS. He fell in the hall beyond
and we left him there.
TROCK. That's lucky for some of us. Is he out this time
or is he still butting around?
ESDRAS. He's dead.
TROCK. That's perfect.
[*To* MIO] Don't try using your firearms, *amigo* baby,
the Sarge is outside.
[*He turns to go*]
Better ship that carrion

back in the river! The one that walks when he's dead;
maybe he'll walk the distance for you.

GARTH. Coming back?

TROCK. Well, if I come back,
you'll see me. If I don't, you won't. Let the punk
go as far as he likes. Turn him loose and let him go.
And may you all rot in hell.
[*He pulls his coat around him and goes to the left.* MIRIAMNE *climbs up to look out a window*]

MIRIAMNE. He's climbing up to the street,
along the bridgehead.
[*She turns*]
Quick, Mio! It's safe now! Quick!

GARTH. Let him do as he likes.

MIRIAMNE. What do you mean? Garth! He means to kill him!
You know that!

GARTH. I've no doubt Master Romagna
can run his own campaign.

MIRIAMNE. But he'll be killed!

MIO. Why did you lie about Shadow?
[*There is a pause.* GARTH *shrugs, walks across the room, and sits*]
You were one of the gang!

GARTH. I can take a death if I have to! Go tell your story,
only watch your step, for I warn you, Trock's out gunning
and you may not walk very far. Oh, I could defend it
but it's hardly worth while.
If they get Trock they get me too.
Go tell them. You owe me nothing.

ESDRAS. This Trock you saw,
no one defends him. He's earned his death so often
there's nobody to regret it. But his crime,
his same crime that has dogged you, dogged us down
from what little we had, to live here among the drains,
where the waterbugs break out like a scrofula
on what we eat—and if there's lower to go
we'll go there when you've told your story. And more
that I haven't heart to speak—

MIO [*to* GARTH]. My father died
in your place. And you could have saved him!
You were one of the gang!

GARTH. Why, there you are.
You certainly owe me nothing.

MIRIAMNE [*moaning*]. I want to die.
I want to go away.

MIO. Yes, and you lied!
And trapped me into it!
MIRIAMNE. But Mio, he's my brother.
I couldn't give them my brother.
MIO. No. You couldn't.
You were quite right. The gods were damned ironic
tonight, and they've worked it out.
ESDRAS. What will be changed
if it comes to trial again? More blood poured out
to a mythical justice, but your father lying still
where he lies now.
MIO. The bright, ironical gods!
What fun they have in heaven! When a man prays hard
for any gift, they give it, and then one more
to boot that makes it useless.
[*To* MIRIAMNE]
You might have picked
some other stranger to dance with!
MIRIAMNE. I know.
MIO. Or chosen
some other evening to sit outside in the rain.
But no, it had to be this. All my life long
I've wanted only one thing, to say to the world
and prove it: the man you killed was clean and true
and full of love as the twelve-year-old that stood
and taught in the temple. I can say that now
and give my proofs—and now you stick a girl's face
between me and the rites I've sworn the dead
shall have of men! You ask too much! Your brother
can take his chance! He was ready enough to let
an innocent man take certainty for him
to pay for the years he's had. That parts us, then,
but we're parted anyway, by the same dark wind
that blew us together. I shall say what I have to say.
[*He steps back*]
And I'm not welcome here.
MIRIAMNE. But don't go now! You've stayed
too long! He'll be waiting!
MIO. Well, is this any safer?
Let the winds blow, the four winds of the world,
and take us to the four winds.
[*The three are silent before him. He turns and goes out*]

CURTAIN

## ACT THREE

SCENE: *The river bank outside the tenement, a little before the close of the previous act. The rain still falls through the street lamps. The* TWO NATTY YOUNG MEN IN SERGE AND GRAY *are leaning against the masonry in a ray of light, concentrating on a game of chance. Each holds in his hand a packet of ten or fifteen crisp bills. They compare the numbers on the top notes and immediately a bill changes hands. This goes on with varying fortune until the tide begins to run toward the* 1ST GUNMAN, *who has accumulated nearly the whole supply. They play on in complete silence, evidently not wishing to make any noise. Occasionally they raise their heads slightly to look carefully about. Luck begins to favor the* 2ND GUNMAN, *and the notes come his way. Neither evinces the slightest interest in how the game goes. They merely play on, bored, half-absorbed. There is a slight noise at the tenement door. They put the bills away and watch.* TROCK *comes out, pulls the door shut and comes over to them. He says a few words too low to be heard, and without changing expression the* YOUNG MEN *saunter toward the right.* TROCK *goes out to the left, and the* 2ND PLAYER, *watching that out of the corner of his eye, lingers in a glimmer of light to go on with the game. The* 1ST, *with an eye on the tenement door, begins to play without ado, and the bills again shift back and forth, then concentrate in the hands of the* 1ST GUNMAN. *The* 2ND *shrugs his shoulders, searches his pockets, finds one bill, and playing with it begins to win heavily. They hear the door opening, and putting the notes away, slip out in front of the rock.* MIO *emerges, closes the door, looks round him and walks to left. Near the corner of the tenement he pauses, reaches out his hand to try the rain, looks up toward the street, and stands uncertainly a moment. He returns and leans against the tenement wall.* MIRIAMNE *comes out.* MIO *continues to look off into space as if unaware of her. She looks away.*

MIO. This rather takes one off his high horse.—What I mean, tough weather for a hegira. You see, this is my sleeping suit, and if I get it wet—*basta!*

MIRIAMNE. If you could only hide here.

MIO. Hide?

MIRIAMNE. Lucia would take you in. The street-piano man.

MIO. At the moment I'm afflicted with claustrophobia. I prefer to die in the open, seeking air.

MIRIAMNE. But you could stay there till daylight.

MIO. You're concerned about me.

MIRIAMNE. Shall I ask him?

MIO. No. On the other hand there's a certain reason in your concern. I looked up the street and our old friend Trock hunches patiently under the warehouse eaves.

MIRIAMNE. I was sure of that.

MIO. And here I am, a young man on a cold night, waiting the end of the rain. Being read my lesson by a boy, a blind boy—you know the one I mean. Knee-deep in the salt-marsh, Miriamne, bitten from within, caught.

MIRIAMNE. Wouldn't it be better if you came back in the house?

MIO. You forget my claustrophobia.

MIRIAMNE. Let me walk with you, then. Please. If I stay beside you he wouldn't dare.

MIO. And then again he might.—We don't speak the same language, Miriamne.

MIRIAMNE. I betrayed you. Forgive me.

MIO. I wish I knew this region. There's probably a path along the bank.

MIRIAMNE. Yes. Shadow went that way.

MIO. That's true, too. So here I am, a young man on a wet night, and blind in my weather eye. Stay and talk to me.

MIRIAMNE. If it happens—it's my fault.

MIO. Not at all, sweet. You warned me to keep away. But I would have it. Now I have to find a way out. It's like a chess game. If you think long enough there's always a way out.—For one or the other.—I wonder why white always wins and black always loses in the problems. White to move and mate in three moves. But what if white were to lose—ah, what then? Why, in that case, obviously black would be white and white would be black.—As it often is.—As we often are.—Might makes white. Losers turn black. Do you think I'd have time to draw a gun?

MIRIAMNE. No.

MIO. I'm a fair shot. Also I'm fair game.

[*The door of the tenement opens and* GARTH *comes out to look about quickly. Seeing only* MIO *and* MIRIAMNE *he goes in and comes out again almost immediately carrying one end of a door on which a body lies covered with a cloth. The* HOBO *carries the other end. They go out to the right with their burden*]

This is the burial of Shadow, then;
feet first he dips, and leaves the haunts of men.
Let us make mourn for Shadow, wetly lying,
in elegiac stanzas and sweet crying.
Be gentle with him, little cold waves and fishes;
nibble him not, respect his skin and tissues—

MIRIAMNE. Must you say such things?

MIO. My dear, some requiem is fitting over the dead, even for Shadow. Bu the last rhyme was bad.

Whittle him not, respect his dying wishes.

That's better. And then to conclude:

His aromatic virtues, slowly rising
will circumnamb the isle, beyond disguising.
He clung to life beyond the wont of men.
Time and his silence drink us all. Amen.

How I hate these identicals. The French allow them, but the French have no principles anyway. You know, Miriamne, there's really nothing mysterious about human life. It's purely mechanical, like an electric appliance. Stop the engine that runs the generator and the current's broken. When we think the brain gives off a small electric discharge—quite measurable, and constant within limits. But that's not what makes your hair stand up when frightened.

MIRIAMNE. I think it's a mystery.

MIO. Human life? We'll have to wear veils if we're to keep it a mystery much longer. Now if Shadow and I were made up into sausages we'd probably make very good sausages.

MIRIAMNE. Don't—

MIO. I'm sorry. I speak from a high place, far off, long ago, looking down. The cortège returns.

[GARTH *and the* HOBO *return, carrying the door, the cloth lying loosely over it*]

I hope you placed an obol in his mouth to pay the ferryman? Even among the Greeks a little money was prerequisite to Elysium.

[GARTH *and the* HOBO *go inside, silent*]

No? It's grim to think of Shadow lingering among lesser shades on the hither side. For lack of a small gratuity.

[ESDRAS *comes out the open door and closes it behind him*]

ESDRAS. You must wait here, Mio, or go inside. I know
you don't trust me, and I haven't earned your trust.
You're young enough to seek truth—
and there is no truth;
and I know that—
but I shall call the police and see that you
get safely off.

MIO. It's a little late for that.

ESDRAS. I shall try.

MIO. And your terms? For I daresay you make terms?

ESDRAS. No.

MIO. Then let me remind you what will happen.
The police will ask some questions.
When they're answered
they'll ask more, and before they're done with it
your son will be implicated.

ESDRAS. Must he be?

MIO. I shall not keep quiet.

[*A pause*]

ESDRAS. Still, I'll go.

MIO. I don't ask help, remember. I make no truce.
He's not on my conscience, and I'm not on yours.

ESDRAS. But you
could make it easier, so easily.
He's my only son. Let him live.

MIO. His chance of survival's
better than mine, I'd say.

ESDRAS. I'll go.

MIO. I don't urge it.

ESDRAS. No. I put my son's life in your hands.
When you're gone,
that may come to your mind.

MIO. Don't count on it.

ESDRAS. Oh,
I count on nothing.

[*He turns to go.* MIRIAMNE *runs over to him and silently kisses his hands*]

Not mine, not mine, my daughter!
They're guilty hands.

[*He goes out left.* GARTH'S *violin is heard within*]

MIO. There was a war in heaven
once, all the angels on one side, and all
the devils on the other, and since that time
disputes have raged among the learned, concerning
whether the demons won, or the angels. Maybe
the angels won, after all.

MIRIAMNE. And again, perhaps
there are no demons or angels.

MIO. Oh, there are none.
But I could love your father.

MIRIAMNE. I love him. You see,
he's afraid because he's old. The less one has
to lose the more he's afraid.

MIO. Suppose one had
only a short stub end of life, or held
a flashlight with the batteries run down
till the bulb was dim, and knew that he could live
while the glow lasted. Or suppose one knew
that while he stood in a little shelter of time
under a bridgehead, say, he could live, and then,

from then on, nothing. Then to lie and turn
with the earth and sun, and regard them not in the least
when the bulb was extinguished or he stepped beyond
his circle into the cold? How would he live
that last dim quarter-hour, before he went,
minus all recollection, to grow in grass
between cobblestones?

MIRIAMNE. Let me put my arms round you, Mio.
Then if anything comes, it's for me, too.
*[She puts both arms round him]*

MIO. Only suppose
this circle's charmed! To be safe until he steps
from this lighted space into dark! Time pauses here
and high eternity grows in one quarter-hour
in which to live.

MIRIAMNE. Let me see if anyone's there—
there in the shadows.
*[She looks toward the right]*

MIO. It might blast our eternity—
blow it to bits. No, don't go. This is forever,
here where we stand. And I ask you, Miriamne,
how does one spend a forever?

MIRIAMNE. You're frightened?

MIO. Yes.
So much that time stands still.

MIRIAMNE. Why didn't I speak—
tell them—when the officers were here? I failed you
in that one moment.

MIO. His life for mine? Oh, no.
I wouldn't want it, and you couldn't give it.
And if I should go on living we're cut apart
by that brother of yours.

MIRIAMNE. Are we?

MIO. Well, think about it.
A body lies between us, buried in quicklime.
Your allegiance is on the other side of that grave
and not to me.

MIRIAMNE. No, Mio! Mio, I love you!

MIO. I love you, too, but in case my life went on
beyond that barrier of dark—then Garth
would run his risk of dying.

MIRIAMNE. He's punished, Mio.
His life's been torment to him. Let him go,
for my sake, Mio.

MIO. I wish I could. I wish
I'd never seen him—or you. I've steeped too long
in this thing. It's in my teeth and bones. I can't
let go or forget. And I'll not add my lie
to the lies that cumber his ground. We live our days
in a storm of lies that drifts the truth too deep
for path or shovel; but I've set my foot on a truth
for once, and I'll trail it down!
[*A silence.* MIRIAMNE *looks out to the right*]
MIRIAMNE. There's someone there—
I heard—
[CARR *comes in from the right*]
MIO. It's Carr.
CARR. That's right. No doubt about it.
Excuse me.
MIO. Glad to see you. This is Miriamne.
Carr's a friend of mine.
CARR. You're better employed
than when I saw you last.
MIO. Bow to the gentleman,
Miriamne. That's meant for you.
MIRIAMNE. Thank you, I'm sure.
Should I leave you, Mio? You want to talk?
MIO. Oh, no,
we've done our talking.
MIRIAMNE. But—
CARR. I'm the one's out of place—
I wandered back because I got worried about you,
that's the truth.—Oh—those two fellows with the hats
down this way, you know, the ones that ran
after we heard the shooting—they're back again,
lingering or malingering down the bank,
revisiting the crime, I guess. They may
mean well.
MIO. I'll try to avoid them.
CARR. I didn't care
for the way they looked at me.—No luck, I suppose,
with that case history? The investigation
you had on hand?
MIO. I can't say. By the way,
the stiff that fell in the water and we saw swirling
down the eddy, he came trudging up, later on,
long enough to tell his name. His name was Shadow,
but he's back in the water now. It's all in an evening.
These things happen here.

CARR. Good God!
MIO. I know.
I wouldn't believe it if you told it.
CARR. But—
the man was alive?
MIO. Oh, not for long! He's dunked
for good this time. That's all that's happened.
CARR. Well,
if you don't need me—
MIRIAMNE. You had a message to send—
have you forgotten—?
MIO. I?—Yes, I had a message—
but I won't send it—not now.
MIRIAMNE. Then I will—!
MIO. No.
Let it go the way it is! It's all arranged
another way. You've been a good scout, Carr,
the best I ever knew on the road.
CARR. That sounds
like making your will.
MIO. Not yet, but when I do
I've thought of something to leave you. It's the view
of Mt. Rainier from the Seattle jail,
snow over cloud. And the rusty chain in my pocket
from a pair of handcuffs my father wore. That's all
the worldly goods I'm seized of.
CARR. Look, Mio—hell—
if you're in trouble—
MIO. I'm not. Not at all. I have
a genius that attends me where I go,
and guards me now. I'm fine.
CARR. Well, that's good news.
He'll have his work cut out.
MIO. Oh, he's a genius.
CARR. I'll see you then.
I'll be at the Grand Street place. I'm lucky tonight,
and I can pay. I could even pay for two.
MIO. Thanks, I may take you up.
CARR. Good night.
MIO. Right, Carr.
CARR [*to* MIRIAMNE]. Good night.
MIRIAMNE [*after a pause*]. Good night.
[CARR *goes out to the left*]
Why did you do that? He's your genius, Mio,
and you let him go.

MIO. I couldn't help it.
MIRIAMNE. Call him.
Run after him and call him!
MIO. I tried to say it
and it strangled in my throat. I might have known
you'd win in the end.
MIRIAMNE. Is it for me?
MIO. For you?
It stuck in my throat, that's all I know.
MIRIAMNE. Oh, Mio,
I never asked for that! I only hoped
Garth could go clear.
MIO. Well, now he will.
MIRIAMNE. But you—
It was your chance!
MIO. I've lost
my taste for revenge if it falls on you. Oh, God,
deliver me from the body of this death
I've dragged behind me all these years! Miriamne!
Miriamne!
MIRIAMNE. Yes!
MIO. Miriamne, if you love me
teach me a treason to what I am, and have been,
till I learn to live like a man! I think I'm waking
from a long trauma of hate and fear and death
that's hemmed me from my birth—and glimpse a life
to be lived in hope—but it's young in me yet, I can't
get free, or forgive! But teach me how to live
and forget to hate!
MIRIAMNE. He would have forgiven.
MIO. He?
MIRIAMNE. Your father.

[*A pause*]

MIO. Yes.

[*Another pause*]

You'll think it strange, but I've never
remembered that.
MIRIAMNE. How can I help you?
MIO. You have.
MIRIAMNE. If I were a little older—if I knew
the things to say! I can only put out my hands
and give you back the faith you bring to me
by being what you are. Because to me

you are all hope and beauty and brightness drawn
across what's black and mean!

MIO. He'd have forgiven—
Then there's no more to say—I've groped long enough
through this everglades of old revenges—here
the road ends.—Miriamne, Miriamne,
the iron I wore so long—it's eaten through
and fallen from me. Let me have your arms.
They'll say we're children—Well—the world's made up
of children.

MIRIAMNE. Yes.

MIO. But it's too late for me.

MIRIAMNE. No.

[*She goes into his arms, and they kiss for the first time*]

Then we'll meet again?

MIO. Yes.

MIRIAMNE. Where?

MIO. I'll write—
or send Carr to you.

MIRIAMNE. You won't forget?

MIO. Forget?
Whatever streets I walk, you'll walk them, too,
from now on, and whatever roof or stars
I have to house me, you shall share my roof
and stars and morning. I shall not forget.

MIRIAMNE. God keep you!

MIO. And keep you. And this to remember!
if I should die, Miriamne, this half-hour
is our eternity. I came here seeking
light in darkness, running from the dawn,
and stumbled on a morning.

[*One of the* YOUNG MEN IN SERGE *strolls in casually from the right, looks up and down without expression, then, seemingly having forgotten something, retraces his steps and goes out.* ESDRAS *comes in slowly from the left. He has lost his hat, and his face is bleeding from a slight cut on the temple. He stands abjectly near the tenement*]

MIRIAMNE. Father—what is it?

[*She goes toward* ESDRAS]

ESDRAS. Let me alone.

[*He goes nearer to* MIO]

He wouldn't let me pass.
The street's so icy up along the bridge
I had to crawl on my knees—he kicked me back

three times—and then he held me there—I swear
what I could do I did! I swear to you
I'd save you if I could.

MIO. What makes you think
that I need saving?

ESDRAS. Child, save yourself if you can!
He's waiting for you.

MIO. Well, we knew that before.

ESDRAS. He won't wait much longer. He'll come here—
he told me so. Those damned six months of his—
he wants them all—and you're to die—you'd spread
his guilt—I had to listen to it—

MIO. Wait—
[*He walks forward and looks casually to the right, then returns*]
There must be some way up through the house and out
across the roof—

ESDRAS. He's watching that. But come in—
and let me look.—

MIO. I'll stay here, thanks. Once in
and I'm a rat in a deadfall—I'll stay here—
look for me if you don't mind.

ESDRAS. Then watch for me—
I'll be on the roof—
[*He goes in hurriedly*]

MIO [*looking up*]. Now all you silent powers
that make the sleet and dark, and never yet
have spoken, give us a sign, let the throw be ours
this once, on this longest night, when the winter sets
his foot on the threshold leading up to spring
and enters with remembered cold—let fall
some mercy with the rain. We are two lovers
here in your night, and we wish to live.

MIRIAMNE. Oh, Mio—
if you pray that way, nothing good will come!
You're bitter, Mio.

MIO. How many floors has this building?

MIRIAMNE. Five or six. It's not as high as the bridge.

MIO. No, I thought not. How many pomegranate seeds
did you eat, Persephone?

MIRIAMNE. Oh, darling, darling,
if you die, don't die alone.

MIO. I'm afraid I'm damned
to hell, and you're not damned at all. Good God,
how long he takes to climb!

MIRIAMNE. The stairs are steep.
[*A slight pause*]
MIO. I'll follow him.
MIRIAMNE. He's there—at the window—now.
He waves you to go back, not to go in.
Mio, see, that path between the rocks—
they're not watching that—they're out at the river—
I can see them there—they can't watch both—
it leads to a street above.
MIO. I'll try it, then.
Kiss me. You'll hear. But if you never hear—
then I'm the king of hell, Persephone,
and I'll expect you.
MIRIAMNE. Oh, lover, keep safe.
MIO. Good-bye.
[*He slips out quickly between the rocks. There is a quick machine gun rat-tat. The violin stops.* MIRIAMNE *runs toward the path.* MIO *comes back slowly, a hand pressed under his heart*]
It seems you were mistaken.
MIRIAMNE. Oh, God, forgive me!
[*She puts an arm round him. He sinks to his knees*]
Where is it, Mio? Let me help you in! Quick, quick,
let me help you!
MIO. I hadn't thought to choose—this—ground—
but it will do. [*He slips down*]
MIRIAMNE. Oh, God, forgive me!
MIO. Yes?
The king of hell was not forgiven then,
Dis is his name, and Hades is his home—
and he goes alone—
MIRIAMNE. Why does he bleed so? Mio, if you go
I shall go with you.
MIO. It's better to stay alive.
I wanted to stay alive—because of you—
I leave you that—and what he said to me dying:
I love you, and will love you after I die.
Tomorrow, I shall still love you, as I've loved
the stars I'll never see, and all the mornings
that might have been yours and mine. Oh, Miriamne,
you taught me this.
MIRIAMNE. If only I'd never seen you
then you could live—
MIO. That's blasphemy—Oh, God,
there might have been some easier way of it.

You didn't want me to die, did you, Miriamne—?
You didn't send me away—?

MIRIAMNE. Oh, never, never—

MIO. Forgive me—kiss me—I've got blood on your lips—
I'm sorry—it doesn't matter—I'm sorry—

[ESDRAS *and* GARTH *come out*]

MIRIAMNE. Mio—
I'd have gone to die myself—you must hear this, Mio,
I'd have died to help you—you must listen, sweet,
you must hear it—

[*She rises*]

I can die, too, see! You! There!
You in the shadows!—You killed him to silence him!

[*She walks toward the path*]

But I'm not silenced! All that he knew I know,
and I'll tell it tonight! Tonight—
tell it and scream it
through all the streets—that Trock's a murderer
and he hired you for this murder!
Your work's not done—
and you won't live long! Do you hear?
You're murderers, and I know who you are!

[*The machine gun speaks again. She sinks to her knees.* GARTH *runs to her*]

GARTH. You little fool!

[*He tries to lift her*]

MIRIAMNE. Don't touch me!

[*She crawls toward* MIO]

Look, Mio! They killed me, too. Oh, you can believe me
now, Mio! You can believe I wouldn't hurt you,
because I'm dying! Why doesn't he answer me?
Oh, now he'll never know!

[*She sinks down, her hand over her mouth, choking.* GARTH *kneels beside her, then rises, shuddering. The* HOBO *comes out.* LUCIA *and* PINY *look out*]

ESDRAS. It lacked only this.

GARTH. Yes.

[ESDRAS *bends over* MIRIAMNE, *then rises slowly*]

Why was the bastard born? Why did he come here?

ESDRAS. Miriamne—Miriamne—yes, and Mio;
one breath shall call you now—forgive us both—
forgive the ancient evil of the earth
that brought you here—

GARTH. Why must she be a fool?

ESDRAS. Well, they were wiser than you and I. To die
when you are young and untouched, that's beggary
to a miser of years, but the devils locked in synod
shake and are daunted when men set their lives
at hazard for the heart's love, and lose. And these,
who were yet children, will weigh more than all
a city's elders when the experiment
is reckoned up in the end. Oh, Miriamne,
and Mio—Mio, my son—know this where you lie,
this is the glory of earth-born men and women,
not to cringe, never to yield, but standing,
take defeat implacable and defiant,
die unsubmitting. I wish that I'd died so,
long ago; before you're old you'll wish
that you had died as they have. On this star,
in this hard star-adventure, knowing not
what the fires mean to right and left, nor whether
a meaning was intended or presumed,
man can stand up, and look out blind, and say:
in all these turning lights I find no clue,
only a masterless night, and in my blood
no certain answer, yet is my mind my own,
yet is my heart a cry toward something dim
in distance, which is higher than I am
and makes me emperor of the endless dark
even in seeking! What odds and ends of life
men may live otherwise, let them live, and then
go out, as I shall go, and you. Our part
is only to bury them. Come, take her up.
They must not lie here.

[LUCIA *and* PINY *come near to help.* ESDRAS *and* GARTH *stoop to carry* MIRIAMNE]

CURTAIN

## SONNET

*William Shakespeare* (*1593–98*)

LXVI

TIRED with all these, for restful death I cry:
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honor shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disablèd,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill.
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## JUSTICE DENIED IN MASSACHUSETTS

*Edna St. Vincent Millay (1928)*

Let us abandon then our gardens and go home
And sit in the sitting-room.
Shall the larkspur blossom or the corn grow under this cloud?
Sour to the fruitful seed
Is the cold earth under this cloud,
Fostering quack and weed, we have marched upon but cannot conquer;
We have bent the blades of our hoes against the stalks of them.

Let us go home, and sit in the sitting-room.
Not in our day
Shall the cloud go over and the sun rise as before,
Beneficent upon us
Out of the glittering bay,
And the warm winds be blown inward from the sea
Moving the blades of corn
With a peaceful sound.
Forlorn, forlorn,
Stands the blue hay-rack by the empty mow.
And the petals drop to the ground,
Leaving the tree unfruited.
The sun that warmed our stooping backs and withered the weed uprooted—
We shall not feel it again.
We shall die in darkness, and be buried in the rain.

What from the splendid dead
We have inherited—
Furrows sweet to the grain, and the weed subdued—
See now the slug and the mildew plunder.
Evil does overwhelm
The larkspur and the corn;
We have seen them go under.

Let us sit here, sit still,
Here in the sitting-room until we die;
At the step of Death on the walk, rise and go;
Leaving to our children's children this beautiful doorway,
And this elm,
And a blighted earth to till
With a broken hoe.

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY

*William Blake* (*1789*)

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
  And I am black, but O my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
  But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
  And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
  And, pointing to the east, began to say:

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
  And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
  Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
  That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
  Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
  The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying: 'come out from the grove, my love and care,
  And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' "

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd me;
  And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
  And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
  To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
  And be like him, and he will then love me.

## UNDER THE STONE I SAW THEM FLOW

*Horace Gregory (1935)*

Under the stone I saw them flow,
express Times Square at five o'clock
eyes set in darkness, trampling down
all under, limbs and bodies driven
in crowds, crowds over crowds, the street
exit in starlight and dark air
to empty rooms, to empty arms,
wall paper gardens flowering there,
error and loss upon the walls.
I saw each man who rode alone
prepare for sleep in deeper sleep
and there to ride, sightless, unknown,
to darkness that no day recalls.
Riderless home, shoulder to head,
feet on concrete and steel to ride
Times Square at morning and repeat
tomorrow's five o'clock in crowds
(red light and green for speed) descend:
break entrance home to love or hate
(I read the answer at the door)
the destination marked "Return,
no stop till here; this is the end."

## THROUGH STREETS WHERE CROOKED WICKLOW FLOWS

*Horace Gregory (1935)*

*Through streets where crooked Wicklow flows*
*I saw a man with broken nose:*
*His venomous eyes turned full on me*
*And cursed the ancient poverty*
*That scarred his limbs and mired his clothes.*

O cursed, wind-driven poverty
That breaks the man and mires his clothes.

*Beyond the street, beyond the town,*
*Rose hill and tree and sea and down:*
*O drear and shadowy green ash-tree,*
*O hills that neither sleep nor rest*
*But are like waves in that dark sea*
*That rides the wind, nor-east, nor-west,*

O cursed, wind-driven poverty!

*Below the hill, below the town,*
*Deep, whispering voices everywhere*
*Break quiet in the morning air*
*And mount the skies to pierce the sun.*

*I saw the naked, cowering man*
*Shrink in the midnight of his eye,*
*There, to eat bitterness within,*
*And close the door and hide the sin*
*That made his withering heart run dry.*
*O venomous, dark, unceasing eye*
*That turned on street and town and me,*
*Between the waves of hill and sea*
*Until his eyelid closed the sky.*

*The rain-rilled, shaken, green ash-tree*
*Spread roots to gather him and me*
*In downward pull of earth that drains*
*The blood that empties through men's veins*
*Under the churchyard, under stone,*
*Until the body lies alone*
*And will not wake: nor wind, nor sky*
*Bring sunlight into morning air*
*And breathe disquiet everywhere*
*Into the heart of hill and town.*

*O heart whose heart is like my own*
*And not to rest or sleep but climb*
*Wearily out of earth again*
*To feed again that venomous eye*

*That is the manhood of my time,*
*Whether at home or Wicklowtown.*

*This is my street to walk again,*
O cursed, wind-driven poverty,
I hear the coming of the rain.

## IN RAILWAY HALLS

*Stephen Spender (1934)*

In railway halls, on pavements near the traffic,
They beg, their eyes made big by empty staring
And only measuring Time, like the bank clock.

No, I shall weave no tracery of pen-ornament
To make them birds upon my singing-tree.
Time merely drives these lives which do not live
As tides push rotten stuff along the shore.

There is no consolation, no, none,
In the curving beauty of that line
Traced on our graphs through history, where the oppressor
Starves and deprives the poor.
Paint here no draped despairs, no saddening clouds
Where the soul rests, proclaims eternity.
But let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds
This Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends.

## MOVING THROUGH THE SILENT CROWD

*Stephen Spender (1934)*

Moving through the silent crowd
Who stand behind dull cigarettes
These men who idle in the road
I have the sense of falling light.

They lounge at corners of the street
And greet friends with a shrug of shoulder
And turn their empty pockets out,
The cynical gestures of the poor.

Now they've no work, like better men
Who sit at desks and take much pay
They sleep long nights and rise at ten
To watch the hours that drain away.

I'm jealous of the weeping hours
They stare through with such hungry eyes.
I'm haunted by these images,
I'm haunted by their emptiness.

# WAR AND PEACE

THROUGHOUT the ages man has looked upon war with varying emotions. Poets of primitive times, like Homer, sang the praises of the warrior and glorified his exploits in battle. Until recently most literature dealing with war has been written in this heroic tradition. However, after the first world war a whole generation of writers revolted against those conventions. Novelists in particular depicted only the senseless carnage of the battlefield and the most universal suffering which resulted. To these disillusioned observers the ordinary civilian, no less than the soldier, was a victim of a highly organized form of cruelty. Today that partial approach has given place to realistic analyses and dramatic reports sent home to us by eye-witnesses of the heroic deeds of our soldiers and sailors at the front.

Expert reporters from different areas of the far-flung conflict, describing different phases of the fighting, unite in praising the courage and idealism of the men in our Army and Navy. American fighting men are glad to risk their lives to win this war carried on for the preservation of ideals and institutions dedicated to the preservation of freedom. So today writers are showing us the fine qualities of manhood displayed on all the battlefields.

From a bewildering wealth of materials the editors have chosen selections of two sorts. The first illustrate the magnificent spirit with which the war is being fought. The second express the hopes for the post-war world which the allied soldier expects his sacrifices to realize. In *War Morale and the Writer* we begin with an examination of the writer's responsibility to his public in wartime. Mr. Brown's essay in the new science of social behavior is a study of the psychological causes of war, and the various ways in which men face its terrible actualities. The author also explores the means by which the impulses to war can be controlled and eventually eliminated. Irwin Edman's *Candle in the Dark* presents a philosopher's reasons for hope in these times when the moralists might easily give way to utter despair. Vice President Wallace in *The Price of a Free World Victory* finds "some soul of good" in the palpable evil of the present world catastrophe. To him the conflict is a steadfast expression of the resolve of free peoples everywhere to fight until all men are liberated from the chains of tyranny that now bind them fast.

There follow several descriptions of the endurance and the courage of our English, Chinese and Russian allies, written by men who have seen with their own eyes the heroism which they describe. Perhaps the most moving of

all these tributes to intrepid human nature is Lieutenant Colonel Clear's account of the valiant defense of the Philippines. The final group of selections is concerned with the souls of individuals who are playing their part in the present struggle against a monstrous threat to civilization. Antoine de Saint Exupéry records an aviator's growing belief in man's dignity and innate grandeur, as he tells of his own experiences during the tragic days of the fall of France. The passage from Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* takes us into the consciousness of the free spirit that deliberately sacrifices itself for the ideal of liberated humanity. Lillian Hellman's *Watch on the Rhine* portrays, with all the great dramatic skill of which she is master, the courage and moral strength of a German anti-fascist, for whom there can be no peace until he and his comrades have freed their country from the tyrannous grip of the Nazis. These selections present inspiring evidence of the innate nobility of man, which shines forth brilliantly against the darkness of the present world tragedy.

## WAR MORALE AND THE WRITER

*William Rose Benét (1942)*

A STATE of war unifies and regiments a people. You cannot have the advantages of unification without its disadvantages. It is absolutely necessary, at the present time, that the American people should work as one, with victory as a goal clearly before them; victory first; absolute and unquestionable victory over the Axis Powers. We are already making sacrifices, and we shall be called upon to make many more. We are, in fact, just at the beginning of the duties we must assume to bring victory to pass. Already the more cantankerous and selfish Americans are beginning to fidget and complain about "not seeing the necessity" concerning a number of war measures. The old whine about dictatorship and bureaucracy is still heard in the land. Unfortunately the word "Liberty" can be seized upon, and has been cherished in the past, as license for the individual to say "To hell with the Community!" That is not and has never been the American ideal of Liberty; but it is what uncontrolled Free Enterprise has sometimes done to it. Today we are being reminded of our duties as good citizens and responsible human beings. It is about time too.

Will a state of war, in a democracy, regiment thought? Obviously, in a state of war, you cannot speak as freely as in a state of peace. You cannot tell all you know. You must be careful not to give "aid and comfort" to the enemy. Neither should the responsible citizen indulge in hasty and ill-considered criticism of the governmental effort. (Plenty are so indulging, nevertheless.) But constructive criticism of practical value is still welcomed. And, to judge by the flood of books discussing the war from almost every

angle, our thought concerning it is noticeably free. It is inevitable of course, in any great effort of organization, that certain people in minor positions will, temporarily at least, abuse authority. There are always those who do so. The more limited the intelligence the more certain is it that the possession of a little authority will inspire stupid action. No people is free from such self-elected censors. But they are in the minority.

Is the writer, however, to restrict his thought, to confine himself merely to certain lines of reasoning, in order to help preserve his country's morale? That is the way things work under a dictatorship. But in this country we are trying to spread the widest possible knowledge concerning this war, concerning its roots, and the actual facts that confront us in the world today. Any addition to that knowledge is welcome. For our best propaganda is to spread the entire truth.

As a certain foreign correspondent recently said in a radio discussion, "This is not a 'back to normalcy' war. People are not fighting to get back to 1938 or 1928 or 1918 or 1908. They are fighting for a brave *new* world, a world where ordinary, decent human beings have a greater freedom and greater opportunities, a world where people *believe* in ordinary, decent human beings and believe that they *must* have greater freedom and great opportunities, a world where people do things that have never been done before to secure this greater freedom and these greater opportunities. This is what this war means." Wallace Deuel, who said that, is no starry-eyed utopian, but a hardbitten journalist who saw things at close range in Germany, and who wrote "People under Hitler."

In the same discussion, I recall that Louis Bromfield, whose name is known to every novel-reader, remarked, with regard to cartel monopolies in France just before France's downfall, that those chiefly interested and involved in monopoly were "interested entirely in their own profit and their own property and, with this in view, they ceased merely to be business men, for they also became politicians and they disrupted and corrupted the whole French government from the top."

It is against such monopoly, also, and such special privilege, that the actual fighting forces of the United Nations are arrayed in this war, for it is the great industrialists of Germany who are furnishing the sinews of war to Hitler. And inasmuch as this is a war in which the common people are on the march, it approaches the nature of a crusade. It is certainly the writer's function today to stress this greater significance. In fact, it is the duty of the writer to strengthen the people in a rational hope and faith.

The immediate problems connected with the prosecution of this war are weighty enough. The immediate concerns both of soldiers and civilians are their personal affairs, as their national duties affect them. The problems thrown in the lap of the world after the war will be tremendous. Confronted with these considerations, the average human mind and spirit is bogged-down and bewildered. But if, just as the pressure is beginning to be

put upon us, we ourselves feel that way—what of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day, the brunt of the fighting up to this time?

There is a tough fibre in Americans. They not only do not wish to "be dieted with praise," they are immediately full of "Oh yeah?"s when you begin to paint any rosy picture for them. You are suspect before you start. Probably most of them would put it, in their hearts, "It's a hell of a tough job, and a dirty job. We've got to get on with it, we've got to go through with it. We may be let down at the end of it. If we *are* let down, by this and by that we are going to ask *why*, and we are going to find an answer!" That is all right too. That is what the war is about—to find an answer. This time, indeed, if the world doesn't find one, it is likely to be the end of civilization altogether.

The writer's magical and prophetic robes were long since stripped from him. He is no medicine-man! One of his problems in wartime, perhaps not the least onerous, is to maintain his *own* morale. After all, the reason he is a writer is because he possesses the ability to think out and put into words a good many things the average person doesn't bother his head about. He has "the old disease of thought." He is therefore more exposed than anyone else to violent revulsions against the errors and stupidities of mankind as a whole. He sees the world in a vast process of change, moving more quickly than in generations, but he also sees on every side evidence of persisting intolerance and prejudice. He believes in what the political adviser to Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek recently called "a fresh high tide of liberation," and yet, because he has eyes and ears, he is fully aware of certain things in his own country that would seem to indicate the exact opposite.

His duty then is to speak the truth as clearly to his countrymen as, if he is an honest man, he speaks it to himself. Only in this way can he serve his country best. Not in mere contentiousness, not in malice, but with a deep and abiding concern for what our American notion of liberty really means, must he speak on any and all occasions that demand it. As never before is the obligation laid upon him not only to speak the truth but the *whole* truth. As never before does the future of the whole world tremble in the balance. Those who have imagination must use it to see as truly as possible *beyond* this war, into some lasting condition of equity for Mankind.

But who *are* writers? They are merely human beings very much like all the rest. They only possess a knack of expression of a certain kind. Nevertheless, upon them is laid a responsibility all their own. There was a day when they could, and did, luxuriate in rather irresponsible utterances. They cannot very well do that in the face of the present crisis. They too have enlisted for the duration. They have not enlisted to suppress or pervert their instinct for the truth. They *must* have enlisted to help frame a dynamic faith for the fighting men, a faith not in men as heroes—though the roll of "heroes" is long today—not in men as demigods of a certain race or culture—but in men as containing that spark of what we call "decency" which is the

God in Men, and of men as beings who *can* and *will* build a better world for themselves and their brothers.

Men's minds being as erring as they are, to a certain extent we must take the will for the deed; but it seems, to this one writer at least, that such a will should animate the fraternity of writers. Indeed, in many striking instances, it does animate it. Against the doctrine of despising and crushing a brilliant race and exalting barbarous stupidity, against the universal grinning bully and the cynical oaf in office, against hysteric hate and the Father of Lies, against the worship of Might as Right and the dull ass's iron-shod hoof, against outright murder and plunder, men whose manhood does not consist in wielding rubber truncheons upon the unarmed and beaten down are speaking today all over the world, and with ponderable effect. "*The new faith is faith in things that are worth not only fighting and dying for, but also worth living for. It is a very old faith, because it is faith in the dignity and sanctity of the individual human being. It is also a new faith, because new means must be and are being found to secure the dignity and sanctity of human beings—to make men really free.*"

That also Mr. Deuel said. That is the reason, as our Vice President said, that the common man is on the march. That is the democratic faith that our writers must keep before the people—and the faith that, this time, so help us almighty God, must not be betrayed!

## THE PUBLIC MIND IN WAR AND PEACE

*J. F. Brown (1941)*

We are going to win this war and we are going to win the peace which follows. Between World War I and World War II psychologists discovered much about the nature of man, and sociologists discovered at least something about the nature of the society in which he lives. Today we know certain basic principles of social dynamics which must be recognized prior to politics, and even prior to economics, in any reconstruction which will keep the peace once we have won it. In this article I wish to elucidate some of these principles in a non-technical fashion.

The peace cannot be a Pax Americana or a Pax Anglosaxonica, and only in a special meaning can it be even a Pax Democratica. It must be a Pax Humana, a peace based on "psychological" man as he is, rather than on "economic" man as he is supposed to be. Even the statesmen are now realizing this truth. Dr. Duncan Hall, a perspicacious member of the permanent secretariat of the League of Nations who watched its chronic failure through the thirties, resigned in 1938 to take up the study of political psychology. Politics and economics must be tempered with psychology.

The doctrine of economic man, hedonistically motivated to react in

terms of an enlightened self-interest in accordance with the laws of classical economics, dies hard. Actually its inadequacy is revealed when we consider that Nazism failed to collapse by 1934, that London failed to fall in 1940, that Moscow is jubilant as I write these lines. Events such as these can be understood scientifically only in terms of social psychology, however attractive their explanation in terms of "spirit" proves to orators. If fascist brutality and Hitler's speeches reveal a nastier, beastlier aspect of psychological man than polite individuals thought existed, the behavior last year of the citizenry of London and the recent words of the President and the Prime Minister reveal a humaner aspect. The task for the reconstruction is to see to it, by utilizing the laws of human nature, that the latter aspect prevails.

It is patently true that applied social scientists are unable to produce results in the way chemical engineers or even surgeons produce them. But all science begins simply, grows slowly and arises out of society's necessity. If we look at the periods when the physical sciences emerged as genuine sciences, we see that these periods were correlated with the discovery of limiting principles in nature. The discovery of these limiting principles allowed scientists to find natural laws, and led to the possibility of controlling physical nature through the redirection of its existing forces. Thus the principle of the immutability of chemical elements led to the development of modern chemistry, and the principle of the conservation of energy led to inestimable practical advances in modern physics. Today seekers after the philosophers' stone and inventors of perpetual-motion machines are of serious interest only to psychiatrists; but seekers after cheap and easy Utopias continue to spout their beliefs everywhere.

Modern social science can claim no laws having the general validity of the laws of the conservation of matter and energy. Yet modern social science has certainly discovered a considerable number of limiting principles which allow us to see what is and what is not possible in the organization and reorganization of social groups. Any reconstruction of society which is to lead to stability and progress must take them into consideration. They represent barriers to Utopia, but also within their framework are the actual possibilities of social reorganization toward maximal goodness.

I have recently tried to formulate some of the chief limiting principles of social dynamics. Of these, the following seem to me to be of particular importance for the coming reconstruction.

### The Inevitability of Inequality

That men are created free and equal is an ethically valuable political slogan but it is only in this sense that social science can accept it. That men are unequal physically, emotionally and intellectually is the basic discovery of nineteenth and twentieth-century biometrics and psychometrics. Inequality in intelligence is particularly important. There is probably more discrepancy between the intellectual ability of an individual having an intelligence quo-

tient of 150 (technically called genius) and one having an intelligence quotient of 70 (technically the border-line of mental deficiency) than there is between the latter and a highly gifted chimpanzee. Intellectual ability is distributed in such a way that relatively few individuals are mentally deficient and relatively few are highly gifted, while the vast majority fall in the mediocre range. We know from recent investigations that neither the average-intelligence quotient nor the limits of intelligence are completely determined by hereditary or racial stock. Part, perhaps as much as one-half, of the individual's intellectual ability is determined by environmental factors. But we also know that neither a large increase in average intelligence nor a large decrease in the lower brackets of intelligence is likely to occur in the reasonably near future.

The knowledge of the distribution of intelligence in individuals and in nations and races gives rise to impenetrable barriers to the establishment of a classless, casteless society, and places severe limitations on the possibility of a really functioning democracy (*i.e.*, a democracy where the majority opinion rules through an enlightened electorate). This is particularly important for the world of the future, as the ability required for intelligent choice in a rural town meeting is obviously less than that required to make intelligent decisions in a world state. Furthermore, with such differences in intelligence, society will be based for some time in the future on certain submission-dominance relationships between individuals within the constituent nations and between nations themselves. And, if artifacts of political organization unduly suppress the freedoms of superior groups, those groups will revolt. That Hitler has stressed this does not make this simple truth less truthful.

Equality of opportunity is another matter. If we treat both individuals and nations to equality of opportunity in an optimal economic environment, two results of vast importance will ensue. The average intellectual ability will gradually increase and the lower levels of intelligence will disappear (bringing closer the possibility of a truly functioning democracy), and the danger of man's destructive urges breaking out into armed conflict will be diminished.

### The Psychobiological Nature of Man

Nor are men created free. The old belief that man's animal body and the society in which he lived could be largely controlled through man's rational mind must be replaced by the view that man's rational mind is largely controlled by the nature of his animal body on the one hand and by the nature of his culture on the other. Adult civilized man is a socio-psycho-biological organism—a civilized and intellectualized animal, at least under certain circumstances. The new-born babe is largely biological. The psychoanalysts, Freud in particular, have shown us how the biologically founded reaction patterns are gradually domesticated in the process of growing up. Man's biological nature contains destructive impulses (hate, aggression, even the

wish-to-kill) as well as constructive impulses (love, tenderness, the wish-to-procreate). In the process of domesticating the baby-animal society must curb some of man's destructiveness and may curb much of his constructiveness. We have to learn to refrain from beating up all of our critics and from making love to all the girls who appeal to us. Sometimes we even turn the other cheek, and we have all written love poetry.

In an economically functioning democracy the most dangerous segments of a man's destructive impulses remain successfully curbed as do certain segments of his love impulses. But prize-fights and burlesque shows still appeal to almost all of us. Some of us even like bull-fights and peep shows. Even in normal times a few criminals commit murder and rape, and psychiatrists see tendencies toward both of these forms of behavior in their patients who are not in the legal sense criminals at all. Thus the question "How is it possible for the Germans to behave so brutally?" is a question begged. Under certain circumstances such behavior is natural, if not nice, and biologic if not polite. A more sensible question is "What are the conditions under which human aggression is restrained?" We know the partial answer: minimal economic security in a society which allows at least some outlet for both the basic emotions of love and hate.

In a functioning democracy at peace one can "hate" the government (we all remember the Roosevelt-haters), one can "hate" one's competitors, the members of different classes, of different religions and of different races. Such controlled "hating" is really quite healthy. And in economic security one can love one's girl and get married and have children and love them. But when the possibilities for such normal loving and hating are cut beyond a certain minimum, it is possible for anyone to be bestial. In individuals we say they develop psychoses. In nations we say they become wantonly aggressive. The peacemakers must remember man's animal nature and remember that when culture does not allow man's basic drives sufficient outlet man turns on culture itself. Thus with the principle of inequality must be considered the psychobiological nature of man.

## Groups as Organisms

It would be nice to think that all men are of good will and wish to cooperate in group enterprise. Older theories based on the idea of the "economic man" rationally deciding to give up savage pleasures for the fruits of cooperation by accepting the limitations in freedom of a social contract have no adherents left today. Actually, groups are always coercive to the individual and, except for certain elites in the group, lead to exploitation. The mere fact that we sing the praises of cooperation presupposes that competition and even conflict are also existent behavior forms. Perhaps under certain circumstances they are necessary and valuable. Be that as it may, members of the in-group coöperate most readily in order to compete or even combat with members of the out-group. And it is axiomatic that

in-group cooperation is greatest when out-group competition is greatest. In-group cooperation requires, however, that natural aggressions toward members of the in-group be limited. Whether among social clubs competing for members or nations competing for trade, aggressions which are normally expended on neighbors are turned outward on the competition.

Psychologists have discovered three so-called mechanisms which exist in all of us, but become dominant in times of conflict. These are displacement, projection and rationalization. Displacement is the tendency to transfer emotional reactions to other than the originally adequate object. Classically this is taking it out on the cat or in pre-war Nazi Germany on the Jews and the Bolsheviks. Through projection one attributes to others one's own motives which are unacceptable to oneself. To the alcoholic it is always the other fellow who drinks too much. To Hitler even poor old Chamberlain was a warmonger. After indulging in such perverse forms of thought the individual needs to excuse himself, and through rationalization he assumes to himself socially acceptable motives. Thus the vice crusader collects all the prurient literature to save the public, and Nazi Germany becomes the bulwark of civilization against both plutocratic democracy and godless Bolshevism. So far our own war effort has been relatively free from this type of thought perversion, but undoubtedly a certain amount of it may arise. It is an important question for the reconstruction as to how we can assure optimal in-group cooperation with optimal out-group competition without laying the stage for further world wars.

History perhaps holds the answer. There has been a gradual increase in the size of the dominant political grouping from clan, through tribe, through city-state, to the modern nation. In their social dynamics, family feuds are but little different from modern international wars. The political form next to emerge in line with modern economics and technology ought to be some form of world state. Some will say we tried this in the League of Nations. But let us not forget that the League of Nations was based on a voluntary "social contract" type of cooperation. Groups themselves are not held together by voluntary cooperation, but rather show the characteristics of organisms. Some real policing force will be necessary in a world federation superior in power to the individual nations.

## The Laws of Leadership

Modern social science has gone some way toward resolving the old antithesis between history and the hero. The romantic but one-sided belief in the born hero-leader who makes history was replaced for a while by the less romantic but equally one-sided belief that history as the total of existing sociological forces makes the leader. Today we see the leader and the followers as integral parts of a dynamic whole. To be sure, they are both part but not equally potent parts. The leader within the social framework of his society does instigate change, and history is not wholly independent of per-

sonality. Since we have already seen that individual differences imply some submission-dominance order, that man's native urges need curbing, that groups must be organized, it is quite obvious that leaders will exist in the good society of the future. Psychological analysis of the biographies of leaders further convinces us that the drive to leadership and the lust for power in themselves may represent psychiatric problems. In a functioning democracy, however, leaders are chosen from groups of aspirants.

The British psychoanalyst, E. Glover, has made the suggestion that all would-be statesmen submit to a psychoanalysis. Although at the present time such a suggestion is utopian, at some time in the future it might be possible. Even at present a thorough psychiatric examination of all civil-service candidates and candidates for elective office could accomplish much.

### The Irrational Elements Underlying Emotion

Remorse and resentment represent cases of emotional indigestion. But they are also basic motivating factors in the life of the average human. Hitler never forgot the orthodox Jews of his childhood. Whole nations will never forget the events of the nineteen thirties and forties. Thus in a series of crises such as the world has suffered since 1914, resentment becomes a social force of great magnitude. The idea of "getting even" invariably follows real or imagined wrongs. Under the smart of resentment war aims and peace aims are changed.

If the resentment of the Allies had not been so strong at the time of the Versailles Treaty, the German Republic might have flourished without building up the Nazi resentment of today. Everyone agrees that any possibility of successful reconstruction depends on building a peace based on economic and psychological principles rather than on the *lex talionis*. But the *lex talionis* is deeply embedded in the psychology of all but the most exceptional individuals. When resentment dictates a national policy over periods of years, a vicious circle is established. Resentment leads to retaliation, which leads to ever further resentment on the other side. It becomes eyes for an eye and teeth for a tooth. The outcome is a sort of retaliatory strip poker where the skin itself becomes the last garment to be bet. We must not let the peace be based on revenge.

We know today that both revenge and resentment are expended on displaced goals. The object of revenge may be a substitute for the true but hidden source of our anger. This fact leads to the possibility of reducing some of the displaced emotion by learning the true objects of our loves and hates. Thus arises the possibility of the control of resentment through education. Finally to assure a new and stable world order, our whole educational system must be radically overhauled. Social scientists have some ideas on this, too, but they cannot be enlarged on in a single article.

If the peacemakers consider the principles of social dynamics and work within an adequate economic framework perhaps several generations may

grow up without the fears, the anxieties, the bitterness and the resentments which have characterized ours. With even two generations living in democracies with minimal economic security and with certain guaranteed freedoms of action, our whole educational system could be adapted to what modern social science has discovered about human nature. The final result of all this might be the realization that higher even than the ideal of dying for one's country can be that of living for humanity.

## CANDLE IN THE DARK

*Irwin Edman (1939)*

THE FAITHS by which men live are various, and some, like love, happiness, progress, and success, may hardly be recognized as faiths at all. But they are beliefs and men act on them. To sensitive human beings everywhere the most serious of casualties has already come. That casualty is the collapse of everything by which the hopeful spirit or the generous mind has lived. For the second time in a generation the brutal futility of war has broken out in the very heart of the civilized world, in lands that are the sources of ourselves and our culture. Whatever be the causes, whatever the necessity, the fact that there could be such causes and such necessity has already eaten like a canker into the bloom of every value we enjoy and every ideal we cherish. It has seemed to make a mockery of all our hopes, and nonsense of all our knowledge. It has turned the faith in education into an irony and has reduced to triviality the arts on which men have lavished their technical mastery and their lyric flame. It has made even private joys seem precarious and shame-faced. What do all these things avail, when they end in deliberate death and incalculable chaos? Men in the nineteenth century were sad that they could no longer believe in God. They are more deeply saddened now by the fact that they can no longer believe in man.

What, in the face of such overwhelming collapse, is there for us to escape to or to cling to or to lean on? Where may we turn, in Æ's wonderful phrases, from "the politics of time" to "the politics of eternity"?

What can we do to keep sane in a world gone mad?

. . . . . .

In times of despair in the past, men have been able to retire into something deeper than themselves. Saints and mystics have recommended the serenity that might be attained if only one could be sufficiently still. If the outer world were steadfastly disregarded, if the inner tumult were sufficiently subdued, within the collected psyche something solacing and deep would sound. In the depths of one's own retired being, all Being would speak; one would be at peace with the eternal. The tumult without is now too loud; the conflict and doubt within are too strong. Part of our desolation comes from the fact that there are no collected silent spaces for the spirit.

It is part of our tragedy that the rapt quiet of the saints and mystics, the collected sanctuary of the spirit, is not possible for us in these agitating times. Not in the self, nor in the past, nor in a mystical absorption, is escape to be found, and the present seems to offer no ground for hope. It is, as Bertrand Russell once put it, "on the firm foundation of unyielding despair that the soul's habitation henceforth alone can be safely built." Any comfort we can find must be a postscript to despair.

Only when we are willing to call into question everything we have taken for granted, only on the precarious bedrock of doubt, can we rise to any encouragements, or can any consolations be found. What brief candles of hope or of resource can we find in a darkness which we are first prepared to accept as absolute? What, amid the noisy alarms and scarring disillusions, can the mind remaining at once candid and liberal hope for?

The first ray of hope, perhaps, lies in the discovery that the darkness may be not so absolute as we had supposed. Nihilism is a form of hysteria, and hysteria occurs where the patient, having no possible solution, moans incoherently in confused defeat. Bad as the present is, it seems worse than any past only by virtue of the fact that it has its sharp edge of being here and now. This is, of course, not the first time in the history of civilization that sensitive spirits, bred in a familiar culture, have declared, because that culture was changing, that all civilization was coming to an end.

This is not the first time in the history of the West that the good and the reasonable saw nothing to do but to die or to shudder. It is sobering to our too hysterical fears to take, under the guidance of competent historians, a historical perspective. It requires a hard, even a cruel effort at detachment to take the long view, but only by taking such a view can we see our present plight in something like its true proportions and find true proportions for our still persistent hopes. We shall, by so doing, discover that part of the nihilism that is in the air is the result of a strange—and absurd—conviction that we are living in a new kind of present, one without a past and without a future. Men in earlier ages, too, thought they were living at the end of the world. Nothing comes out of nothing, Lucretius once long ago informed his readers. No civilization ever ends. Let us calm ourselves a little by citing the words of an eminent historian of the Middle Ages:

> The Middle Ages can be rightly understood only as a period of convalescence, slow at best, and with continual relapses, from the worst catastrophe recorded in the whole history of the Western World. . . . The break-up of the [Roman] Empire was followed by scenes of disorder, not only far more intense than what we have seen in the most unhappy districts of modern times, but prolonged for a period exceeding the worst that we can possibly fear as a result of the present international rivalries and class conflicts. . . . Generations later, when the barbarians had burst in and Alaric the Goth had even taken Rome, men felt as though the sky had fallen. (Coulton, *Medieval Panorama*, pp. 8–9.)

The sky had not fallen; it never has done so; it never will. There is every evidence that the civilization of Western Europe as we men have known it for hundreds of years is in eclipse, in the sense that forces are coming to birth that will make it inconceivably different. What would Western culture be like without our familiar religions, arts, and aspirations? So much of our imaginative heritage is bound up with that world that radical changes in it seem very like an end, and that end very like a tragedy. But though the Roman Empire collapsed, the elements of civilization it contained have survived. And if a complicated and decaying system of politics, finance, and privilege, blended with religion, is now passing away, that does not mean that all the past values it has enshrined are ended, or that they will not come to life again in a freer and more equitable world. The glory that was Greece continued to live in the grandeur that was Rome, and Rome endures today in our thoughts, emotions, our institutions and arts, in our laws and our languages. St. Augustine said the City of God lives on forever while the empires of man pass away. But all that counts in the City of Man, too, has survived; only the imperial matrix has vanished. Civilizations do not end; they change, and terrible as are the crises and disorders through which Western civilization has passed, it has never altogether ceased. We are too nihilistic. We prematurely and provincially assume that, because the present bodes an end to established empires, it is the end of all things. The world seemed to a good many Athenians, too, to have ended with the Peloponnesian War.

Historical-mindedness may rescue us, then, from the sense that we are living in a twilight of the gods. Perhaps our gods were not all gods, perhaps new gods are being born. But it may be argued that only from the point of view of astronomical coolness or geological leisure can one speak so calmly of the lapse of a civilization with which all the moral and esthetic and practical interests of contemporary lives are concerned. Nor can the actuality of present agonies be brushed away in such grandiose detachment. But to remember the past, to be historical-minded, if it does not give us too great expectations, at least removes us from a hysterical piling up of our worst fears and an exacerbated awareness of evil. We read of casualties by the thousand in undeclared wars in the Orient and of the tensions of the theater of war now closer to home in the West, of executions by the score in countries at peace, of starvation in lands of abundance. We ask, could anything at any time have been worse? The answer is that they could have been and that they have been. The collapse of the Roman Empire is not simply a graph in a later historian's pages. It meant actual painful disorder in the lives of millions of men for hundreds of years. Much later, the Thirty Years' War was one of the worst scourges, one of the most terrible and futile ravagings of European civilization, in recorded history. The news of it did not spread in hectic flashes instantly over the whole of mankind. But it was quite as acutely damaging to innocent and helpless indi-

iduals as anything men suffer today. The Thirty Years' War was but one mong many times when the generous and reasonable could only lament and lespair, if they were not themselves in too dire distress to look at that of thers with either detachment or sympathy. It is not, I think, sentimentalism o point out that men have survived—certainly cultures and nations and races ave survived—other crises, worse crises than even that of the national rival- ies and class conflicts of today. It is true that the miseries of our own time re no less acute, its terrors no less frightening, because other ages had their hare. But we need to be reminded of the epitaph of the shipwrecked sailor uoted in the Greek anthology:

> A shipwrecked sailor on this coast bids you set sail,
> Full many a gallant ship ere we were lost weathered the gale.

Our own tragedies are acutely our own, but they are not final in the niverse, nor do they preclude a renascence of life in perhaps more liberal nd intelligent forms. Vegetation dies every autumn but Nature does not lie. So, too, with forms of human living. There will be springs again, and even now children are being born whose adult lives will begin when the torm is over, and when they may have learned to build better than we. And if the houses of their spirit have a different architecture, they may be no ess beautiful; they may well be more solid and more roomy than our own nherited forms of shelter, and to the generations who will live in them quite s homely and familiar and as much the stimulus to affection and imagination s anything we have known.

But historical-mindedness has other uses than to show us that things were nce worse or just as bad or just as portentous—or that Nature generates ew ways of life for men. Its real uses are to show us the roots and sources f our worst evils and in the very revelation of their origins show us hints f their possible cures. This civilization itself, which we moan to see in ollapse, contained, obviously, the very disease which produced the present risis. We will not be quite so benumbed by the disaster if we see its long- ange sources; we shall feel less a collectively suicidal impulse. Willy-nilly, ve shall go on having expectations, for to live at all is to expect, but our opes will be more sober and less treacherous. Historical-mindedness is mportant above all in giving us the habit of thinking in terms of causes and consequences. We shall see that, if not all our expectations were sober, neither were all our despairs. Why should we, in the long historical per- pective, despair of science, democracy, and human nature itself?

On the negative side, even the most bitter admit that physical science has been a triumphant and, as in the diabolical new technique of high explosives, ometimes a grimly spectacular success. So much have the miracles of the echnique of physical science become familiar that they are banal. But we need to be reminded again how young a venture is scientific method and how

limited the fields in which it has been tried. The present state to which civilization has come is not a cue to give up the hope of improvement of mankind through understanding. Rather it is brought home to us tragically to what a pass we are come when we leave human relations, private and public, to the devices of vested interests, fanatic formulas, and uninstructed passions. Small as is the area in which intelligence has been applied to social and human problems, it has been strikingly effective. Psychiatry is, in the modern sense, simply a child, yet it has begun to remake the souls of men. Where economic opportunity and stability have permitted it, education, too, for all its failures, has made thousands upon thousands of children—born, like children in any age, little bundles of animal savagery—into reasonable and decent human beings. Even in this disordered society there are thousands upon thousands of instances of relatively ordered and sometimes beautiful lives. Scientific method is simply a name for the technique of human art applied to human problems. There is nothing but a challenge in the fact that the social and moral scene is still in chaos and threatens to be in worse disorder before it improves.

There is even a kind of encouragement in our recognition of just how much the war is interrupting the beneficent arts of healing, of teaching, and of housing and communication. No one can have seen Europe in the past twenty years without noting in how many directions, even under the constant threat of war, new and fruitful methods in education, in socialized medicine, in methods of social security have been developed. It was in Vienna, starving and uneasy, that some of the finest schemes of workers' housing grew. Even in the maelstrom of insecurity that we now see the Weimar Republic to have been, youth movements, modern building, and a lively folk theater were being encouraged. In the Scandinavian countries, as many recent books have reminded us, intelligence (a simpler name for scientific method) was making the pattern of a rich shared life, of a simple, sensible culture in which it was possible for all to have a part without acrimony. In America, whatever bruises and disruptions, whatever sore spots of sharecroppers and devastated dustbowls there may be (all symptoms of the failure of intelligence), there has been in every direction the remaking of life, ranging from garden cities and parkways to enlightened child guidance—indications of what technique combined with good will may make of our society.

That there is much to be done remains unquestioned; that there is much now seriously threatened no one in his senses could deny. But even under the dislocations of the past twenty years, now seen as a mere truce between wars, what *has* been done indicates what can be done. It is nothing less than hysteria or failure of nerve to believe that all is over because everything is interrupted. Indeed it would seem part of the very minimum of moral sanity today to keep in mind firmly that, however tragic and far-reaching the interregnum through which we are passing, it is an interregnum, even in

Europe. It is to become a partner in the current madness that has overtaken the world to abet the madness by an abdication of just those interests and activities which in the long perspective make for the world's sanity. Nothing that matters in an ordered time matters less now. The schools, the medicine, the research, the co-operative inquiry that are the only instruments of a better-ordered world are now more critically important than ever. It is not callousness but concern for the future of men that should urge us to keep alive the only enterprise working toward a more rational and equitable society. There is a parable in the story of the liberal French professor long ago imprisoned for his political opinions who returned after seven years to his class at the university and began, "As I was saying." Whatever men were saying or doing that made sense or was fruitful in life and society is no less sensible and fruitful now. It will not be less sensible or fruitful after the war is over. There is a chance, a bare chance, of course, that Europe will be an absolute chaos and shambles before peace comes. The peace that is arrived at may be no more than an armed truce. But even then men will have to begin again to rebuild, and it will only add to the destruction if the spirits and the minds of those not directly involved become a chaos and a shambles now. The methods of free inquiry and enlightened co-operative effort have been interrupted before. It would be foolish to the point of criminality to stifle them deliberately at a time when they are most threatened.

What holds true of the more directly scientific methods of social control holds true in equal, perhaps in greater, measure for those concerns that seem (but only superficially) the luxuries of the spirit. It is a striking historical fact that some of the quiet, powerful creations of the human race, works that have left their permanent liberating influence on mankind, were produced by men far from insensitive to the miseries of mankind, in times of apparent and of real dissolution and untold hurt to the bodies and souls of some of the best of their generation. Even in times of peace there is every temptation to be distracted and to let the noise of events in their hectic timeliness divert us from the arduous concerns of art and mind. It would do all of us some good in our hopeless moments of nihilism to recall what Pericles, according to Thucydides, said in the funeral oration over the bodies of those who had fallen in the war.

Our constitution does not copy the laws of neighboring states; we are rather a pattern to others than imitators ourselves. Its administration favors the many instead of the few; this is why it is called a democracy. If we look to the laws, they afford equal justice to all in their private differences; if to social standing, advancement in public life falls to reputation for capacity, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with merit; nor again does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition. The freedom which we enjoy in our government extends also to our ordinary life. . . .

Further, we provide plenty of means for the mind to refresh itself from busi-

ness. We celebrate games and sacrifices all the year round, and the elegance of our private establishments forms a daily source of pleasure and helps to banish the spleen; while the magnitude of our city draws the produce of the world into our harbor, so that to the Athenian the fruits of other countries are as familiar a luxury as those of his own. . . .

Nor are these the only points in which our city is worthy of admiration. We cultivate refinement without extravagance and knowledge without effeminacy, wealth we employ more for use than for show. . . .

In short, I say that as a city we are the school of Hellas, while I doubt if the world can produce a man who, where he has only himself to depend upon, is equal to so many emergencies, and graced by so happy a versatility as the Athenian. . . .

It was not of desolation or of misery that he spoke but of what Athens at its best meant.

If we cease to keep alive the things that are civilized in our society, our land is destroyed without a bomb bursting or an invader landing on our shores. There would not be much point in defending a civilization in which every civilized interest had lapsed. The arts and our intellectual activities need to be kept alive, not simply because, when they are most eloquent, clear, and free, they are the concentration of our best energies and of ourselves, but also because they are liberators and nourishers of life. It is true that, as Spinoza pointed out, the conditions of civil liberty are necessary to the preserving of intellectual freedom. But important also is the maintenance of the habit and the work of free speculation (free even from responsibility to the urgencies of the moment), for ideas permeate the atmosphere in which freedom is cherished. The arts and thinking become more somber and responsible and serious in a tragic time. They may seem irrelevant, but, paradoxically enough, their business becomes peculiarly urgent: to keep alive freedom and a deeper liberty, the play of mind and heart and imagination, in the living variety of human experience. Plato's *Republic*, Spinoza's *Ethics*, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and Wordsworth's *Prelude* were not written when the world was quietly happy. Their pages outlived the troubled eras in which their authors lived, and have brought light and healing to men in other troubled eras. Creative art and creative thought are life-continuing and life-renewing beyond the immediate clamor, even while destruction is rampant. And their creation may renew life for generations knowing happier times or facing other perils. Out of tragedy, thinking may envisage a way to lessen the tragedy of other generations, or make images of a way of life less disastrous than our own.

If we have been too hasty about science and its failure, we have been too hasty also in our assumption that democracy is ended because in certain parts of the world it is being flouted and discredited, because in the homes of such democracy as has existed in Western civilization the very processes of democracy have for long been confused and are now grimly interrupted.

The democratic processes are very recent and have been very limited. There is even some responsible opinion among historians that they were never really alive and functioning in Germany and Italy of the nineteenth century. There has been increasing realization of this, and one has but to read for illustration the comments of the Labor Opposition in the British Parliament to know how little democracy has been operative in England. In the nineteenth century, even so wise an observer as John Stuart Mill assumed that the form of representative government itself would be enough. Ballot boxes and literacy were supposed to do the trick. We know very much better now. Jacques Barzun, in his recent illuminating book *Of Human Freedom*, has pointed out suggestively, as John Dewey in other terms has been pointing out these many years, that unless democracy—the flexible and courageous use of co-operative intelligence—functions throughout our lives it does not function at all. If it has failed, it has failed because it has been tried in such limited terms, because so much of privilege has prevented it from being tried further, because so much of life for so many people has been excluded. The snob has functioned in the arts and made them trivial and unintelligible, those very arts which might be the means of imaginative sharing of the whole of experience by all men, the means of utterance of what mattered most to them, and the images of a more vital and ordered condition of life. Democracy has not been tried in industry because special privilege has determined it should not be tried. It has not been tried in education because authority and tradition, the social deposit of habit, have continued to function there, and because groups—dominant for whatever reason—have wished to pass on inherited formulas rather than equip the young to develop fresh forms of living appropriate to new needs.

The democracies have failed in Europe, we hear, meaning by democracy the pluto-oligarchy that has continued through constitutional forms. What makes us so certain that it could not function if it were tried? Probably three things: lack of faith in the common man, lack of belief that people could be deeply or effectively concerned with the common good, and, third, a sense that society could not be effectively planned without suppressing the liberty of individual living.

There is nothing in the crescendo of evil that has swept over the Western world that ought to make us lose faith in the common man. It is curious how the waves of political methods and ideologies pass over the lives of ordinary people. Even today there is no reason to believe that the common man in the countries that we feel have betrayed the democratic ideal is so common, so brutal, or so vulgar as his leaders. Today, right now in Germany and, as the writer knows from personal experience, in Italy after fifteen years of a totalitarian regime, the plain people wish to live a simple human life. And even without education, with pitiful means and under brutal suppressions, the Italian peasant leads his life with a gay and human distinction.

God must have loved the common people, Lincoln remarked in an often-quoted utterance, because he made so many of them. The democratic hypothesis is simply that, given a chance, the common man may be a high, not a low, common denominator. For what we call the needs of the average man are those of everyone. He desires to eat, to sleep, to love. There is nothing that has happened to make us believe that those elements of decency and kindness, of living and letting live, which people exhibit if they are allowed to live without fear and insecurity, might not animate the decisions of mankind. We have not seriously tried to give the common man an adequate voice in the commonweal. It is the leaders of the democracies, not themselves democrats or brought up on a genuinely democratic concern, who have been complicitly instrumental in getting Europe into its present state. It is true now, possibly more than ever, that the generality of mankind, left to themselves, would live in amity and kindness. It is as much a challenge as ever to work for conditions of life under which people could come to be themselves, rather than to be stereotypes, or the victims of over-privilege, which makes them callous, or under-privilege, which makes them slaves. Men and women are not angels, but they are not devils either. They are men and women. The experiment is young yet, that of arranging the conditions of life so that men and women can quietly be themselves and live decently shared lives. The community feeling in any village in Vermont, even the help and kindliness in a slum in London or New York, has shown what can be done in that direction. The battle against entrenched privilege, against authoritarianism, against snobbishness of race or caste, has been steadily going on. It is a battle quite as important in the long run as that in China or in Europe. Only when that subtler battle is successful will the bloodier battles disappear.

It is still argued in many quarters that private pleasures, private greeds, and private interests will prevent that co-operative concern for the common good which is most people's business. The average man, we are told, is too engrossed in his own little concerns, the great leaders too preoccupied by vast privileges and interests, to be occupied with the common good. I think this is largely because the common good has been conceived of as an abstraction. The common good is the good of each. But has not the war, have not totalitarian regimes, shown that a common concern, or what is pictured as being so, may be everyone's concern? Nor need private interests be sacrificed for it. It is possible, with proper education, to promote a moral equivalent for war. And many are discovering how thin are the private interests which are not shared. They have a tincture of poison in them. It is hard to realize how much moral loneliness and spiritual isolation there is in a society where people have no roots, no common bonds, no comradely concerns.

But suppose we put the worst face on it. Suppose we say that the hope

for human nature, for scientific control, for co-operative sharing is not justified. As a matter of fact it is our only hope, for until the method of science and the organization of good will are made effective, we shall be paying in blood and in chaos as we have paid these tragic years. But suppose we grant that we are at the fatal turn, that every generous human hope is rendered nil. Is there anything else? There is—the present and the eternal. Bad as the present is, it is a good, as any future good must, in time, be a present, too. Whatever good it has is really good, just as good as it would be in a better time. Transitory, too, as the present is, it exhibits, as any present would, the eternal. And in the recognition of those present goods and manifestations of the eternal (for the eternal is always the same) lies a hint of what refuge we still have, if all our hopes founder.

It may seem strange to the point of perversity to declare in an almost immitigably tragic time that a vivid sense of the present is one of the best antidotes to despair. But the fact is, so great is the impact of events upon us, that we are losing the capacity to realize the present at all. Even in quiet times most people live for the most part at second-hand, by labels and clichés passing for experience. In tense periods such as that through which we are passing, we do not so much live as we are interrupted in living by dire intimations, by signals of death and darkness. We do not experience the present at all as a poet or any free spirit or, in a word, any person completely alive feels it. Each moment is filled with such complex uncertainty that we are losing the capacity to take or to feel the moment as it is in itself—now. Haunted habitually by the thought of how all goods are threatened, we no longer have the freedom of spirit to be wholly or wholeheartedly acquainted with such goods of life as even now there are, such goods of life as persist, whatever ardors and endurances face men. These we experience at their fullest in art and play, in friendship and affection, or in our work (if we happen to be lucky), and in all those activities which release and enhance the sense of being and, with it, the sense of joy.

It seems more than perverse, it would appear gratuitous, to remind us to live in the present, which we think is all too palpably with us. But is it? Even to the chaos and the misery of it we become numbed. A battleship is destroyed, and we glibly speak of the loss of a thousand men. But we do not "realize" in imagination the drowning of a single man or the sorrow of those who loved him. Men huddled on the Western Front become a line in a communiqué, a sentence in a strategical plan. One cannot help reflecting how much of human misery might have been, may still be, averted if it should become a habit of mankind to see in images of first-hand joy or sorrow what would be the consequences of a crusade upon which it is asked to engage or a fanaticism to which it is already committed. What will some hoped-for future *look* like, *feel* like, *be* like, when it becomes a present, in

all its urgency of glow or lethargy, pleasure or pain? There ought to be a poet or a painter in the employ of every moralist or Utopian, to present him with a picture, unmistakable in its edge and vividness, of what the engineered or prescribed happiness for which he is battling would be to the mind and the senses and the heart of men when it actually ceased to be a blueprint and became a daily human fact to sense and feeling.

But if men forget that the future will some day be a present, they forget, too, that the present is already here, and that even in a dark time some of the brightness for which they long is open to the responsive senses, the welcoming heart, and the liberated mind. The moments as they pass even now have their tang and character. They may yield even now the contagious joy of feeling and perception. Here are the familiar flowers, the music we love, the poetry by which we are moved. Here are the books and companions, the ideas and the relaxations, the gaieties and the co-operative tasks of our familiar world. These things may be threatened, they may be precarious, they may be ours only by the grace of God, or of geographical or economic accident. But undeniably, beckoningly, along with the portents and alarms, here they are. Here, in all tragic times, they always have been, affording challenge and delight to the senses, solace and nourishment for the affections, and friendly stimulus to the understanding.

Why should we feel that they are any less good, any less creditable, than in the past?

The days that make us happy make us wise,

John Masefield once wrote. They are instructions, by admirable instance, of what elements would go into a happy society. They are the first-hand realization of the extent to which civilization has achieved anything more than an abstract boast. That distant promised world of felicity—which we now find it so hard to believe in—what would it be in its eventual bright day but a bright day come to actuality for all mankind in the first-hand happiness men and women would experience in an eventual here and now?

The moments of happiness possible to us even now are a more real consolation, perhaps, than any promise of future happiness would be, and not simply because they are birds in the hand. They are the evidences and tokens of a better world. If that better world is impossible, at least now we have glimpses of what in any case it would have been or would have resembled. If a better world is still possible, what better clues could we have to what it would be, or what we should work for it to be, than these direct felicities, needing no argument or proof, that we now know? These little islands of sound life in a sick world, do they not lend some color to our hopes of a happier time, do they not suggest what the color of such a happier time would be? A better world seems a little less impossible if a little of its good, even in the midst of tragedy, shines through the tragedy now. Is it not part of the tragedy of our time, not that remote goods are

being made remoter, but that actual good is being suspended? The hints of a better order are because of this very fact being stilled.

What better-planned economy of human hope could there be than one that took as its criteria such elements of delight and friendliness, and rationality, as are possible to the fortunate and, at moments, to the unfortunate, even now? These are paragraphs of the good life, tinctured only by the sense that such good fortune is very rare and that they are so scattered, so precarious, and that there is so little companionship in them. The awareness of these present paragraphs of the good life can be enhanced through education in the arts. Companionship in them can be increased through the still possible art of friendship even in an all-hating world. Education in delight and in the sharing of delight may be not only an antidote to the poison of despair. If made sufficiently contagious as an attitude toward life, it may be an instrument for removing the grounds for despair. If we learn now to see what the goods of life are and how they gain by being shared, the infinite possibilities of human intelligence and natural resources in the world may be organized for the common good. In the broad sense the arts will be an education in feeling, and the art of politics will be human friendship made a standard political practice.

Nor need there be any fear, I think, that the planning of the instruments of living in the interests of human happiness will be an enemy of human liberty. Planning the condition by which human beings can live at all and live together does not mean prescribing what that particular kind of happiness will be. The vaunted liberties of a democratic society have been too often the liberties of the already entrenched and privileged, the economic and moral slavery of the many. To organize the means of living for all is not to preclude the possibility of living well, or variously or individually, by each. To make and secure life for all is not to destroy liberty and happiness for each; it is to promote them. Only where "planning" becomes an end in itself, and the individual is a cog in a totalitarian machine, does organization by intelligence mean discipline by force.

A sense of the present thus has an important moral bearing, one might almost say a moral exaltation. A paradise on earth may not be impossible, for any such heaven would be composed of colors and joys and companionships such as we now in the worst of times have still been able to know. All the more reason to find the wit and the will to build a society in which these can be more generally and generously pervasive. We need not fear that human nature is incapable of such realization, for human nature is largely what its opportunities and circumstances make it. And even where its opportunities and circumstances have been extremely limited, it has broken through to heights of joy and accomplishment that should make us modify our suspicion that only cruelty and barbarism are in its heart. The history of civilization may be looked at as the history of selfishness and cruelty. But that history is the history also of saints, artists, and mystics. It ought

not to be too much to believe, in the midst of disaster, that mankind can invent the conditions of human happiness, that mankind whose geniuses have invented and imagined so much, and whose simple people have enjoyed so much, under difficulty. And it is well to be reminded that such happiness is not impossible, for in the midst of violence and stupidity it has been achieved in the past; though clouded, it is being experienced fitfully even now.

But suppose not. Suppose we take the worst alternative. The most desperate doubt at least or at last renders us free men. It liberates us at once from hope and fear. It is not cynical but realistic to say that the first condition of serenity is not to have too great expectations; it is essential, if we are to have peace of mind in times of crisis, that we have no expectations at all.

Nor is this impossible. The life of even the most fortunate individual, the history of even the most tranquil society, is marked at any moment by doubts, anxieties, hopes, fears, expectations, and regrets. The crisis of civilization through which we are living is, though a tragic moment, a moment only in the history of the cosmos, an episode only in the history of men. History moves in long waves; we are caught in the roughest surf today, and hurled about by it. But in the midst of the ocean it will be calm tomorrow. In its depths it is calm today. Men have learned, though it requires genius of both ardor and disinterestedness to learn it, to look upon the worst with equanimity.

There are moments of individual lives when we are enabled, for the time being, if only for the time being, to survey existence in its own terms and detach it and ourselves from the jaws of hoped or feared futurity. Great tragic art enables us to do that. It is a familiar fact that tragedy quiets and elevates rather than distracts and destroys us. If happiness must eventually be a here and now, even in the pleasantest lives and the most genial societies frustration is almost universal, and death, the final frustration for every living creature, for any way of life, is inevitable. The present is always with us, in the most desperate of times. The eternal is always illustrated, sometimes tragically illustrated, in even the most felicitous present. To discipline ourselves to live without hope or expectation does not mean that we pass to hopelessness and despair. It means, quite the contrary, that we pass to genuine serenity. To discover that our lives are doomed even in times of peace, that civilization as we now know it may be doomed in times of war, is to meet experience in its most direct and candid terms. It is to live in the immediate for whatever beauty it may incarnate, truth it may reveal, or good it may enshrine. But such beauties, goods, and truths encountered will be an initiation to eternity, even to a mortal and doomed creature in a society whose most generous hopes are canceled.

The eternal we have always with us and it is always at once a stimulant

and an anodyne. Everyone recalls the preternatural lucidity of an autumn day, when every color, so soon to fade utterly, has for the moment the quality of timeless being. "The spirit lives in this continual sense of the ultimate in the immediate." To behold the recurrent types of energy and the spending of energy, of life and the passing of life, of hope and the disillusion that follows upon it, such beholding may—even if the energy, life, and hope be our own—raise us from the hurt and risk incident to existence in time to the peace of the eternal. To experience eternity does not take a long time. It may take an instant, as in the presence of a great work of art where the greatest number of energies are focused in the most intense concentration. On any basis of what we might wish existence to be, the prospects of our time may be very sad indeed. But would not the most peaceful society and the most secure material existence, the gayest association, have their inner voice of disillusion and disappointment, too? Does not even ecstasy of love or art borrow part of its poignancy from the hushed obbligato of fatality that hovers over it, the inner voice of futility that whispers in it? The death's head at the banquet is a grim but true image for the most radiantly happy life. But experience has half its venom removed when it is held at arm's length, with the detachment of contemplation. The crucial state of civilization at the present juncture has simply dramatized on a colossal scale the anxiety and indecision that cloud even the most auspicious turns of individual lives or the lives of nations and cultures. Life is always at some turning point. Great poets and seers have taught us in the past, they may teach us now, to behold the view. Stopping thus to behold it, its urgency, though not its tragedy, may be removed. And then we shall be enabled to behold what men have always beheld when they have raised their eyes to see: the serene, unending recurrences in Nature, the eternal forms and types of happiness and suffering, of cruelty and wisdom, of barbarism and saintliness, that perpetually return on the human scene. Even if our worst fears are realized, Nature will still breathe easily, and generate new men in new times to have hopes and fears again. While we live, at least, we can be alive in the perpetual music of the dream, the eternal note of the tragedy. And it is no small consolation to know, among these recurrences so regular as to be a kind of eternity, "the beginning, if not the fullness of beauty." That is something to have lived for, to live by, when all else fails.

*If* all else fails! One of the advantages of detachment is that it makes us see how hasty our despairs have been; how provincial, even on the human scale, our assumption of tragedy. The darkness now seems absolute. Men before us have forgotten that it hides the morning star.

## THE PRICE OF FREE WORLD VICTORY

*Henry A. Wallace (1942)*

I

We, who in a formal or an informal way represent most of the free peoples of the world, are met here tonight in the interests of the millions in all the nations who have freedom in their souls. To my mind this meeting has just one purpose—to let those millions in other countries know that here in the United States are 130 million men, women, and children who are in this war to the finish. Our American people are utterly resolved to go on until they can strike the relentless blows that will assure a complete victory and with it win a new day for the lovers of freedom everywhere on this earth.

This is a fight between a slave world and a free world. Just as the United States in 1862 could not remain half slave and half free, so in 1942 the world must make its decision for a complete victory one way or the other.

As we begin the final stages of this fight to the death between the free world and the slave world, it is worth while to refresh our minds about the march of freedom for the common man. The idea of freedom—the freedom that we in the United States know and love so well—is derived from the Bible with its extraordinary emphasis on the dignity of the individual. Democracy is the only true political expression of Christianity.

The prophets of the Old Testament were the first to preach social justice. But that which was sensed by the prophets many centuries before Christ was not given complete and powerful political expression until our nation was formed as a Federal Union a century and a half ago. Even then, the march of the common people had just begun. Most of them did not yet know how to read and write. There were no public schools to which all children could go. Men and women cannot be really free until they have plenty to eat, and time and ability to read and think and talk things over. Down the years, the people of the United States have moved steadily forward in the practice of democracy. Through universal education, they now can read and write and form opinions of their own. They have learned, and are still learning, the art of production—that is, how to make a living. They have learned, and are still learning, the art of self-government.

If we were to measure freedom by standards of nutrition, education, and self-government, we might rank the United States and certain nations of Western Europe very high. But this would not be fair to other nations where education has become widespread only in the last twenty years. In many nations, a generation ago, nine out of ten of the people could not read or write. Russia, for example, was changed from an illiterate to a literate nation within one generation and, in the process, Russia's appreciation of freedom was enormously enhanced. In China, the increase during the past

thirty years in the ability of the people to read and write has been matched by their increased interest in real liberty.

Everywhere, reading and writing are accompanied by industrial progress, and industrial progress sooner or later inevitably brings a strong labor movement. From a long-time and fundamental point of view, there are no backward peoples which are lacking in mechanical sense. Russians, Chinese, and the Indians both of India and the Americas all learn to read and write and operate machines just as well as your children and my children. Everywhere the common people are on the march. These people are learning to think and work together in labor movements, some of which may be extreme or impractical at first, but which eventually will settle down to serve effectively the interests of the common man.

When the freedom-loving people march—when the farmers have an opportunity to buy land at reasonable prices and to sell the produce of their land through their own organizations, when workers have the opportunity to form unions and bargain through them collectively, and when the children of all the people have an opportunity to attend schools which teach them truths of the real world in which they live—when these opportunities are open to everyone, then the world moves straight ahead.

But in countries where the ability to read and write has been recently acquired or where the people have had no long experience in governing themselves on the basis of their own thinking, it is easy for demagogues to arise and prostitute the mind of the common man to their own base ends. Such a demagogue may get financial help from some person of wealth who is unaware of what the end result will be. With this backing, the demagogue may dominate the minds of the people, and, from whatever degree of freedom they have, lead them backward into slavery. Herr Thyssen, the wealthy German steel man, little realized what he was doing when he gave Hitler enough money to enable him to play on the minds of the German people. The demagogue is the curse of the modern world; and of all the demagogues, the worst are those financed by well-meaning wealthy men who sincerely believe that their wealth is likely to be safer if they can hire men with political "it" to change the sign posts and lure the people back into slavery of the most degraded kind. Unfortunately for the wealthy men who finance movements of this sort, as well as for the people themselves, the successful demagogue is a powerful genie who, when once let out of his bottle, refuses to obey anyone's command. As long as his spell holds, he defies God Himself, and Satan is turned loose upon the world.

Through the leaders of the nazi revolution, Satan now is trying to lead the common man of the whole world back into slavery and darkness. For the stark truth is that the violence preached by the Nazis is the devil's own religion of darkness. So also is the doctrine that one race or one class is by heredity superior and that all other races or classes are supposed to be slaves. The belief in one Satan-inspired Fuehrer, with his Quislings, his Lavals, and

his Mussolinis—his *gauleiters* in every nation in the world—is the last and ultimate darkness. Is there any hell hotter than that of being a Quisling, unless it is that of being a Laval or a Mussolini?

In a twisted sense, there is something almost great in the figure of the Supreme Devil operating through a human form, in a Hitler who has the daring to spit straight into the eye of God and man. But the nazi system has a heroic position for only one leader. By definition only one person is allowed to retain full sovereignty over his own soul. All the rest are "stooges"—they are "stooges" who have been mentally and politically degraded, and who feel that they can get square with the world only by mentally and politically degrading other people. These "stooges" are really psychopathic cases. Satan has turned lose upon us the insane.

## II

The march of freedom of the past one hundred and fifty years has been a long-drawn-out people's revolution. In this great revolution of the people, there were the American revolution of 1775, the French revolution of 1792, the Latin American revolutions of the Bolivarian era, the German revolution of 1848, and the Russian revolution of 1917. Each spoke for the common man in terms of blood on the battlefield. Some went to excess. But the significant thing is that the people groped their way to the light. More of them learned to think and work together.

The people's revolution aims at peace and not at violence, but if the rights of the common man are attacked, it unleashes the ferocity of a she-bear who has lost a cub. When the nazi psychologists tell their master, Hitler, that we in the United States may be able to produce hundreds of thousands of planes, but that we have no will to fight, they are only fooling themselves and him. The truth is that when the rights of the American people are transgressed, as those rights have been transgressed, the American people will fight with a relentless fury which will drive the ancient Teutonic gods back cowering into their caves. The Götterdammerung has come for Odin and his crew.

The people are on the march toward even fuller freedom than the most fortunate peoples of the earth have hitherto enjoyed. No nazi counter-revolution will stop it. The common man will smoke the Hitler "stooges" out into the open in the United States, in Latin America, and in India. He will destroy their influence. No Lavals, no Mussolinis will be tolerated in a free world.

The people, in their millennial and revolutionary march toward manifesting here on earth the dignity that is in every human soul, hold as their credo the four freedoms enunciated by President Roosevelt in his message to Congress on January 6, 1941. These four freedoms are the very core of the revolution for which the United Nations have taken their stand. We who live in the United States may think there is nothing very revolution-

ary about freedom of religion, freedom of expression, and freedom from the fear of secret police. But when we begin to think about the significance of freedom from want for the average man, then we know that the revolution of the past one hundred and fifty years has not been completed, either here in the United States or in any other nation in the world. We know that this revolution cannot stop until freedom from want has actually been attained.

And now, as we move forward toward realizing the four freedoms of this people's revolution, I would like to speak about four duties. It is my belief that every freedom, every right, every privilege has its price, its corresponding duty without which it cannot be enjoyed. The four duties of the people's revolution, as I see them today are these:

1. The duty to produce to the limit.
2. The duty to transport as rapidly as possible to the field of battle.
3. The duty to fight with all that is in us.
4. The duty to build a peace—just, charitable, and enduring. The fourth duty is that which inspires the other three.

We failed in our job after World War I. We did not know how to go about it to build an enduring world-wide peace. We did not have the nerve to follow through and prevent Germany from rearming. We did not insist that she "learn war no more." We did not build a peace treaty on the fundamental doctrine of the people's revolution. We did not strive wholeheartedly to create a world where there could be freedom from want for all the peoples. But by our very errors we learned much, and after this war we shall be in position to utilize our knowledge in building a world which is economically, politically and, I hope, spiritually sound.

Modern science, which is a by-product and an essential part of the people's revolution, has made it technologically possible to see that all of the people of the world get enough to eat. Half in fun and half seriously, I said the other day to Madame Litvinoff: "The object of this war is to make sure that everybody in the world has the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day."

She replied: "Yes, even half a pint."

The peace must mean a better standard of living for the common man, not merely in the United States and England, but also in India, Russia, China, and Latin America—not merely in the United Nations, but also in Germany and Italy and Japan.

## III

Some have spoken of the "American Century." I say that the century on which we are entering—the century which will come of this war—can be and must be the century of the common man. Perhaps it will be America's opportunity to suggest the freedoms and duties by which the common man must live. Everywhere the common man must learn to build his own indus-

tries with his own hands in a practical fashion. Everywhere the common man must learn to increase his productivity so that he and his children can eventually pay to the world community all that they have received. No nation will have the God-given right to exploit other nations. Older nations will have the privilege to help younger nations get started on the path to industrialization, but there must be neither military nor economic imperialism. The methods of the nineteenth century will not work in the people's century which is now about to begin.

India, China, and Latin America have a tremendous stake in the people's century. As their masses learn to read and write, and as they become productive mechanics, their standard of living will double and treble. Modern science, when devoted whole-heartedly to the general welfare, has in it potentialities of which we do not yet dream. And modern science must be released from German slavery. International cartels that serve American greed and the German will to power must go. Cartels in the peace to come must be subjected to international control for the common man, as well as being under adequate control by the respective home governments. In this way, we can prevent the Germans from again building a war machine while we sleep. With international monopoly pools under control, it will be possible for inventions to serve all the people instead of only the few.

Yes, and when the time of peace comes, the citizen will again have a duty, the supreme duty of sacrificing the lesser interest for the greater interest of the general welfare. Those who write the peace must think of the whole world. There can be no privileged peoples. We ourselves in the United States are no more a master race than the Nazis. And we cannot perpetuate economic warfare without planting the seeds of military warfare. We must use our power at the peace table to build an economic peace that is just, charitable, and enduring.

If we really believe that we are fighting for a people's peace, all the rest becomes easy. Production—yes, it will be easy to get production without either strikes or sabotage; production with the whole-hearted co-operation between willing arms and keen brains, enthusiasm, "zip," energy geared to the tempo of keeping at it everlastingly day after day. Hitler knows as well as those of us who sit in on the War Production Board meetings that we here in the United States are winning the battle of production. He knows that both labor and business in the United States are doing a most remarkable job and that his only hope is to crash through to a complete victory some time during the next six months.

And then there is the task of transportation to the line of battle by truck, by railroad car, by ship. We shall joyously deny ourselves so that our transportation system is improved by at least 30 per cent.

I need say little about the duty to fight. Some people declare, and Hitler believes, that the American people have grown soft in the last generation. Hitler agents continually preach in South America that we are

cowards, unable to use, like the "brave" German soldiers, the weapons of modern war. It is true that American youth hates war with a holy hatred. But because of that fact and because Hitler and the German people stand as the very symbol of war, we shall fight with a tireless enthusiasm until war and the possibility of war have been removed from this planet. We shall cleanse the plague spot of Europe, which is Hitler's Germany, and with it the hell-hole of Asia—Japan.

The American people have always had guts and always will have. You know the story of Bomber Pilot Dixon and Radioman Gene Aldrich and Ordnanceman Tony Pastula—the story which Americans will be telling their children for generations to illustrate man's ability to master any fate. These men lived for thirty-four days on the open sea in a rubber life-raft, eight feet by four feet, with no food but that which they took from the sea and the air with one pocket knife and a pistol. And yet they lived it through and came at last to the beach of an island they did not know. In spite of their suffering and weakness, they stood like men, with no weapon left to protect themselves, and no shoes on their feet or clothes on their backs, and walked in military file because, they said, "If there were Japs, we didn't want to be crawling."

IV

The American fighting men, and all the fighting men of the United Nations, will need to summon all their courage during the next few months. I am convinced that the summer and fall of 1942 will be a time of supreme crisis for us all. Hitler, like the prize-fighter who realizes he is on the verge of being knocked out, is gathering all his remaining forces for one last desperate blow. There is abject fear in the heart of the madman and a growing discontent among his people as he prepares for his last all-out offensive.

We may be sure that Hitler and Japan will co-operate to do the unexpected—perhaps an attack by Japan against Alaska and our northwest coast at a time when German transport planes will be shuttled across from Dakar to furnish leadership and stiffening to a German uprising in Latin America. In any event, the psychological and sabotage offensive in the United States and Latin America will be timed to coincide with, or anticipate by a few weeks, the height of the military offensive.

We must be especially prepared to stifle the Fifth Columnists in the United States who will try to sabotage not merely our war material plants, but even more important, our minds. We must be prepared for the worst kind of Fifth Column work in Latin America, much of it operating through the agency of governments with which the United States at present is at peace. When I say this, I recognize that the peoples, both of Latin America and of the nations supporting the agencies through which the Fifth Columnists work, are overwhelmingly on the side of the Democracies. We must expect the offensive against us on the military, propaganda, and sabotage fronts,

both in the United States and in Latin America, to reach its apex some time during the next few months. The convulsive efforts of the dying madman will be so great that some of us may be deceived into thinking that the situation is bad at a time when it is really getting better. But in the case of most of us, the events of the next few months, disturbing though they may be, will only increase our will to bring about complete victory in this war of liberation. Prepared in spirit, we cannot be surprised. Psychological terrorism will fall flat. As we nerve ourselves for the supreme effort in this hemisphere, we must not forget the sublime heroism of the oppressed in Europe and Asia, whether it be in the mountains of Yugoslavia, the factories of Czechoslovakia and France, the farms of Poland, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, among the seamen of Norway, or in the occupied areas of China and the Dutch East Indies. Everywhere the soul of man is letting the tyrant know that slavery of the body does not end resistance.

There can be no half measures. North, South, East, West and Middle West—the will of the American people is for complete victory.

No compromise with Satan is possible. We shall not rest until all the victims under the nazi yoke are freed. We shall fight for a complete peace as well as a complete victory.

The people's revolution is on the march, and the devil and all his angels cannot prevail against it. They cannot prevail, for on the side of the people is the Lord.

He giveth power to the faint, to them that have no might He increaseth strength . . . They that wait upon the Lord shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk and not be faint.

Strong in the strength of the Lord, we who fight in the people's cause will not stop until that cause is won.

## I SAW ENGLAND

### *Ben Robertson* (*1941*)

THE PLANE which flew me to England from Lisbon last summer came down in a green field among camouflaged airplanes and beds of roses. The men about us were airmen, all in the blue uniform of the Royal Air Force, and I was astonished to find them so quiet and undisturbed. The Germans already held the French coast, and England was threatened with invasion; somehow I had expected to find everyone in England in a frenzy. Yet mechanics were calmly hammering on the motors, men were wandering leisurely in and out of the hangars, and one man was hoeing the roses. I said to myself: "What a job for a war!" And when the airmen politely served us tea, I thought "My God, they'll be defeated!"

That evening I reached my London hotel—the Waldorf—and a middle-aged chambermaid with a Scots accent came in to pull heavy curtains over the windows. She asked: "Do you have a gas mask, sir?"

"Not yet," I said.

"Well, the housekeeper will bring you one that you can use until you can get one from the government—gas masks are free."

Then I was left alone in a stuffy breathless room, heavy with war. The black curtains over the windows weighed me down; I had never realized before what light and air meant to a room.

Quickly I washed and hurried down to a basement dining-room—I was to eat in basements from then on until I left England. After eating I looked out into darkness—into the dreadful depth of the blackout. It was an appalling sight, like death itself. It frightened me, even though I had no reason to fear an air raid. London at that time had suffered no severe bombing.

The next morning I was typing at my desk, when in came Maude Hall, the Scottish chambermaid. She was very professional for a few minutes and then she could not hold back any longer—she asked me the questions I was to hear a thousand times in England: "What does America think? How does America think we are doing?" At that time I was not so certain what America thought, but I told her that America was sympathetic. With that she began to pour out her thoughts. Later I was to find scores of Britishers like that; they would bare their hearts to you when they found you came from the United States. Sometimes it would nearly make you cry to see how desperately they hoped for just one word of encouragement.

After registering with the police I went for a long walk through central London. I found soldiers stretching barbed wire along the streets, barricading buildings, digging trenches in the parks; and on rooftops and in courtyards boys and old men were drilling—the Home Guard of England was forming.

Resistance was in the air—on the streets, in the papers, everywhere and in everything. From my window I could see on a grocer's shop Winston Churchill's: "Come then, let us to the task, to the battle and to the toil, each to our place." And on a printing shop in huge letters was John of Gaunt's great sentence: " . . . This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

That night at dinner the headwaiter said to me: "If we must die, we must die—we know why we will be dying."

Never, after that day, did I doubt that England would fight to the end. Everyone was working feverishly, conscious that at any minute the Germans might be upon them, but the British continued to be themselves. The flowers were still being cared for, and someone called "Nature Lover" wrote observations on bird life to the London *Times*. In Hyde Park the soap-box orators went right on through the war raising hell with the Government and with the Church. I listened to them one afternoon. There were socialists,

a communist, an atheist—the usual run of the soap-box mill—and there was an ex-maid telling what it was like to work for English ladies, and a prohibitionist who stuck to his thesis—whisky was the cause of the world's troubles. . . .

With nine other American correspondents, I was invited to mess with a bomber unit of the Royal Air Force. It was a quiet, exciting place. The fliers who were scheduled to fly over Germany that night came in early and kept to themselves; they made their way to the far end of the big room and ate together; they were cheerful and subdued, and it was evident that they wanted to be alone. Already they had received the orders giving them their targets. They had discussed weather conditions over the Rhineland with their commanding officer, whom they called "Father." They ate lightly and in silence; then they left the messroom to put on their flying clothes.

When we had eaten, we went out to the hangars. It was time for the raid to start. And out came the crews, looking like bears in heavy fleece-lined coats, warm pants and flying boots.

It was a moving scene. The mechanics shook hands with the pilots, patted them on the shoulders. As the trucks bearing the fliers to their ships moved away, the ground crews shouted good-bye, and held their thumbs up—the salute which the British have adopted for this war.

Soon the flare path was lighted—a dim line of lights began to burn from one end of the airdrome to the other, to outline the runway. Presently the first plane moved into position. Its engines roared and it took off, soaring with its six men and its bombs into the English starlight. The second plane followed; then the third. Finally the entire squadron was in the air, wheeling, flashing their signal lights, waiting to get the go signal; the ground gave them the go-ahead and they circled higher and higher and started off like birds into the east.

It made my knees feel shaky and my stomach a little qualmy. They were going off to fight as men fought in the Crusades—to single combat in the heart of the enemy country. I thought of the fears I had had just flying from Portugal to England. I had not wanted to be shot down, and I was 10 years older than these boys—they had 10 reasons more than I to wish to keep on living. Duty becomes a living word to you at an airdrome in a war.

The night after my visit to the flying field I went to see *Thunder Rock*, a curious play that had flopped in New York but was a sensation in London. It was an American play, about a lighthouse-keeper on Lake Michigan who got to thinking about the people who had gone down on a ship off his light in 1848. During his lonely vigils the keeper re-created these people in his imagination—they were immigrants fleeing from Europe because they had lost all faith in human progress—they believed the world was faced with disruption. Suddenly the keeper made the passengers a passionate speech, urging them to hold on—he told them at that very moment in Illinois there

was a young man named Abraham Lincoln, that Madame Curie had been born and Florence Nightingale was alive, that Pasteur was in Paris. . . . London people went to that show, night after night, and wept. It was a play for a city that had prepared itself to die.

August brought the battle.

It was in August that the Germans tried to smash England with mass daylight raids, and the British fought them over the Dover cliffs. Nothing happening anywhere else in the world could even approach those battles in importance, so the American correspondents left London for Dover.

Most of us gathered on Shakespeare Cliff, a promontory a mile west of Dover, a superb place from which to watch battles. It was a fine August day and there were flocks of seagulls about and swarms of white butterflies. Red currants were ripening in the gardens along the path that led up the cliffside, and the wheat in the fields was ready for reaping. The day was so quiet you could hear bees buzzing. Then the sirens started, and we heard the droning of German planes and the steady sound of British planes coming out to meet them. The Germans were flying very high, and we could not see them for a dustlike haze. When they seemed exactly over us, we heard the burst of machine guns and the light sound of airplane cannon. We heard planes diving, the increased speed roaring into sound. The fighting veered off, over us again, and off, and through it all we crouched in a ditch and listened.

That fight lasted two hours. Then the all-clear sounded, that clear, sweet note, echoing over the hillsides and the sea, and we were left as we had been before—listening to bees buzzing, with the sun shining and gulls soaring.

The next day was tremendous. We were on the cliff very early and heard a wave of Germans approaching, very high and in great numbers. Suddenly an enormous barrage went up from the English guns, the cliff shook, and then we heard the sound of a terrible battle taking place perhaps five miles up. Planes roared over 200 square miles, firing bursts of cannon and machine-gun bullets. In the sub-zero stratosphere, every movement of the ships left trailing vapors, a mad skywriting which marked the sky as ice is marked by skaters. Quickly the planes moved almost out of hearing, leaving us again momentarily with the buzzing bees and the crickets. Then the battle moved toward us again, and the whole of England began to quake as the antiaircraft guns put up a heavy barrage. Shrapnel fell about us, sending us into a ditch under a piece of sheet iron. A full squadron of German planes flew low, heading for the balloons suspended over Dover. They got two, the balloons burst into crimson flame; but down with the balloons came a German plane, falling like a leaf and breaking in mid-air into pieces. Soon another German plane fell into the sea, and as it came down, we saw the pilot bailing out. His parachute did not open.

We lay in the grass among the red currants and the butterflies while the

fate of the world was being decided about us. We could see the raids start, see them fought and ended; and we saw the motor torpedo boats rush out after pilots who had come down in the Channel. The cliff was almost a stage-setting, so perfect was it as an observation point, and as a result the press of the whole democratic world gathered on it.

Those were wonderful days in every way—they changed me as an individual. I lost my sense of personal fear because I saw that what happened to me did not matter. We counted as individuals only as we took our place in the procession of history. It was not we who counted, it was what we stood for. And I knew now for what I was standing—I was for freedom. It was as simple as that. I realized the good that often can come from death. We were where we were and we had what we had because a whole line of our people had been willing to die. I understood Valley Forge and Gettysburg at Dover, and I found it lifted a tremendous weight off your spirit to find yourself willing to give up your life if you have to—I discovered Saint Matthew's meaning about losing a life to find it. I don't see now why I ever again should be afraid. . . .

Soon after dark the next day, the Germans came over London again in great numbers and bombed the city steadily throughout the night. I decided to take my chances and sleep in bed in my room at the Waldorf. But, like several million others in London, I merely counted the hours until daylight would break. Overhead was the almost constant droning, the vroom, vroom vroom of the desynchronized German motors. Several times the hotel shook violently, several times I found myself stretched flat on the bathroom floor (the bathroom, being small, seemed the safest place to me), with my fingers in my ears and my mouth open to keep my teeth from breaking when the bomb exploded. For the first time I heard sticks of bombs falling—heard one in the distance, a second coming closer, a third one very near. I heard time bombs and duds—heard them fall, heard them hit—then I would listen for the explosion that did not come. It was like waiting for an unplayed note in a scale.

Gradually the hours passed and, red-eyed and tired, I went down to breakfast. Everyone else that morning was red-eyed and tired, but almost everyone was there as usual—waiters, the cashier, the boy with the morning papers. Everywhere there was the smell of smoke; we were having breakfast with linen and china on a battlefield. Everyone was worried and made no effort to conceal his worry. The headwaiter's house had been demolished during the night—he made a deprecating gesture. "I was in the shelter in the garden and had to come to work in pajamas and an overcoat—it's all I have."

"It's terrible," Maude said when she came in with dust-cloth and broom. "The lift boy was killed last night; he was on sentry duty with the Home Guard in Lambeth."

Ivey, a cleaning maid, had been buried in a basement. "Buried three hours," Maude said, "and she got to work this morning as usual."

I left the hotel early and started out to inspect the damage. London on that Monday morning, the 9th of September, was a shocking sight—the destruction had been appalling. All about London tired men were working, clearing wreckage, digging in the ruins of houses, repairing water mains and gas lines, and plugging broken sewers. Everywhere there was the sound of broken glass being swept off streets, the sound of hammers. The city was dazed, but it was working. The people knew by instinct that no matter what happened they must stay 24 hours ahead of the raiders; they must clean up from last night's wreckage in readiness for tonight's. Thousands of volunteer workers were taking part in this gigantic job. They knew they had to keep the streets open, the lights on, the water flowing, the food coming in. The civilians had become an army, London was depending on the civil defense—on the people.

And with daylight the people took courage. Somehow you felt you could stand anything so long as there was light to see by. During breathing-spells now people began talking, telling the kind of stories they were to continue to tell for weeks and months, personal stories, laughing at themselves in the middle of the battle.

The whole of London laughed when it heard that a bomb, hitting the Natural History Museum, had destroyed the brontosaurus, and all London began to hope the Germans would smash the Albert Memorial. . . .

Monday night was another terrific night—Monday, the 9th of September; and the following Tuesday was one of the great days in British history, for to London it brought a revelation. Suddenly 6,000,000 people came to realize that human character could stand up to anything if it had to. Screaming and high-explosive and incendiary bombs had fallen for a third night all over the city, and on that Tuesday morning the people realized that Monday night had not been so terrifying as Sunday night, and that Sunday night had not been so terrifying as Saturday night. The principle of horror had been established. From then on London knew—London could take it.

On Tuesday they kept on digging and sweeping and hammering; they still had their necks above water. So that week passed—the days and the nights, and about that time, the Prime Minister ordered antiaircraft guns into London from everywhere. When darkness settled, there suddenly went up a terrific barrage that continued throughout the city, hour after hour. The guns were said to have shot two million dollars' worth of shells during that night, and shrapnel rained on London rooftops. It was a wonderful sound—it gave the city new courage.

There had never been such a week in the world as the 7th to the 14th of September in London. At the end of it, however, most of London was still standing—the blitzkrieg had not been so bad as we had expected. At the end of the week the city had come through with its lights still burning, with

the sewerage system still functioning, with the buses and the tubes still running. Food was good and abundant and we had water to drink and bathe in, and there were flowers blooming in the park and there was music in Trafalgar Square—the band of the Grenadier Guards made that their gesture of defiance. Barbers went on cutting hair, and laundresses washed clothes.

Everywhere there were craters and ruin, but the city in this crisis had rediscovered itself; it was living as it never had lived. Everywhere there was courage, and 6,000,000 people who had lived humdrum lives now learned what it was like to live for civilization. You came out on the street at daybreak now with the feeling that you personally had been helping to save the world. . . .

Night after night, bombs followed bombs.

The Britishers' spirit held, their conviction did not budge an iota. I watched them the day St. Paul's was hit. I saw the people standing at the iron railing and silently looking at the hole in the Cathedral ceiling, and I realized then that the people of London had already given up London in their minds as a physical city. I realized then that they meant what they said when they told you it would be better to see London in ruins than to save it as the French had saved Paris. Notre Dame to these Londoners was a dead monument—a dead church in a humiliated city. London was no longer a physical city to its people; it had become a spiritual place, the city of Dr. Johnson, the London of John Wesley, of Shakespeare, of Cardinal Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." London lived within them.

Often at night I went to the public shelters of which even the best was a sort of hell under earth—and there I began really to realize the toughness of the British character. They complained about conditions in the shelters and started a political campaign demanding improvements; but there was never any thought of their not enduring shelter life. It was something they had to face, so they faced it, with discipline and with order. That quality which made the British soldiers stand in line on the Dunkirk beach and wait their turn to board a ship now cropped up again. Londoners placed pieces of paper with their names on them in certain spaces in subway stations, and the public respected those slips of paper as shelter rights. This spontaneously started system reminded me of Americans, in the West in the early days, staking claims. I never saw nor did I ever hear of Londoners panicking or fighting for bed space in a shelter.

The shelters of London were decent places even if they were savage. Walking into any of them, you would find people laid out in rows with just enough room to stretch—they did not even have the space corpses are given in graveyards. Early in the evening, before sleeping-time, you would see hundreds of men, women and children there—people reading, some playing cards, babies being fed. Always I was amazed by their stoicism and cheerfulness and by the respect, even here, which they showed for one another. They seemed indifferent to physical comfort; you would have thought they

had slept all their lives on cement. There would be a tremendous chatter until suddenly about 11 o'clock quiet fell and you would find yourself in the midst of a vast huddling sleeping multitude. I never got accustomed to such sights—to think that this in my lifetime could happen to the people of London. Here they were, the people who ruled a fourth of the globe, masters of the empire on which the sun never sets. Here they were, forced to live like a primitive savage race beneath the earth, and demonstrating that they could take it.

Steadily the days grew shorter, the raids longer. It was December now, cold and gray, the air damp with fog, and the northern nights were 14 hours long. The city was hove to, like a ship in a storm. There were lulls in the raids, there were periods of intensity. Everything that can be imagined in the category of human experience happened during these short days and long December nights. A woman was touching her hair with henna one evening when a bomb fell, and by the time she got her mind back on the subject of henna her hair was a fiery shade of red. Captain Lyttleton, president of the Board of Trade, ruled that corsets were a luxury commodity and ordered their manufacture curtailed, and British women protested from end to end of the United Kingdom—they could not work without a support. Silk stockings were put on the prohibited list, lipstick and rouge began to disappear, cognac was disappearing When Diana Cooper heard the British were winning in Libya she celebrated by buying a hat—the first she had bought since the battle began. A nurse in a shelter said to me, in the middle of a battle: "If we win this war by ourselves, the world won't be able to stand us." She laughed.

The Germans were bombing Birmingham now and Manchester and Sheffield and Southampton and Bristol and Cardiff, they were more or less leaving London alone. London worried about each of these cities as one after another of them had to meet the ordeal. "I'd rather they'd keep on after us," Frank, the waiter at the Savoy, said. "We know how to take care of ourselves—I'd rather hear the bombs falling on London than to worry about what other place is getting it." I was nearly always asked in other English cities, "Is London's bombing worse than ours?" And I soon learned never to tell any Englishman that his town had been out-bombed anywhere.

London had already set the standard—each of these cities was determined to take whatever punishment was coming to it, to stand up to battle in the manner of London. The whole of Britain was thrilled by the messages in Bristol which were posted on the streets addressed simply: "Citizens of Bristol." In the cities of England men and women had almost forgotten the power of that old English noun: "citizens." They had not used it for years, usually calling themselves "townspeople." But on the morning after the Bristol blitz there it was again—"citizens" in its complete and original power.

A city in Britain had once again become a community of people, not just

a place. Cities that formerly had competed with one another for factory sites and for commerce were now going to the help of one another with all their resources. People once again had come to count as people; human values were supreme.

England during this emergency had become a single community. Those six months of battle showed that no class and no sex and no city had exclusive possession of any of the qualities which it took to save a nation.

Long hard months were ahead but there was a new kind of confidence now in England. There was hope as well as determination, and as the last days of December came along and the Germans did not fly over in numbers even during the full moon, we began to realize that this phase of the battle for Britain had finished and England was stronger than ever. There was a lull that seemed likely to last on until the spring, so my employer cabled for me to come home for two months.

I made my preparations and went for my last walk in London—to the Abbey, to St. Gaudens' statue of Lincoln in Parliament Square, to the grave of Captain John Smith in St. Sepulchre's church.

I walked in the park, in dark northern shadows, and as the sirens started, I thought of the American aviator in the other war who had written in *War Birds*, his diary: "I haven't lived very well, but I am determined to die well. I don't want to be a hero but I want to die as a man should."

That sort of spirit was living now in London. You felt it.

I probed into the last 20 years—to find what was wrong with peace as a nation's thesis. In peace you are likely to live for yourself alone; in war you stand for your country. In England I had found, time and again, that I was closer to America than I had ever been before. I found myself thinking of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, of Daniel Boone and the pioneers of the West. You do not stand alone in war, you become a figure in time. Sacrifice becomes real, not just a platitude, and you see history as progress that has been fought for. Peace must be bravely defended. That is the only kind of peace worth having.

The day before Christmas Eve I left England, flying from the field where I had landed on that sunny day so long ago in June. In six hours we were in Portugal—free once again. Christmas Eve we drank eggnogs at the bar of the Avenida Palace and listened to the Archbishop of York, broadcasting from London: "When we look back over human history, we take no joy in the periods of widespread, uninterrupted comfort. The pleasures of our fathers have no value for us; but their pains and the fortitude with which they bore them are part of the treasure of the race, and an abiding inspiration. To endure pain, of body or of mind, for a great cause or out of love for man, has a nobility far surpassing in value any kind of comfort. . . ."

Here in Lisbon we had come out of war, into peace. We had lights and butter and sugar. And we realized how little such things meant to us. As we waited for our ship to America, our thoughts turned back to a country

that was fighting in darkness—to a great generation of British people who had learned through suffering. They had learned, and I too had learned, by being with them through those months. In the depth of London's black-out I had seen the stars.

## THE RUSSIAN GUERRILLAS

(*From* Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia)

*Maurice Hindus* (*1942*)

NEVER FORGET," says Hitler in *Mein Kampf*, "that the holiest right in this world is the right to own land, and the holiest sacrifice the blood that one spills to get this land," even, Hitler might have added, when it is held by others, human beings like Germans, Aryans like Germans, Roman Catholics or Protestants like Germans, and who need land no less than Germans. Surely Hitler and the Germans who so readily occupy lands from which others have been driven must know that these others are actuated by no less holy a passion to spill blood in defense of the lands on which *they* have lived, which *they* have inherited or bought, or which as in Russia *they* do not own but work, and without which *they* must perish or become the serfs of others. No farmers in the world have deeper roots in the land than Slav peasants, whether Poles, Czechs, Ukrainians, Serbs, or Russians. Therefore no people in the world may be expected to exercise Hitler's "holiest right" with a wilder and more ferocious abandon.

It is remarkable that Hitler has not as yet attempted to hold out to the Russian peasantry the promise of individual farms and the breakup of the collectives. All the more strange is it, because no one had so savagely fulminated against collectivization as Nazis, not even the former American Communists who had gone to Russia in search of eternal paradise and came away hating not only the Soviets but the common people of Russia. No words were strong enough to express Nazi detestation of the collectives or Nazi abhorrence of the price the Russian peasants had paid for them.

Napoleon, it may be noted, on his arrival in Moscow had toyed with the idea of staging a peasant revolt against the Czar and the nobility. He had heard of the Cossack, Yemelyan Pugatchev, who had led a revolt against Catherine II, and so impressed was he with the possibilities of such a move that he set up a staff of experts to make a searching inquiry into Pugatchev's uprising and supply him with all the important facts. Voracious was his curiosity and endless was his demand for information and for documents on the subject. On further study and reflection he decided against the attempt, for fear it might run out of hand and sweep not only the Czar and the nobility but the alien conquerors from the country.

Napoleon had ample reason to reassure himself of the wisdom of his

decision. The peasant, though a serf, illiterate, and sodden in provincialism, began at an early stage of the French invasion to harass the alien armies in his own way. "As soon," writes Tolstoy in *War and Peace*, "as the enemy [the French] came near, the wealthier elements of the population went away, leaving their property behind; the poorer remained and burnt and destroyed all that was left." A sort of cosmic fury seized the peasantry and they fell on the goods which might be of use to the enemy with the same savagery with which they might attack a wolf who had threatened to devour their sheep.

Napoleon learned a lot about the revengeful fury of the Russian guerrilla fighter on whose help and effectiveness neither the Czar nor Kutuzov, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, had counted. The fact is that Russian officers trained solely in the rules and ways of formalized warfare had at first regarded with suspicion the rise of the guerrilla. They deemed it a venture into useless suicide. Growing up as a spontaneous outburst of the masses, the guerrilla surprised the professional soldier with his tactics and with his power to inflict damage on the enemy.

"The so-called partisan warfare [says Tolstoy] had begun with the enemy's entrance into Smolensk. Before the irregular warfare was officially recognized by our government many thousands of the enemy's soldiers, straggling, marauding, or foraging parties, had been slain by Cossacks and peasants, who killed these men instinctively as dogs set upon a stray mad dog. *Denis Davydov* [my italics] *was the first to feel with his Russian instinct the value of the terrible cudgel which belabored the French, and asked no questions about the etiquette of military art.*"

It was all in rude violation of military art and military science. Yet it swept on and on.

"The latter part of October [Tolstoy informs us] was the time when the guerrilla warfare reached its height . . . had taken definite shape. It had become clear to the irregulars what they could and what they could not accomplish with the French. By now it was only commanders of detachments marching with staff officers according to the rules at a distance from the French who considered much impossible.

"The small bands of irregulars who had been at work a long time and were at close quarters with the French found it possible to attempt what the leaders of larger companies did not dare to think of doing. The Cossacks and the peasants who crept in among the French thought everything possible now."

And so from nowhere and from everywhere these guerrilla bands sprang into the open and shot and hacked away at the battered and dismayed French. The amateur soldier had outguessed and outdone the professional.

Napoleon had not expected that the Russians, not the soldiers but the people, would fight him "unfairly," no more, evidently, than the German

High Command had expected "unfair" warfare in Russia. Napoleon had not imagined that in Smolensk the inhabitants would burn the city. But they did. Still less did he imagine that his armies would march in the wake of ashes and desolation. Yet they did. Least of all did he expect, when he got to Moscow, astir with triumph, that fires would sweep the city and scorch him into misery and retreat.

But while the guerrilla warfare against Napoleon was launched in disorganized fashion by the hate-ridden population, especially by the peasantry and the Cossacks, with neither the consent nor the expectation of government and general staff, now in the war against Hitler it had long been in process of preparation. For years Soviet tacticians of the general staff and of the civilian population have worked on it, have taught it to millions. Naturally enough it has been officially proclaimed by all leaders.

On July 3, 1941, in his radio address to the Russian people Stalin said:

"In case of forced retreat of Red army units, all rolling stock must be evacuated; to the enemy must not be left a single engine, a single railway car, not a single pound of grain or gallon of fuel.

"Collective farmers must drive off their cattle and turn over their grain to the safekeeping of state authorities for transportation to the rear. All valuable property, including non-ferrous metals, grain, and fuel which cannot be withdrawn, must without fail be destroyed.

"In areas occupied by the enemy, guerrilla units, mounted and foot, must be formed, diversionist groups must be organized to combat enemy troops to foment guerrilla warfare everywhere, to blow up bridges, roads, damage telephone and telegraph lines, and to set fire to forests, stores, and transports.

"In occupied regions conditions must be made unbearable for the enemy and all his accomplices. They must be hounded and annihilated at every step and all their measures frustrated. This war with Fascist Germany cannot be considered an ordinary war. It is not only a war between two armies, it is also a great war of the entire Soviet people against the German Fascist forces."

On August 6 Marshal Budenny, Commander-in-Chief of the Ukrainian front, said:

"Not one ounce of bread for the enemy. Harvest exactly as much as you need for the future. Destroy the remainder. Destroy beets, rubber, flax, and other industrial and medicinal crops.

"Those of you able to bear arms join partisan groups, organize new detachments, smash the hated German troops, destroy the Fascists like dogs. Overturn trains, undermine communications, blow up dams."

On August 23 Marshal Voroshilov, Commander-in-Chief of the northern front, said:

"A terrible danger is now hanging over Leningrad.

"With our own hands we built the powerful factories and workshops of Leningrad and the remarkable buildings and parks and they will not fall into the hands of German robbers. This shall never be . . . we will form new de-

tachments of the national militia to help the Red army . . . we shall choose for these detachments the bravest and most gallant comrades, the workers and intellectuals."

Now that the Russian earth is clothed in steel as never before, and Russian humanity, under the ruthless far-reaching industrial drive, has acquired a will of steel, the collapse of a formal army at any one formal front does not mean the cessation of hostilities. It only means that the guerrilla fighter, determined to win or die, becomes supreme.

Only those who have been in Russia and lived with Russians can appreciate the hallowed meaning conveyed by the word *partisan*-guerrilla fighter. To the masses of the people throughout Russian history the partisan has been a legendary hero, a glory and a hope. The Cossack uprisings of Stenka Razin and Yemelyan Pugatchev have been celebrated in tale and song as deeds of valor not by regularly organized armies but by masses of rebellious people, by enraged and reckless guerrillas.

Yet never have the tradition and the fame of the guerrilla fighter been so exalted as during and since the civil war. The partisan did yeoman work in those days. Exposing himself to danger and death, he pursued his underground depredations all over the country, to the remotest corners of the territory held by the foe. Without the partisan in city and village, forest and steppe, swamp and cave, the Soviets never could have won.

Naturally enough the partisan became an honored Soviet citizen, with special rights and special privileges. If he had been a shopkeeper or kulak under the Czar he was forgiven his sins and never made to expiate them in the years to follow. He had a first claim on shoes, meat, textiles. His children were among the first to be admitted to the university or the military academies. In the days of the First Five-Year Plan, when queues crowded every street in Russia, I saw a worker crash through one before a meat shop so as to be among the first to make a purchase. Instantly there was an uproar of protest. But the usurper refused to leave his place. He was a worker; he couldn't help it if others were inconvenienced by his privileged position. It was his class, he insisted, which had won the civil war; he was *entitled* to special privileges. Thereupon a middle-aged man who passed by turned to him and shouted:

"I am a partisan, and I tell you to get out of here—a partisan, you scoundrel—a partisan."

Without a word of protest the worker left and from one end of the queue to the other there reverberated loud praise of the partisan.

The best plays in the Soviet theater dramas like *Days of the Turbins* and *Armored Tram* deal with episodes in guerrilla fighting during the civil war. The best fiction, the best motion pictures likewise exalt the guerrilla warrior. No more stirring a picture has come out of Russia than *Chapayev*, which glorifies the peasant corporal who mustered an army of guerrillas

and forged them into a mighty fighting weapon. Sholokhov's novels treat unforgettably of the fiendishly brutal guerrilla fighting of Cossacks against each other. No more powerful fiction has come out of Soviet Russia since the Revolution than *The Letter*, a two-page short story by Isaak Babel, in which a Cossack youth describes in a letter to his mother how his older brother and other Reds had captured their father, a White, and disposed of him in guerrilla fashion. . . .

The word partisan has come to mean the last-ditch fighter, the man or woman who never doubts ultimate victory, stops at nothing to achieve it, and in the end triumphs over all adversaries.

The power of this tradition is one of the chief sources of the morale of the Russian people. That is one reason why they view this war not as just another war in which the issues are decided by the armed forces at the front. They think of it as a double war, the fighting between the regular Russian and Nazi armies and the fighting of the civilian population in the rear of the invader. If the armies retreat or collapse or withdraw deep into the country for reorganization the masses carry on the fight in their own way, with no definite front anywhere, with the whole country a front, with the entire population in arms. Despite ruin and devastation, despite torture and death, this war, the people's war, must never cease. It never ceased during the civil war, still less must it cease now when the alternative is complete annihilation of the conquests of the Revolution and all hope for the "freedom and good life" it has been so eloquently promising. This is the philosophy and the attitude, the reality and the passion which no leader, Stalin or Trotsky, has ever questioned, ever failed to proclaim.

Again I must emphasize that the prophets of "knife-through-butter" victory of the Nazis over Russia based their predictions solely on the negative aspects of the Revolution, on its retrogressions and catastrophes, on its cruelties and repressions, and left out of account its creative forces, particularly the sense of destiny and the fighting psychology it has inculcated in the Russian people.

I was in Russia when the Dneprostroy dam was opened. It was a national holiday. Every child in the Soviet Union knew of the achievement; it knew also of its cost—and not only in money. Not a village but saw motion pictures of the dam in various stages of construction, completion, and exploitation. It was something to get excited about, even if supper consisted only of black bread and soup with a few particles of fat.

What is true of the dam is true of the Stalingrad and Kharkov tractor plants, of Magnitorgorsk, of Kuznetsk, of a multitude of ambitious industrial developments. Because the country has sacrified so profusely, not only its freedom but its meat, its butter, its leather, its textiles, to make these possible, the pride in the achievement is all the greater, and the nation feels it. In the old days if a factory was built it was a private affair. It might get

publicity in the press, but the people at large had not heard of it, nor did it mean much to them. It was not theirs. Often enough it wasn't even Russian owned. It stirred neither pride nor national consciousness. Now everything matters, because not only do the people hear of it, but directly and indirectly they are a part of it. Little does the outside world know the deep wave of national consciousness that the industrial development has stirred in Russia.

Not all, of course, approved of the methods of the development. Like foreign journalists in Moscow, of whom this writer was one, like all foreign diplomats without a single exception, like the Germans especially, many Russians, high in the council of the party, and ordinary citizens, too, inveighed, at least in their hearts or in the presence of trusted friends, against the sacrifices the Kremlin was imposing on the masses and against the speed which made sacrifice inevitable. They said that were they in power in the Kremlin, meat, butter, leather, and textiles would remain at home. They would take time in building industries and in forging the weapons of war. German diplomats and journalists, incidentally, were specially articulate in their condemnation of the Kremlin brutalities and were loudest in their prophecies of eventual collapse and chaos.

Yet even recalcitrant Russians, after the projects were completed and they read and heard detailed descriptions of them, felt that mud-swept muzhik Russia was pushing on with the ambition of catching up with the advanced capitalist nations. Not all of them, to be sure. Some never ceased to weep and curse not only the Kremlin but the day of their birth.

In the course of the mammoth industrial development, first and foremost for possible war, only secondarily for consumption goods, nothing was for anybody's private benefit. Stalin is dictator, but he owns none of the factories, banks, mines, or shops. The nation owns them. Even if because of low productivity and the frenzied preparation for war the amount of consumer goods is scanty, the new industries were built by the people, with their sweat and their sacrifice. Their defense, therefore, becomes a national issue. Their destruction to avert capture by the enemy becomes a national issue. The Dneprostroy dam cost one hundred and ten million dollars; into this cost went eggs and meat and cereals that should have been eaten by Russian children. But it is better to blow it up than to let it fall into the hands of the enemy! No private parties can scheme to prevent its destruction. No frightened citizens can secretly influence a minister or bribe him to save it.

What is true of the factories is true of other possessions. In France and elsewhere the individually minded peasant or shopkeeper always had to think of his individual home and shop. If it was in danger, perhaps there was some way he could save it. He wanted to save it if he could. But in Russia there are no private shopkeepers. There are a few struggling individually owned farms, and these are scattered over the immensity of Russia's territories. No personal wish, no individual trickery can halt the hand of destruction as the Soviet armies withdraw and as the enemy armies come in. . . . Scorching the

earth has always been a Russian weapon against an outside enemy; now it can be carried out more resolutely and more completely, because no one individual, no masses of individuals can stand in the way. The nation has built; the nation destroys. So it can build again and so it can save itself from annihilation.

Attendant on this "last-ditch" psychology is a far-flung, nationwide effort to give it practical expression in time of emergency. For years Russia has made herself not only into a fighting but a shooting nation. Throughout all the years of political wrangling in the Kremlin, of leaders conspiring against one another, undermining, ousting, and destroying one another, the preparation of the army and the civilian population for the most desperate kind of war has never halted. In the factory the rifle has remained almost as much the daily companion of the worker as his work tools.

Here is the Osoviakhim—the Civilian Council of National Defense. With energy it has devoted itself to the militarization of the civilian population with the object of preparing it not only for aid to the army in time of war but for guerrilla fighting in the event of conquest. It is this organization that has made parachute jumping a national and popular sport. Not a national park in Russia but has one or several parachute towers and in the evening crowds of young people, girls as well as boys, come there for practice. Glider flying, another form of military preparedness, which Russia was quick to seize on, this society has likewise popularized. It was from the Russians that the Germans have learned the importance of parachute troops and glider flying.

Not a branch of military preparedness is ignored by the Civilian Council of National Defense. In 1934 and 1935 it trained one million youths in the study of topography and the drawing of maps, one and a half million youths in the care of horses, thousands as mechanics in airplane motors. Since then it has greatly expanded its activities all along the line. Its anti-aircraft and chemical defense sector has embraced millions all over the country but especially in the more exposed zones, for the study of defense against air attacks and gas offenses. By the end of 1936, when England and America were still living their undisturbed pacifist lives, over five million housekeepers, factory workers, school children, members of collective farms, had learned how to put on gas masks, degasify rooms, gather debris after bomb explosions, and extinguish fires started by incendiary bombs. In Moscow alone at the end of 1939, when the Soviet non-aggression pact was supposed to have made Russia an ally of Germany, or at least a neutral in the war, over one and a half million people, members of the Civilian Council of National Defense, participated on a large scale in an energetic rehearsal of anti-air and anti-gas campaign.

Special emphasis was laid on the detection and the combat of parachute troops. Millions of children were enlisted in this campaign, and special games were invented to make children and adults parachute conscious so

that when war broke out they would of their own accord search the skies and the land for enemy parachutists.

Above all the council has emphasized sharpshooting. There is not a factory, school, or collective farm in Russia without a shooting gallery, a rifle range, or far away from one. Evenings and holidays these are crowded with young people, sometimes very young, boys of twelve and even ten. A peasant girl, chairman of a collective farm, once said to me, "In this country learning to shoot is even more important than learning to read. . . ." I have seen rifle ranges at bathing beaches on the Black Sea and deep in the mighty forests of Siberia. There are not many boys and girls in Russia who don't know how to give account of themselves with a gun. In 1936 over a million youths qualified for the badge of "Voroshilov sharpshooters" which testified to their proficiency in the use and care of low-caliber and army guns. One of the most popular acts in Russian vaudeville programs is a sharpshooter hitting pieces of paper or little sticks off the rim of a hoop inside of which is the head of a woman. I have seen such acts again and again and usually they are accompanied by clamorous appreciation and by outcries, "That's the way to shoot Fascist swine!" At least one million youths are trained every year in the art of sharpshooting. By January 1939 there were six million holders of adult sharpshooting badges. By October 1, 1940, over one and a half million children were holding juvenile badges. Russia has the largest army of civilian snipers in the world. In the periodic competitions women incidentally have again and again carried off leading honors. These snipers have been trained for only one purpose—guerrilla fighting.

The argument that in these days of mechanized warfare guerrilla fighting, no matter how desperate, can result only in a butchery of the civilian population, has never made an impression on the civilian mind in Russia, no more than the criticism of their continued emphasis of cavalry has on the military mind. On a collective farm in the Kuban I witnessed the practice of Cossacks' war games, particularly the wielding of the saber. These Cossacks were civilians preparing for a foreign enemy in the front or the rear; that is, as regulars or guerrillas. An older man who had been a cavalry captain in the Czarist army and a Red partisan in a civil war was the instructor. The year was 1936, and a short time earlier I had witnessed an impressive military parade in Germany. I said to the Soviet captain, "What good do you suppose such fighting will do in the next mechanized war?" Laconically he replied, "We know what we are doing." That is the way Russians talk whenever the subject of guerrilla warfare is mentioned, or whenever a discussion of military tactics is raised, though they never fail to reassure the outsider that foreign armies cannot conquer them because they will be fighting as soldiers and as guerrillas to the end.

If Russia were confined to a small area, guerrilla fighting might be only an invitation to massacre, though in Poland it never ceases. But Russia sprawls over one sixth of the earth. She abounds in forests, deserts, all man-

ner of wildernesses that can swallow and shelter immense armies, and there are one hundred and seventy million people in the country. There can be no doubt but that the overwhelming majority of them have the will and passion to carry on the Soviets and not allow a foreign enemy, a Fascist enemy, to choke them, and appropriate for himself and his cohorts the fruits of their sacrifices and their labors. It is the one possession in the world they have. Their sacrifices, their triumphs, the few very material ones that they have yet tasted, their hopes for greater rewards in the future, indeed all that they know and feel, are inextricably linked with the Soviets even as the fruit is linked with the tree that grows it. . . .

If Hitler occupies European Russia and the Russian front moves up to the Urals, or even if there is a separate peace, leaving Hitler in control of the held territories, the guerrilla campaign will not cease. It cannot because Hitler has nothing positive or constructive to offer to any group in the population except the coterie of Quislings that he may import from abroad or recruit locally. The resistance will assume different forms—more subtle, more isolated, but no less determined and savage.

Let the reader reflect on what has been said in previous chapters about Russian factories and collective farms, about workers, peasants, intellectuals, women, other groups in the population. Complete and irreconcilable is the antagonism between them and the Nazi mode of thought, the Nazi way of life as embodied in the "new order" Nazis are practicing in conquered countries, especially among Slavs.

They close the Russian universities. They close the universities of the racial minorities. They purge the libraries, not only of all "Bolshevik," "Jewish," "plutocratic" literature, which embraces the greatest names in the writing world, living and dead, but of many and possibly all the Russian classics. They have banned Polish classics like Sienkewicz and Reymont and Conrad in Poland, why wouldn't they ban Russian classics in Russia?

They put up a new government, perhaps many new governments, with a Czar imported from abroad, with ministers imported chiefly or entirely from abroad. Under cover of a Russian administration they proceed to take over for Germans the best homes, the best parks, the best furniture, the best theaters, the best clubs, the best stadiums, the best drinks, the best foods, as they have done in Poland, in Czechoslovakia. They loot the laboratories, the scientific institutes of precious and high-priced equipment as they have done in other Slav lands. They empty the museums of some of the greatest artistic treasures in the world.

At every step they make Russians feel inferior even, perhaps especially, the children who have never known what it is to feel inferior to anyone. They keep children out of the best schools, the best parks, the best recreation centers, and German children, again as in Czechoslovakia and Poland, are given the exclusive use of these institutions. In the schools for Russian children Nazi-dictated books are studied, glorifying Hitler, the "new order,"

the thoughts and the ways of men of whom Russian children as much as others have been accustomed to speak as "reptiles," "vermin," "bandits," and "cannibals."

Russian women are barred from the activities, the careers, the diversions to which they have been accustomed. They, too, are inferior not only as Russians but as women, an inferiority the Russian intellectual woman never has known.

The statues and pictures of Soviet leaders and of Russians of outstanding literary, scientific, and military achievement, which decorate the walls of every Russian schoolhouse, every Soviet office, every public institution, are removed. Instead the statues of Hitler and other Nazis are put up.

It is futile to go on with the description of the Nazi's "new order" in Russia. I would emphasize again that under the Soviets not only men but women and millions of children of school age have learned to shoot. German children will not escape the vengeance of Russian children when they move into schools, parks, playgrounds, from which Russian children are barred. German colonists who come to live on farms from which Russians have been evicted, as they have done in other countries, will have to be protected night and day by armed guards.

If the Nazis retain the collective farms, then the two and a half million "supermen"—it will require at least that many—who will be supervising them will be dwelling in a world of hate and spite, of unending plots against their welfare and their lives. The houses in which they will be living, from which the Russian residents will be thrown out, will be at the mercy of the peasant's age-old weapon, "the red cock," or the incendiary's torch. Regardless of reprisals, hate and terror, arson and murder will stalk the land. It will be a fight without end, of a kind the world has seldom witnessed, because not only men and women but children, millions of them, will participate. They have been trained for this fight in body and mind.

The prophets of the "knife-through-butter" conquest have never appreciated the resoluteness and the fury hidden within the new consciousness of the peoples who inhabit the Russian earth, and especially in the youth. This youth dominates the Russian scene on the farm and in the factory, in the school and in the army. Without its support the Soviets might long ago have collapsed.

For nearly a quarter of a century this youth has struggled and toiled. It has sacrificed and hoped. It has been building and learning. In the outside world Comintern and Nazi agents might have been intriguing against each other, seizing and killing each other, plotting the control of this or that trade union, this or that social organization; the Communist parties might have been shouting threats and anathemas against anyone who dared to question their good sense, their good taste, their understanding of the Soviet world But the Russian youth was beyond and above this battle and this clamor. Since about the middle of the First Five-Year Plan more was said in print and in conver-

sation about world revolution outside than inside Russia, particularly on the wide-flung industrial and collectivization "fronts." For one thing there was no time for anything but the harsh tasks at hand and ahead.

Brash sometimes, always cocksure of itself, often catastrophically so, uninformed and contemptuous of foreign civilizations, except their machinery which it admired and coveted, the Russian youth plodded on feverishly at the assigned duties. It went to the Siberian *taiga*—forest wilderness—and built steel mills and machine shops, it flew to the Arctic and studied and worked and helped lay the foundation of a new agriculture and an increasing reindeer industry. It wandered up the slopes of the northern Urals, and on land that a few feet below the surface is perpetually frozen it erected gigantic chemical plants and powder mills. It crawled deep into Moscow's underground mire and built a subway that is a landmark of architectural beauty and that now shelters the population from air raids.

This youth has dared and pioneered. It has never ceased to toil even in the days when it had little or no soap, no meat, no handkerchiefs, the vilest tobacco in the world, no warm room in which to sleep, no warm coat to wear. This youth would rather die than see aliens, Fascists, swoop over their motherland, dispossess them of its inheritance and of the things in which they have invested their lives.

Professional soldiers argue that should there be no Russian army in the European part of the country, guerrilla fighting in whatever form is of no avail. But the professional soldier, with rare, most rare exceptions, was as loud as the professional diplomat in foretelling the doom of Russia in the early days of the fighting. It cannot be too vigorously emphasized that the reason for the errors of the professional soldiers and the military experts was because they appraised Russia not in terms of the turmoils and violences, physical and spiritual, of a revolution, but in those of the tolerances and the comforts, the immediate humaneness and the immediate good living of the society in which they lived. By these standards France should have been the hero of the war against the Nazis. France suffered from no purges, no trials and confessions, no one-man dictatorship, no GPU terror, no concentration camps for political nonconformists. France didn't shoot its leading generals, didn't institute political commissars over military leaders, did none of the things which were supposed to have crippled and paralyzed Russia's fighting strength. France had the finest trained army in the world, with a tradition of valor and military shrewdness. France also commanded the largest gold reserve on the European continent and more good will in the non-Nazi world, especially America, than Russia can ever muster. Yet France collapsed like a house blown away by the wind, and the Russian armies that were supposed to be easily ground to death and surrender by the German steel pinchers have fought on with unparalleled fury.

The invisible things in the Russian scene—the unorthodox methods of rulers, the impassioned nature of a people under attack, the many other im-

ponderables in a volcanic social upheaval and in a historic tradition of defense against an outside enemy—have played a vast and a mighty share in Russia's military resistance, and are destined to play an even more stupendous part if the civilian population in Europe and Russia has to carry on the warfare without the help of an army nearer than the eastern bank of the Volga or even the Urals or, at the very worst, under some sort of a separate peace, which at the moment appears unthinkable.

Before Hitler can impose his "new order" on European Russia he will have to kill most or nearly all of the one hundred and thirty million Russians.

## BATAAN

(*From* The Heroic Defense of the Philippines)

*Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear, U. S. A.*

WE SAT in the little boat, riding the night tides of Manila Bay, waiting for the submarine that was to take me out with the army's confidential documents. The surrounding darkness was broken only by intermittent artillery and bomb flashes. It was a good two hours before the sub's 300-foot hull, smooth and black, slid up in a pool of foam. So I had plenty of time to think back through all the tragedy and blood and fury of the Philippine campaign.

Never in all military history had men fought more magnificently than had our own soldiers, sailors, Marines and Scouts in this desperate struggle which every mother's son of them knew was, in the end, hopeless. I resolved that if I ever got back home I would do my poor best to tell the true story of their heroism for all Americans to remember proudly.

I got back. Here is the story . . .

Bataan—that wild and desolate peninsula of savage jungle and rocky mountain slope, a primitive wilderness which few white men had ever penetrated before. Crocodiles and snakes and huge pythons, the world's largest, infested its solitary morasses.

On Mt. Mariveles lived the pygmy Negritos, most primitive of all human beings. They wore no clothing, lived on wild bananas, papayi, cocoanuts, snakes and crocodiles, and were a mild and peaceful people. When the full fury of modern war hit this forest primeval, these inoffensive little aborigines, appalled by the savagery of civilized man, retreated to the great, rocky crater of Mariveles, where they huddled, in comparative security, while the bloody tide of conquest surged back and forth below them.

Into the northern end of Bataan Peninsula poured 65,000 Japanese veterans, eager for the kill. Made merciless by years of warfare without quarter in China, they knew all the cunning strategies that meant survival, the techniques that only the experienced professional can command. And they

had their quarry at bay—MacArthur's men, crouching in their jungle foxholes.

But the jungle, which for centuries had protected the pygmy and the wild animal from conquest, now helped our fighting men. Overhead, the interlacing trees sheltered them from the dive-bomber; underfoot, the treacherous swampland bogged the tank. When the Japanese advanced, he had to advance on foot.

First he would come up against a screen of Filipino riflemen hidden in the undergrowth, and they would take their toll. Behind these he found himself in a murderous belt of barbed-wire tangles, foxholes manned by American Regulars, machine guns trained down jungle trails. In every step forward lay the menace of concealed trip-wire explosives, TNT land-mines, and tens of thousands of fire-hardened pointed bamboo sticks implanted in the ground, so sharp they penetrated the thickest shoe soles. The Japanese had at last run up against a savage technique of jungle warfare as cunning and merciless as his own. In every foxhole, often shallowly scooped out by bare hands and a tin helmet, the Japanese met an implacable foe; either the Japanese or the defender died right there.

In this fighting, many a soldier came to realize that self-confidence alone was not enough to sustain the human spirit. I remember jumping into a hole during a particularly heavy bombing attack. A sergeant crouched lower to make room for me. Then all hell broke loose, and I wasn't surprised to find myself praying out loud. I heard the sergeant praying, too. When the attack was over I said·

"Sergeant, I noticed you were praying."

"Yes, sir," he answered, without batting an eye, "there are no atheists in foxholes."

Back of the foxholes stood General King and his artillery. Eddie King could get as much out of guns and gun crews as any commander who ever handled men. King hid his pieces as carefully as a miser might hide gold, with canopies of carefully renewed foliage constantly maintained above them. His outfit was poison to the Japanese, once knocked out 40 of their field guns in three days and once for a stretch of ten days kept up such deadly fire that the enemy field artillery hardly fired a shot. But that was while we had a plane or two left, and could get some observation.

Back of General King and his guns were the field hospitals where toiled the unsung, unspectacular heroes of Bataan—the doctors, nurses and hospital-corps men. The nurses were unbelievably brave . . .

Their immaculate white uniforms gave way, first, to soldier-issue khaki shirts and home-made khaki skirts, and finally to army slacks. They ate the same food as the soldiers, went on short rations when the men did, worked without regard to hours until they dropped from fatigue and slept under barrages of bomb and shell. And death, falling indiscriminately from the skies, made no sex distinctions.

In the reserve area, too, was General Headquarters. Skinny Wainwright, Bill Marquat and the others were fighting generals. They took it with the men, where the men took it. I saw one of them—A. M. Jones—pick up a Browning machine gun and, accompanied by a sergeant, plunge across the enemy lines to rescue three privates who were cut off and out of ammunition. He brought them in, too. There were countless similar instances. There, on that bloodiest corner of American soil, one saw and felt a comradeship between officers and men which was real democracy tested in the crucible of searing war—and found strong.

Yet it was not in battle, but between battles, during the dreary, apprehensive intervals when the anxious mind can eat at the heart, that Bataan's defenders best showed the depth and strength of spirit of the American fighting man. Without books, magazines, or letters from home, without the myriad aids civilization has developed to sustain the human spirit, they drew from within themselves the inspiration that strengthened their courage and steeled their arms.

They gathered in little groups and told simple anecdotes of their lives back home. The lad who used to steer a crab-dory through the Golden Gate told the ex-New Mexico cowhand all about it. He was describing a bit of American life to a fellow American. And the cowhand was fascinated: "I never knew you had to go out in a boat and lassoo those big crabs—I thought you shot them on the beach."

There were long discussions about religion. The general consensus was: "There will be no purgatory for us—after Bataan we'll go right on through without any local stops." But beneath the chaff and banter the listener felt that with these men religion was something real and definite and necessary, something to be kept beside one, something to be respected whether it was yours or the other fellow's.

They talked of morals and manners, economics and philosophy, and often the simplest men etched the clearest images in quaint speech. Through all their speculation and surmisings ran a humanity and a tolerance for an opposing point of view typically American. It was an unforgettable experience to have the soul of America laid bare around furtive campfires in a far-distant land; to hear a Coast Artillery private, standing on the parapet of a gun pit, quote that trumpet text in the Koran "The heavens and the earth and all that is between them, think ye we have created them in jest?" And while one stood silent, a little awed by the quotation and the circumstances, there came a slow drawl: "If you can do that well on a cup of yesterday's coffee, what *couldn't* you do on a bottle of ice-cold beer?"

One thing was never debated: their loyalty to the United States and its institutions. To them, their country had their own virtues and vices, their own spirit and aims. Its history belonged to every one of them. Their oneness with their country was a source of their confidence in themselves and their leaders. Much of their will to persevere in the face of dreadful

odds and bitter privations lay in their conviction that "to quit fightin' for the U. S. A. just don't make sense." There was no hokum about their attitude. They were sealing their sincerity in blood. No "isms" can ever capture men like them.

Their rough American humor never deserted them. I remember walking by a battery pit and overhearing a conversation on that endless topic, Why Doesn't the Fleet Come?

The gunner was saying: "Where in hell do you suppose that fleet really is?"

"That's easy," came the answer. "The last letter I got from a girl friend of mine was postmarked St. Louis. She never lets the fleet get more'n ten miles away from her, so it's up the Mississippi!"

On another occasion, during a particularly heavy bombardment, two soldiers were huddling in a slit trench. Suddenly one of them began to smile. "What's so funny?" asked his buddy. "Oh," came the answer, "I was just thinkin' of how scared I used to be when one of those army dentists got me in his chair!"

And there was the time General Harold H. George, of our Air Corps, and I were driving along a Bataan road. Suddenly he flung open the car door and pushed me out face-first into a ditch, leaping after me just in time to escape the leaden spray from a dive-bomber's gun that strafed the car into ribbons. "The General Staff has always kicked the Air Corps around," he said afterward. "I was delighted to have a chance to reciprocate."

Gallant and capable, General George was killed two months later at Port Darwin, Australia.

The Nips, as the soldiers called the Japanese, got many a taste of American courage and ingenuity. There was the "Bataan Air Force," for instance, also named the "Bamboo Fleet" because it was so patched together with native wood. When General Wainwright called for air support, a couple of quivering, battered P-40's would rise to give battle to dozens of Jap Zeros. Until every last one of them was destroyed, these crates operated from two hastily built airfields constructed and kept in repair by workmen under constant bombardment. The fields, standing out like bull's-eye targets in the surrounding jungle, were really only widened portions of road, and were plastered so regularly by the Japanese that our men called the enemy raiders the morning and afternoon mailplanes. Our pilots almost had to fight their way off the ground, for the Japanese were so near they could hear the P-40's warming up for the take-off. Every flight was practically a suicide mission, yet the pilots took off several times a day, week after week. They used to "talk big" over the radio just before going up, hoping to scare the listening Japs out of the air.

Every day Lieutenant Colonel Reggie Vance used to fly between Bataan and Corregidor in an old crate tied together with wire which the Japs always tried to knock off. He carried a Winchester shotgun across his

knees and a bolo by his side. The shotgun was his armament for aerial combat. The bolo was to cut himself out of his harness if he fell into the water, for the Japs had a nasty habit of machine-gunning the white parachutes and bright orange preservers whenever they spotted them.

Once Vance offered to fly me out in the crate. I asked him what the chances would be of our making it.

"Good," he said, "good."

"Just what do you mean by 'good'?" I asked suspiciously.

"Oh, one chance in five of getting through," he replied.

To those men, anything short of certain death was an even break.

A group of wobbly P-40's was sent out to escort the Filipino ace, Captain Jesus Villamor, who was to photograph the Japanese artillery at Cavite. The P-40 pilots were given specific orders not to attack enemy fighters, but to stick to Villamor. (Not infrequently our men had to be threatened with court-martial to keep them from attacking infinitely superior Japanese formations.) The pilots managed to resist the temptation of going after the Japanese planes swarming toward them. The photographs taken, they came down close to the field while Villamor landed. At once, Flight Leader Captain Ben Brown radioed in, asking if now, mission completed, he was in the clear. Not receiving a negative answer, the P-40's zoomed up and, despite all the handicaps of altitude, superior enemy strength and numbers, took out six Zeros in the air while our men cheered from the fox-holes. Five of the six P-40's got back.

Then there was the Bataan air service—"The Baling-Wire-and-Glue Transport Line." This consisted of one old navy seaplane the Japanese had sunk. Two Air Corps men had somehow gotten the thing up, had patched it with parts of a Chevrolet engine, tied the wings on with baling-wire. It hung together mostly by faith, and could make between 80 and 90 m.p.h. wide open. But at the end on Bataan, it did a great job of ferrying people over to Corregidor. Originally a two-seater, it would carry as many as five, though it could then hardly get into the air. On one of the last days, when the Nips had actually advanced to the edge of the field, the pilot—sick with malaria—took off right over their heads. He had two passengers in the baggage compartment and eight fragmentation bombs tied on his wings. He got up. Circling over the Japanese, he let them have the bombs, and got away. When he landed on Corregidor the old crate was a sieve of bullet holes.

As long as they could pull a trigger or fix a bayonet, our men held their ground. Veterans, now, of scores of bloody fights, many of them had been wounded, once, twice, three times, but still had staggered back to stand again with their comrades. I recall an infantry colonel, previously twice-wounded, coming back into action with his third wound unhealed—a great gaping hole in his arm sprinkled with sulfanilamide powder and covered with a makeshift dressing.

But courage alone was not enough. Lack of food proved our undoing. Cut off from all supplies, the army on Bataan had to feed from its meager stocks nearly 100,000 people—the troops, the natives, and the many thousand civilians who had come over when Manila was evacuated. Just back of the fighting, General Drake's Quartermaster Corps men set up rice mills, bakeries which for a time produced 20,000 loaves of bread a day, and slaughterhouses in which they butchered horses, mules, wild pigs and carabao (water-buffalo). They were even credited (by the soldiers) with slaughtering pythons and crocodiles, and issuing them as food. But there simply was never enough food to go round.

The Quartermaster Corps also operated a fishing fleet that caught 10,000 pounds a night until the Japanese discovered them and strafed them out of existence. Towards the last of January, when the rice gave out, a heroic merchant-marine captain sneaked his inter-island steamer through the Japanese blockade into Manila Bay with 17,000 sacks of rice, 5000 bunches of bananas, and 10,000 eggs. But that was the last boat to get through. The fighters on Bataan went on half-rations in January. There was no variety in the diet and the men were soon "de-vitamized" by lack of citrus fruits, eggs, green vegetables and milk. There was no refrigeration and food had to be eaten as soon as it was prepared. Some canned goods proved unsuitable for the tropics and went bad. Sugar gave out early; salt was made from sea water. Coffee was so weak soldiers asked for a "whiff" instead of a cup.

The daily serving of mule-meat brought typical soldier comments. An artillery sergeant held up a piece of dubious-looking meat on a fork and philosophized:

"Well, I beat hell out of these sons-of-guns for 20 years—but they're sure getting back at me now!"

The men liked the carabao better. They made sandwiches of it which they called "caraburgers," in a dim memory of home.

As malnutrition weakened the men, they became more susceptible to malaria, dysentery, beri-beri and scurvy. And with the increasing incidence of disease came an increasing scarcity of medicine. The number of sick in the hospitals rose day by day. When Bataan surrendered, most of the men in every regiment were weakend by malaria, dysentery and scurvy. All were suffering from the ravages of hunger. In the last desperate days, the men who were withstanding the relentless 24-hour onslaughts of the enemy were existing on a daily ration of a cup of rice and a few scraps of mule-meat.

On the other side of the lines the picture was vastly different. Perhaps never before had a Japanese army eaten so well as did the invaders of Bataan, what with their supplies and the loot of Manila. Each Japanese soldier, too, carried quinine pills to protect him from malaria, and preparations of the Chirata plant to ward off dysentery. Furthermore, most of the Bataan diseases are endemic in Japan, so that when the Japanese did contract them it was in mild form.

Thus it was not the dive-bombers, nor the slashing, insistent thrusts of infantry, nor the ceaseless pounding of heavy guns, that brought the Japanese victory. Our forces succumbed to the throttling fingers of starvation and disease.

Weeks of savage fighting in tropic heat, weeks without sleep, had made the youngest of these men "Bataan-faced"—the lines of old age etched deep; black circles of fatigue under weary, blood-shot eyes; the hollow at the base of the skull matching the sharp-ridged cheek bones. One did not have to glance twice to see that these men had met other men in mortal combat and had fought it out with them, knife to knife, bayonet to bayonet, with rifles, with grenades, with anything that would kill. They were the bravest men I have ever seen.

In the words of General MacArthur, "through the bloody haze of Bataan's last reverberating shot, I shall always seem to see the vision of those grim, gaunt, ghastly men, still unafraid."

## COMING OF AGE IN CHINA

(*From* Destination, Chungking)

*Han Suyin* (*1942*)

THE FIFTEENTH of October, the Moon Feast, Autumn. The end of the second summer of bombing. The days will grow shorter; the mists will shelter Chungking. The low gray skies of winter will hide us. There will be cloudy nights and mornings of dull fog. We shall sleep . . .

But tonight the sky is crystal, delicately luminous, curving to a horizon of dark, irregular hills, gray on the pale gold of evening. The full moon clears the world's edge, writes its scribble of silver and gold in the moving water of the river. We have forgiven the moon. Even though the planes come, it is beautiful. Even if at midnight the red lanterns are hung out on every hilltop and the sirens hoot for a *chung-chi* and we must snatch up our bundles and run to the dugout, we will enjoy this hour unshadowed. We will rejoice in the moon's beauty in the mellow autumn dusk.

We had invited guests for the evening—Kefan, the Wen family, Ensui and Lisan. To be in the tradition, we should have bought yellow wine and peanuts and salted meat and white moon cakes, spreading a feast out of doors, that we might eat and drink and watch the moon's gradual ascent. But instead we had bought melons, huge red *hsiang-shan* melons and yellow sweet melons. They were spread out upon the table on the terrace and Lisan and I cut them up and Kefan poured tea to cool a little.

The silver night concealed the broken, scarred, patched ugliness of Chungking about us. But we were more conscious of it than in the frank

daylight. We were so accustomed by now to ruin and wreckage that for days we did not think of it, but picked our path over rubble heaps and around bomb craters with utter unconcern. Then a night like this would stir memories of ancient, undisturbed loveliness and order—O moon on the Peihai Lakes, moon over the fields of Pihsien!—and we would pause and wonder, "What are we doing here on this dump heap of Chungking? Why are we here? Why?" From the conscript camp, down by the river, weary bugles strove in hopeless uncertainty for one sure note in unison. Their unhappy dissonance wavered questioningly and never came to rest.

We talked of other times, other places. Pao said: "One year ago when I was in the northwest, a night like this with an immense moon to eastward, I went up on the walls of the little town where we were garrisoned. The moon is even whiter there, more intense, and the hills naked and white as winter in the bleaching light. I heard singing, the 'Song of the Exiles'—" Pao hummed that haunting minor melody that has trailed across China with the refugees from Manchuria: *My home is on the Pine-Flower River.* . . . "Three soldiers of the old northeastern army were sitting on the parapet, looking toward the moon, toward Manchuria. For almost ten years they had been wandering, ever since Japan took their land from them. We talked. They told me they were unhappy. Years in the bleak northwest and never any hope of seeing their homes and families again. Fighting the Communists; afterward, with better spirit, fighting the Japanese. Fighting, marching, and no prospect but death at the last, as so many of their comrades had died. I gave them money, all I had with me—they got only eight dollars a month—and they accepted it with dignity. But it seemed to mean more to them to hear again the northern tongue and to talk freely with no barrier of rank between us. 'If all our officers were like you,' they said, 'we would follow them to the death.' "

"If we win this war—" Ensui said. If . . . It was like a cold wind blowing over us. Yet he spoke quietly and his voice dispelled the bombastic oratory of a hundred patriotic speeches. "If we are to win, it will not be with driven armies but with led armies. Your old-time war lords, when they levied troops for civil wars, snatched coolies off the street, tied them neck to neck with ropes, imprisoned them in barracks, marched them into battle under guard, and put them in the front lines to be killed off first. In some divisions that's still the idea of an army."

Wen Hsien-sen nodded. "Down there"—he gestured toward the riverbank—"the conscripts are dying of hunger typhus—on two bowls of watery gruel a day—while the officers pocket the money the government gives for their food."

Ensui's anger flashed. "That is a thing we shall change! For centuries in China official corruption has been almost taken for granted. When we come into power, we of the younger school trained under the Generalissimo himself, we shall end all that."

"You will need to change more than that," answered Wen, "and quickly. For the war will not be won by armies. Generals think in terms of military moves, using bodies of troops as though they were chess pieces. Such a victory of technique is not possible. The army is drawn from the people. It is a living thing and its spirit is the spirit of the people. And the people now have not rice enough to eat. That breaks morale. The price of rice—"

Everyone broke in. For if there is one absorbing question in China, it is the price of rice. All else—wages, costs, the soundness of currency—everything is based upon that standard. For months now the price of rice had risen in a steepening curve, until it had reached a point beyond famine prices. Why? Everywhere people asked, "Why?" The season had been dry, the crop less than normal; that we could understand. Blockade, the dislocation of communications, the influx of thirty million refugees, the depreciation of Chinese currency in terms of foreign exchange—there were other complex factors which always in wartime increase the cost of living. But all these facts together did not explain the dizzy advance of prices to ten and twenty times their standard a year ago, with rice in the lead.

"Mountains of rice in the granaries and none to be bought in the markets for food," said Kefan. "Speculators holding for a top price, holding it back for days, and the people unfed."

"There are laws regulating the price," Ensui offered.

"Laws!" scoffed Lisan, glaring at Ensui as though it were all his doing. "And soldiers in government uniform, with government rifles, and the bright-sun emblem of China on their caps; soldiers posted to guard the rich men's rice against the hungry people!"

"Your laws are ineffective," Wen declared. "Why? Because no system of control will work as long as most of those administering the law against an evil have more than a finger dipped into it themselves." He tapped his newspaper. "Here it is again. A certain official, sent to investigate, discovered a store of three thousand ton of rice held on speculation—accepted a bribe not to report it—arranged to hoard some for himself—demoted."

Pao rose to the defense. "You know what we have had to contend with, within the Kuomintang Party itself—conflicting cliques and factions. Especially since the government moved inland, into the very stronghold of the war lords. They also have had to be included. They have money and power; they control armed forces. They are too strong to be eliminated at once. After the war we shall deal with them."

"Are you not too patient?" said Kefan. "Do what is to be done now! A year ago, when I was working in Yunnan Province, we went to a certain village to give injections against cholera. We explained to the people about immunization, but they seemed reluctant. At last one old man said, 'We have no money.' 'But we don't want your money,' I said. 'It is free.' He was still suspicious. 'Maybe not the first time, but the second time?' 'Not any time,' I told him. Then I said, 'How is it you know there are several

repeated injections? Have you been inoculated before?' 'Little Sister,' he said, 'are you also of the Red Army?' It seems that the Communists on the Long March to the northwest went through this district, and harassed as they were, fighting on the average a battle every two days, they yet found time to do this work among the peasants. It has not been forgotten. The people will be loyal if you earn their loyalty. You cannot command it if you side with those who exploit them."

"This is what we are doing," Pao said proudly. "We have our own social plan, slower but no less effective. One thing is to be remembered. What we have accomplished is proved by this: the Chinese have stood up to three years of war and through it all have stood as one people, together."

"The whole meaning of this war," said Wen Hsien-sen thoughtfully, "lies in the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen. Sovereignty of the people—nationalism. The people's rights—democracy. The people's livelihood—perhaps the foundation stone of all—their food, their work. Victory must assure these. Only in this hope will the people fight. In this lies the strength of our resistance. Men will not fight for a nation unless it is their nation. The leaders seek to arouse them to fight for a name, for a label upon a map, for high-sounding words, for a flag, but how long will they continue to do so unless these are but symbols of a life and a hope worth defending?"

The bugles had ceased. A noisy insect known as a *chiao-ku-ku* made a clattering in the grass like the machinery of some cheap mechanical toy. Another sound, a rhythmic, muffled yowling, intruded on my consciousness, and I realized it had been going on for half an hour or more. The landlady beckoned to me from the door. I went into the house. She wrung her hands in distress. "Tang Tai-tai, what shall I do? There's a mewing in the drainpipe."

"Mewing?" I repeated.

"Yes. I believe the cat fell in. Would one of the gentlemen climb on the roof and see if he can get it out?"

"No," I said, "don't interrupt them; they are trying to think. I'll attend to it."

The drainpipe was of tile, plastered over, descending from a gutter along the edge of the roof. I climbed out of the attic window with a flashlight in my hand, gingerly scrambled down the slope, silver-tiled in the moonlight, and reached the gutter. From the terrace below the voices of our friends rose clear, and a new voice, a large, pompous voice I knew at once, though I peered over the edge of the eaves for verification.

I do not like stout, middle-aged men in uniform, straining the buttons of their tunics. This man was an officer Pao had to be polite to. Wide jowls and narrow, low forehead, making a trapezoidal face wider at the bottom than at the top, shaven scalp, a roll of fat over the collar behind. No serious thought had ever creased his brow. His features, which remarkably resembled those of a hippopotamus, habitually wore an expression of

bland serenity, disturbed only when something interfered with his meals or when someone contradicted him. He had fought in one minor engagement eight years ago in the campaign against the Communists, and he was very proud of his military record. Many people suspected him of hoarding rice.

Everybody was standing up in respectful greeting and there was a buzz of polite welcome. I decided to remain on the roof. I crawled along the gutter to the drainpipe and flashed a beam into its dark hole. Yes, there was the cat, its eyes round and golden, staring at me. It gave a piteous yowl. I stretched down the full length of my arm but could not reach it. To the landlady, watching at the attic window, I said, "Get me the kitchen tongs."

I craned over the edge of the roof. The fat official had accepted the best armchair and was helping himself to three dollars' worth of melon. (They cost a dollar and a half a pound, fifteen times the cost a year ago.) His mouth full, he said, "I don't know what we are coming to. I never saw such rude people as the lower classes in Szechwan. The ricksha puller just made a row over the fare. Said the distance was more than bargained for and living was so expensive these days. And when I kicked him, he laid hold of me and made such an outcry a lot of people gathered around. I was finally extricated by a policeman. But the policeman refused to arrest the ricksha puller, even when I told him who I was. Merely slapped him and told him to go his way—and then he told me to go my way, too! Nowadays coolies think they are as good as anybody else!"

I heard Lisan's voice, metallic-sharp. "Do you blame this coolie for being conscious that he is a man, not a beast of burden to be beaten and kicked at will?"

"The young lady is very democratic, very!" I could see the disagreeable smile with which he turned to look at Lisan. "But these people—" with a wave of the plump hand—"my dear young lady, they are not worth your consideration! One need only look to perceive that these low-class Chinese are of another breed than ourselves—we, the true, representative Chinese!" He made a gesture which included Ensui and Pao with himself, Wen Hsien-sen was left out. "Foreigners judge China by these swarms of dirty fellows with their puny bodies and dull faces, and for that reason they despise us as a 'nation of coolies.' "

"Go get the axe!" I said, with more vehemence than necessary. "The cat has slipped down so far I can't reach it at all. We'll have to smash a hole in the drainpipe."

"But my drainpipe!" wailed the landlady. "It cost more than the cat. Oh, let the wretched beast go! It will die in a day or two and then we can shove it down through with a bamboo."

"I'll pay for the repair of the drainpipe," I said. "Get me the axe."

On the terrace below the conversation continued, no one heeding our colloquy on the roof.

"And are you forgetting," Wen urged, "that Chinese history is crowded with the names of sages and great scholars and statesmen who have come of peasant forebears? In China we have never maintained caste distinctions."

"If they rose from obscurity," the official said dogmatically, "it is because they were originally of the superior race. That is what counts. Blood. Heredity. If they are of the inferior race, they are incapable of education and true dignity."

Kefan cried out, "You do not know them! I have lived with them."

"And I," said Ensui, "at the front. I have fought beside them, these of your 'inferior race,' made only to obey and to die. They fight well. They have courage. We shared danger and hardship. When I left them they wept and from their meager pay contributed money to buy me a beautiful, useless present, which one of them walked fifty li to the nearest town and back to buy for me. Coolie soldiers."

Wen leaned forward, fixing the official with his gaze, "You have probably heard and resented Hitler's gibe at our 'coolie armies.' For my part, I never felt prouder of our Chinese troops. Yes! Coolie armies! Armies of load carriers, boat trackers, peasants, armies of the underfed and overworked —those coolie armies standing against the mechanized forces of one of the world's great powers. Since then I glory in the word 'coolie.' One day the coolie of China shall be recognized a man, a citizen, in dignity before the world."

. . . . . .

I went down one flight of stairs to the second-story veranda, where I tapped up and down the drainpipe to discover by percussion where the cat might be located. The landlady handed me the axe and I hacked into the plaster. The official's voice came up to me between blows: "Ah, yes. These young people. Must have discipline, control. They must not be allowed to run wild. They must be taught the Confucian virtues—ah—Propriety, Uprightness, Integrity, Self-respect." In Chinese it is *Li, I, Lien, Chi.* He rattled off the monosyllables with the glib meaninglessness of constant misuse. . . . Your wife—fine woman, by the way—I haven't seen her this evening."

"She's cooking," Pao said. He always says that when he does not know where I am. It makes a good impression with such visitors as this, whose idea of woman's sphere is "bed, board, and baby."

"Yes, yes, fine woman. Unspoiled by education, no crazy ideas."

The drainpipe tile cracked into a hole. I enlarged it. A long furry black tail whipped out. I seized it and pulled. There was an ear-splitting yowl. I pulled harder; it was coming. Just as the rump appeared, instinctively I slipped a hand under the cat's belly and eased it through the hole. With a last demoniac howl the cat came free, clawed my hand deeply, leaped from my arms, and streaked through the door. The fiendish noise had arrested

the attention of everyone below on the terrace. They were all staring upward, but the shadow of a pillar partly hid me. I made a motion to the landlady to be silent and backed out of sight against the wall, shaken with laughter. "Just a cat fight," said Wen Hsien-sen, who, I think, had seen and recognized me.

The official made his farewells. . . . When the official was gone I unobtrusively joined the group on the terrace.

"Where have you been?" Kefan asked.

"Doing some obstetrics—Caesarian section on a drainpipe and breech extraction of a cat," I said.

Wen Hsien-sen tilted back his chair, his high, bulging forehead white in the moonlight, his eyes musing. Out of the silence, seemingly apropos of nothing, he remarked, "Mencius said, 'Who cultivates his greater self becomes a great man. Who cultivates his lesser self becomes a small man.'"

Kefan's oddly lovely smile twinkled in her plain, heavy face. "I should say that our friend recently departed must have cultivated his greater self assiduously, at least in the matter of poundage and self-esteem. . . ."

. . . . . .

Toward morning I was awake and restless with thought. Quietly I slipped from bed. Pao's rhythmic breathing of sleep continued without break. I leaned from the window. The moon was past the zenith, stooping toward the west. Along the eastern horizon, dark, with no color of dawn yet visible, stars marched in file. . . .

I saw again Pao and Ensui, their young faces drawn hard and stern, a little tragic in their grim earnestness; Lisan, burning too bright and fiery for a steadfast purpose, unequal to her passionate convictions, Kefan, perhaps the best revolutionist of us all, with her prim mouth and her hands at rest in her lap. . . . And beyond them I saw youth marching. . . .

As I had seen them marching. In the Forum of Mussolini, their heels ringing on the tessellated pavement with its myriad-times repeated pattern of *Dux, Dux*—black-shirted lads of twelve and fourteen, flinging up their arms in the Fascist salute. Refugee Catalan children in camps of exile, marshaled in line, singing, in rags, their legs blue with cold in the keen wind of this northern land, but singing the remembered, splendid songs of Spain. Steel-faced youths at Nuremberg, steel helmets low on their brows, uniformed thousands in step, one power, one purpose, one shout—Germany awake! Straw-shod Chinese students following on foot a dream of freedom halfway across a continent. Coolie armies, young men with the calluses of the shoulder pole in their necks, young boys with the round cheeks and slender arms of childhood, gray and khaki-clad armies. Youth conferences I had attended—I could see again the eager, merry faces of my friends, the proud heads, tawny and russet and black, the boy and girl students of Europe, Asia, and America, coming together to plan a world without war; how

many of them have died in wars since? Files of young coolies, the load grooving deep the flesh of the shoulder, the strain of tense muscles to an effort too much to be required of them. . . . Youth marching, like the stars along the horizon, and no pallor of dawn yet. . . .

Everywhere, all our generation, and Pao and I with them, caught in the whirlpool of war. Some plunging into the current, joyous, eager for the testing, shouting of flag and country and cause, dying for symbols. Others, as young but unillusioned, seeing clearly the wasted sacrifice of life and the greater death in the hardening of spirit to hatred, lying and killing. We are all swirled into the current, rushed into experiences of terror and exaltation. But what it does to us—that we determine for ourselves. There is no true adventure save within oneself. No experience has significance until one has received it and made it a part of oneself in thought.

So, as from a hilltop looking back over the long road traversed, I saw the direction and distance I had come since my twenty-first birthday in Hong Kong, two years ago. I had a sense of maturity, a true coming-of-age. And what I had seen as a war resistance only—China defending her freedom against Japan's aggression—I knew now for a single motif of great intricacy in a pattern involving all countries. What we thought was a war like other wars, simple in aims and dimensions, we know now for a change of world, a new age.

I seldom pray, for I do not think it right or profitable to demand of God that He rearrange the universe for me. But what I did then, in the hour before the first daylight, amounted to prayer. For it was an asking of life; it was a pledge to that awareness in me that reaches beyond flesh and space and time to the universal, which is God.

"I know You," I said, "to the extent that I know myself this moment. You are that spark in me, in Pao, in all of us, that will lay down life for an ideal, that knowledge within us that there is no fulfillment but in giving. It is what Wen Hsien-sen calls being young, what Mencius calls being a prince, what Jesus calls being the Son of Man. May we keep this, Pao and I. On this earth, this infinitesimal grain of dust whirling among the stars, the only value, the one reality, is Man. Make us great enough in spirit to compass the whole world of Man within our love. Let us never be warped to the purposes of leaders who would make us hate each other blindly. Let us possess our own souls, unswayed by the shouts of the crowd. Let us keep our ideals quietly and hand them on to others."

The dawn comes, misty. The road past the gate, narrow between walls, is a bridge between vague infinities of mist. Figures are born out of the whiteness, materializing to my sight; they cross the few rods of visibility to fade, ghostlike, into the pale fog. Coolies, the first of the day-long procession, climbing up and going down the steps with their loads. Some in their strength, swinging the balanced weights easily at the two ends of a shoulder pole, calling to each other loud greetings, cheerful because it is

morning. Some with muscles like taut cords, their faces strained with cumulative exhaustion, driven each day beyond their capacity. Coolies. The man power of China.

I do not use the term as generals use it, pointing to this inexhaustible source of armies and more armies. Rather, I think of the words separately, "power" and "man." These are the builders and carriers, the peasant farmers, the workers of China. They built the palaces of Peking and the Burma Road. They made the Great Wall and the dugouts of Chungking. They keep traffic moving, carrying loads, pulling carts and rickshas, towing boats. They keep life going; they dig in the fields, they plant and harvest. Everything in China depends upon them. Coolies. I would make the word "coolie" a name of honor before the world!

They go by as in a slow dream and they seem uncounted millions, coming out of the mist and going into the mist again. One of them stops. Slowly, with a grunt, he eases his load to the ground and stands panting. Then he crosses the road. There is a newspaper posted on the wall. He pauses before it. His hand is raised. With his finger he follows the columns of characters, his lips shaping the words. Slowly, painfully, he reads . . .

We are not the important ones in China, we who ride in sedan chairs, while you bend to lift, to carry us. The officials, the bureaucrats, the would-be intellectuals—without you we are nothing. We are sterile and without power to create the future. The important one is you, coolie. You do not know how important you are, you who toil and fight and die dumbly, scarcely asking to know why. The significance of your gesture, coolie, when you raise your finger to trace the words on the wall . . . it shows me that something curious is awake in you, is beginning to ask questions. It is a gesture of profound meaning, and I who watch am suddenly happy and confident of the future, because I see you, in the mist of dawn, lift your finger to read. . .

## FLIGHT TO ARRAS

### *Antoine de Saint-Exupéry* (*1942*)

I HAD BEEN looking on at a carnival of light. The ceiling had risen little by little and I had been unaware of an intervening space between the clouds and me. I had been zigzagging along a line of flight dotted by ground batteries. Their tracer bullets had been spraying the air with wheat-colored shafts of light. I had forgotten that at the top of their flight the shells of those batteries must burst. And now, raising my head, I saw around and before me those rivets of smoke and steel driven into the sky in the pattern of towering pyramids.

I was quite aware that those rivets were no sooner driven than all danger went out of them, that each of those puffs possessed the power of life and death only for a fraction of a second. But so sudden and simultaneous was their appearance that the image flashed into my mind of conspirators intent upon my death. Abruptly their purpose was revealed to me, and I felt on the nape of my neck the weight of an inescapable reprobation.

Muffled as those explosions reached me, their sound covered by the roar of my engines, I had the illusion of an extraordinary silence. Those vast packets of smoke and steel moving soundlessly upward and behind me with the lingering flow of icebergs, persuaded me that, seen in their perspective, I must be virtually motionless. I was motionless in the dock before an immense assizes. The judges were deliberating my fate, and there was nothing I could plead. Once again the timeliness of suspense seized me. I thought,—I was still able to think,—"They are aiming too high," and I looked up in time to see straight overhead, swinging away from me as if with reluctance, a swarm of black flakes that glided like eagles. Those eagles had given me up. I was not to be their prey. But even so, what hope was there for me?

The batteries that continued to miss me continued also to readjust their aim. New walls of smoke and steel continued to be built up round me as I flew. The ground-fire was not seeking me out, it was closing me in.

"Dutertre! How much more of this is there?"

"Stick it out three minutes, Captain. Looks bad, though."

"Think we'll get through?"

"Not on your life!"

There never was such muck as this murky smoke, this mess as grimy as a heap of filthy rags. The plain was blue. Immensely blue. Deep-sea blue.

What was a man's life worth between this blue plain and this foul sky? Ten seconds, perhaps; or twenty. The shock of the exploding shells set all the sky shuddering. When a shell burst very near, the explosion rumbled along the plane like rock dropping through a chute. And when for a moment the roar stopped, the plane rang with a sound that was almost musical. Like a sigh, almost; and the sigh told us that the plane had been missed. Those bursts were like the thunder: the closer they came, the simpler they were. A rumble meant distance, a clean *bang!* meant that we had been squarely hit by a shell fragment. The tiger does not do a messy job on the ox it brings down. The tiger sets its claws into the ox without skidding. It takes possession of the ox. Each square hit by a fragment of shell sank into the hull of the plane like a claw into living flesh.

"Anybody hurt?"

"Not I!"

"Gunner! You all right?"

"O.K., sir!"

Somehow those explosions, though I find I must mention them, did

not really count. They drummed upon the hull of the plane as upon a drum. They pierced my fuel tanks. They might as easily have drummed upon our bellies, pierced them instead. What is the belly but a kind of drum? But who cares what happens to his body? Extraordinary, how little the body matters.

There are things that we might learn about our bodies in the course of everyday living if we were not blind to patent evidence. It takes this rain of upsurging streamers of light, this assault by an army of lances, this assizes set up for the last judgment, to teach us those things.

I used to wonder as I was dressing for a sortie what a man's last moments were like. And each time, life would give the lie to the ghosts I evoked. Here I was, now, naked and running the gauntlet, unable so much as to guard my head by arm or shoulder from the crazy blows raining down upon me. I had always assumed that the ordeal, when it came, would be an ordeal that concerned my flesh. My flesh alone, I assumed, would be subjected to the ordeal. It was unavoidable that in thinking of these things I should adopt the point of view of my body. Like all men, I had given it a good deal of time. I had dressed it, bathed it, fed it, quenched its thirst. I had identified myself with this domesticated animal. I had taken it to the tailor, the surgeon, the barber. I had been unhappy with it, cried out in pain with it, loved with it. I had said of it, "This is me." And now of a sudden my illusion vanished. What was my body to me? A kind of flunkey in my service. Let but my anger wax hot, my love grow exalted, my hatred collect in me, and that boasted solidarity between me and my body was gone.

Your son is in a burning house. Nobody can hold you back. You may burn up; but do you think of that? You are ready to bequeath the rags of your body to any man who will take them. You discover that what you set so much store by is trash. You would sell your hand, if need be, to give a hand to a friend. It is in your act that you exist, not in your body. Your act is yourself, and there is no other you. Your body belongs to you: it is not you. Are you about to strike an enemy? No threat of bodily harm can hold you back. You? It is the death of your enemy that is you. You? It is the rescue of your child that is you. In that moment you exchange yourself against something else; and you have no feeling that you lost by the exchange. Your members? Tools. A tool snaps in your hand: how important is that tool? You exchange yourself against the death of your enemy, the rescue of your child, the recovery of your patient, the perfection of your theorem. Here is a pilot of my Group wounded and dying. A true citation in general orders would read: "Called out to his observer, 'They've got me! Beat it! And for God's sake don't lose those notes!' " What matters is the notes, the child, the patient, the theorem. Your true significance becomes dazzlingly evident. Your true name is duty; hatred, love, child, theorem. There is no other you than this.

The flames of the house, of the diving plane, strip away the flesh; but they strip away the worship of the flesh too. Man ceases to be concerned with himself: he recognizes of a sudden what he forms part of. If he should die, he would not be cutting himself off from his kind, but making himself one with them. He would not be losing himself, but finding himself. This that I affirm is not the wishful thinking of a moralist. It is an everyday fact. It is a commonplace truth. But a fact and a truth hidden under the veneer of our everyday illusion. Dressing and fretting over the fate that might befall my body, it was impossible for me to see that I was fretting over something absurd. But in the instant when you are giving up your body, you learn to your amazement—all men always learn to their amazement—how little store you set by your body. It would be foolish to deny that during all those years of my life when nothing insistent was prompting me, when the meaning of my existence was not at stake, it was impossible for me to conceive that anything might be half so important as my body. But here in this plane I say to my body (in effect), "I don't care a button what becomes of you. I have been expelled out of you. There is no hope of your surviving this, and yet I lack for nothing. I reject all that I have been up to this very instant. For in the past it was not I who thought, not I who felt it was you, my body. One way and another, I have dragged you through life to this point; and here I discover that you are of no importance."

Already at the age of fifteen I might have learnt this lesson. I had a younger brother who lay dying. One morning towards four o'clock his nurse woke me and said that he was asking for me.

"Is he in pain?" I asked.

The nurse said nothing, and I dressed as fast as I could.

When I came into his room he said to me in a matter-of-fact voice, "I wanted to see you before I died. I am going to die." And with that he stiffened and winced and could not go on. Lying in pain, he waved his hand as if saying "No!" I did not understand. I thought it was death he was rejecting. The pain passed, and he spoke again. "Don't worry," he said. "I'm all right. I can't help it. It's my body." His body was already foreign territory, something not himself.

He was very serious, this younger brother who was to die in twenty minutes. He had called me in because he felt a pressing need to hand on part of himself to me. "I want to make my will," he said; and he blushed with pride and embarrassment to be talking like a grown man. Had he been a builder of towers he would have bequeathed to me the finishing of his tower. Had he been a father, I should have inherited the education of his children. A reconnaissance pilot, he would have passed on to me the intelligence he had gleaned. But he was a child, and what he confided to my care was a toy steam engine, a bicycle, and a rifle.

Man does not die. Man imagines that it is death he fears; but what he

fears is the unforeseen, the explosion. What man fears is himself, not death. There is no death when you meet death. When the body sinks into death, the essence of man is revealed. Man is a knot, a web, a mesh into which relationships are tied. Only those relationships matter. The body is an old crock that nobody will miss. I have never known a man to think of himself when dying. Never.

"Captain!"
"What's up?"
"Getting hot!"
"Gunner!"
"Er . . . yes, sir."
"What—."
My question vanished in the shock of another explosion.
"Dutertre!"
"Captain?"
"Hurt?"
"No."
"You, gunner!"
"Yes, sir."
"I wa—."

I seemed to be running the plane into a bronze wall. A voice in my ear said, "Boy! oh, boy!" as I looked up to measure the distance to the overhanging clouds. The sharper the angle at which I stared, the more densely the murky tufts seemed to be piled up. Seen straight overhead, the sky was visible between them, and they hung curved and scattered, forming a gigantic coronet in the air.

A man's thigh muscles are incredibly powerful. I bore down upon the rudder bar with all my strength and sent the plane shuddering and skidding at right angles to our line of flight. The coronet swung overhead and slid down on my right. I had got away from one of the batteries and left it firing wasted packets of shell. But before I could bring my other thigh into play the ground battery had set straight what hung askew—the coronet of smoke was back again. Once more I bore down, and again the plane groaned and swayed in this swampy sky. All the weight of my body was on that bar, and the machine had swung, had skidded squarely to starboard. The coronet curved now above me on the left.

Would we last it out? But how could we! Each time that I brought the ship brutally round, the deluge of lance-strokes followed me before I could jerk back again. Each time the coronet was set back into place and the shell bursts shook up the plane anew. And each time, when I looked down, I saw again that same dizzyingly slow ascension of golden bubbles that seemed to be accurately centered upon my plane. How did it happen that we were still whole? I began to believe in us. "I am invulnerable,

after all," I said to myself, "I am winning. From second to second, I am more and more the winner."

"Anybody hurt yet?"

"Nobody."

They were unhurt. They were invulnerable. They were victorious. I was the owner of a winning team. And from that moment each explosion seemed to me not to threaten us but to temper us. Each time, for a fraction of a second, it seemed to me that my plane had been blown to bits; but each time it responded anew to the controls and I nursed it along like a coachman pulling hard on the reins. I began to relax, and a wave of jubilation went through me. There was just time enough for me to feel fear as no more than a physical stiffening induced by a loud crash, when instantly after each buffet a wave of relief went through me. I ought to have felt successively the shock, then the fear, then the relief; but there wasn't time. What I felt was the shock, then instantly the relief. Shock, relief. Fear, the intermediate step, was missing. And during the second that followed the shock I did not live in the expectancy of death in the second to come, but in the conviction of resurrection born of the second just passed. I lived in a sort of slipstream of joy, in the wake of my jubilation. A prodigiously unlooked-for pleasure was flowing through me. It was as if, with each second that passed, life was being granted me anew. As if with each second that passed my life became a thing more vivid to me. I was living. I was alive. I was still alive. I was the source of life itself. I was thrilled through with the intoxication of living. "The heat of battle" is a familiar phrase; the heat of living is a truer one. "I wonder," I said to myself, "if those Germans below who are firing at us know that they are creating life within us?"

All my tanks had been pierced, both gas and oil. Otherwise we seemed to be sound. Dutertre called out that he was through, and once again I looked up and calculated the distance to the clouds. I raised the nose of the ship, and once again I sent the plane zigzagging as I climbed. Once again I cast a glance earthwards. What I saw I shall not forget. The plain was crackling everywhere with short wicks of spurting flame—the rapid-fire cannon. The colored balls were still floating upward through an immense blue aquarium of air. Arras was glowing dark red like iron on the anvil, a flame fed by subterranean stores, by the sweat of men, the inventions of men, the arts of men, the memories and patrimony of men, all these braided in the ruddy ascension of that single plume that changed them into fire and ash, borne away on the wind.

Already I was flying through the first packets of mist. Golden arrows still rose and pierced the belly of the cloud, and just as the cloud closed round me I caught through an opening my last glimpse of that scene. For a single instant the flame over Arras rose up glowing in the night like a lamp in the nave of a cathedral. The lamp that was Arras was burning

in the service of a cult, but at a price. By to-morrow it would have consumed Arras and itself have been consumed.

"Everything all right, Dutertre?"

"First rate, Captain. Two-forty, please. We shan't be able to come down out of this cloud for about twenty minutes. Then I'll pick up a landmark along the Seine somewhere."

"Everything all right, gunner?"

"Everything fine, sir."

"Not too hot for you, was it?"

"No, I guess not, sir."

Hard for him to tell. But he was feeling fine. I thought of Gavoille's gunner. In the days when this was still a very odd war, we used to do long-distance reconnaissance over Germany. There was a night over the Rhine when eighty searchlights picked up Gavoille's plane and built a giant basilica round it. The anti-aircraft began to fire, and suddenly Gavoille heard his gunner talking to himself—for the inter-com is hardly a private line. The man was muttering a dialogue of one: "Think you've been around, do you? I'll tell you something you've never seen!" He was feeling fine, that gunner.

I flew on, drawing deep slow breaths. I filled my lungs to the bottom. It was wonderful to breathe again. There were many things I was going to find out about. First I thought of Alias. No, that's not true. I thought first of my host, my farmer. I still looked forward to asking him how many instruments he thought a pilot had to watch. Sorry, but I am stubborn about some things. One hundred and three. He would never guess. Which reminds me. When your tanks have been pierced, it does no harm to have a look at your gauges. Wonderful tanks! Their rubber coatings had done their job; automatically, they had contracted and plugged the holes made by bullets and shell splinters. I had a look at my stabilizers too. This cloud we flew in was a storm cloud. It shook us up pretty badly.

"Think we can come down now?"

"Ten minutes more. Better wait another ten minutes."

Of course I could wait another ten minutes. . . . Yes, I had thought of Alias. Was he still expecting us, I wondered? The other day we had been half an hour late. A half hour is generally longer than you ought to be: it means trouble. I had landed and run to join the Group, who were at table. I had opened the door and fallen into a chair beside Alias. At that moment he had a cluster of spaghetti on his fork and was preparing to tuck it away. He jumped, took a good look at me, and sat perfectly still, the noodles hanging from his fork.

"Well, I . . . Glad to see you," he said.

And he stuffed the noodles into his mouth.

The major has one serious fault, to my mind. He insists stubbornly on examining his pilots about their sorties. He will examine me. He will sit looking at me with embarrassing patience, waiting for me to spin out my

commonplace observations. He will have armed himself with paper and pencil, determined not to lose a single drop of the elixir I shall presumably have brought back.

I thought of school: "Saint-Exupéry, how do you integrate Bernoulli's equations?"

"Er . . . er."

Bernoulli, Bernoulli. Let me see. . . . And you stiffened under the teacher's gaze, motionless, fixed in place like an insect on a pin.

Intelligence is Dutertre's business, not mine. He is the observer; I am the pilot. From where he sits he can see straight below. He sees lot of things—lorries, barges, tanks, soldiers, cannon, horses, railway stations, trains, station masters. From where I sit I see the world at an angle. I see clouds, sea, rivers, mountains, sun. I see roughly, and get only a general impression.

"Major, you know as well as I do that a pilot . . ."

"Come, come, Saint-Ex! You do see some things, after all."

I . . . Oh, yes! Flames. Villages burning. Doesn't the major think that interesting?

"Nonsense! The whole country is on fire. What else?"

Why must Alias be so cruel?

* * *

What I bring back from this sortie is not matter for a report. When Alias examines me I shall flunk like a schoolboy standing before all the class at a blackboard. I shall seem very unhappy, and yet I shall not be unhappy. Unhappiness is behind me. It fled in that instant when the shell bursts began to drum upon the plane. Had I turned back one second before, I should have missed knowing myself.

I should never have known the flood of affection that at this moment fills my heart. I am going back to my own kind. I am going home. I am like a housewife whose shopping is done and who is on her way home, her mind on the savoury dinner with which she is about to delight her family. Her market basket swings on her arm to left and right. From time to time she raises the newspaper that covers it, and peers in. Everything is there: nothing has been forgotten. She smiles to herself at the thought of the surprise she is planning. She lingers a little, glances into the shop windows.

I too should be glancing into my shop windows if Dutertre did not insist that I go on in this pallid prison of cloud. I should be glancing at the passing countryside. Though Dutertre is right to insist that I be patient. This area over which I fly is treacherous: its air is heavy with conspiracy. Each little manor house below, with its slightly ridiculous lawn and handful of domesticated trees standing like an artless background for a family photograph, has become a blind. If I were to fly low over those houses, no friendly hands would wave to me, but shells would rise and explode.

Yet even in the belly of this cloud I am on my way home from market.

The major was right, after all. When he sent us off in a voice that seemed to say, "And then you take the first turn to the right, where you will see a tobacco shop," his voice was pitched on the right note. My conscience is at rest. I have the major's matches in my pocket—or more truly, Dutertre has them in his pocket. How Dutertre manages to remember what he saw, I cannot imagine. But that is his business. My mind is on more serious things. We shall land; and if the enemy spare us the nuisance of a sudden rush to still another field, I shall challenge Lacordaire and beat him at chess. He hates to lose. So do I. But I shall win.

Yesterday, be it said without dishonour, Lacordaire got tight. At least, a little tight. He had got tight in order to console himself. Coming in from a sortie, he had forgotten to release his landing gear and had set the plane down on her belly. Unfortunately, Alias had seen him do it; but he had not said a word. And Lacordaire, a pilot of long experience, had stood by, waiting for Alias to turn upon him. He had stood by hoping that Alias would curse him. A violent tongue lashing would have done him good. It would have allowed him to explode too. It would have allowed him to get off his chest the rage against himself that was swelling in him. But Alias had merely shaken his head sadly. Alias' mind was on the plane, not on the pilot. To the major, this accident was a kind of anonymous misfortune, a statistical tax levied on the Group. It was the effect of one of those moments of absentmindedness that attack even the most experienced pilots. It was an injustice, and Lacordaire was its victim. Except this blunder, Lacordaire's professional record was clean. Alias knew this, and all that bothered him was the plane. Automatically, without thinking, he turned to Lacordaire and asked him how bad he thought the damage was. And I could feel Lacordaire's pent up rage rise a degree at the question. You put your hand cordially on the torturer's shoulder and say to him, "How badly do you think your victim is suffering?" Truly, the human heart is unfathomable. That friendly hand soliciting the torturer's sympathy exasperates the torturer. He flings a black look at the victim and is sorry he hasn't finished her off.

I am on my way home. Group 2-33 is my home. And I understand the men who live in my home. I cannot be mistaken about Lacordaire. Lacordaire cannot be mistaken about me. Nothing is stronger than the community of feeling between us, the feeling that goes through me when I say, "We of Group 2-33." The particles, the fragments that we are, collect and possess meaning in the fact of the Group.

Flying in the cloud, I think of Gavoille and Hochedé. I am stirred by the community of feeling that binds me to them. I wonder about Gavoille What sort of people does he come of? There is a wonderful earthy substance in Gavoille. A memory sweeps suddenly over me and fills me with warmth. At Orconte, Gavoille too was billeted with a peasant. One day he said to me, "The farmer's wife killed a pig the other day. She wants us to try her blood-sausage."

Three of us sat eating the wonderful black and crackling skin—Gavoille, Israel, and I. There was a crock of white wine to wash it down. Gavoille said as we ate, "I bought this for the farmer's wife, thinking she'd like it. Write something in it for her." It was a copy of one of my books. I was not in the least embarrassed. I wrote in it with pleasure, to please them both. Gavoille sat scratching his leg. Israel was stuffing his pipe. The farmer's wife seemed pleased to have a book inscribed by an author. The kitchen was redolent of the sausage. I was a little tight, for the white wine was heady. I did not feel in the least strange, despite the fact of inscribing a book—a thing which in other circumstances has always bothered me. I did not feel at all out of place. Despite the book, I did not think of myself either as an author or as an outsider. I was not an outsider. Israel looked on and smiled pleasantly as I wrote my name. Gavoille went on scratching his leg. And I felt grateful for the way they took it. That book might have made them look upon me as an outsider. Yet it didn't. I was still one of them.

The notion of looking on at life has always been hateful to me. What am I if I am not a participant? In order to be, I must participate. I am fed by the quality that resides in those who participate with me. That quality is something the men of the Group never think of—not out of humility, but because they do not stoop to measure it. Gavoille does not wonder about himself, nor does Israel. Each of these men is a web woven of his job, his trade, his duty. That smoking sausage, eaten in these circumstances, is woven into that web. The presence of these men is dense, full of meaning, and it warms my heart. I am able to sit with them in silence. To drink my white wine with them. To sign my book without thereby cutting myself off from them. Nothing in the world is strong enough to wreck this fellowship.

I do not mean to belittle the workings of the mind or the products of the intelligence. I admire a limpid intelligence as much as any man. But what is a man if he lacks substance? If he is a mere intellect and not a being? As formerly I saw substance in Guillaumet, so now I see it in Gavoille, in Israel.

I have mentioned before that because I was a writer I might have enjoyed certain advantages, certain liberties in this war. I might for example have been free to leave Group 2-33 the day I no longer approved of what I was ordered to do. But that kind of liberty I reject almost with terror. It is no more than the liberty to be a by-stander, which is to say the liberty not to exist. There is no growth except in the fulfillment of obligations.

We in France all but died of intelligence unsupported by substance. Gavoille exists. He loves, hates, rejoices, complains. He is shaped and heightened by the strands woven together and constituting his being. And exactly as, sitting with him at table, I took pleasure from the crisp sausage we shared, so I take pleasure from the obligations of the craft that fuse us of the Group

into a common being. I love Group 2-33. I do not love it with the love of a spectator looking on at a handsome spectacle. I don't give a button for spectacles. I love Group 2-33 because I am part of it and it is part of me, because it nourishes me and I contribute to nourishing it.

And now, flying home from Arras, I am more than ever interwoven with Group 2-33. I have formed still another tie with it. I have intensified in me that feeling of communion with it that is to be relished and left unspoken. Each of us had risked his life in more or less the same fashion. Israel had disappeared. It seemed pretty certain that in the course of to-day's outing I too should disappear. What have I earned by this swing round the sky except a slightly better right to sit down at their table and be silent with them? The right is dearly bought; but it is a dear right. It is the right to be, and thus to escape non-being.

Yet the notion that I shall stammer when, some minutes from now, Alias will put his questions, makes me go red. I shall feel ashamed, I know. The major will think me a little idiotic. The shame that I feel already by anticipation is genuine. Yet . . . Once again I had taken off—this time to Arras—in search of the proof of my good faith. I had risked my flesh in this sortie. I had risked it being pretty sure that I should lose it. I had given everything to the rules of the game in order to turn them somehow into something other than the rules of the game. And this being so, I have won the right to appear sheepish when the major examines me. The right, that is, to participate. To be interwoven with the rest. To commune with them. To give and receive. To be more than myself. To possess this plenitude that swells so powerfully within me. To feel the love that I feel for the Group, a love that is not an impulse from without but is something inward and never to be manifested—except at a farewell dinner. At a farewell dinner you are sure to be a little drunk, and the benevolence born of alcohol is sure to make you lean towards your friends as a tree whose boughs bend with gifts. My love of the Group has no need of definition. It is woven of bonds. It is my substance. I am of the Group, and the Group is of me.

And as I think of the Group, it is impossible for me not to think of Hochedé. Hochedé made a total gift of himself to this war. More, probably, than any of us, Hochedé dwells permanently in that state which I have striven so hard to attain to. Hochedé has arrived at the goal towards which the rest of us tend, the goal I seek to reach.

Hochedé is a former sergeant recently promoted second lieutenant. I can imagine that his culture is slight. He is unable to shed any light upon himself. But he is constructed, he is complete. The word duty loses all bombast when applied to Hochedé. Any man would be happy to accept his duty as Hochedé does. When I think of Hochedé, I reproach myself all my petty renunciations, my negligences, my laziness, and my moments of intellectualism, which is to say scepticism. This is not a sign in me of virtue but of intelligent jealousy. I should like to exist as completely as Hochedé does.

A tree solidly planted on its roots is a beautiful thing. The permanence of Hochedé is a beautiful thing. Hochedé could never disappoint.

Volunteer? We were all volunteers on all our sorties. For the rest of us, the reason was a vague need to believe in ourselves. By volunteering, we outdid ourselves a little. Hochedé was a volunteer by nature. He was, in essence, this war. The fact was so evident that when a plane was bound to be sacrificed the major thought automatically of Hochedé. "Look here, Hochedé. . . ." Hochedé was steeped in this war as a monk is steeped in religion. For whom did he fight? For himself, since he was interwoven with the war, with the Group, with France. Hochedé was fused together with a certain substance, and that substance, which was his own significance, had to be saved. At Hochedé's level, life and death are somewhat the same thing. Hochedé was already part of both. Perhaps without realizing it, he hardly feared death. Stick it out; make others stick it out—that was what mattered. For Hochedé, life and death had become reconciled.

The first time that Hochedé amazed me was when, he being still a sergeant, Gavoille tried to borrow his stop-watch in order to clock a ship.

"Lieutenant, sir. I . . . I'd rather not lend it."

"Don't be a fool! I'll give it back to you in ten minutes."

"Sir, there's a stop-watch at the squadron depot."

"Yes, a broken one. I know it."

"Sir, I . . . Nobody lends stop-watches, sir. I don't have to lend it to the lieutenant. It's not in orders. The lieutenant hasn't the right to insist."

Military discipline and respect for the hierarchy may demand that a Hochedé just unlimbered from a parachute and out of a burning plane jump instantly into another plane and take off on a sortie twice as dangerous. It may not demand that he turn over to an officer a stop-watch that has cost him three months' pay and that seems to him as precious and fragile as a baby. You can tell by the way some men wave their arms that they have no respect for stop-watches. Gavoille seemed to Hochedé just such a man. And when Hochedé, still fuming with indignation, but having won out, left the room with his stop-watch over his heart, I could have embraced him. Hochedé was a man with a heart. He would fight to the death for his stop-watch. His stop-watch existed. He would die for his country. His country existed. Hochedé existed, being interwoven with both. He was shaped and heightened by his ties with watch and country.

And so Hochedé was precious in my eyes, though there was no need to tell him so. For like reasons, when Guillaumet, the best friend I ever had, was killed in the course of duty, there was no need for me to speak of him. We had flown the same airlines. Participated in the building of the same structures. Were of the same substance. Something of me died in him. Guillaumet became one of the companions of my silence. I am part of Guillaumet, and Guillaumet is part of me.

I am part of Guillaumet, of Gavoille, of Hochedé, and they are part of

me. I am part of Group 2-33, and it of me. I am part of my country, and it of me. My country and I are one. And all the men of Group 2-33 are one with their country. . . .

When I took off for Arras I asked to receive before giving. My demand was in vain. We must give before we can receive, and build before we may inhabit. By my gift of blood over Arras I created the love that I feel for my kind as the mother creates the breast by the gift of her milk. Therein resides the mystery. To create love, we must begin by sacrifice. Afterwards, love will demand further sacrifices and ensure us every victory. But it is we who must take the first step. We must be born before we can exist.

I came back from Arras, having woven my ties with my farmer's family. Through the translucent smile of his niece I saw the wheat of my village. Beyond my village I saw my country, and beyond my country all other countries. I came back to a civilization which had chosen Man as the keystone in its arch. I came back to Group 2-33—that Group that had volunteered to fight for Norway.

I dressed this day for the service of a god to whose being I was blind. Arras unsealed my eyes. Like the others of the Group, I am no longer blind. It may be that to-morrow Alias will order me to fly still another sortie. If, at dawn to-morrow, I fight again, I shall know finally why I fight.

My eyes have been unsealed, and I want now to remember what it is that they have seen. I feel the need of a simple Credo so that I may remember.

I believe in the primacy of Man above the individual and of the universal above the particular.

I believe that the cult of the universal exalts and heightens our particular riches, and founds the sole veritable order, which is the order of life. A tree is an object of order, despite the diversity of its roots and branches.

I believe that the cult of the particular is the cult of death, for it founds its order upon likeness It mistakes identity of parts for unity of Being. It destroys the cathedral in order to line up the stones. Therefore I shall fight against all those who strive to impose a particular way of life upon other ways of life, a particular people upon other peoples, a particular race upon other races, a particular system of thought upon other systems of thought.

I believe that the primacy of Man founds the only equality and the only liberty that possess significance. I believe in the equality of the rights of Man inherent in every man. I believe that liberty signifies the ascension of Man. Equality is not identity. Liberty is not the exaltation of the individual against Man. I shall fight against all those who seek to subject the liberty of Man either to an individual or to the mass of individuals.

I believe that what my civilization calls charity is the sacrifice granted Man for the purpose of his own fulfillment. Charity is the gift made to Man

present in the insignificance of the individual. It creates Man. I shall fight against all those who, maintaining that my charity pays homage to mediocrity, would destroy Man and thus imprison the individual in an irredeemable mediocrity.

I shall fight for Man. Against Man's enemies—but against myself as well.

## OLD MAN AT THE BRIDGE

*Ernest Hemingway (1938)*

An old man with steel-rimmed spectacles and very dusty clothes sat by the side of the road. There was a pontoon bridge across the river and carts, trucks, and men, women, and children were crossing it. The mule-drawn carts staggered up the steep bank from the bridge with soldiers helping push against the spokes of the wheels. The trucks ground up and away heading out of it all and the peasants plodded along in the ankle deep dust. But the old man sat there without moving. He was too tired to go any farther.

It was my business to cross the bridge, explore the bridgehead beyond and find out to what point the enemy had advanced. I did this and returned over the bridge. There were not so many carts now and very few people on foot, but the old man was still there.

"Where do you come from?" I asked him.

"From San Carlos," he said, and smiled.

That was his native town and so it gave him pleasure to mention it and he smiled.

"I was taking care of animals," he explained.

"Oh," I said, not quite understanding.

"Yes," he said, "I stayed, you see, taking care of animals. I was the last one to leave the town of San Carlos."

He did not look like a shepherd nor a herdsman and I looked at his black dusty clothes and his gray dusty face and his steel-rimmed spectacles and said, "What animals were they?"

"Various animals," he said, and shook his head. "I had to leave them."

I was watching the bridge and the African looking country of the Ebro Delta and wondering how long now it would be before we would see the enemy, and listening all the while for the first noises that would signal that ever mysterious event called contact, and the old man still sat there.

"What animals were they?" I asked.

"There were three animals altogether," he explained. "There were two goats and a cat and then there were four pairs of pigeons."

"And you had to leave them?" I asked.

"Yes. Because of the artillery. The captain told me to go because of the artillery."

"And you have no family?" I asked, watching the far end of the bridge where a few last carts were hurrying down the slope of the bank.

"No," he said, "only the animals I stated. The cat, of course, will be all right. A cat can look out for itself, but I cannot think of what will become of the others."

"What politics have you?" I asked.

"I am without politics," he said. "I am seventy-six years old. I have come twelve kilometers now and I think now I can go no further."

"This is not a good place to stop," I said. "If you can make it, there are trucks up the road where it forks for Tortosa."

"I will wait a while," he said, "and then I will go. Where do the trucks go?"

"Towards Barcelona," I told him.

"I know no one in that direction," he said, "but thank you very much. Thank you again very much."

He looked at me very blankly and tiredly, then said, having to share his worry with some one, "The cat will be all right, I am sure. There is no need to be unquiet about the cat. But the others. Now what do you think about the others?"

"Why they'll probably come through it all right."

"You think so?"

"Why not," I said, watching the far bank where now there were no carts.

"But what will they do under the artillery when I was told to leave because of the artillery?"

"Did you leave the dove cage unlocked?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then they'll fly."

"Yes, certainly they'll fly. But the others. It's better not to think about the others," he said.

"If you are rested, I would go," I urged. "Get up and try to walk now."

"Thank you," he said and got to his feet, swayed from side to side and then sat down backwards in the dust.

"I was taking care of animals," he said dully, but no longer to me. "I was only taking care of animals."

There was nothing to do about him. It was Easter Sunday and the Fascists were advancing toward the Ebro. It was a gray overcast day with a low ceiling, so their planes were not up. That and the fact that cats know how to look after themselves was all the good luck that old man would ever have.

## AN ANTI-FASCIST DECIDES

(*From* For Whom the Bell Tolls)

*Ernest Hemingway* (*1940*)

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the planes came. The snow had all been gone by noon and the rocks were hot now in the sun. There were no clouds in the sky and Robert Jordan sat in the rocks with his shirt off browning his back in the sun and reading the letters that had been in the pockets of the dead cavalryman. From time to time he would stop reading to look across the open slope to the line of the timber, look over the high country above and then return to the letters. No more cavalry had appeared. At intervals there would be the sound of a shot from the direction of El Sordo's camp. But the firing was desultory.

From examining his military papers he knew the boy was from Tafalla in Navarra, twenty-one years old, unmarried, and the son of a blacksmith. His regiment was the Nth cavalry, which surprised Robert Jordan, for he had believed that regiment to be in the North. He was a Carlist, and he had been wounded at the fighting for Irun at the start of the war.

I've probably seen him run through the streets ahead of the bulls at the Feria in Pamplona, Robert Jordan thought. You never kill any one that you want to kill in a war, he said to himself. Well, hardly ever, he amended and went on reading the letters.

The first letters he read were very formal, very carefully written and dealt almost entirely with local happenings. They were from his sister and Robert Jordan learned that everything was all right in Tafalla, that father was well, that mother was the same as always but with certain complaints about her back, that she hoped he was well and not in too great danger and she was happy he was doing away with the Reds to liberate Spain from the domination of the Marxist hordes. Then there was a list of those boys from Tafalla who had been killed or badly wounded since she wrote last. She mentioned ten who were killed. That is a great many for a town the size of Tafalla, Robert Jordan thought.

There was quite a lot of religion in the letter and she prayed to Saint Anthony, to the Blessed Virgin of Pilar, and to other Virgins to protect him and she wanted him never to forget that he was also protected by the Sacred Heart of Jesus that he wore still, she trusted, at all times over his own heart where it had been proven innumerable—this was underlined—times to have the power of stopping bullets. She was as always his loving sister Concha.

This letter was a little stained around the edges and Robert Jordan put it carefully back with the military papers and opened a letter with a less severe handwriting. It was from the boy's *novia*, his fiancée, and it was quietly, formally, and completely hysterical with concern for his safety.

Robert Jordan read it through and then put all the letters together with the papers into his hip pocket. He did not want to read the other letters.

I guess I've done my good deed for today, he said to himself. I guess you have all right, he repeated.

"What are those you were reading?" Primitivo asked him.

"The documentation and the letters of that *requeté* we shot this morning. Do you want to see it?"

"I can't read," Primitivo said. "Was there anything interesting?"

"No," Robert Jordan told him. "They are personal letters."

"How are things going where he came from? Can you tell from the letters?"

"They seem to be going all right," Robert Jordan said. "There are many losses in his town." He looked down to where the blind for the automatic rifle had been changed a little and improved after the snow melted. It looked convincing enough. He looked off across the country.

"From what town is he?" Primitivo asked.

"Tafalla," Robert Jordan told him.

All right, he said to himself. I'm sorry, if that does any good.

It doesn't, he said to himself.

All right then, drop it, he said to himself.

All right, it's dropped.

But it would not drop that easily. How many is that you have killed? he asked himself. I don't know. Do you think you have a right to kill any one? No. But I have to. How many of those you have killed have been real fascists? Very few. But they are all the enemy to whose force we are opposing force. But you like the people of Navarra better than those of any other part of Spain. Yes. And you kill them. Yes. If you don't believe it go down there to the camp. Don't you know it is wrong to kill? Yes. But you do it? Yes. And you still believe absolutely that your cause is right? Yes.

It is right, he told himself, not reassuringly, but proudly. I believe in the people and their right to govern themselves as they wish. But you mustn't believe in killing, he told himself. You must do it as a necessity but you must not believe in it. If you believe in it the whole thing is wrong.

But how many do you suppose you have killed? I don't know because I won't keep track. But do you know? Yes. How many? You can't be sure how many. Blowing the trains you kill many. Very many. But you can't be sure. But of those you are sure of? More than twenty. And of those how many were real fascists? Two that I am sure of. Because I had to shoot them when we took them prisoners at Usera. And you did not mind that? No. Nor did you like it? No. I decided never to do it again. I have avoided it. I have avoided killing those who are unarmed.

Listen, he told himself. You better cut this out. This is very bad for you and for your work. Then himself said back to him, You listen, see?

Because you are doing something very serious and I have to see you understand it all the time. I have to keep you straight in your head. Because if you are not absolutely straight in your head you have no right to do the things you do for all of them are crimes and no man has a right to take another man's life unless it is to prevent something worse happening to other people. So get it straight and do not lie to yourself.

But I won't keep a count of people I have killed as though it were a trophy record or a disgusting business like notches in a gun, he told himself. I have a right to not keep count and I have a right to forget.

No, himself said. You have no right to forget anything. You have no right to shut your eyes to any of it nor any right to forget any of it nor to soften it nor to change it.

Shut up, he told himself. You're getting awfully pompous.

Nor ever to deceive yourself about it, himself went on.

All right, he told himself. Thanks for all the good advice and is it all right for me to love Maria?

Yes, himself said.

Even if there isn't supposed to be any such thing as love in a purely materialistic conception of society?

Since when did you ever have any such conception? himself asked. Never. And you never could have. You're not a real Marxist and you know it. You believe in Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. You believe in Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. Don't ever kid yourself with too much dialectics. They are for some but not for you. You have to know them in order not to be a sucker. You have put many things in abeyance to win a war. If this war is lost all of those things are lost.

But afterwards you can discard what you do not believe in. There is plenty you do not believe in and plenty that you do believe in.

And another thing. Don't ever kid yourself about loving some one. It is just that most people are not lucky enough ever to have it. You never had it before and now you have it. What you have with Maria, whether it lasts just through today and a part of tomorrow, or whether it lasts for a long life is the most important thing that can happen to a human being. There will always be people who say it does not exist because they cannot have it. But I tell you it is true and that you have it and that you are lucky even if you die tomorrow.

Cut out the dying stuff, he said to himself. That's not the way we talk. That's the way our friends the anarchists talk. Whenever things get really bad they want to set fire to something and to die. It's a very odd kind of mind they have. Very odd. Well, we're getting through today, old timer, he told himself. . . .

They were all gone now and he was alone with his back against a tree. He looked down across the green slope, seeing the gray horse where Agustín

had shot him, and on down the slope to the road with the timber-covered country behind it. Then he looked at the bridge and across the bridge and watched the activity on the bridge and the road. He could see the trucks now, all down the lower road. The gray of the trucks showed through the trees. Then he looked back up the road to where it came down over the hill. They will be coming soon now, he thought.

Pilar will take care of her as well as any one can. You know that. Pablo must have a sound plan or he would not have tried it. You do not have to worry about Pablo. It does no good to think about Maria. Try to believe what you told her. That is the best. And who says it is not true? Not you. You don't say it, any more than you would say the things did not happen that happened. Stay with what you believe now. Don't get cynical. The time is too short and you have just sent her away. Each one does what he can. You can do nothing for yourself but perhaps you can do something for another. Well, we had all our luck in four days. Not four days. It was afternoon when I first got there and it will not be noon today. That makes not quite three days and three nights. Keep it accurate, he said. Quite accurate.

I think you better get down now, he thought. You better get fixed around some way where you will be useful instead of leaning against this tree like a tramp. You have had much luck. There are many worse things than this. Every one has to do this, one day or another. You are not afraid of it once you know you have to do it, are you? No, he said, truly. It was lucky the nerve was crushed, though. I cannot even feel that there is anything below the break. He touched the lower part of his leg as though it were not part of his body.

He looked down the hill slope again and he thought. I hate to leave it, is all. I hate to leave it very much and I hope I have done some good in it. I have tried to with what talent I had. *Have, you mean. All right, have.*

I have fought for what I believed in for a year now. If we win here we will win everywhere. The world is a fine place and worth the fighting for and I hate very much to leave it. And you had a lot of luck, he told himself, to have had such a good life. You've had just as good a life as grandfather's though not as long. You've had as good a life as any one because of these last days. You do not want to complain when you have been so lucky. I wish there was some way to pass on what I've learned, though. Christ, I was learning fast there at the end. I'd like to talk to Karkov. That is in Madrid. Just over the hills there, and down across the plain. Down out of the gray rocks and the pines, the heather and the gorse, across the yellow high plateau you see it rising white and beautiful. That part is just as true as Pilar's old women drinking the blood down at the slaughterhouse. There's no *one* thing that's true. It's all true. The way the planes are beautiful whether they are ours or theirs. The hell they are, he thought.

You take it easy, now, he said. Get turned over now while you still have

time. Listen, one thing. Do you remember? Pilar and the hand? Do you believe that crap? No, he said. Not with everything that's happened? No, I don't believe it. She was nice about it early this morning before the show started. She was afraid maybe I believed it. I don't, though. But she does. They see something. Or they feel something. Like a bird dog. What about extra-sensory perception? What about obscenity? he said. She wouldn't say goodby, he thought, because she knew if she did Maria would never go. That Pilar. Get yourself turned over, Jordan. But he was reluctant to try it.

Then he remembered that he had the small flask in his hip pocket and he thought, I'll take a good spot of the giant killer and then I'll try it. But the flask was not there when he felt for it. Then he felt that much more alone because he knew there was not going to be even that. I guess I'd counted on that, he said.

Do you suppose Pablo took it? Don't be silly. You must have lost it at the bridge. "Come on now, Jordan," he said. "Over you go."

Then he took hold of his left leg with both hands and pulled on it hard, pulling toward the foot while he lay down beside the tree he had been resting his back against. Then lying flat and pulling hard on the leg, so the broken end of the bone would not come up and cut through the thigh, he turned slowly around on his rump until the back of his head was facing downhill. Then with his broken leg, held by both hands, uphill, he put the sole of his right foot against the instep of his left foot and pressed hard while he rolled, sweating, over onto his face and chest. He got onto his elbows, stretched the left leg well behind him with both hands and a far, sweating, push with the right foot and there he was. He felt with his fingers on the left thigh and it was all right. The bone end had not punctured the skin and the broken end was well into the muscle now.

The big nerve must have been truly smashed when that damned horse rolled on it, he thought. It truly doesn't hurt at all. Except now in certain changes of positions. That's when the bone pinches something else. You see? he said. You see what luck is? You didn't need the giant killer at all.

He reached over for the submachine gun, took the clip out that was in the magazine, felt in his pocket for clips, opened the action and looked through the barrel, put the clip back into the groove of the magazine until it clicked, and then looked down the hill slope. Maybe half an hour, he thought. Now take it easy.

Then he looked at the hillside and he looked at the pines and he tried not to think at all.

He looked at the stream and he remembered how it had been under the bridge in the cool of the shadow. I wish they would come, he thought. I do not want to get in any sort of mixed-up state before they come.

Who do you suppose has it easier? Ones with religion or just taking it straight? It comforts them very much but we know there is no thing to fear. It is only missing it that's bad. Dying is only bad when it takes a long

time and hurts so much that it humiliates you. That is where you have all the luck, see? You don't have any of that.

It's wonderful they've got away. I don't mind this at all now they are away. It *is* sort of the way I said. It is really very much that way. Look how different it would be if they were all scattered out across that hill where that gray horse is. Or if we were all cooped up here waiting for it. No. They're gone. They're away. Now if the attack were only a success. What do you want? Everything. I want everything and I will take whatever I get. If this attack is no good another one will be. I never noticed when the planes came back. *God, that was lucky I could make her go.*

I'd like to tell grandfather about this one. I'll bet he never had to go over and find his people and do a show like this. How do you know? He may have done fifty. No, he said. Be accurate. Nobody did any fifty like this one. Nobody did five. Nobody did one maybe not just like this. Sure. They must have.

I wish they would come now, he said. I wish they would come right now because the leg is starting to hurt now. It must be the swelling.

We were going awfully good when that thing hit us, he thought. But it was only luck it didn't come while I was under the bridge. When a thing is wrong something's bound to happen. You were bitched when they gave Golz those orders. That was what you knew and it was probably that which Pilar felt. But later on we will have these things much better organized. We ought to have portable short wave transmitters. *Yes, there's a lot of things we ought to have.* I ought to carry a spare leg, too.

He grinned at that sweatily because the leg, where the big nerve had been bruised by the fall, was hurting badly now. Oh, let them come, he said. I don't want to do that business that my father did. I will do it all right but I'd much prefer not to have to. I'm against that. Don't think about that. Don't think at all. I wish the bastards would come, he said. I wish so very much they'd come.

His leg was hurting very badly now. The pain had started suddenly with the swelling after he had moved and he said, Maybe I'll just do it now. I guess I'm not awfully good at pain. Listen, if I do that now you wouldn't misunderstand, would you? *Who are you talking to?* Nobody, he said. Grandfather, I guess. No. Nobody. Oh bloody it, I wish that they would come.

Listen, I may have to do that because if I pass out or anything like that I am no good at all and if they bring me to they will ask me a lot of questions and do things and all and that is no good. It's much best not to have them do those things. So why wouldn't it be all right to just do it now and then the whole thing would be over with? Because oh, listen, yes, listen, *let them come now.*

You're not so good at this, Jordan, he said. Not so good at this. And who is so good at this? I don't know and I don't really care right now. But

you are not. That's right. You're not at all. Oh not at all, at all. I think it would be all right to do it now. Don't you?

*No, it isn't.* Because there is something you can do yet. As long as you know what it is you have to do it. As long as you remember what it is you have to wait for that. *Come on. Let them come. Let them come. Let them come!*

Think about them being away, he said. Think about them going through the timber. Think about them crossing a creek. Think about them riding through the heather. Think about them going up the slope. Think about them O.K. tonight. Think about them travelling, all night. Think about them hiding up tomorrow. Think about them. God damn it, think about them. *That's just as far as I can think about them,* he said.

Think about Montana. *I can't.* Think about Madrid. *I can't.* Think about a cool drink of water. *All right.* That's what it will be like. Like a cool drink of water. *You're a liar.* It will just be nothing. That's all it will be. Just nothing. Then do it. *Do it.* Do it now. It's all right to do it now Go on and do it now. *No, you have to wait.* What for? You know all right. *Then wait.*

I can't wait any longer now, he said. If I wait any longer I'll pass out. I know because I've felt it starting to go three times now and I've held it. I held it all right. But I don't know about any more. What I think is you've got an internal hemorrhage there from where that thigh bone's cut around inside. Especially on the turning business. That makes the swelling and that's what weakens you and makes you start to pass. It would be all right to do it now. Really, I'm telling you that it would be all right.

*And if you wait and hold them up even a little while or just get the officer that may make all the difference. One thing well done can make—*

All right, he said. And he lay very quietly and tried to hold on to himself that he felt slipping away from himself as you feel snow starting to slip sometimes on a mountain slope, and he said, now quietly, then let me last until they come.

Robert Jordan's luck held very good because he saw, just then, the cavalry ride out of the timber and cross the road. He watched them coming riding up the slope. He saw the trooper who stopped by the gray horse and shouted to the officer who rode over to him. He watched them both looking down at the gray horse. They recognized him of course. He and his rider had been missing since the early morning of the day before.

Robert Jordan saw them there on the slope, close to him now, and below he saw the road and the bridge and the long lines of vehicles below it. He was completely integrated now and he took a good long look at everything. Then he looked up at the sky. There were big white clouds in it. He touched the palm of his hand against the pine needles where he lay and he touched the bark of the pine trunk that he lay behind.

Then he rested as easily as he could with his two elbows in the pine needles

and the muzzle of the submachine gun resting against the trunk of the pine tree.

As the officer came trotting now on the trail of the horses of the band he would pass twenty yards below where Robert Jordan lay. At that distance there would be no problem. The officer was Lieutenant Berrendo. He had come up from La Granja when they had been ordered up after the first report of the attack on the lower post. They had ridden hard and had then had to swing back, because the bridge had been blown, to cross the gorge high above and come around through the timber. Their horses were wet and blown and they had to be urged into the trot.

Lieutenant Berrendo, watching the trail, came riding up, his thin face serious and grave. His submachine gun lay across his saddle in the crook of his left arm. Robert Jordan lay behind the tree, holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the green slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest.

## WATCH ON THE RHINE

*Lillian Hellman* (*1941*)

The scene of the play is the living room of the Farrelly country house, about twenty miles from Washington.

The time is late spring, 1940.

ACT ONE. Early on a Wednesday morning.
ACT TWO. Ten days later.
ACT THREE. A half hour later.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| ANISE | DAVID FARRELLY | SARA MULLER | BABETTE MULLER |
| JOSEPH | MARTHE DE BRANCOVIS | JOSHUA MULLER | KURI MULLER |
| FANNY FARRELLY | TECK DE BRANCOVIS | BODO MULLER | |

### ACT ONE

SCENE: *The living room of the Farrelly house, about twenty miles from Washington, D. C., on a warm spring morning.*

*Center stage are large French doors leading to an elevated open terrace. On the terrace are chairs, tables, a large table for dining. Some of this furniture we can see; most of it is on the left side of the terrace, beyond our sight. Left stage is an arched entrance, leading to the oval reception hall. We can see the main staircase as it goes off to the back of the hall. Right stage is a door leading to a library. The Farrelly house was*

*built in the early nineteenth century. It has space, simplicity, style. The living room is large. Up stage right is a piano; down stage left, a couch; down stage right, a couch and chairs; up stage a few smaller chairs. Four or five generations have furnished this room and they have all been people of taste. There are no styles, no periods; the room has never been refurnished. Each careless aristocrat has thrown into the room what he or she liked as a child, what he or she brought home when grown up. Therefore the furniture is of many periods: the desk is English, the couch is Victorian, some of the pictures are modern, some of the ornaments French. The room has too many things in it: vases, clocks, miniatures, boxes, china animals. On the right wall is a large portrait of a big kind-faced man in an evening suit of 1900. On another wall is a large, very ugly landscape. The room is crowded. But it is cool and clean and its fabrics and woods are in soft colors.*

*At rise:* ANISE, *a thin Frenchwoman of about sixty, in a dark housekeeper's dress, is standing at a table sorting mail. She takes the mail from a small basket, holds each letter to the light, reads each postal card, then places them in piles. On the terrace,* JOSEPH, *a tall, middle-aged Negro butler, wheels a breakfast wagon. As he appears,* FANNY FARRELLY *comes in from the hall. She is a handsome woman of about sixty-three. She has on a fancy, good-looking dressing-gown.*

*Left and right are the audience's left and right.*

FANNY [*stops to watch* ANISE. *Sees* JOSEPH *moving about on terrace. Calls*]. Joseph! [*To* ANISE] Morning.

ANISE [*continues examining mail*]. Good morning, Madame.

JOSEPH [*comes to terrace door*]. Yes'm?

FANNY. Everybody down?

JOSEPH. No'm. Nobody. I'll get your tea. [*He returns to breakfast wagon on terrace.*]

FANNY. Mr. David isn't down yet? But he knows he is to meet the train.

JOSEPH [*comes in from the terrace with the cup of tea*]. He's got plenty of time, Miss Fanny. The train ain't in till noon.

FANNY. Breakfast is at nine o'clock in this house and will be until the day after I die. Ring the bell.

JOSEPH. It ain't nine yet, Miss Fanny. It's eight-thirty.

FANNY. Well, put the clocks up to nine and ring the bell.

JOSEPH. Mr. David told me not to ring it any more. He says it's got too mean a ring, that bell. It disturbs folks.

FANNY. That's what it was put there for. I like to disturb folks.

JOSEPH. Yes'm.

FANNY. You slept well, Anise. You were asleep before I could dismantle myself.

ANISE. I woke several times during the night.

FANNY. Did you? Then you were careful not to stop snoring. We must finally get around to rearranging your room. [ANISE *hands her three or four letters*] Even when you don't snore, it irritates me. [FANNY *opens a letter, begins to read it. After a minute*] What time is it?

ANISE. It is about eight-thirty. Joseph just told you.

FANNY. I didn't hear him. I'm nervous. Naturally. My mail looks dull. [*Reading the letter*] Jenny always tells you a piece of gossip three times, as if it grew fresher with the telling. Did you put flowers in their rooms?

ANISE. Certainly.

FANNY. David ought to get to the station by eleven-thirty.

ANISE [*patiently*]. The train does not draw in until ten minutes past noon.

FANNY. But it might come in early. It's been known.

ANISE. Never. Not in the Union Station in Washington, the District of Columbia.

FANNY [*irritably*]. But it might. It might. Don't argue with me about everything. What time is it?

ANISE. It's now twenty-seven minutes before nine. It will be impossible to continue telling you the time every three minutes from now until Miss Sara arrives. I think you are having a nervous breakdown. Compose yourself.

FANNY. It's been twenty years. Any mother would be nervous. If your daughter were coming home and you hadn't seen her, and a husband, *and* grandchildren—

ANISE. I do not say that it is wrong to be nervous. I, too, am nervous. I say only that you are.

FANNY. Very well. I heard you. *I* say that I am. [*She goes back to reading her letter. Looks up*] Jenny's still in California. She's lost her lavallière again. Birdie Chase's daughter is still faire l'amouring with that actor. Tawdry, Jenny says it is. An actor. Fashions in sin change. In my day, it was Englishmen I don't understand infidelity. If you love a man, then why? If you don't love him, then why stay with him? [*Without turning, she points over her head to Joshua Farrelly's portrait*] Thank God, I was in love. I thought about Joshua last night. Three grandchildren. He would have liked that. I hope I will. [*Points to other letters*] Anything in anybody else's mail?

ANISE. Advertisements for Mr. David and legal things. For our Count and Countess, there is nothing but what seems an invitation to a lower-class embassy tea and letters asking for bills to get paid.

FANNY. That's every morning. [*Thoughtfully*] In the six weeks the Balkan nobility have been with us, they seem to have run up a great many bills.

ANISE. Yes. *I* told you that. Then there was a night-letter for Mr. David.

[*A very loud, very unpleasant bell begins to ring.*]

FANNY [*through the noise*]. Really? From whom?

ANISE. From her. I took it on the telephone, and—

[*Bell drowns out her voice.*]

FANNY. Who is "her"? [*Bell becomes very loud*] Go tell him to stop that noise—

ANISE [*goes toward terrace, calling*]. Joseph! Stop that bell. Miss Fanny says to stop it.

JOSEPH [*calls*]. Miss Fanny said to start it.

FANNY [*shouts to him*]. I didn't tell you to hang yourself with it.

JOSEPH [*appears on terrace*]. I ain't hung. Your breakfast is ready. [*Disappears.*]

FANNY [*to* ANISE]. Who is "her"?

ANISE. That Carter woman from Lansing, Michigan.

FANNY. Oh, my. Is she back in Washington again? What did the telegram say?

ANISE. It said the long sickness of her dear Papa had terminated in full recovery.

FANNY. That's too bad.

ANISE. She was returning, and would Mr. David come for dinner a week from Thursday? "Love," it said, "to you and your charming mother." [*To* FANNY] That's you. I think Miss Carter from Lansing, Michigan, was unwise in attending the illness of her Papa.

FANNY. I hope so. Why?

ANISE [*shrugs*]. There is much winking of the eyes going on between our Countess and Mr. David.

FANNY [*eagerly*]. I know that. Anything new happen?

ANISE [*too innocently*]. Happen? I don't know what you mean?

FANNY. You know damn well what I mean.

ANISE. *That?* Oh, no, I don't think that.

JOSEPH [*appears in the door*]. The sausage cakes is shrinking.

FANNY [*rises. To* ANISE]. I want everybody down here immediately. Is the car ready? [ANISE *nods*] Did you order a good dinner? [*Shrieks*] David! Oh.

[DAVID FARRELLY, *a pleasant-looking man of thirty-nine, comes in from the entrance hall, almost bumps into* FANNY.]

DAVID. Good morning, everybody.

ANISE [*to* FANNY]. Everything is excellent. You have been asking the same questions for a week. You have made the kitchen very nervous.

DAVID [*to* JOSEPH]. Why did you ring that air-raid alarm again?

JOSEPH. Ain't me, Mr. David. I don't like no noise. Miss Fanny told me.

FANNY. Good morning, David.

DAVID [*to* JOSEPH]. Tell Fred to leave the car. I'll drive to the station.

JOSEPH [*nods*]. Yes, sir. [*Exits.*]

DAVID [*to* FANNY, *half amused, half annoyed, as he begins to read his mail*]. Mama, I think we'll fix up the chicken-house for you as a playroom. We'll hang the room with bells and you can go into your second childhood in the proper privacy.

FANNY. I find it very interesting. You sleep soundly, you rise at your usual hour—although your sister, whom you haven't seen in years, is waiting at the station—

DAVID. She is not waiting at the station. [*Laughs*] The train does not come in until ten minutes past twelve.

FANNY [*airily*]. It's almost that now.

ANISE [*turns to look at her*]. Really, Miss Fanny, contain yourself. It is twenty minutes before nine.

DAVID. And I have *not* slept soundly. And I've been up since six o'clock.

FANNY. The Balkans aren't down yet. Where are they?

DAVID. I don't know.

ANISE. There's nothing in your mail, Mr. David. Only the usual advertisements.

DAVID. And for me, that is all that is ever likely to come—here.

ANISE [*haughtily, as she starts toward hall*]. I cannot, of course, speak for Miss Fanny. *I* have never opened a letter in my life.

DAVID. I know. You don't have to. For you they fly open.

FANNY [*giggles*]. It's true. You're a snooper, Anise. [ANISE *exits.* FANNY *talks as* ANISE *moves out*] I rather admire it. It shows an interest in life. [*She looks up at Joshua's portrait*] You know, I've been lying awake most of the night wondering what Papa would have thought about Sara. He'd have been very pleased, wouldn't he? I always find myself wondering what Joshua would have felt.

DAVID. Yes. But maybe it would be just as well if you didn't expect me to be wondering about it, too. I wasn't married to him, Mama. He was just my father.

FANNY. My. You got up on the wrong side of the bed. [*She moves past him. Points to the mail which he is still opening.*] The bills are for our noble guests. Interesting, how many there are every morning. How much longer are they going to be with us?

DAVID [*without looking at her*]. I don't know.

FANNY. It's been six weeks. Now that Sara and her family are coming, even this house might be a little crowded—[*He looks up at her. Quickly*] Yes. I know I invited them. I felt sorry for Marthe, and Teck rather amused me. He plays good cribbage, and he tells good jokes. But that's not enough for a lifetime guest. If you've been urging her to stay, I wish you'd stop it. They haven't any money; all right, lend them some—

DAVID. I have been urging them to stay?

FANNY. I'm not so old I don't recognize flirting when I see it.

DAVID. But you're old enough not to be silly.

FANNY. I'm not silly. I'm charming.

[MARTHE DE BRANCOVIS, *an attractive woman of thirty-one or thirty-two, enters.*]

MARTHE. Good morning, Fanny. Morning, David.

FANNY. Good morning, Marthe.

DAVID [*warmly*]. Good morning.

MARTHE. Fanny, darling, couldn't you persuade yourself to let me have a tray in bed and some cotton for my ears?

DAVID. Certainly not. My father ate breakfast at nine; and whatever my father did . . .

FANNY [*carefully, to* DAVID]. There was a night-letter for you from that Carter woman in Lansing, Michigan. She is returning and you are to come to dinner next Thursday. [*As she exits on terrace*] C-A-R-T-E-R. [*Pronounces it carefully*] Lansing, Michigan.

DAVID [*laughs*]. I know how to spell Carter, but thank you. [FANNY *exits.* DAVID *looks up at* MARTHE] Do you understand my mother?

MARTHE. Sometimes.

DAVID. Miss Carter was done for your benefit.

MARTHE [*smiles*]. That means she has guessed that I would be jealous. And she has guessed right.

DAVID [*looks at her*]. Jealous?

MARTHE. I know I've no right to be, but I am. And Fanny knows it.

DAVID [*carelessly*]. Don't pay any attention to Mama. She has a sure instinct for the women I like, and she begins to hammer away early. Marthe— [*Goes to decanter on side-table*] I'm going to have a drink. I haven't had a drink before breakfast since the day I took my bar examination. [*Pours himself a drink, gulps it down*] What's it going to be like to stand on a station platform and see your sister after all these years? I'm afraid, I guess.

MARTHE. Why?

DAVID. I don't know. Afraid she won't like me— [*Shrugs*] We were very fond of each other, but it's been a long time.

MARTHE. I remember Sara. Mama brought me one day when your father was stationed in Paris. I was about six and Sara about fifteen and you were—

DAVID. You were a pretty little girl.

MARTHE. Do you really remember me? You never told me before.

FANNY [*yelling from the terrace*]. David! Come to breakfast.

DAVID [*as if he had not been listening*]. You know, I've never met Sara's husband. Mama did. I think the first day Sara met him, in Munich. Mama didn't like the marriage much in those days—and Sara didn't care, and Mama didn't like Sara not caring. Mama cut up about it, bad.

MARTHE. Why?

DAVID. Probably because they didn't let her arrange it. Why does Mama ever act badly? She doesn't remember ten minutes later.

MARTHE. Wasn't Mr. Muller poor?

DAVID. Oh, Mama wouldn't have minded that. If they'd only come home and let her fix their lives for them— [*Smiles*] But Sara didn't want it that way.

MARTHE. You'll have a house full of refugees—us and—

DAVID. Are you and Teck refugees? I'm not sure I know what you're refugees from.

MARTHE. From Europe.

DAVID. From what Europe?

MARTHE [*smiles, shrugs*]. I don't know. I don't know myself, really. Just Europe. [*Quickly, comes to him*] Sara will like you. I like you. [*Laughs*] That doesn't make sense, does it?

[*On her speech,* TECK DE BRANCOVIS *appears in the hall. He is a good-looking man of about forty-five. She stops quickly.*]

TECK [*to* MARTHE *and* DAVID]. Good morning.

[*The bell gives an enormous ring.*]

DAVID [*goes to terrace*]. Good morning, Teck. For years I've been thinking they were coming for Mama with a net. I'm giving up hope. I may try catching her myself. [*Disappears, calling*] Mama! Stop that noise.

TECK. I wonder if science has a name for women who enjoy noise? [*Goes to table, picks up his mail*] Many mistaken people, Marthe, seem to have given you many charge accounts.

MARTHE. The Countess de Brancovis. That still does it. It would be nice to be able to pay bills again—

TECK. Do not act as if I refused to pay them. I did not sleep well last night. I was worried. We have eighty-seven dollars in American Express checks. [*Pleasantly, looking at her*] That's all we have, Marthe.

MARTHE [*shrugs*]. Maybe something will turn up. It's due.

TECK [*carefully*]. David? [*Then, as she turns to look at him*] The other relatives will arrive this morning?

MARTHE. Yes.

TECK [*points to porch*]. I think Madame Fanny and Mr. David may grow weary of accents and charity guests. Or is the husband of the sister a rich one?

MARTHE. No. He's poor. He had to leave Germany in '33.

TECK. A Jew?

MARTHE. No. I don't think so.

TECK. Why did he have to leave Germany?

MARTHE [*still reading*]. Oh, I don't know, Teck. He's an anti-Nazi.

TECK. A political?

MARTHE. No, I don't think so. He was an engineer. I don't know. I don't know much about him.

TECK. Did you sleep well?

MARTHE. Yes. Why not?

TECK. Money does not worry you?

MARTHE. It worries me very much. But I just lie still now and hope. I'm glad to be here. [*Shrugs*] Maybe something good will happen. We've come to the end of a road. That's been true for a long time. Things will have to go one way or the other. Maybe they'll go well, for a change.

TECK. I have not come to the end of any road.

MARTHE [*looks at him*]. No? I admire you.

TECK. I'm going into Washington tonight. Phili has a poker game every Wednesday evening. He has arranged for me to join it.

MARTHE [*after a pause*]. Have you been seeing Phili?

TECK. Once or twice. Why not? Phili and I are old friends. He may be useful. I do not want to stay in this country forever.

MARTHE. You can't leave them alone. Your favorite dream, isn't it, Teck? That they will let you play with them again? I don't think they will, and I don't think you should be seeing Phili, or that you should be seen at the Embassy.

TECK [*smiles*]. You have political convictions now?

MARTHE. I don't know what I have. I've never liked Nazis, as you know, and you should have had enough of them. They seem to have had enough of you, God knows. It would be just as well to admit they are smarter than you are and let them alone.

TECK [*looking at her carefully, after a minute*]. That is interesting.

MARTHE. What is interesting?

TECK. I think you are trying to say something to me. What is it?

MARTHE. That you ought not to be at the Embassy, and that it's insane to play cards in a game with Von Seitz with eighty-seven dollars in your pocket. I don't think he'd like your not being able to pay up. Suppose you lose?

TECK. I shall try not to lose.

MARTHE. But if you do lose and can't pay, it will be all over Washington in an hour. [*Points to terrace*] They'll find out about it, and we'll be out of here when they do.

TECK. I think I want to be out of here. I find that I do not like the picture of you and our host.

MARTHE [*carefully*]. There is no picture, as you put it, to like or dislike.

TECK. Not yet? I am glad to hear that. [*Comes toward her slowly*] Marthe, you understand that I am not really a fool? You understand that it is unwise to calculate me that way?

MARTHE [*slowly, as if it were an effort*]. Yes, I understand that. And I understand that I am getting tired. Just plain tired. The whole thing's too much for me. I've always meant to ask you, since you played on so many sides, why we didn't come out any better. I've always wanted to ask

you what happened. [*Sharply*] I'm tired, see? And I just want to sit down. Just to sit down in a chair and stay.

TECK [*carefully*]. Here?

MARTHE. I don't know. Any place—

TECK. You have thus arranged it with David?

MARTHE. I've arranged nothing.

TECK. But you are trying, eh? [*He comes close to her*] I think not. I would not like that. Do not make any arrangements, Marthe. I may not allow you to carry them through. [*Smiles*] Come to breakfast now. [*He passes her, disappears on the terrace. She stands still and thoughtful. Then she, too, moves to the terrace, disappears.* JOSEPH *appears on the terrace, carrying a tray toward the unseen breakfast table. The stage is empty. After a minute, there are sounds of footsteps in the hall.* SARA MULLER *appears in the doorway, comes toward the middle of the room as if expecting to find somebody, stops, looks around, begins to smile. Behind her in the doorway, are three children; behind them,* KURT MULLER. *They stand waiting, watching* SARA. SARA *is forty-one or forty-two, a good-looking woman, with a well-bred, serious face. She is very badly dressed. Her dress is too long, her shoes were bought a long time ago and have no relation to the dress, and the belt of her dress has become untied and is hanging down. She looks clean and dowdy. As she looks around the room, her face is gay and surprised. Smiling, without turning, absently, she motions to the children and* KURT. *Slowly, the children come in.* BODO MULLER, *a boy of nine, comes first. He is carrying coats. Behind him, carrying two cheap valises, is* JOSHUA MULLER, *a boy of fourteen. Behind him is* BABETTE MULLER, *a pretty little girl of twelve. They are dressed for a much colder climate. They come forward, look at their mother, then move to a couch. Behind them is* KURT MULLER, *a large, powerful, German-looking man of about forty-seven. He is carrying a shabby valise and a brief-case. He stands watching* SARA. JOSHUA *puts down the valises, goes to his father, takes the valise from* KURT, *puts it neatly near his, and puts the brief-case near* KURT. BABETTE *goes to* SARA, *takes a package from her, places it near the valise. Then she turns to* BODO, *takes the coats he is carrying, puts them neatly on top of the valises. After a second,* KURT *sits down. As he does so, we see that his movements are slow and careful, as if they are made with effort.*]

BABETTE [*points to a couch near which they are standing. She has a slight accent*]. Is it allowed?

KURT [*smiles. He has an accent*]. Yes. It is allowed. [BABETTE *and* BODO *sit stiffly on the couch.*]

JOSHUA [*nervously. He has a slight accent*]. But we did not sound the bell—

SARA [*idly, as she wanders around the room, her face excited*]. The door isn't locked. It never was. Never since I can remember.

BODO [*softly, puzzled*]. The entrance of the home is never locked. So

KURT [*looks at him*]. You find it curious to believe there are people who live and do not need to watch, eh, Bodo?

BODO. Yes, Papa.

KURT [*smiles*]. You and I.

JOSHUA [*smiles*]. It is strange. But it must be good, I think.

KURT. Yes.

SARA. Sit back. Be comfortable. I—I wonder where Mama and David—[*Delighted, sees portrait of Joshua Farrelly, points to it*] And that was my Papa. That was the famous Joshua Farrelly. [*They all look up at it. She wanders around the room*] My goodness, isn't it a fine room? I'd almost forgotten— [*Picks up a picture from the table*] And this was my grandmother. [*Very nervously*] Shall I go and say we're here? They'd be having breakfast, I think. Always on the side terrace in nice weather. I don't know. Maybe— [*Picks up another picture*] "To Joshua and Fanny Farrelly. With admiration. Alfonso, May 7, 1910." I had an ermine boa and a pink coat. I was angry because it was too warm in Madrid to wear it.

BODO. Alfons von Spanien? Der hat immer Bilder von sich verschenkt. Ein schlectes Zeichen fur einen Mann.

JOSHUA. Mama told you it is good manners to speak the language of the country you visit. Therefore, speak in English.

BODO. I said he seemed always to give his photograph. I said that is a bad flag on a man. Grow fat on the poor people and give pictures of the face. [JOSHUA *sits down.*]

SARA. I remember a big party and cakes and a glass of champagne for me. I was ten, I guess— [*Suddenly laughs*] That was when Mama said the first time a king got shot at, he was a romantic, but the fifth time he was a comedian. And when my father gave his lecture in Madrid, he repeated it—right in Madrid. It was a great scandal. You know, Alfonso was always getting shot at or bombed.

BODO [*shrugs*]. Certainement.

JOSHUA. Certainement? As-tu perdu la tête?

BABETTE. Speak in English, please.

KURT [*without turning*]. You are a terrorist, Bodo?

BODO [*slowly*]. No.

JOSHUA. Then since when has it become *natural* to shoot upon people?

BODO. Do not give me lessons. It is neither right nor natural to shoot upon people. I know that.

SARA [*looks at* BABETTE, *thoughtfully*]. An ermine boa. A boa is a scarf. I should like to have one for you, Babbie. Once, in Prague, I saw a pretty one. I wanted to buy it for you. But we had to pay our rent. [*Laughs*] But I almost bought it.

BABETTE. Yes, Mama. Thank you. Tie your sash, Mama.

SARA [*thoughtfully*]. Almost twenty years.

BODO. You were born here, Mama?

SARA. Upstairs. And I lived here until I went to live with your father. [*Looks out beyond terrace*] Your Uncle David and I used to have a garden, behind the terrace. I wonder if it's still there. I like a garden. I've always hoped we'd have a house some day and settle down— [*Stops, nervously, turns to stare at* KURT, *who is looking at her*] I am talking so foolish. Sentimental. At my age. Gardens and ermine boas. I haven't wanted anything—

KURT [*comes toward her, takes her hand*]. Sara. Stop it. This is a fine room. A fine place to be. Everything is so pleasant and full of comfort. This will be a good piano on which to play again. And it is all so clean. I like that. Now, you shall not be a baby. You must enjoy your house, and not be afraid that you hurt me with it. Yes?

BABETTE. Papa, tie Mama's sash, please.

SARA [*shyly smiles at him as he leans down to tie the belt*]. Yes, of course. It's strange, that's all. We've never been in a place like this together—

KURT. That does not mean, and should not mean, that we do not remember how to enjoy what comes our way. We are on a holiday.

JOSHUA. A holiday? But for how long? And what plans afterward?

KURT [*quietly*]. We will have plans when the hour arrives to make them. [ANISE *appears from the hall. She starts into the room, stops, bewildered. The* MULLERS *have not seen her. Then, as* SARA *turns,* ANISE *speaks. As she speaks, the children rise.*]

ANISE. What? What?

SARA [*softly*]. Anise. It's me. It's Sara.

ANISE [*coming forward slowly*]. What? [*Then as she approaches* SARA, *she begins to run toward her*] Miss Sara! Miss Sara! [*They reach each other, both laugh happily.* SARA *kisses* ANISE] I would have known you. Yes, I would. I would have known— [*Excited, bewildered, nervous, she looks toward* KURT] How do you do, sir? How do you do? [*Turns toward the children*] How do you do?

JOSHUA. Thank you, Miss Anise. We are in good health.

SARA [*very happily*]. You look the same. I think you look the same. Just the way I've always remembered. [*To the others*] This is the Anise I have told you about. She was here before I was born.

ANISE. But how— Did you just come in? What a way to come home! And after all the plans we've made! But you were to come on the twelve o'clock train, and Mr. David was to meet you—

BABETTE. The twelve o'clock train was most expensive. We could not have come with that train. We liked the train we came on. It was most luxurious.

ANISE [*very nervously, very rattled*]. But Madame Fanny will have a fit. I will call her— She will not be able to contain herself. She—

SARA [*softly*]. I wanted a few minutes. I'm nervous about coming home, I guess.

BODO [*conversationally*]. You are French, Madame Anise?

ANISE. Yes, I am from the Bas Rhin. [*She looks past* SARA, *and bobs her head idiotically at* KURT.] Sara's husband. That is nice. That is nice.

BODO. Yes. Your accent is from the North. That is fine country. We were in hiding there once. [BABETTE *quickly pokes him.*]

ANISE. Hiding? You— [*Turns nervously to* KURT.] But here we stand and talk. You have not had your breakfast, sir!

BABETTE [*simply, eagerly*]. It would be nice to have breakfast.

ANISE. Yes, of course— I will go and order it.

SARA [*to the children*]. What would you like for breakfast?

BABETTE [*surprised*]. What would we like? Why, Mama, we will have anything that can be spared. If eggs are not too rare or too expensive—

ANISE [*amazed*]. Rare? Why— Oh, I—I must call Miss Fanny now. It is of a necessity. [*Excited, rushing toward terrace, calling*] Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny. [*Back to* SARA] Have you forgotten your Mama's nature? She cannot bear not knowing things. Miss Fanny! What a way to come home! After twenty years and nobody at the station—

FANNY'S VOICE. Don't yell at me. What is the matter with you?

ANISE [*excitedly, as* FANNY *draws near*]. She's here. They're here. Miss Sara. She's here, I tell you. [FANNY *comes up to her, stares at her, then looks slowly around until she sees* SARA.]

SARA [*softly*]. Hello, Mama.

FANNY [*after a long pause, softly, coming toward her*]. Sara. Sara, darling. You're here. You're really here. [*She reaches her, takes her arms, stares at her, smiles*] Welcome. Welcome. Welcome to your house. [*Slowly*] You're not young, Sara.

SARA [*smiles*]. No, Mama. I'm forty-one.

FANNY [*softly*]. Forty-one. Of course. [*Presses her arms again*] Oh, Sara, I'm— [*Then quickly*] You look more like Papa now. That's good. The years have helped you. [*Turns to look at* KURT] Welcome to this house, sir.

KURT [*warmly*]. Thank you, Madame.

FANNY [*turns to look at* SARA *again, nervously pats her arm. Nods, turns again to stare at* KURT. *She is nervous and chatty*]. You are a good-looking man, for a German. I didn't remember you that way. I like a good-looking man. I always have.

KURT [*smiles*]. I like a good-looking woman. I always have.

FANNY. Good. That's the way it should be.

BODO [*to* SARA]. Ist das Grossmama?

FANNY [*looks down*]. Yes. I am your grandmother. Also, I speak German, so do not talk about me. I speak languages very well. But there is no longer anybody to speak with. Anise has half forgotten her French, which was always bad; and I have nobody with whom to speak my Italian or German or—Sara, it's very good to have you home. I'm chattering away, I—

JOSHUA. Now you have us, Madame. We speak ignorantly, but fluently, in German, French, Italian, Spanish—

KURT. And boastfully in English.

BODO. There is never a need for boasting. If we are to fight for the good of all men, it is to be accepted that we must be among the most advanced.

ANISE. My God.

FANNY [*to* SARA]. Are these your *children?* Or are they dressed up midgets?

SARA [*laughs*]. These are my children, Mama. This, Babette. [BABETTE *bows*] This, Joshua. [JOSHUA *bows*] This is Bodo. [BODO *bows.*]

FANNY. Joshua was named for Papa. You wrote me. [*Indicates picture of Joshua Farrelly*] You bear a great name, young man.

JOSHUA [*smiles, indicates his father*]. My name is Muller.

FANNY [*looks at him, laughs*]. Yes. You look a little like your grandfather. [*To* BABETTE] And so do you. You are a nice-looking girl. [*To* BODO] You look like nobody.

BODO [*proudly*]. I am not beautiful.

FANNY [*laughs*]. Well, Sara, well. Three children. You have done well. [*To* KURT] You, too, sir, of course. Are you quite recovered? Sara wrote that you were in Spain and—

BODO. Did Mama write that Papa was a great hero? He was brave, he was calm, he was expert, he was resourceful, he was—

KURT [*laughs*]. My biographer. And as unprejudiced as most of them.

SARA. Where is David? I am so anxious— Has he changed much? Does he . . .

FANNY [*to* ANISE]. Don't stand there. Go and get him right away. Go get David. [*As* ANISE *exits*] He's out having breakfast with the titled folk. Do you remember Marthe Randolph? I mean, do you remember Hortie Randolph, her mother, who was my friend? Can you follow what I'm saying? I'm not speaking well today.

SARA [*laughs*]. Of course I remember Marthe and Hortie. You and she used to scream at each other.

FANNY. Well, Marthe, her daughter, married Teck de Brancovis. *Count* de Brancovis. He was fancy when she married him. Not so fancy now, I suspect. Although still chic and tired. You know what I mean, the way they are in Europe. Well, they're here.

SARA. What's David like now? I—

FANNY. Like? Like? I don't know. He's a lawyer. You know that. Papa's firm. He's never married. You know that, too—

SARA. Why hasn't he married?

FANNY. Really, I don't know. I don't think he likes his own taste. Which is very discriminating of him. He's had a lot of girls, of course, one

more ignorant and silly than the other— [*Goes toward terrace, begins to scream*] And where is he? David! David!

ANISE'S VOICE. He's coming, Miss Fanny. He's coming. Contain yourself. He was down at the garage getting ready to leave—

FANNY. I don't care where he is. Tell him to come.— David! [*Suddenly points to picture of Joshua*] That's my Joshua. Handsome, eh? We were very much in love. Hard to believe of people nowadays, isn't it?

SARA. Kurt and I love each other.

FANNY. Oh. You do? I daresay. But there are ways and ways of loving.

SARA. How dare you, Mama—

KURT [*laughs*]. Ladies, ladies.

SARA [*giggles*]. Why, I almost got mad then. You know, I don't think I've been mad since I last saw you.

BODO. My! You and Mama must not get angry. Anger is protest. And so you must direction it to the proper channels and then harness it for the good of other men. That is correct, Papa?

FANNY [*peers down at him*]. If you grow up to talk like that, and stay as ugly as you are, you are going to have one of those successful careers on the lecture platform. [JOSHUA *and* BABETTE *laugh.*]

JOSHUA [*to* BODO]. Ah. It is a great pleasure to hear Grandma talk with you.

BODO [*to* FANNY, *tenderly*]. We will not like each other. [KURT *has wandered to the piano. Standing, he touches the keys in the first bars of a Mozart Rondo.*]

FANNY. You are wrong. I think we are rather alike; if that is so, let us at least remember to admire each other. [DAVID *comes running in from the entrance hall. At the door he stops, stares at* SARA.]

DAVID [*to* SARA]. Sara. Darling—

SARA [*wheels, goes running toward him. She moves into his arms. He leans down, kisses her with great affection*]. David. David.

DAVID [*softly*]. It's been a long, long time. I got to thinking it would never happen. [*He leans down, kisses her hair. After a minute, he smiles, presses her arm.*]

SARA [*excited*]. David, I'm excited. Isn't it strange? To be here, to see each other— But I am forgetting. This is my husband. These are my children. Babette, Joshua, Bodo. [*They all three advance, stand in line to shake hands.*]

BODO [*shaking hand*]. How do you do, Uncle David?

DAVID. How do you do, Bodo? [DAVID *shakes hands with* JOSHUA] Boys can shake hands. But so pretty a girl must be kissed. [*He kisses* BABETTE. *She smiles, very pleased, and crosses to the side of* SARA.]

BABETTE. Thank you. Fix your hairpin, Mama. [SARA *shoves back a falling hairpin.*]

DAVID [*crossing to* KURT]. I'm happy to meet you, sir, and to have you here.

KURT. Thank you. Sara has told me so much from you. You have a devoted sister.

DAVID [*very pleased*]. Have I? Still? That's mighty good to hear. [ANISE *comes in from the library.*]

ANISE. Your breakfast is coming. Shall I wash the children, Miss Sara?

JOSHUA [*amazed*]. Wash us? Do people wash each other?

SARA. No, but the washing is a good idea. Go along now, and hurry. [*All three start for the hall*] And then we'll all have a fine, big breakfast again. [*The children exit.*]

FANNY. Again? Don't you usually have a good breakfast?

KURT [*smiles*]. No, Madame. Only sometimes.

SARA [*laughs*]. Oh, we do all right, usually. [*Very happily, very gaily*] Ah, it's good to be here. [*Puts her arm in* DAVID'S] We were kids. Now we're all grown up! I've got children, you're a lawyer, and a fine one, I bet—

FANNY. The name of Farrelly on the door didn't, of course, hurt David's career.

DAVID [*smiles*]. Sara, you might as well know Mama thinks of me only as a monument to Papa and a not very well-made monument at that. I am not the man Papa was.

SARA [*to* FANNY, *smiles*]. How do you know he's not?

FANNY [*carefully*]. I beg your pardon. That is the second time you have spoken disrespectfully of your father. [SARA *and* DAVID *laugh.* FANNY *turns to* KURT] I hope you will like me.

KURT. I hope so.

SARA [*pulls him to the couch, sits down with him*]. Now I want to hear about you— [*Looks at him, laughs*] I'm awfully nervous about seeing you. Are you, about me?

DAVID. Yes. I certainly am.

SARA [*looks around*]. I'm like an idiot. I want to see everything right away. The lake, and my old room—and I want to talk and ask questions . . .

KURT [*laughs*]. More slow, Sara. It is most difficult to have twenty years in a few minutes.

SARA. Yes, I know, but— Oh, well. Kurt's right. We'll say it all slowly. It's just nice being back. Haven't I fine children?

DAVID. Very fine. You're lucky. I wish I had them.

FANNY. How could you have them? All the women you like are too draughty, if you know what I mean. I'm sure that girl from Lansing, Michigan, would be sterile. Which is as God in his wisdom would have it.

SARA. Oh. So you have a girl?

DAVID. I have no girl. This amuses Mama.

FANNY. He's very attractive to some women. [*To* KURT] Both my chil-

dren are attractive, whatever else they're not. Don't you think so? [*Points to* DAVID] He's flirting with our Countess now, Sara. You will see for yourself.

DAVID [*sharply*]. You are making nervous jokes this morning, Mama. And they're not very good ones.

FANNY [*gaily*]. I tell the truth. If it turns out to be a joke, all the better.

SARA [*affectionately*]. Ah, Mama hasn't changed. And that's good, too.

FANNY. Don't mind me, Sara. I, too, am nervous about seeing you. [*To* KURT] You'll like it here. You are an engineer?

KURT. Yes.

FANNY. Do you remember the day we met in München? The day Sara brought you to lunch? I thought you were rather a clod and that Sara would have a miserable life. I think I was wrong. [*To* DAVID] You see? I always admit when I'm wrong.

DAVID. You are a woman who is noble in all things, at all times.

FANNY. Oh, you're mad at me. [*To* KURT] As I say, you'll like it here. I've already made some plans. The new wing will be for you and Sara. The old turkey-house we'll fix up for the children. A nice, new bathroom, and we'll put in their own kitchen, and Anise will move in with them—

SARA. That's kind of you, Mama. But—but—we won't make any plans for a while— [*Very quietly*] A good, long vacation; God knows Kurt needs it—

FANNY. A vacation? You'll be staying here, of course. You don't have to worry about work—engineers can always get jobs, David says, and he's already begun to inquire—

KURT. I have not worked as an engineer since many years, Madame.

DAVID. Haven't you? I thought— Didn't you work for Dornier?

KURT. Yes. Before '33.

FANNY. But you have worked in other places. A great many other places, I should say. Every letter of Sara's seemed to have a new postmark.

KURT [*smiles*]. We moved most often.

DAVID. You gave up engineering?

KURT. I gave it up? [*Shrugs*] One could say it that way.

FANNY. What do you do?

SARA. Mama, we—

KURT. It is difficult to explain.

DAVID [*after a slight pause*]. If you'd rather not.

FANNY. No, I—I'm trying to find out something. [*To* KURT] May I ask it, sir?

KURT. Let me help you, Madame. You wish to know whether not being an engineer buys adequate breakfasts for my family. It does not. I have no wish to make a mystery of what I have been doing; it is only that it is awkward to place neatly. [*Smiles, motions with his hand*] It sounds so big: it is so small. I am an Anti-Fascist. And that does not pay well.

FANNY. Do you mind questions?

SARA. Yes.

KURT [*sharply*]. Sara. [*To* FANNY] Perhaps I shall not answer them. But I shall try.

FANNY. Are you a radical?

KURT. You would have to tell me what that word means to you, Madame.

FANNY [*after a slight pause*]. That is just. Perhaps we all have private definitions. We all are Anti-Fascists, for example—

SARA. Yes. But Kurt works at it.

FANNY. What kind of work?

KURT. Any kind. Anywhere.

FANNY [*sharply*]. I will stop asking questions.

SARA [*very sharply*]. That would be sensible, Mama.

DAVID. Darling, don't be angry. We've been worried about you, naturally. We knew so little, except that you were having a bad time.

SARA. I didn't have a bad time. We never—

KURT. Do not lie for me, Sara.

SARA. I'm not lying. I didn't have a bad time, the way they mean. I—

FANNY [*slowly*]. You had a bad time just trying to live, didn't you? That's obvious, Sara, and foolish to pretend it isn't. Why wouldn't you take money from us? What kind of nonsense—

SARA [*slowly*]. We've lived the way we wanted to live. I don't know the language of rooms like this any more. And I don't want to learn it again.

KURT. Do not bristle about it.

SARA. I'm not bristling. [*To* FANNY] I married because I fell in love. You can understand that.

FANNY [*slowly*]. Yes.

SARA. For almost twelve years, Kurt went to work every morning and came home every night, and we lived modestly, and happily— [*Sharply*] As happily as people could in a starved Germany that was going to pieces—

KURT. Sara, please. You are angry. I do not like it that way. I will try to find a way to tell you with quickness. Yes. [SARA *turns, looks at him, starts to speak, stops*] I was born in a town called Furth. [*Pauses. Looks up, smiles*] There is a holiday in my town. We call it Kirchweih. It was a gay holiday with games and music and a hot white sausage to eat with the wine. I grow up, I move away—to school, to work—but always I come back for Kirchweih. It is for me, the great day of the year. [*Slowly*] But after the war, that day begins to change. The sausage is made from bad stuff, the peasants come in without shoes, the children are too sick— [*Carefully*] It is bad for my people, those years, but always I have hope. In the festival of August, 1931, more than a year before the storm, I give up that hope. On that day, I see twenty-seven men murdered in a Nazi street fight. I cannot stay by now and watch. My time has come to move.

I say with Luther, "Here I stand. I can do nothing else. God help me. Amen."

SARA. It doesn't pay well to fight for what we believe in. But I wanted it the way Kurt wanted it. [*Shrugs*] They don't like us in Europe; I guess they never did. So Kurt brought us home. You've always said you wanted us. If you don't, I will understand.

DAVID. Darling, of course we want you—

FANNY [*rises*]. I am old. And made of dry cork. And bad-mannered. Please forgive me.

SARA [*goes quickly to* FANNY]. Shut up, Mama. We're all acting like fools. I'm glad to be home. That's all I know. So damned glad.

DAVID. And we're damned glad to have you. Come on. Let's walk to the lake. We've made it bigger and planted the island with blackberries— [*She smiles and goes to him. Together they move out the hall entrance.*]

FANNY [*after a silence*]. They've always liked each other. We're going to have Zwetschgen-Knoedel for dinner. You like them?

KURT. Indeed.

FANNY. I hope you like decent food.

KURT. I do.

FANNY. That's a good sign in a man.

MARTHE [*coming in from the terrace. Stops in the doorway*]. Oh, I'm sorry, Fanny. We were waiting. I didn't want to interrupt the family reunion. I—

FANNY. This is my son-in-law, Herr Muller. The Countess de Brancovis.

KURT AND MARTHE [*together*]. How do you do?

MARTHE. And how is Sara, Herr Muller? I haven't seen her since I was a little girl. She probably doesn't remember me at all. [TECK *comes in from the hall. She turns*] This is my husband, Herr Muller.

KURT. How do you do?

TECK. How do you do, sir? [KURT *bows. They shake hands*] Would it be impertinent for one European to make welcome another?

KURT [*smiles*]. I do not think so. It would be friendly.

BODO [*appears at the hall door*]. Papa— [*Sees* TECK *and* MARTHE, *bows*] Oh, good morning. Miss Anise says you are the Count and Countess. Once before we met a Count and Countess. They had a small room bordering on ours in Copenhagen. They were more older than you, and more poor. We shared with them our newspaper.

MARTHE [*laughs*]. It wasn't us, but it might have been. What's your name?

TECK [*laughs*]. We hope you will be as kind to us.

BODO. My name is Bodo. It's a strange name. No? [*To* KURT] Papa, this is the house of great wonders. Each has his bed, each has his bathroom. The arrangement of it, that is splendorous.

FANNY [*laughs*]. You are a fancy talker, Bodo.

KURT. Oh, yes. In many languages.

BODO [*to* FANNY]. Please to correct me when I am wrong. Papa, the plumbing is such as you have never seen. Each implement is placed on the floor, and all are simultaneous in the same room. You will therefore see that being placed most solidly on the floor allows of no rats, rodents or crawlers, and is most sanitary. [*To the others*] Papa will be most interested. He likes to know how each thing of everything is put together. And he is so fond of being clean—

KURT [*laughs. To* FANNY]. I am a hero to my children. It bores everybody but me.

TECK. It is most interesting, Herr Muller. I thought I had a good ear for the accents of your country. But yours is most difficult to place. It is Bayrisch? Or is it—

BODO. That's because Papa has worked in so many—

KURT [*quickly*]. German accents are the most difficult to identify. I, myself, when I try, am usually incorrect. It would be particularly difficult with me because I speak other languages. Yours would be Roumanian?

MARTHE [*laughs*]. My God, is it that bad?

KURT [*smiles*]. I am showing off. I know the Count de Brancovis is Roumanian.

TECK [*heartily*]. So? We have met before? I thought so, but I cannot remember—

KURT. No, sir. We have not met before. I read your name in the newspapers.

TECK [*to* KURT]. Strange. I was sure I had met you. I was in the Paris Legation for many years, and I thought perhaps—

KURT. Oh, no. If it is possible to believe, I am the exile who is not famous. [*To* FANNY] I have been thinking with pleasure, Madame Fanny, of breakfast on your porch. [*He points to the picture of Joshua Farrelly*] Your husband once wrote: "I am getting older now and Europe seems far away. Fanny and I will have an early breakfast on the porch and then I shall drive the bays into Washington." [*Remembering*] And then he goes on: "Henry Adams tells me he has been reading Karl Marx. I shall have to tell him my father made me read Marx many years ago and that, since he proposes to exhibit himself to impress me, will spoil Henry's Sunday."

FANNY [*laughs, delighted. Takes* KURT's *arm*]. And so it did. I had forgotten that. I am pleased with you. I shall come and serve your food myself. I had forgotten Joshua ever wrote it. [*They start out of the terrace doors together, followed by* BODO.]

KURT [*as they disappear*]. I try to impress you. I learned it last night. [FANNY *laughs. They disappear.*]

TECK [*smiles*]. He is a clever man. A quotation from Joshua Farrelly is a sure road to Fanny's heart. Where did you say Herr Muller was from?

MARTHE. Germany.

TECK. I know that. [*Goes to a valise. He leans over, stares at it, looks at the labels, pushes the lock. The lock opens; he closes it. Then he turns and, as he speaks, picks up the brief-case*] What part of Germany?

MARTHE. I don't know. And I never knew you were an expert on accents.

TECK. I never knew it either. Are you driving into Washington with David this morning?

MARTHE. I was going to. But he may not be going to the office, now that Sara's here. I was to have lunch with Sally Tyne. [TECK *puts down the brief-case*] What are you doing?

TECK. Wondering why luggage is unlocked and a shabby brief-case is so carefully locked.

MARTHE. You're very curious about Mr. Muller.

TECK. Yes. And I do not know why. Something far away . . . I am curious about a daughter of the Farrellys' who marries a German who has bullet scars on his face and broken bones in his hands.

MARTHE [*sharply*]. Has he? There are many of them now, I guess.

TECK. So there are. But this one is in this house. [*He goes to the bell cord, pulls it. She watches him nervously.*]

MARTHE. Is it—is he any business of yours?

TECK. What is my business? Anything might be my business now.

MARTHE. Yes—unfortunately. You might inquire from your friend Von Seitz They always know their nationals.

TECK [*pleasantly, ignoring the sharpness with which she has spoken*]. Oh, yes, I will do that, of course. But I do not like to ask questions without knowing the value of the answers.

MARTHE. Teck. This man is a little German Sara married years ago. I remember Mama talking about it. He was nothing then and he isn't now. They've had a tough enough time already without—

TECK. Have you—Have you been sleeping with David?

MARTHE [*stops, stares at him, then simply*]. No. I have not been. And that hasn't been your business for a good many years now.

TECK. You like him?

MARTHE [*nervously*]. What's this for, Teck?

TECK. Answer me, please.

MARTHE. I—[*She stops.*]

TECK. Yes? Answer me.

MARTHE. I do like him.

TECK. What does he feel about you?

MARTHE. I don't know.

TECK. But you are trying to find out. You have made plans with him?

MARTHE. Of course not. I—

TECK. But you will try to make him have plans. I have recognized it. Well, we have been together a long—[JOSEPH *enters.* TECK *stops*] Joseph, Miss Fanny wishes you to take the baggage upstairs.

JOSEPH. Yes, sir. I was going to. [*He begins to pick up the baggage.* MARTHE *has turned sharply and is staring at* TECK. *Then she rises, watches* JOSEPH *pick up the baggage, turns again to look at* TECK.]

TECK. As I was saying. It is perhaps best that we had this talk.

MARTHE [*she stops, waits for* JOSEPH *to move off. He exits, carrying the valises*]. Why did you do that? Why did you tell Joseph that Fanny wanted him to take the baggage upstairs?

TECK. Obviously it is more comfortable to look at baggage behind closed doors.

MARTHE [*very sharply*]. What kind of silliness is this now? Leave these people alone—[*As he starts to exit*] I won't let you—

TECK. What? [*As he moves again, she comes after him.*]

MARTHE. I said I won't let you. You are not—

TECK. How many times have you seen me angry? [MARTHE *looks up, startled*] You will not wish to see another. Run along now and have lunch with something you call Sally Tyne. But do not make plans with David. You will not be able to carry them out. You will go with me, when I am ready to go. You understand. [*He exits during his speech. The last words come as he goes through the door, and as the curtain falls.*]

## ACT TWO

SCENE: *The same as Act One, about ten days later. During the act it will begin to grow dark; but the evening is warm and the terrace doors are open.*

*At rise:* SARA *is sitting on the couch, crocheting.* FANNY *and* TECK *are sitting at a small table playing cribbage.* BODO *is sitting near them, at a large table, working on a heating pad. The cord is torn from the bag, the bag is ripped open.* ANISE *sits next to him, anxiously watching him. Outside on the terrace,* JOSHUA *is going through baseball motions, coached by* JOSEPH. *From time to time they move out of sight, reappear, move off again.*

FANNY [*playing a card*]. One.

BODO [*after a minute, to* TECK]. The arrangement of this heating pad grows more complex.

TECK [*smiles, moves on the cribbage board*]. And the more wires you remove, the more complex it will grow.

BODO [*points to bag*]. Man has learned to make man comfortable. Yet all cannot have the comforts. [*To* ANISE] How much did this cost you?

ANISE. It cost me ten dollars. And you have made a ruin of it.

BODO. That is not yet completely true. [*To* FANNY] Did I not install for you a twenty-five cent button-push for your radio?

TECK [*playing a card*]. Two and two. [*Moves pegs on the cribbage board.*]

FANNY. Yes, you're quite an installer.

BODO [*to* TECK]. As I was wishing to tell you, Count de Brancovis, comfort and plenty exist. Yet all cannot have them it. Why?

TECK. I do not know. It has worried many men. Why?

ANISE [*to* BODO]. Yes, why?

BODO [*takes a deep breath, raises his finger as if about to lecture*]. Why? [*Considers a moment, then deflates himself*] I am not as yet sure.

ANISE. I thought not.

FANNY [*turns to look at* JOSHUA *and* JOSEPH *on the terrace*]. Would you mind doing that dancing some place else?

JOSEPH [*looking in*]. Yes'm. That ain't dancing. I'm teaching Josh baseball.

FANNY. Then maybe he'd teach you how to clean the silver.

JOSEPH. I'm a good silver-cleaner, Miss Fanny.

FANNY. But you're getting out of practice.

JOSEPH [*after a moment's thought*]. Yes'm. I see what you mean. [*He exits.*]

FANNY [*playing a card*]. Three.

JOSHUA. It is my fault. I'm crazy about baseball.

BODO. Baseball players are among the most exploited people in this country. I read about it.

FANNY. You never should have learned to read.

BODO. Their exploited condition is foundationed on the fact that—

JOSHUA [*bored*]. All right, all right. I still like baseball.

SARA. Founded, Bodo, not foundationed.

JOSHUA. He does it always. He likes long words. In all languages.

TECK. How many languages do you children speak?

BODO. Oh, we do not really know any very well, except German and English. We speak bad French and—

SARA. And bad Danish and bad Czech.

TECK. You seem to have stayed close to the borders of Germany. Did Herr Muller have hopes, as so many did, that National Socialism would be overthrown on every tomorrow?

SARA. We have not given up that hope. Have you, Count de Brancovis?

TECK. I never had it.

JOSHUA [*pleasantly*]. Then it must be most difficult for you to sleep.

TECK. I beg your pardon?

SARA. Schweig doch, Joshua!

FANNY [*to* TECK]. Sara told Joshua to shut up. [*Playing a card*] Twelve.

TECK. I have offended you, Mrs. Muller. I am most sorry.

SARA [*pleasantly*]. No, sir, you haven't offended me. I just don't like polite political conversations any more.

TECK [*nods*]. All of us, in Europe, had too many of them.

SARA. Yes. Too much talk. By this time all of us must know where we are and what we have to do. It's an indulgence to sit in a room and discuss your beliefs as if they were a juicy piece of gossip.

FANNY. You know, Sara, I find it very pleasant that Kurt, considering his history, doesn't make platform speeches. He hasn't tried to convince anybody of anything.

SARA [*smiles*]. Why should he, Mama? You are quite old enough to have your own convictions—or Papa's.

FANNY [*turns to look at her*]. I am proud to have Papa's convictions.

SARA. Of course. But it might be well to have a few new ones, now and then.

FANNY [*peers over at her*]. Are you criticizing me?

SARA [*smiles*]. Certainly not.

BABETTE [*comes running in from the right entrance door. She has on an apron and she is carrying a plate. She goes to* FANNY]. Eat it while it's hot, Grandma.

[FANNY *peers down, takes the fork, begins to eat.* ANISE *and* BODO *both rise, move to* FANNY, *inspect the plate.*]

FANNY [*to them*]. Go away.

ANISE. It is a potato pancake.

FANNY. And the first good one I've eaten in many, many years. I love a good potato pancake.

BODO. I likewise.

BABETTE. I am making a great number for dinner. Move away, Bodo.

TECK [*playing a card*]. Fifteen and two.

ANISE [*who has followed* BODO *back to the table, leans over to look at the heating pad*]. You've ruined it! I shall sue you.

JOSHUA. I told you not to let him touch it.

SARA [*laughs*]. I remember you were always saying that, Anise—that you were going to sue. That's very French. I was sick once in Paris, and Babbie stayed up for a whole night and day and finished a dress I was making for a woman in the Rue Jacob. I told her to tell the woman she'd done it—I thought perhaps the woman would give her a candy or something—and anyway, I was very proud of her work. But no. The woman admitted the dress was well done, but said she was going to sue because I hadn't done it myself. Fancy that.

FANNY [*slowly*]. You sewed for a living?

SARA. Not a very good one. But Babbie and I made a little something now and then. Didn't we, darling?

FANNY [*sharply*]. Really, Sara, were these—these things necessary? Why couldn't you have written?

SARA [*laughs*]. You've asked me that a hundred times in the last week.

JOSHUA [*gently*]. I think it is only that Grandma feels sorry for us. Grandma has not seen much of the world.

FANNY. Don't you start giving me lectures, Joshua. I'm fond of you. And of you, Babbie. [*To* ANISE] Are there two desserts for dinner? And are they sweet?

ANISE. Yes.

FANNY [*turns to* BODO]. I wish I were fond of you.

BODO. You are. [*Happily*] You are very fond of me.

FANNY [*playing a card*]. Twenty-five.

BABETTE. This is for you, Grandma. I'm making a bed-jacket. It is nice lace. Papa brought it to me from Spain and I mean for you to have it.

FANNY [*kisses* BABETTE]. Thank you, darling. A sequence and three. A pair and five. [*To* TECK, *as they finish the cribbage game*] There. That's two dollars off. I owe you eight-fifty.

TECK. Let us carry it until tomorrow. You shall give it to me as a going-away token.

FANNY [*too pleased*]. You're going away?

TECK [*laughs*]. Ah, Madame Fanny. Do not sound *that* happy.

FANNY. Did I? That's rude of me. When are you going?

TECK. In a few days, I think. [*Turns to look at* SARA] We're too many refugees, eh, Mrs. Muller?

SARA [*pleasantly*]. Perhaps.

TECK. Will you be leaving, also?

SARA. I beg your pardon?

TECK. I thought perhaps you, too, would be moving on. Herr Muller does not give me the feeling of a man who settles down. Men who have done his work, seldom leave it. Not for a quiet country house.

[*All three children look up.*]

SARA [*very quietly*]. What work do you think my husband has done, Count de Brancovis?

TECK. Engineering?

SARA [*slowly*]. Yes. Engineering.

FANNY [*very deliberately to* TECK]. I don't know what you're saying. They shall certainly not be leaving—ever. Is that understood, Sara?

SARA. Well, Mama—

FANNY. There are no wells about it. You've come home to see me die and you will wait until I'm ready.

SARA [*laughs*]. Really, Mama, that isn't the reason I came home.

FANNY. It's a good enough reason. I shall do a fine death. I intend to be a great deal of trouble to everybody.

ANISE. I daresay.

FANNY. I shall take to my bed early and stay for years. In great pain.

ANISE. I am sure of it. You will duplicate the disgrace of the birth of Miss Sara.

SARA [*laughs*]. Was I born in disgrace?

ANISE. It was not your fault. But it was disgusting. Three weeks before you were to come—all was excellent, of course, in so healthy a woman as Madame Fanny—a great dinner was given here and, most unexpectedly, attended by a beautiful lady from England.

FANNY. Do be still. You are dull and fanciful—

ANISE. Mr. Joshua made the great error of waltzing the beauty for two dances, Madame Fanny being unfitted for the waltz and under no circumstances being the most graceful of dancers.

FANNY [*her voice rising*]. Are you crazy? I danced magnificently.

ANISE. It is well you thought so. A minute did not elapse between the second of the waltzes and a scream from Madame Fanny. She was in labor. Two hundred people, and if we had left her alone, she would have remained in the ballroom—

FANNY. How you invent! How you invent!

ANISE. Do not call to me that I am a liar. For three weeks you are in the utmost agony—

FANNY. And so I was. I remember it to this day—

ANISE [*to* SARA, *angrily*]. Not a pain. Not a single pain. She would lie up there in state, stealing candy from herself. Then, when your Papa would rest himself for a minute at the dinner or with a book, a scream would dismantle the house—it was revolting. [*Spitefully to* FANNY] And now the years have passed I may disclose to you that Mr. Joshua knew you were going through the play-acting—

FANNY [*rises*]. He did not. You are a malicious—

ANISE. Once he said to me, "Anise, it is well that I am in love. This is of a great strain and her great-uncle Freddie was not right in the head, neither."

FANNY [*screaming*]. You will leave this house—You are a liar, a woman of—

SARA. Mama, sit down.

ANISE. I will certainly leave this house. I will—

SARA [*sharply*]. Both of you. Sit down. And be still.

ANISE. She has intimated that I lie—

FANNY [*screaming*]. Intimated! Is that what I was doing—[ANISE *begins to leave the room*] All right. I beg your pardon. I apologize.

[ANISE *turns.*]

SARA. Both of you. You are acting like children.

BODO. Really, Mama. You insult us.

ANISE. I accept your apology. Seat yourself.

[*They both sit down.*]

FANNY [*after a silence*]. I am unloved.

BABETTE. I love you, Grandma.

FANNY. Do you, Babbie?

JOSHUA. And I.

FANNY [*nods, very pleased. To* BODO]. And you?

BODO. *I* loved you the primary second I saw you.

FANNY. You are a charlatan.

ANISE. As for me, I am fond of all the living creatures. It is true that the children cause me greater work, which in turn more greatly inconveniences the feet. However, I do not complain. I believe in children.

FANNY. Rather like believing in the weather, isn't it? [DAVID *and* KURT *come in from the terrace. Both are in work clothes, their sleeves rolled up*] Where have you been?

DAVID. Oh, we've been helping Mr. Chabeuf spray the fruit trees.

ANISE. Mr. Chabeuf says that Herr Muller has the makings of a good farmer. From a Frenchman that is a large thing to say.

KURT [*who has looked around the room, looked at* TECK, *strolled over to* BODO]. Mr. Chabeuf and I have an excellent time exchanging misinformation. My father was a farmer. I have a wide knowledge of farmer's misinformation.

FANNY. This is good farm land. Perhaps, in time—

DAVID [*laughs*]. Mama would give you the place, Kurt, if you guaranteed that your great-grandchildren would die here.

KURT [*smiles*]. I would like to so guarantee.

TECK. A farmer. That is very interesting. Abandon your ideals, Herr Muller?

KURT. Ideals? [*Carefully*] Sara, heisst das auf deutsch "Ideale"?

SARA. Yes.

KURT. Is that what I have now? I do not like the word. It gives to me the picture of a small, pale man at a seaside resort. [*To* BODO] What are you doing?

BODO. Preparing an elderly electric pad for Miss Anise. I am confused.

KURT [*wanders toward the piano*]. So it seems.

BODO. Something has gone wrong with the principle on which I have been working. It is probably that I will ask your assistance.

KURT [*bows to him*]. Thank you. Whenever you are ready. [*Begins to pick out notes with one hand.*]

FANNY. We shall have a little concert tomorrow evening. In honor of Babbie's birthday. [*To* KURT] Kurt, you and I will play "The Clock Symphony." Then Joshua and I will play the duet we've learned, and Babbie will sing. And I shall finish with a Chopin Nocturne.

DAVID [*laughs*]. I thought you'd be the last on the program.

TECK. Where is Marthe?

FANNY. She'll be back soon. She went into town to do an errand for me. [*To* DAVID] Did you buy presents for everybody?

DAVID. I did.

SARA [*smiles, to* BABETTE]. We always did that here. If somebody had a birthday, we all got presents. Nice, isn't it?

DAVID [*to* ANISE]. I shall buy you an electric pad. You will need it.

ANISE. Indeed.

FANNY. Did you buy me a good present?

DAVID. Pretty good. [*Pats* BABETTE's *head*] The best present goes to Babbie; it's *her* birthday.

FANNY. Jewelry?

DAVID. No, not jewelry.

FANNY. Oh. Not jewelry.

DAVID. Why?

FANNY [*too casually*]. I just asked you.

TECK [*gets up*]. It was a natural mistake, David. You see, Mrs. Mellie Sewell told your mother that she had seen you and Marthe in Barstow's. And your mother said you were probably buying her a present, or one for Babbie.

DAVID [*too sharply*]. Yes.

TECK [*laughs*]. Yes what?

DAVID [*slowly*]. Just yes.

FANNY [*too hurriedly*]. Mellie gets everything wrong. She's very anxious to meet Marthe because she used to know Francie Cabot, her aunt. Marthe's aunt, I mean, not Mellie's.

SARA [*too hurriedly*]. She really came to inspect Kurt and me. But I saw her first. [*She looks anxiously at* DAVID, *who has turned his back on the room and is facing the terrace*] You were lucky to be out, David.

DAVID. Oh, she calls every Saturday afternoon, to bring Mama all the Washington gossip of the preceding week. She gets it all wrong, you understand, but that doesn't make any difference to either Mama or her. Mama then augments it, wits it up, Papa used to say—

FANNY. Certainly. I sharpen it a little. Mellie has no sense of humor.

DAVID. So Mama sharpens it a little, and delivers it tomorrow afternoon to old lady Marcy down the road. Old lady Marcy hasn't heard a word in ten years, so she unsharpens it again, and changes the names. By Wednesday afternoon—

TECK [*smiles*]. By Wednesday afternoon it will not be you who were in Barstow's, and it will be a large diamond pin with four sapphires delivered to Gaby Deslys.

DAVID [*turns, looks at him*]. Exactly.

FANNY [*very nervously*]. Francie Cabot, Marthe's aunt, you understand —[*To* KURT] Did you ever know Paul von Seitz, a German?

KURT. I have heard of him.

FANNY [*speaking very rapidly*]. Certainly. He was your Ambassador to somewhere, I've forgotten. Well, Francie Cabot married him. I could have. Any American, not crippled, whose father had money— He was crazy about me. I was better-looking than Francie. Well, years later when he was your Ambassador—my father was, too, as you probably know—not your Ambassador, of course, ours—but I am talking about Von Seitz.

DAVID [*laughs to* KURT]. You can understand how it goes. Old lady Marcy is not entirely to blame.

FANNY. Somebody asked me if I didn't regret not marrying him. I said, "Madame, je le regrette tous les jours et j'en suis heureuse chaque soir." [FANNY *turns to* DAVID] That means I regret it every day and am happy about it every night. You understand what I meant, by *night?* Styles in wit change so.

DAVID. I understand it, Mama.

JOSHUA. We, too, Grandma.

BABETTE [*approvingly*]. It was most witty.

BODO. I do not know that I understood. You will explain to me, Grandma?

SARA. Later.

FANNY [*turns to look at* TECK]. You remember the old Paul von Seitz?

TECK [*nods*]. He was stationed in Paris when I first was there.

FANNY. Of course. I always forget you were a diplomat.

TECK. It is just as well.

FANNY. There's something insane about a Roumanian diplomat. Pure insane. I knew another one, once. He wanted to marry me, too.

SARA [*laughs*]. All of Europe.

FANNY. Not all. Some. Naturally. I was rich, I was witty, my family was of the best. I was handsome, unaffected—

DAVID. And noble and virtuous and kind and elegant and fashionable and simple—it's hard to remember everything you were. I've often thought it must have been boring for Papa to have owned such perfection.

FANNY [*shrieks*]. What! Your father bored with me! Not for a second of our life—

DAVID [*laughs*]. Oh God, when will I learn?

BODO. Do not shriek, Grandma. It is an unpleasant sound for the ear.

FANNY. Where was I? Oh, yes. What I started out to say was— [*She turns, speaks carefully to* TECK] Mellie Sewell told me, when you left the room, that she had heard from Louis Chandler's child's governess that you had won quite a bit of money in a poker game with Sam Chandler and some Germans at the Embassy. [KURT, *who has been playing the piano, stops playing very abruptly.* TECK *turns to look at him*] *That's* how I thought of Von Seitz. His nephew Philip was in on the game.

DAVID [*looks at* TECK]. It must have been a big game. Sam Chandler plays in big games.

TECK. Not big enough.

DAVID. Have you known Sam long?

TECK. For years. Every Embassy in Europe knew him.

DAVID [*sharply*]. Sam and Nazis must make an unpleasant poker game.

[KURT *begins to play a new melody.*]

TECK [*who has not looked away from* KURT]. I do not play poker to be amused.

DAVID [*irritably*]. What's Sam selling now?

TECK. Bootleg munitions. He always has.

DAVID. You don't mind?

TECK. Mind? I have not thought about it.

FANNY. Well, you ought to think about it. Sam Chandler has always been a scoundrel. All the Chandlers are. They're cousins of mine. Mama used to say they never should have learned to walk on two feet. They would have been more comfortable on four.

TECK. Do you know the young Von Seitz, Herr Muller? He was your military attaché in Spain.

KURT. He was the German government attaché in Spain. I know his name, of course. He is a famous artillery expert. But the side on which I fought was not where he was stationed, Count de Brancovis.

ANISE [BABETTE *and* JOSHUA *begin to hum the song* KURT *is playing.* SARA *begins to hum*]. It is time for the bath and the change of clothes. I will give you five more minutes—

FANNY. What is the song?

TECK. It was a German soldier's song. They sang it as they straggled back in '18. I remember hearing it in Berlin. Were you there then, Herr Muller?

KURT [*the playing and the humming continue*]. I was not in Berlin.

TECK. But you were in the war, of course?

KURT. Yes. I was in the war.

FANNY. You didn't think then you'd live to see another war.

KURT. Many of us were afraid we would.

FANNY. What are the words?

SARA. The Germans in Spain, in Kurt's Brigade, wrote new words for the song.

KURT. This was what you heard in Berlin, in 1918. [*Begins to sing.*]

"Wir zieh'n Heim, wir zieh'n Heim,
Mancher kommt nicht mit,
Mancher ging verschütt,
Aber Freunde sind wir stets."

[*In English.*]

"We come home. We come home.
Some of us are gone, and some of us are lost, but we are friends:
Our blood is on the earth together.

Some day. Some day we shall meet again.
Farewell."

[*Stops singing*] At a quarter before six on the morning of November 7th, 1936, eighteen years later, five hundred Germans walked through the Madrid streets on their way to defend the Manzanares River. We felt good that morning. You know how it is to be good when it is needed to be good? So we had need of new words to say that. I translate with awkwardness, you understand. [*Begins to sing.*]

"And so we have met again.
The blood did not have time to dry.
We lived to stand and fight again.
This time we fight for people.
This time the bastards will keep their hands away.
Those who sell the blood of other men, this time,
They keep their hands away.
For us to stand.
For us to fight.
This time no farewell, no farewell."

[*Music dies out. There is silence for a minute*] We did not win. [*Looks up, gently*] It would have been a different world if we had.

SARA. Papa said so years ago. Do you remember, Mama? "For every man who lives without freedom, the rest of us must face the guilt."

FANNY. Yes. "We are liable in the conscience-balance for the tailor in Lodz, the black man in our South, the peasant in—" [*Turns to* TECK. *Unpleasantly*] Your country, I think.

ANISE [*rises*]. Come. Baths for everybody. [*To* BODO] Gather the wires. You have wrecked my cure.

BODO. If you would allow me a few minutes more—

ANISE. Come along. I have been duped for long enough. Come Joshua. Babette. Baths.

JOSHUA [*starts out after* ANISE. BABETTE *begins to gather up her sewing*]. My tub is a thing of glory. But I do not like it so prepared for me and so announced by Miss Anise. [*He exits.*]

BODO [*to* ANISE]. You are angry about this. I do not blame you with my heart or my head. I admit I have failed. But Papa will repair it, Anise. Will you not, Papa? In a few minutes—

TECK [*to* BODO]. Your father is an expert electrician?

BODO. Oh yes, sir.

TECK. And as good with radio—

[BODO *begins to nod.*]

KURT [*sharply*]. Count de Brancovis. Make your questions to me, please. Not to my children.

[*The others look up, surprised.*]

TECK [*pleasantly*]. Very well, Herr Müller.

ANISE [*as she exits with* BODO]. Nobody can fix it. You have made a pudding of it.

BODO [*as he follows her*]. Do not worry. In five minutes tonight, you will have a pad far better– [*As* BODO *reaches the door he bumps into* MARTHE *who is carrying large dress boxes*] Oh. Your pardon. Oh, hello. [*He disappears.*]

MARTHE [*gaily*]. Hello. [*To* FANNY] I waited for them. I was afraid they wouldn't deliver this late in the day. [*To* SARA] Come on, Sara. I can't wait to see them.

SARA. What?

MARTHE. Dresses. From Fanny. A tan linen, and a dark green with wonderful buttons, a white net for Babbie, and a suit for you, and play dresses for Babbie, and a dinner dress in gray to wear for Babbie's birthday–gray should be good for you, Sara–all from Savitt's. We sneaked the measurements, Anise and I–

SARA [*she goes toward* FANNY]. How nice of you, Mama. How very kind of you. And of you, Marthe, to take so much trouble– [*She leans down, kisses* FANNY] You're a sweet woman, Mama.

DAVID. That's the first time Mama's ever heard that word. [*He takes the boxes from* MARTHE, *puts them near the staircase.* MARTHE *smiles at him, touches his hand, as* TECK *watches them.*]

FANNY [*giggles*]. I have a bottom sweetness, if you understand what I mean.

DAVID. I have been too close to the bottom to see it.

FANNY. That should be witty. I don't know why it isn't.

[BABETTE *goes over to stare at the boxes.*]

SARA. From Savitt's. Extravagant of you. They had such lovely clothes. I remember my coming-out dress– [*Goes to* KURT] Do you remember the black suit with the braid, and the Milan hat? Not the *first* day we met, but the picnic day? [*He smiles up at her*] Well, they were from Savitt's. That was over twenty years ago–I've known you a long time. Me, in an evening dress. Now you'll have to take me into Washington. I want to show off. Next week, and we'll dance, maybe– [*Sees that he is not looking at her*] What's the matter, darling? [*No answer. Slowly he turns to look at her*] What's the matter, Kurt? [*Takes his arms, very unhappily*] What have I done? It isn't that dresses have ever mattered to me, it's just that–

KURT. Of course, they have mattered to you. As they should. I do not think of the dresses. [*Draws her to him*] How many years have I loved that face?

SARA [*her face very happy*]. So?

KURT. So. [*He leans down, kisses her, as if it were important.*]

SARA [*pleased, unembarrassed*]. There are other people here.

MARTHE [*slowly*]. And good for us to see.

TECK. Nostalgia?

MARTHE. No. Nostalgia is for something you have known.

[FANNY *coughs.*]

BABETTE [*comes to* FANNY]. Grandma, is it allowed to look at my dresses?

FANNY. Of course, child. Run along.

BABETTE [*picks up the boxes, goes toward the hall entrance, stops near* FANNY]. I love dresses, I have a great fondness for materials and colors. Thank you, Grandma. [*She runs out of the room.*]

[JOSEPH *appears in the doorway.*]

JOSEPH. There is a long-distance operator with a long-distance call for Mr. Muller. She wants to talk with him on the long-distance phone.

KURT. Oh— Excuse me, please—

[KURT *rises quickly.* SARA *turns sharply to look at him.* TECK *looks up.* KURT *goes quickly out.* TECK *watches him go.* SARA *stands staring after him.*]

MARTHE [*laughs*]. I feel the same way as Babbie. Come on, Sara. Let's try them on.

[SARA *does not turn.*]

TECK. You also have a new dress?

MARTHE [*looks at him*]. Yes. Fanny was kind to me, too.

TECK. You are a very generous woman, Madame Fanny. Did you also give her a sapphire bracelet from Barstow's?

FANNY. I beg your—

DAVID [*slowly*]. No. I gave Marthe the bracelet. And I understand that it is not any business of yours.

[FANNY *rises.* SARA *turns.*]

FANNY. Really, David—

DAVID. Be still, Mama.

TECK [*after a second*]. Did you tell him that, Marthe?

MARTHE. Yes.

TECK [*looks up at her*]. I shall not forgive you for that. [*Looks at* DAVID] It is a statement which no man likes to hear from another man. You understand that? [*Playfully*] That is the type of thing about which we used to play at duels in Europe.

DAVID [*comes toward him*]. We are not so musical comedy here. And you are not in Europe.

TECK. Even if I were, I would not suggest any such action. I would have reasons for not wishing it.

DAVID. It would be well for you not to suggest *any* action. And the reason for *that* is you might get hurt.

TECK [*slowly*]. That would not be my reason. [*To* MARTHE] Your affair has gone far enough—

MARTHE [*sharply*]. It is not an affair—

TECK. I do not care what it is. The time has come to leave here. Go upstairs and pack your things. [*She does not move*, DAVID *turns toward her*] Go on, Marthe.

MARTHE [*to* DAVID]. I am not going with him. I told you that.

DAVID. I don't want you to go with him.

FANNY [*carefully*]. Really, David, aren't you interfering in all this a good deal—

DAVID [*carefully*]. Yes, Mama. I am.

TECK [*to* MARTHE]. When you are speaking to me, please say what you have to say to me.

MARTHE [*comes to him*]. You are trying to frighten me. But you are not going to frighten me any more. I will say it to you: I am not going with you. I am never going with you again.

TECK [*softly*]. If you do not fully mean what you say, or if you might change your mind, you are talking unwisely, Marthe.

MARTHE. I know that.

TECK. Shall we talk about it alone?

MARTHE. You can't make me go, can you, Teck?

TECK. No, I can't make you.

MARTHE. Then there's no sense talking about it.

TECK. Are you in love with him?

MARTHE. Yes.

FANNY [*sharply*]. Marthe! What is all this?

MARTHE [*sharply*]. I'll tell *you* about it in a minute.

DAVID. You don't have to explain anything to anybody.

TECK [*ignores him*]. Is he in love with you?

MARTHE. I don't think so. You won't believe it, because you can't believe anything that hasn't got tricks to it, but David hasn't much to do with this. I told you I would leave you some day, and I remember where I said it—[*Slowly*]—and why I said it.

TECK. I also remember. But I did not believe you. I have not had much to offer you these last years. But if now we had some money and could go back—

MARTHE. No. I don't like you, Teck. I never have.

TECK. And I have always known it.

FANNY [*stiffly*]. I think your lack of affections should be discussed with more privacy. Perhaps—

DAVID. Mama—

MARTHE. There is nothing to discuss. Strange. I've talked to myself about this scene for almost fifteen years. I knew a lot of things to say to you and I used to lie awake at night or walk along the street and say them. Now I don't want to. I guess you only want to talk that way, when you're not sure what you can do. When you're sure, then what's the sense of saying it? "This is why and this is why and this—" [*Very happily*]

But when you know you can do it, you don't have to say anything; you can just go. And I'm going. There is nothing you can do. I would like you to believe that now.

TECK. Very well, Marthe. I think I made a mistake. I should not have brought you here. I believe you now.

MARTHE [*after a pause, she looks at* DAVID]. I'll move into Washington, and—

DAVID. Yes. Later. But I'd like you to stay here for a while, with us, if you wouldn't mind.

SARA. It would be better for you, Marthe—

FANNY. It's very interesting that I am not being consulted about this. [*To* MARTHE] I have nothing against you, Marthe. I am sorry for you, but I don't think—

MARTHE. Thank you, Sara, David. But I'd rather move in now. [*Turns, comes toward* FANNY] But perhaps I have something against you. Do you remember my wedding?

FANNY. Yes.

MARTHE. Do you remember how pleased Mama was with herself? Brilliant Mama, handsome Mama—everybody thought so, didn't they? A seventeen-year-old daughter, marrying a pretty good title, about to secure herself in a world that Mama liked—she didn't ask me what I liked. And the one time I tried to tell her, she frightened me— [*Looks up*] Maybe I've always been frightened. All my life.

TECK. Of course.

MARTHE [*to* FANNY, *as if she had not heard* TECK]. I remember Mama's face at the wedding—it was *her* wedding, really, not mine.

FANNY [*sharply*]. You are very hard on your mother.

MARTHE. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five. No, I'm not hard on her. I only tell the truth. She wanted a life for me, I suppose. It just wasn't the life I wanted for myself. [*Sharply*] And that's what you have tried to do. With your children. In another way. Only Sara got away. And that made you angry—until so many years went by that you forgot.

FANNY. I don't usually mind people saying anything they think, but I find that—

MARTHE. I don't care what you mind or don't mind. I'm in love with your son—

FANNY [*very sharply*]. That's unfortunate—

MARTHE. And I'm sick of watching you try to make him into his father. I don't think you even know you do it any more and I don't think he knows it any more, either. And that's what's most dangerous about it.

FANNY [*very angrily*]. I don't know what you are talking about.

DAVID. I think you do. [*Smiles*] You shouldn't mind hearing the truth—and neither should I.

FANNY [*worried, sharply*]. David! What does all this nonsense mean? I—

MARTHE [*to* FANNY]. Look. That pretty world Mama got me into was a tough world, see? I'm used to trouble. So don't try to interfere with me, because I won't let you. [*She goes to* DAVID] Let's just have a good time. [*He leans down, takes both her hands, kisses them. Then slowly, she turns away, starts to exit. To* TECK] You will also be going today?

TECK. Yes.

MARTHE. Then let us make sure we go in different directions, and do not meet again. Good-bye, Teck.

TECK. Good-bye, Marthe. You will not believe me, but I tried my best, and I am now most sorry to lose you.

MARTHE. Yes. I believe you. [*She moves out. There is silence for a minute.*]

FANNY. Well, a great many things have been said in the last few minutes.

DAVID [*crosses to bell cord. To* TECK]. I will get Joseph to pack for you.

TECK. Thank you. Do not bother. I will ring for him when I am ready. [KURT *comes in from the study door.* SARA *turns, stares at him, waits. He does not look at her*] It will not take me very long. [*He starts for the door, looking at* KURT.]

SARA. What is it, Kurt?

KURT. It is nothing of importance, darling— [*He looks quickly at* TECK, *who is moving very slowly.*]

SARA. Don't tell me it's nothing. I know the way you look when—

KURT [*sharply*]. I said it was of no importance. I must get to California for a few weeks. That is all.

SARA. I—

TECK [*turns*]. It is in the afternoon newspaper, Herr Muller. [*Points to paper on table*] I was waiting to find the proper moment to call it to your attention. [*He moves toward the table, as they all turn to watch him. He picks up the paper, turns it over, begins to read*] "Zurich, Switzerland: The Zurich papers today reprinted a despatch from the *Berlmer Tageblatt* on the capture of Colonel Max Freidank. Freidank is said—[SARA *begins to move toward him*]—to be the chief of the Anti-Nazi Underground Movement. Colonel Freidank has long been an almost legendary figure. The son of the famous General Freidank, he was a World War officer and a distinguished physicist before the advent of Hitler." That is all.

SARA. Max—

KURT. Be still, Sara.

TECK. They told me of it at the Embassy last night. They also told me that with him they had taken a man who called himself Ebber, and a man who called himself Triste. They could not find a man called Gotter. [*He starts again toward the door*] I shall be a lonely man without Marthe. I am also a very poor one. I should like to have ten thousand dollars before I go.

DAVID [*carefully*]. You will make no loans in this house.

TECK. I was not speaking of a loan.

FANNY [*carefully*]. God made you not only a scoundrel but a fool. That is a dangerous combination.

DAVID [*suddenly leaps toward* TECK]. Damn you, you—

KURT [*suddenly pounds on the top of the piano, as* DAVID *almost reaches* TECK]. Leave him alone. [*Moves quickly to stop* DAVID] Leave him alone! *David! Leave him alone!*

DAVID [*angrily to* KURT]. Keep out of it. [*Starts toward* TECK *again*] I'm beginning to see what Marthe meant. Blackmailing with your wife—You—

KURT [*very sharply*]. He is not speaking of his wife. Or you. He means me. [*Looks at* TECK] Is that correct?

[SARA *moves toward* KURT. DAVID *draws back, bewildered.*]

TECK. Good. It was necessary for me to hear you say it. You understand that?

KURT. I understand it.

SARA [*frightened, softly*]. Kurt—

DAVID. What is all this about? What the hell are you talking about?

TECK [*sharply for the first time*]. Be still. [*To* KURT] At your convenience. Your hands are shaking, Herr Muller.

KURT [*quietly*]. My hands were broken they are bad when I have fear.

TECK. I am sorry. I can understand that. It is not pleasant. [*Motions toward* FANNY *and* DAVID] Perhaps you would like a little time to— I will go and pack, and be ready to leave. We will all find that more comfortable, I think. You should get yourself a smaller gun, Herr Muller. That pistol you have been carrying is big and awkward.

KURT. You saw the pistol when you examined our bags?

TECK. You knew that?

KURT. Oh, yes. I have the careful eye, through many years of needing it. And then you have not the careful eye. The pistol was lying to the left of a paper package and when you leave, it is to the right of the package.

SARA. Kurt! Do you mean that—

KURT [*sharply*]. Please, darling, do not do that.

TECK. It is a German Army Luger?

KURT. Yes.

TECK. Keep it in your pocket, Herr Muller. You will have no need to use it. And, in any case, I am not afraid of it. You understand that?

KURT [*slowly*]. I understand that you are not a man of fears. That is strange to me, because I am a man who has so many fears.

TECK [*laughs, as he exits*]. Are you? That is most interesting. [*He exits.*]

DAVID [*softly*]. What is this about, Kurt?

KURT. He knows who I am and what I do and what I carry with me.

SARA [*carefully*]. What about Max?

KURT. The telephone was from Mexico. Ilse received a cable. Early on the morning of Monday, they caught Ebber and Triste. An hour after they took Max in Berlin. [*She looks up at him, begins to shake her head. He presses her arm*] Yes. It is hard.

FANNY [*softly*]. You said he knew who you were and what you carried with you. I don't understand.

KURT. I am going to tell you: I am an outlaw. I work with many others in an illegal organization. I have so worked for seven years. I am on what is called a desired list. But I did not know I was worth ten thousand dollars. My price has risen.

DAVID [*slowly*]. And what do you carry with you?

KURT. Twenty-three thousand dollars. It has been gathered from the pennies and the nickels of the poor who do not like Fascism, and who believe in the work we do. I came here to bring Sara home and to get the money. I had hopes to rest here for a while, and then—

SARA [*slowly*]. And I had hopes someone else would take it back and you would stay with us— [*Shakes her head, then*] Max is not dead?

KURT. No. The left side of his face is dead. [*Softly*] It was a good face.

SARA [*to* FANNY *and* DAVID, *as if she were going to cry*]. It was a very good face. He and Kurt—in the old days— [*To* KURT] After so many years. If Max got caught, then nobody's got a chance. Nobody. [*She suddenly sits down.*]

DAVID [*points upstairs*]. He wants to sell what he knows to you? Is that right?

KURT. Yes.

FANNY. Wasn't it careless of you to leave twenty-three thousand dollars lying around to be seen?

KURT. No, it was not careless of me. It is in a locked brief-case. I have thus carried money for many years. There seemed no safer place than Sara's home. It was careless of you to have in your house a man who opens baggage and blackmails.

DAVID [*sharply*]. Yes. It was very careless.

FANNY. But you said you knew he'd seen it—

KURT. Yes. I knew it the first day we were here. What was I to do about it? He is not a man who steals. This is a safer method. I knew that it would come some other way. I have been waiting to see what the way would be. That is all I could do.

DAVID [*to* FANNY]. What's the difference? It's been done. [*To* KURT] If he wants to sell to you, he must have another buyer. Who?

KURT. The Embassy. Von Seitz, I think.

DAVID. You mean he has told Von Seitz about you and—

KURT. No. I do not think he has told him anything. As yet. It would be foolish of him. He has probably only asked most guarded questions.

DAVID. But you're here. You're in this country. They can't do anything to you. They wouldn't be crazy enough to try it. Is your passport all right?

KURT. Not quite.

FANNY. Why not? Why isn't it?

KURT [*wearily, as if he were bored*]. Because people like me are not given visas with such ease. And I was in a hurry to bring my wife and my children to safety. [*Sharply*] Madame Fanny, you must come to understand it is no longer the world you once knew.

DAVID. It doesn't matter. You're a political refugee. We don't turn back people like you. People who are in danger. You will give me your passport and tomorrow morning I'll see Barens. We'll tell him the truth— [*Points to the door*] Tell de Brancovis to go to hell. There's not a damn thing he or anybody else can do.

SARA [*looks up at* KURT, *who is staring at her*]. You don't understand, David.

DAVID. There's a great deal I don't understand. But there's nothing to worry about.

SARA. Not much to worry about as long as Kurt is in this house. But he's not going to—

KURT. The Count has made the guess that—

SARA. That you will go back to get Ebber and Triste and Max. Is that right, Kurt? Is that right?

KURT. Yes, darling, I will try. They were taken to Sonnenburg. Guards can be bribed— It has been done once before at Sonnenburg. We will try for it again. I must go back, Sara. I must start.

SARA. Of course, you must go back. I guess I was trying to think it wouldn't come. But— [*To* FANNY *and* DAVID] Kurt's got to go back. He's got to go home. He's got to buy them out. He'll do it, too. You'll see. [*She stops, breathes*] It's hard enough to get back. Very hard. But if they knew he was coming— They want Kurt bad. Almost as much as they wanted Max— And then there are hundreds of others, too— [*She gets up, comes to him. He holds her, puts his face in her hair. She stands holding him, trying to speak without crying. She puts her face down on his head*] Don't be scared, darling. You'll get back. You'll see. You've done it before—you'll do it again. Don't be scared. You'll get Max out all right. [*Gasps*] And then you'll do his work, won't you? That's good. That's fine. You'll do a good job, the way you've always done. [*She is crying very hard. To* FANNY] Kurt doesn't feel well. He was wounded and he gets tired— [*To* KURT] You don't feel well, do you? [*Slowly. She is crying too hard now to be heard clearly*] Don't be scared, darling. You'll get home. Don't worry, you'll get home. Yes, you will.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

## ACT THREE

SCENE: *The same. A half hour later.*

*At rise:* FANNY *is sitting in a chair.* KURT *is at the piano, his head resting on one hand. He is playing softly with the other hand.* SARA *is sitting very quietly on the couch.* DAVID *is pacing on the terrace.*

FANNY [*to* DAVID]. David, would you stop that pacing, please? [DAVID *comes in*] And would you stop that one-hand piano playing? Either play, or get up.

[KURT *gets up, crosses to the couch, sits.* SARA *looks at him, gets up, crosses to the decanters, begins to make a drink.*]

SARA [*to* DAVID]. A drink?

DAVID. What? Yes, please. [*To* KURT] Do you intend to buy your friends out of jail?

KURT. I intend to try.

FANNY. It's all very strange to me. I thought things were so well run that bribery and—

KURT [*smiles*]. What a magnificent work Fascists have done in convincing the world that they are men from legends.

DAVID. They have done very well for themselves—unfortunately.

KURT. Yes. But not by themselves. Does it make us all uncomfortable to remember that they came in on the shoulders of the most powerful men in the world? Of course. And so we would prefer to believe they are men from the planets. They are not. Let me reassure you. They are smart, they are sick, and they are cruel. But given men who know what they fight for— [*Shrugs*] I will console you. A year ago last month, at three o'clock in the morning, Freidank and I, with two elderly pistols, raided the home of the Gestapo chief in Konstanz, got what we wanted, and the following morning Freidank was eating his breakfast three blocks away, and I was over the Swiss border.

FANNY [*slowly*]. You are brave men.

KURT. *I* do not tell you the story to prove we are remarkable, but to prove they are *not.*

[SARA *brings him a drink. Gives one to* DAVID.]

SARA [*softly, touching* KURT's *shoulder*]. Kurt loves Max.

KURT. Always since I came here I have a dream. that he will come into this room some day. How he would like it here, eh, Sara? He loves good food and wine, and you have books— [*Laughs happily*] He is fifty-nine years of age. And when he was fifty-seven, he carried me on his back, seven miles across the border. I had been hurt— That takes a man, does it not?

FANNY [*to* KURT]. You look like a sick man to me.

KURT. No. I'm only tired. I do not like to wait. It will go. It is the waiting that is always most bad for me.

DAVID [*points upstairs*]. Damn him! He's doing it deliberately.

KURT. It is then the corruption begins. Once in Spain I waited for two days until the planes would exhaust themselves. I think then why must our side fight always with naked hands. The spirit and the hands. All is against us but ourselves.

SARA. You will not think that when the time comes. It will go.

KURT. Of a certainty.

FANNY. But does it have to go on being your hands?

KURT. For each man, his own hands. He has to sleep with them.

DAVID [*uncomfortably, as if he did not like to say it*]. That's right. I guess it's the way all of us should feel. But—but you have a family. Isn't there somebody else who hasn't a wife and children—

KURT. Each could have his own excuse. Some love for the first time, some have bullet holes, some have fear of the camps, some are sick, many are getting older. [*Shrugs*] Each could find a reason. And many find it. My children are not the only children in the world, even to me.

FANNY. That's noble of you, of course. But they are your children, nevertheless. And Sara, she—

SARA. Mama—

KURT [*after a slight pause*]. One means always in English to insult with that word noble?

FANNY. Of course not, I—

KURT. It is not noble. It is the way I must live. Good or bad, it is what I am. [*Turns deliberately to look at* FANNY] And what I am is not what you wanted for your daughter, twenty years ago or now.

FANNY. You are misunderstanding me.

KURT [*smiles*]. For our girl, too, we want a safe and happy life. And it is thus I try to make it for her. We each have our way. I do not convert you to mine.

DAVID. You are very certain of your way.

KURT [*smiles*]. I seem so to you? Good.

[JOSEPH *appears in the hall doorway. He is carrying valises and overcoats.*]

JOSEPH. What'll I do with these, Miss Fanny?

FANNY. They're too large for eating, aren't they? What were you thinking of doing with them?

JOSEPH. I mean, it's Fred's day off.

DAVID. All right. You drive him into town.

JOSEPH. Then who's going to serve at dinner?

FANNY [*impatiently*]. Belle can do it alone tonight.

JOSEPH. No she can't. Belle's upstairs packing with Miss Marthe. My, there's quite a lot of departing, ain't there?

FANNY [*very impatiently*]. All right, then cook can bring in dinner.

JOSEPH. I wouldn't ask her to do that, if I were you. She's mighty mad: the sink pipe is leaking again. You just better wait for your dinner till I get back from Washington.

FANNY [*shouting*]. We are not cripples and we were eating dinner in this house before you arrived to show us how to use the knife and fork. [JOSEPH *laughs*] Go on. Put his things in the car. I'll ring for you when he's ready.

JOSEPH. You told me the next time you screamed to remind you to ask my pardon.

FANNY. You call that screaming?

JOSEPH. Yes'm.

FANNY. Very well. I ask your pardon. [*Waves him away*] Go on!

JOSEPH. Yes'm. [*Exits.*]

[TECK *appears in the door. He is carrying his hat and the brief-case we have seen in Act One.* SARA, *seeing the brief-case, looks startled, looks quickly at* KURT. KURT *watches* TECK *as he comes toward him.* TECK *throws his hat on a chair, comes to the table at which* KURT *is sitting, puts the brief-case on the table.* KURT *puts out his hand, puts it on the brief-case, leaves it there.*]

TECK [*smiles at the gesture*]. Nothing has been touched, Herr Muller. I brought it from your room, for your convenience.

FANNY [*angrily*]. Why didn't you steal it? Since you do not seem to—

TECK. That would have been very foolish of me, Madame Fanny.

KURT. Very.

TECK. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long. I wanted to give you an opportunity to make any explanations—

DAVID [*angrily*]. Does your price include listening to this tony conversation?

TECK [*turns to look at him*]. My price will rise if I have to spend the next few minutes being interrupted by your temper. I will do my business with Herr Muller. And you will understand, I will take from you no interruptions, no exclamations, no lectures, no opinions of what I am or what I am doing.

KURT [*quietly*]. You will not be interrupted.

TECK [*sits down at table with* KURT]. I have been curious about you, Herr Muller. Even before you came here. Because Fanny and David either knew very little about you, which was strange, or wouldn't talk about you, which was just as strange. Have you ever had come to you one of those insistent half-memories of some person or some place?

KURT [*quietly, without looking up*]. You had such a half-memory of me?

TECK. Not even a memory, but something. The curiosity of one European for another, perhaps.

KURT. A most sharp curiosity. You lost no time examining—[*Pats the case*]—this. You are an expert with locks?

TECK. No, indeed. Only when I wish to be.

FANNY [*angrily, to* TECK]. I would like you out of this house as quickly as—

TECK [*turns to her*]. Madame Fanny, I have just asked Mr. David not to do that. I must now ask you. [*Leans forward to* KURT] Herr Muller, I got one of the desired lists from Von Seitz, without, of course, revealing anything to him. As you probably know, they are quite easy to get. I simply told him that we refugees move in small circles and I might come across somebody on it. If, however, I have to listen to any more of this from any of you, I shall go immediately to him.

KURT [*to* DAVID *and* FANNY]. Please allow the Count to do this in his own way. It will be best.

TECK [*takes a sheet of paper from his pocket*]. There are sixty-three names on this list. I read them carefully, I narrow the possibilities and under "G" I find Gotter. [*Begins to read*] "Age, forty to forty-five. About six feet. One hundred seventy pounds. Birthplace unknown to us. Original occupation unknown to us, although he seems to know Munich and Dresden. Schooling unknown to us. Family unknown to us. No known political connections. No known trade-union connections. Many descriptions, few of them in agreement and none of them of great reliability. Equally unreliable, though often asked for, were Paris, Copenhagen, Brussels police descriptions. Only points on which there is agreement: married to a foreign woman, either American or English; three children, has used name of Gotter, Thomas Bodmer, Karl Francis. Thought to have left Germany in 1933, and to have joined Max Freidank shortly after. Worked closely with Freidank, perhaps directly under his orders. Known to have crossed border in 1934—February, May, June, October. Known to have again crossed border with Max Freidank in 1935—August, twice in October, November, January—"

KURT [*smiles*]. The report is unreliable. It would have been impossible for God to have crossed the border that often.

TECK [*looks up, laughs. Then looks back at list*]. "In 1934, outlaw radio station announcing itself as Radio European, begins to be heard. Station was located in Dusseldorf: the house of a restaurant waiter was searched, and nothing was found. Radio heard during most of 1934 and 1935. In an attempt to locate it, two probable Communists killed in the tool-house of a farm near Bonn. In three of the broadcasts, Gotter known to have crossed border immediately before and after. Radio again became active in early part of 1936. Active attempt made to locate Freidank. Gotter believed to have then appeared in Spain with Madrid Government army, in one of the German brigades, and to have been a brigade commander under previously used name of Bodmer. Known to have stayed in France the first months

of 1938. Again crossed German border some time during week when Hitler's Hamburg radio speech interrupted and went off the air." [*Looks up*] That was a daring deed, Herr Muller. It caused a great scandal. I remember. It amused me.

KURT. It was not done for that reason.

TECK. "Early in 1939, informer in Konstanz reported Gotter's entry, carrying money which had been exchanged in Paris and Brussels. Following day, home of Konstanz Gestapo chief raided for spy list by two men—" [KURT *turns to look at* FANNY *and* DAVID, *smiles*] My God, Herr Muller, that job took two good men.

SARA [*angrily*]. Even you admire them.

TECK. Even I. Now I conclude a week ago that you are Gotter, Karl Francis—

KURT. Please. Do not describe me to myself again.

TECK. And that you will be traveling home—[*Points to brief-case*]—with this. But you seem in no hurry, and so I must wait. Last night when I hear that Freidank has been taken, I guess that you will now be leaving. Not for California. I will tell you free of charge, Herr Muller, that they have got no information from Freidank or the others.

KURT. Thank you. But I was sure they would not. I know all three most well. They will take what will be given them.

TECK [*looks down. Softly*]. There is a deep sickness in the German character, Herr Muller. A pain-love, a death-love—

DAVID [*very angrily*]. Oh, for God's sake, spare us *your* moral judgments.

FANNY [*very sharply*]. Yes. They are sickening. Get on!

KURT. Fanny and David are Americans and they do not understand our world—as yet. [*Turns to* DAVID *and* FANNY] All Fascists are not of one mind, one stripe. There are those who give the orders, those who carry out the orders, those who watch the orders being carried out. Then there are those who are half in, half hoping to come in. They are made to do the dishes and clean the boots. Frequently they come in high places and wish now only to survive. They came late: some because they did not jump in time, some because they were stupid, some because they were shocked at the crudity of the *German* evil, and preferred their own evils, and some because they were fastidious men. For those last, we may well some day have pity. They are lost men, their spoils are small, their day is gone. [*To* TECK] Yes?

TECK [*slowly*]. Yes. You have the understanding heart. It will get in your way some day.

KURT [*smiles*]. I will watch it.

TECK. We are both men in trouble, Herr Muller. The world, ungratefully, seems to like your kind even less than it does mine. [*Leans forward*]

Now. Let us do business. You will not get back if Von Seitz knows you are going.

KURT. You are wrong. Instead of crawling a hundred feet an hour in deep night, I will walk across the border with as little trouble as if I were a boy again on a summer walking trip. There are many men they would like to have. I would be allowed to walk directly to them—until they had all the names and all the addresses. [*Laughs, points his finger at* TECK] *Roumanians* would pick me up ahead of time. *Germans* would not.

TECK [*smiles*]. Still the national pride?

KURT. Why not? For that which is good.

FANNY [*comes over, very angrily, to* TECK]. I have not often in my life felt what I feel now. Whatever you are, and however you became it, the picture of a man selling the lives of other men—

TECK. Is very ugly, Madame Fanny. I do not do it without some shame, and therefore I must sink my shame in large money. [*Puts his hand on the brief-case*] The money is here. For ten thousand, you go back to save your friends, nobody will know that you go, and I will give you my good wishes. [*Slowly, deliberately,* KURT *begins to shake his head.* TECK *waits, then carefully*] No?

KURT. This money is going home with me. It was not given to me to save my life, and I shall not so use it. It is to save the lives and further the work of more than I. It is important to me to carry on that work and to save the lives of three valuable men, and to do that with all speed. But— [*Sharply*] Count de Brancovis, the first morning we arrived in this house, my children wanted their breakfast with great haste. That is because the evening before we had been able only to buy milk and buns for them. If I would not touch this money for them, I would not touch it for you. [*Very sharply*] It goes back with me. The way it is. And if it does not get back, it is because I will not get back.

[*There is a long pause.* SARA *gets up, turns away.*]

TECK. Then I do not think you will get back. You are a brave one, Herr Muller, but you will not get back.

KURT [*as if he were very tired*]. I will send to you a postal card and tell you about my bravery.

DAVID [*coming toward* KURT]. Is it true that if this swine talks, you and the others will be—

SARA [*very softly*]. Caught and killed. Of course. If they're lucky enough to get killed quickly. [*Quietly, points to the table*] You should have seen his hands in 1935.

FANNY [*violently, to* DAVID]. We'll give him the money. For God's sake, let's give it to him and get him out of here.

DAVID [*to* SARA]. Do you want Kurt to go back?

SARA. Yes. I do.

DAVID. All right. [*Goes to her, lifts her face*] You're a good girl.

KURT. That is true. Brave and good, my Sara. She is everything. She is handsome and gay and— [*Puts his hand over his eyes.* SARA *turns away.*]

DAVID [*after a second, comes to stand near* TECK]. If we give you the money, what is to keep you from selling to Von Seitz?

TECK. I do not like your thinking I would do that. But—

DAVID [*tensely*]. Look here. I'm sick of what you'd like or wouldn't like. And I'm sick of your talk. We'll get this over with now, without any more fancy talk from you, or as far as I am concerned, you can get out of here without my money and sell to any buyer you can find. I can't take much more of you at any cost.

TECK [*smiles*]. It is your anger which delays us. I was about to say that I understood your fear that I would go to Von Seitz, and I would suggest that you give me a small amount of cash now and a check dated a month from now. In a month, Herr Muller should be nearing home, and he can let you know. And if you should not honor the check because Herr Muller is already in Germany, Von Seitz will pay a little something for a reliable description. I will take my chance on that. You will now say that I could do that in any case—and that is the chance you will take.

DAVID [*looks at* KURT, *who does not look up*]. Is a month enough? For you to get back?

KURT [*shrugs*]. I do not know.

DAVID [*to* TECK]. Two months from today. How do you want the cash and how do you want the check?

TECK. *One month from today.* That I will not discuss. One month. Please decide now.

DAVID [*sharply*]. All right. [*To* TECK] How do you want it?

TECK. Seventy-five hundred dollars in a check. Twenty-five hundred in cash.

DAVID. I haven't anywhere near that much cash in the house. Leave your address and I'll send it to you in the morning.

TECK [*laughs*]. Address? I have no address, and I wish it now. Madame Fanny has cash in her sitting-room safe.

FANNY. Have you investigated that, too?

TECK [*laughs*]. No. You once told me you always kept money in the house.

DAVID [*to* FANNY]. How much have you got upstairs?

FANNY. I don't know. About fifteen or sixteen hundred.

TECK. Very well. That will do. Make the rest in the check.

DAVID. Get it, Mama, please. [*He starts toward the library door.* FANNY *starts for the hall exit.*]

FANNY [*turns, looks carefully at* TECK]. Years ago, I heard somebody say that being Roumanian was not a nationality, but a profession. The years have brought no change.

KURT [*softly*]. Being a Roumanian aristocrat is a profession.

[FANNY *exits. After her exit, there is silence.* KURT *does not look up,* SARA *does not move.*]

TECK [*awkwardly*]. The new world has left the room. [*Looks up at them*] I feel less discomfort with you. We are Europeans, born to trouble and understanding it.

KURT. My wife is not a European.

TECK. Almost. [*Points upstairs*] They are young. The world has gone well for most of them. For us— [*Smiles*] The three of us—we are like peasants watching the big frost. Work, trouble, ruin— [*Shrugs*] But no need to call curses at the frost. There it is, it will be again, always—for us.

SARA [*gets up, moves to the window, looks out*]. You mean my husband and I do not have angry words for you. What for? We know how many there are of you. They don't, yet. My mother and brother feel shocked that you are in their house. For us—we have seen you in so many houses.

TECK. I do not say you *want* to understand me, Mrs. Muller. I say only that you do.

SARA. Yes. You are not difficult to understand.

KURT [*slowly gets up, stands stiffly. Then he moves toward the decanter table*]. A whiskey?

TECK. No, thank you. [*He turns his head to watch* KURT *move. He turns back.*]

KURT. Sherry?

TECK [*nods*]. Thank you, I will.

KURT [*as he pours*]. You, too, wish to go back to Europe.

TECK. Yes.

KURT. But they do not much want you. Not since the Budapest oil deal of '31.

TECK. You seem as well informed about me as I am about you.

KURT. That must have been a conference of high comedy, that one. Everybody trying to guess whether Kessler was working for Fritz Thyssen, and what Thyssen *really* wanted—and whether this "National Socialism" was a smart blind of Thyssen's, and where was Wolff—I should like to have seen you and your friends. It is too bad: you guessed an inch off, eh?

TECK. More than an inch.

KURT. And Kessler has a memory? [*Almost playfully*] I do not think Von Seitz would pay you money for a description of a man who has a month to travel. But I think he would pay you in a visa and a cable to Kessler. I think you want a visa almost as much as you want money. Therefore, I conclude you will try for the money here, and the visa from Von Seitz. [*He comes toward the table carrying the sherry glass*] I cannot get anywhere near Germany in a month and you know it. [*He is about to place the glass on the table*] I have been bored with this talk of paying you

money. If they are willing to try you on this fantasy, I am not. Whatever made you think I would take such a chance? Or *any* chance? You are a gambler. But you should not gamble with your life. [TECK *has turned to stare at him, made a half motion as if to rise. As he does so, and on the words, "gamble with your life,"* KURT *drops the glass, hits* TECK *in the face. Struggling,* TECK *makes a violent effort to rise.* KURT *throws himself on* TECK, *knocking him to the floor. As* TECK *falls to the floor,* KURT *hits him on the side of the head. At the fourth blow,* TECK *does not move.* KURT *rises, takes the gun from his pocket, begins to lift* TECK *from the floor. As he does so,* JOSHUA *appears in the hall entrance. He is washed and ready for dinner. As he reaches the door, he stops, sees the scene, stands quietly as if he were waiting for orders.* KURT *begins to balance* TECK, *to balance himself. To* JOSHUA] Hilf mir. [JOSHUA *comes quickly to* KURT] Mach die Tur auf! [JOSHUA *runs toward the doors, opens them, stands waiting*] Bleib da! Mach die Tur zu! [KURT *begins to move out through the terrace. When he is outside the doors,* JOSHUA *closes them quickly, stands looking at his mother.*]

SARA. There's trouble.

JOSHUA. Do not worry. I will go up now. I will pack. In ten minutes all will be ready. I will say nothing. I will get the children ready— [*He starts quickly for the hall, turns for a second to look toward the terrace doors. Then almost with a sob*] This was a nice house.

SARA [*softly*]. We're not going this time, darling. There's no need to pack.

JOSHUA [*stares at her, puzzled*]. But Papa—

SARA. Go upstairs, Joshua. Take Babbie and Bodo in your room, and close the door. Stay there until I call you. [*He looks at her,* SARA *sits down*] There's nothing to be frightened of, darling. Papa is all right. [*Then very softly*] Papa is going home.

JOSHUA. To Germany?

SARA. Yes.

JOSHUA. Oh. Alone?

SARA. Alone. [*Very softly*] Don't say anything to the children. He will tell them himself.

JOSHUA. I won't.

SARA [*as he hesitates*]. I'm all right. Go upstairs now. [*He moves slowly out, she watches him, he disappears. For a minute she sits quietly. Then she gets up, moves to the terrace doors, stands with her hands pressed against them. Then she crosses, picks up the overturned chair, places it by the table, picks up the glass, puts it on the table. As if without knowing what she is doing, she wipes the table with her handkerchief.*]

[FANNY *comes in from hall. After a second,* DAVID *comes in from library. Stops, looks around room.*]

DAVID. Where is he? Upstairs?

SARA. No. They went outside.

FANNY. Outside? They went outside. What are they doing, picking a bouquet together?

SARA [*without turning*]. They just went outside.

DAVID [*looks at her*]. What's the matter, Sara?

[SARA *shakes her head. Goes to the desk, opens the telephone book, looks at a number, begins to dial the telephone.*]

FANNY. Eleven hundred, eleven hundred and fifty, twelve, twelve-fifty—

DAVID. For God's sake, stop counting that money.

FANNY. All right. I'm nervous. And I don't like to think of giving him too much.

SARA. It's very nice of you and Mama. All that money— [*Into the telephone*] Hello. What time is your next plane? Oh. To— South. To El Paso, or—Brownsville. Yes.

DAVID [*to* FANNY]. Is Joseph ready?

FANNY. I don't know. I told him I'd call him.

SARA. To Brownsville? Yes. Yes. That's all right. At what time? Yes. No The ticket will be picked up at the airport. [DAVID *begins to cross to the bell cord. She looks up*] No. David. Don't call Joseph. *David! Please!* [*He draws back, stares at her. Looking at him, she goes on with the conversation*] Ritter. R-I-T-T-E-R. From Chicago. Yes. Yes. [*She hangs up, walks away.*]

DAVID. Sara! What's happening? What is all this? [*She does not answer*] Where is Kurt? What— [*He starts for the terrace door.*]

SARA. David. *Don't go out.*

FANNY [*rises*]. Sara! What's happening—

SARA. For seven years now, day in, day out, men have crossed the German border. They are always in danger. They always may be going in to die. Did you ever see the face of a man who never knows if this day will be the last day? [*Softly*] Don't go out on the terrace, David. Leave Kurt alone.

FANNY [*softly*]. Sara! What is—

SARA [*quietly*]. For them, it may be torture, and it may be death. Some day, when it's all over, maybe there'll be a few of them left to celebrate. There aren't many of Kurt's age left. He couldn't take a chance on them. They wouldn't have liked it. [*Suddenly, violently*] He'd have had a bad time trying to explain to them that because of this house and this nice town and my mother and my brother, he took chances with their work and with their lives. [*Quietly*] Sit down, Mama. I think it's all over now. [*To* DAVID] There's nothing you can do about it. It's the way it had to be.

DAVID. Sara—

FANNY. Do you mean what I think you—[*She sits down.*]

SARA [*she turns, looks out toward the doors. After a pause*]. He's going away tonight and he's never coming back any more. [*In a sing-song*] Never, never, never. [*She looks down at her hands, as if she were very interested in them*] I don't like to be alone at night. I guess everybody in the world's got a time they don't like. Me, it's right before I go to sleep. And now it's going to be for always. All the rest of my life. [*She looks up as* KURT *comes in from the terrace*] I've told them. There is an eight-thirty plane going as far south as Brownsville. I've made you a reservation. In the name of Ritter.

KURT [*stands looking at her*]. Liebe Sara! [*Then he goes to the table at which* FANNY *is sitting. To* FANNY] It is hard for you, eh? [*He pats her hand*] I am sorry.

FANNY [*without knowing why, she takes her hand away*]. Hard? I don't know. I—I don't— I don't know what I want to say.

KURT [*looks at the hand she has touched, then turns to look at* DAVID]. Before I come in, I stand and think. I say, I will make Fanny and David understand. I say, how can I? Does one understand a killing? No. To hell with it, I say. I do what must be done. I have long sickened of words when I see the men who live by them. What do you wish to make them understand, I ask myself. Wait. Stand here. Just stand here. What are you thinking? Say it to them just as it comes to you. And this is what came to me. When you kill in a war, it is not so lonely; and I remember a cousin I have not seen for many years; and a melody comes back and I begin to make it with my fingers; a staircase in a house in Bonn years ago; an old dog who used to live in our town, Sara in a hundred places— Shame on us. Thousands of years and we cannot yet make a world. Like a child I am. I have stopped a man's life. [*Points to the place on the couch where he had been sitting opposite* TECK] I sit here. I listen to him. You will not believe— but I pray that I will not have to touch him. Then I know I will have to. I know that if I do not, it is only that I pamper myself, and risk the lives of others. I want you from the room. I know what I must do. [*Loudly*] All right. Do I now pretend sorrow? Do I now pretend it is not I who act thus? No. I do it. I have done it. I will do it again. And I will keep my hope that we may make a world in which all men can die in bed. I have a great hate for the violent. They are the sick of the world. [*Softly*] Maybe I am sick now, too.

SARA. You aren't sick. Stop that. It's late. You must go soon.

KURT [*he puts out his hands, she touches them*]. I am going to say good-bye now to my children. Then I am going to take your car— [*Motions with his head*] I will take him with me. After that, it is up to you. Two ways: You can let me go and keep silent. I believe I can hide him and the car. At the end of two days, if they have not been found, you will tell as much of the truth as is safe for you to say. Tell them the last time you saw us we were on our way to Washington. You did not worry at the absence, we might have rested there. Two crazy foreigners fight, one gets killed,

you know nothing of the reason. I will have left the gun, there will be no doubt who did the killing. If you will give me those two days, I think I will be far enough away from here. If the car is found before then— [*Shrugs*] I will still try to move with speed. And all that will make you, for yourselves, part of a murder. For the world, I do not think you will be in bad trouble. [*He pauses*] There is another way. You can call your police. You can tell them the truth. I will not get home. [*To* SARA] I wish to see the children now. [*She goes out into the hall and up the stairs. There is silence.*]

FANNY. What are you thinking, David?

DAVID. I don't know. What are you thinking?

FANNY. Me? Oh, I was thinking about my Joshua. I was thinking that a few months before he died, we were sitting out there. [*Points to terrace*] He said, "Fanny, the Renaissance American is dying, the Renaissance man is dying." I said what do you mean, although I knew what he meant, I always knew. "A Renaissance man," he said, "is a man who wants to know. He wants to know how fast a bird will fly, how thick is the crust of the earth, what made Iago evil, how to plow a field. He knows there is no dignity to a mountain, if there is no dignity to man. You can't put that in a man, but when it's *really* there, and he will fight for it, put your trust in him."

DAVID [*gets up, smiles, looks at* FANNY]. You're a smart woman sometimes. [SARA *enters with* JOSHUA. *To* KURT] Don't worry about things here. My soul doesn't have to be so nice and clean. I'll take care of it. You'll have your two days. And good luck to you.

FANNY. You go with my blessing, too. I like you. [BODO *enters.*]

SARA. See? I come from good stock. [KURT *looks at* DAVID. *Then he begins to smile. Nods to* DAVID. *Turns, smiles at* FANNY.]

FANNY. Do you like me?

KURT. I like you, Madame, very much.

FANNY. Would you be able to cash that check?

KURT [*laughs*]. Oh, no.

FANNY. Then take the cash. I, too, would like to contribute to your work.

KURT [*slowly*]. All right. Thank you. [*He takes the money from the table, puts it in his pocket.*]

BODO [*to* KURT]. You like Grandma? I thought you would, with time. I like her, too. Sometimes she dilates with screaming, but— Dilates is correct? [BABETTE *enters.* JOSHUA *stands away from the others, looking at his father.* KURT *turns to look at him.*]

JOSHUA. Alles in Ordnung?

KURT. Alles in Ordnung.

BODO. What? What does that mean, all is well? [*There is an awkward silence.*]

BABETTE [*as if she sensed it*]. We are all clean for dinner. But nobody else is clean. And I have on Grandma's dress to me—

FANNY [*very nervously*]. Of course. And you look very pretty. You're a pretty little girl, Babbie.

BODO [*looks around the room*]. What is the matter? Everybody is acting like such a ninny. I got that word from Grandma.

KURT. Come here. [*They look at him. Then slowly* BABETTE *comes toward him, followed by* BODO. JOSHUA *comes more slowly, to stand at the side of* KURT'S *chair*] We have said many good-byes to each other, eh? We must now say another. [*As they stare at him, he smiles, slowly, as if it were difficult*] This time, I leave you with good people to whom I believe you also will be good. [*Half playfully*] Would you allow me to give away my share in you, until I come back?

BABETTE [*slowly*]. If you would like it.

KURT. Good. To your mother, her share. My share, to Fanny and David. It is all I have to give. [*Laughs*] There. I have made a will, eh? Now. We will not joke. I have something to say to you. It is important for me to say it.

JOSHUA [*softly*]. You are talking to us as if we were children.

KURT [*turns to look at him*]. Am I, Joshua? I wish you were children. I wish I could say love your mother, do not eat too many sweets, clean your teeth— [*Draws* BODO *to him*] I cannot say these things. You are not children. I took it all away from you.

BABETTE. We have had a most enjoyable life, Papa.

KURT [*smiles*]. You are a gallant little liar. And I thank you for it. I have done something bad today—

FANNY [*shocked, sharply*]. Kurt—

SARA. Don't, Mama. [BODO *and* BABETTE *have looked at* FANNY *and* SARA, *puzzled. Then they have turned again to look at* KURT.]

KURT. It is not to frighten you. In a few days, your mother and David will tell you.

BODO. You could not do a bad thing.

BABETTE [*proudly*]. You could not.

KURT [*shakes his head*]. Now let us get straight together. The four of us. Do you remember when we read "Les Misérables"? Do you remember that we talked about it afterward and Bodo got candy on Mama's bed?

BODO. I remember.

KURT. Well. He stole bread. The world is out of shape we said, when there are hungry men. And until it gets in shape, men will steal and lie and—[*A little more slowly*]—kill But for whatever reason it is done, and whoever does it—you understand me—it is all bad. I want you to remember that. Whoever does it, it is bad. [*Then very gaily*] But you will live to see the day when it will not have to be. All over the world, in every

place and every town, there are men who are going to make sure it will not have to be. They want what I want: a childhood for every child. For my children, and I for theirs. [*He picks* BODO *up, rises*] Think of that. It will make you happy. In every town and every village and every mud hut in the world, there is always a man who loves children and who will fight to make a good world for them. And now good-bye. Wait for me. I shall try to come back for you. [*He moves toward the hall, followed by* BABETTE, *and more slowly, by* JOSHUA] Or you shall come to me. At Hamburg, the boat will come in. It will be a fine, safe land— I will be waiting on the dock. And there will be the three of you and Mama and Fanny and David. And I will have ordered an extra big dinner and we will show them what our Germany can be like— [*He has put* BODO *down. He leans down, presses his face in* BABETTE'S *hair. Tenderly, as her mother has done earlier, she touches his hair.*]

JOSHUA. Of course. That is the way it will be. Of course. But—but if you should find yourself delayed— [*Very slowly*] Then I will come to you. Mama.

SARA [*she has turned away*]. I heard you, Joshua.

KURT [*he kisses* BABETTE]. Gute Nacht, Liebling!

BABETTE. Gute Nacht, Papa. Mach's gut!

KURT [*leans to kiss* BODO]. Good night, baby.

BODO. Good night, Papa. Mach's gut! [BABETTE *runs up the steps. Slowly* BODO *follows her.*]

KURT [*kisses* JOSHUA]. Good night, son.

JOSHUA. Good night, Papa. Mach's gut! [*He begins to climb the steps.* KURT *stands watching them, smiling. When they disappear, he turns to* DAVID.]

KURT. Good-bye, and thank you.

DAVID. Good-bye, and good luck.

KURT [*he moves to* FANNY]. Good-bye. I have good children, eh?

FANNY. Yes, you have. [KURT *kisses her hand.*]

KURT [*slowly, he turns toward* SARA]. Men who wish to live have the best chance to live. I wish to live. I wish to live with you. [*She comes toward him.*]

SARA. For twenty years. It is as much for me today— [*Takes his arms*] Just once, and for all my life. [*He pulls her toward him*] Come back for me, darling. If you can. [*Takes brief-case from table and gives it to him.*]

KURT [*simply*]. I will try. [*He turns*] Good-bye, to you all. [*He exits. After a second, there is the sound of a car starting. They sit listening to it. Gradually the noise begins to go off into the distance. A second later,* JOSHUA *appears.*]

JOSHUA. Mama— [*She looks up. He is very tense*] Bodo cries. Babette looks very queer. I think you should come.

SARA [*gets up, slowly*]. I'm coming.

JOSHUA [*to* FANNY *and* DAVID. *Still very tense*]. Bodo talks so fancy, we forget sometimes he is a baby. [*He waits for* SARA *to come up to him. When she reaches him, she takes his hand, goes up the steps, disappears.* FANNY *and* DAVID *watch them.*]

FANNY [*after a minute*]. Well, here we are. We're shaken out of the magnolias, eh?

DAVID. Yes. So we are.

FANNY. Tomorrow will be a hard day. But we'll have Babbie's birthday dinner. And we'll have music afterward. You can be the audience. I think you'd better go up to Marthe now. Be as careful as you can. She'd better stay here for a while. I daresay I can stand it.

DAVID [*turns, smiles*]. Even your graciousness is ungracious, Mama.

FANNY. I do my best. Well, I think I shall go and talk to Anise. I like Anise best when I don't feel well. [*She begins to move off.*]

DAVID. Mama. [*She turns*] We are going to be in for trouble. You understand that?

FANNY. I understand it very well. We will manage. You and I. I'm not put together with flour paste. And neither are you—I am happy to learn.

DAVID. Good night, Mama. [*As she moves out, the curtain falls.*]

## PRAYER AFTER WORLD WAR

*Carl Sandburg (1918)*

WANDERING oversea dreamer,
Hunting and hoarse, Oh daughter and mother,
Oh daughter of ashes and mother of blood,
Child of the hair let down, and tears,
Child of the cross in the south
And the star in the north,
Keeper of Egypt and Russia and France,
Keeper of England and Poland and Spain,
Make us a song for to-morrow.
Make us one new dream, us who forget,
Out of the storm let us have one star.

Struggle, Oh anvils, and help her.
Weave with your wool, Oh winds and skies.
Let your iron and copper help,
Oh dirt of the old dark earth.

Wandering oversea singer,
Singing of ashes and blood,
Child of the scars of fire,
Make us one new dream, us who forget.
Out of the storm let us have one star.

## IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"

*Thomas Hardy* (*1915*)

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk,
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

## THE MAN HE KILLED

*Thomas Hardy* (*1902*)

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I;
Was out of work, had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

## STRANGE MEETING

*Wilfred Owen* (*1917*)

It seemed that out of the battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which Titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall;
With a thousand fears that vision's face was grained;

Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
"Strange, friend," I said, "Here is no cause to mourn."
"None," said the other, "Save the undone years,
The hopelessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something has been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery;
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark, for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now . . ."

## AUTUMN SONG FOR ANTI-FASCISTS

*Genevieve Taggard (1937)*

The leaves come down with little grieving,
Soft in the season of unleafing.
Secure in change, in temporary
Death the old sad heart is merry.
Delicate death and leaf-stem pliant. . . .
General death no nature fears,
Indifferent to tears.
Grief in the world strides like a giant.
Grief's mask, his bully forehead bare
Comes catapulting close, his stare
Frightens to death the old and ill.
Here the mould of green, the chill
Comforts the pulse, the black heart-ache,

So that we listen while the bland trees shake
And put aside all fear
In the innocent withering of the year.
The brave assault the bully, bleed
Red on grasses and dying weed,
And redden the trampled ground.
Soldier dead, sleep sound.
Leaves of pale yellow softly pile
Where we put you, single-file.

## INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

*William Wordsworth* (*1810*)

We can endure that He should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands;
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,
For his delight, a solemn wilderness
Where all the brave lie dead. But, when of bands
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway;
*Then*, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak:
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

*Vachel Lindsay* (*1914*)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down,
Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.
He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us:—as in times before!

And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.
The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come,—the shining hope of Europe free:
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

# THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

We must win the peace no less completely than the war. This idea is driven home to us wherever we turn. It is the theme of editorials in the daily press, the text for harangues of radio commentators and the subject of speeches by politicians great and small. All of us are perhaps ready to admit that building the world of tomorrow should be the main business of statesmen, economists, and men of affairs. But we are less prone to realize that the problems of the postwar world should be the concern of every intelligent person. Each individual must learn to face realistically the complications of the future and to make his influence felt in the search for wise and practicable methods of establishing a world free from the disruptive forces which have brought ruin to large areas of civilized life.

Although we should avoid building a future out of the flimsy materials of dream and wish-fulfilment, yet we should lay its foundation not on our regrets but on our hopes. For this reason the utopian plans of gifted individuals for the world of tomorrow should form an important part of the design of a better future for mankind.

Consequently our study of the world of tomorrow begins with Lewis Mumford's examination of the concept of utopia, reminding us that "the cities and mansions that people dream of are those in which they finally live." Stuart Chase in *A Very Private Utopia* persuades us that we cannot build a secure future on hopes for mere personal happiness. Private pleasures, he assures us, must be caught up in the delight which an individual feels in playing a part in the life of his community. E. H. Carr is concerned with only a slightly different phase of a man's responsibility to society. Nowadays liberty, he says, is not to be understood as an individual's complete emancipation from the authority of state. This conception must be modified by his realization that he most fully develops his powers when he asserts those individual rights which contribute something to the good of the body politic. Mr. Brown, by viewing any distortion of reality as a defense mechanism, establishes an effective method of testing the soundness of the morale of both our enemies and our allies. Frederick L. Schuman presents some concrete plans for the world of tomorrow in his clear outline of the kind of organization that may be able to control power in the postwar world and direct it into channels productive of good for mankind.

Much of the fiction in this section is also occupied with the future. Granville Hicks allows his imagination to play over the possible nature of man's world a hundred years from now. Aldous Huxley's picture of an existence

completely controlled by science and technology is a biting satire of some of the dominant tendencies in contemporary life. His *Brave New World* is filled with automata perfectly conditioned to the environment in which they must function. Moral and spiritual values disappear before this triumph of soulless science. Mr. Hilton's vision of the future is not much more acceptable to us today than that of Aldous Huxley. No matter how idealized they may be, the pleasures of the senses and of the contemplative life can appeal to us only as a restful escape from the actualities of life. The last piece of fiction is a selection from Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again.* In it is a renunciation of the easy personal comforts of the past and the aesthetic escapes of the present and a dedication to the task of making the American dream come true in the daily life of our country.

The poets, whom Shelley once called the "unacknowledged legislators of the world," speak to us last. Some of them survey the world with scepticism and irony and some with faith in man's continued evolution toward rational conduct. But they are one in agreeing that only by facing our problems with courage and vision shall we bring to birth the new world even now stirring within the ruins of the old.

## TWO KINDS OF UTOPIA

(*From* The Story of Utopias)

*Lewis Mumford* (*1922*)

I

UTOPIA has long been another name for the unreal and the impossible. We have set utopia over against the world. As a matter of fact, it is our utopias that make the world tolerable to us: the cities and mansions that people dream of are those in which they finally live. The more that men react upon their environment and make it over after a human pattern, the more continuously do they live in utopia; but when there is a breach between the world of affairs and the overworld of utopia, we become conscious of the part that the will-to-utopia has played in our lives, and we see our utopia as a separate reality.

It is the separate reality of utopia that we are going to explore in the course of this book—Utopia as a world by itself, divided into ideal commonwealths, with all its communities clustered into proud cities, aiming bravely at the good life.

This discussion of ideal commonwealths gets its form and its color from the time in which it is written. Plato's Republic dates from the period of social disintegration which followed the Peloponnesian War; and some of its mordant courage is probably derived from the hopelessness of conditions that come under Plato's eye. It was in the midst of a similar period of dis-

order and violence that Sir Thomas More laid the foundations for his imaginary commonwealth: Utopia was the bridge by which he sought to span the gap between the old order of the Middle Age, and the new interests and institutions of the Renascence.

In presenting this history and criticism of utopias we are perhaps being pulled by the same interests that led Plato and More onwards, for it is only after the storm that we dare to look for the rainbow. Our fall into a chasm of disillusion has stimulated us to discuss in a more thorough way the ultimate goods, the basic aims, the whole conception of the "good life" by which in modern times, we have been guided. In the midst of the tepid and half-hearted discussions that continue to arise out of prohibition laws and strikes and "peace" conferences let us break in with the injunction to talk about fundamentals—consider Utopia!

2

Man walks with his feet on the ground and his head in the air; and the history of what has happened on earth—the history of cities and armies and of all the things that have had body and form—is only one-half the Story of Mankind.

In every age, the external scenery in which the human drama has been framed has remained pretty much the same. There have been fluctuations in climate and changes in terrain; and at times a great civilization, like that of the Mayas in Central America, has arisen where now only a thick net of jungle remains; but the hills around Jerusalem are the hills that David saw; and during the historic period the drowning of a city in the Netherlands or the rise of a shifting bank of real estate along the coast of New Jersey is little more than the wearing off of the paint or a crack in the plaster. What we call the material world constantly changes, it goes without saying: mountains are stript of trees and become wastes, deserts are plowed with water and become gardens. The main outlines, however, hold their own remarkably well; and we could have travelled better in Roman days with a modern map than with the best chart Ptolemy could have offered us.

If the world in which men live were the world as it is known to the physical geographer, we should have a pretty simple time of it. We might follow Whitman's advice, and live as the animals, and stop whining for all time about our sins and imperfections.

What makes human history such an uncertain and fascinating story is that man lives in two worlds—the world within and the world without—and the world within men's heads has undergone transformations which have disintegrated material things with the power and rapidity of radium. I shall take the liberty of calling this inner world our *idólum* (ido-lum) or world of ideas. The word "ideas" is not used here precisely in the ordinary sense. I use it rather to stand for what the philosophers would call the subjective world, what the theologians would perhaps call the spiritual world;

and I mean to include in it all the philosophies, fantasies, rationalizations, projections, images, and opinions in terms of which people pattern their behavior. This world of ideas, in the case of scientific truths, for example, sometimes has a rough correspondence with what people call the world; but it is important to note that it has contours of its own which are quite independent of the material environment.

Now the physical world is a definite, inescapable thing. Its limits are narrow and obvious. On occasion, if your impulse is sufficiently strong, you can leave the land for the sea, or go from a warm climate into a cool one; but you cannot cut yourself off from the physical environment without terminating your life. For good or ill, you must breathe air, eat food, drink water; and the penalties for refusing to meet these conditions are inexorable. Only a lunatic would refuse to recognize this physical environment; it is the substratum of our daily lives.

But if the physical environment is the earth, the world of ideas corresponds to the heavens. We sleep under the light of stars that have long since ceased to exist, and we pattern our behavior by ideas which have no reality as soon as we cease to credit them. Whilst it holds together this world of ideas—this *idólum*—is almost as sound, almost as real, almost as inescapable as the bricks of our houses or the asphalt beneath our feet. The "belief" that the world was flat was once upon a time more important than the "fact" that it was round; and that belief kept the sailors of the medieval world from wandering out of sight of land as effectively as would a string of gunboats or floating mines. An idea is a solid fact, a theory is a solid fact, a superstition is a solid fact as long as people continue to regulate their actions in terms of idea, theory, or superstition; and it is none the less solid because it is conveyed as an image or a breath of sound.

3

This world of ideas serves many purposes. Two of them bear heavily upon our investigation of utopia. On one hand the pseudo-environment or *idólum* is a substitute for the external world; it is a sort of house of refuge to which we flee when our contacts with "hard facts" become too complicated to carry through or too rough to face. On the other hand, it is by means of the *idólum* that the facts of the everyday world are brought together and assorted and sifted, and a new sort of reality is projected back again upon the external world. One of these functions is escape or compensation; it seeks an immediate release from the difficulties or frustrations of our lot. The other attempts to provide a condition for our release in the future. The utopias that correspond to these two functions I shall call the utopias of escape and the utopias of reconstruction. The first leaves the external world the way it is; the second seeks to change it so that one may have intercourse with it on one's own terms. In one we build impossible castles in the air; in the other we consult a surveyor and an architect and a

mason and proceed to build a house which meets our essential needs as well as houses made of stone and mortar are capable of meeting them.

4

Why, however, should we find it necessary to talk about utopia and the world of ideas at all? Why should we not rest secure in the bosom of the material environment, without flying off into a region apparently beyond space and time? Well, the alternative before us is not whether we shall live in the real world or dream away our time in utopia; for men are so constituted that only by a deliberate discipline—such as that followed by a Hindu ascetic or an American business man—can one or the other world be abolished from consciousness. The genuine alternative for most of us is that between an aimless utopia of escape and a purposive utopia of reconstruction. One way or the other, it seems, in a world so full of frustrations as the "real" one, we must spend a good part of our mental lives in utopia.

Nevertheless this needs a qualification. It is plain that certain types of people have no need for private utopias and that certain communities seem to be without them. The savages of the Marquesas whom Herman Melville described seem to have had such a jolly and complete adjustment to their environment that, except for the raids of hostile tribes—and this turned out to be chiefly sport which only whetted their appetites for the feast that followed—everything needed for a good life at the South Sea level could be obtained by direct attack. The Marquesans had no need to dream of a happier existence; they had only to grab it.

At times, during childhood perhaps, life has the same sort of completeness; and without doubt there are many mature people who have manufactured out of their limitations a pretty adequate response to a narrow environment; and have let it go at that. Such people feel no need for utopia. As long as they can keep their contacts restricted, only a deliberate raid from the outside world would create such a need. They are like the sick man in the parable of the Persian poet, whose only desire was that he might desire something; and there is no particular reason to envy them. People who will not venture out into the open sea pay the penalty of never having looked into the bright eyes of danger; and at best they know but half of life. What such folk might call the good life is simply not good enough. We cannot be satisfied with a segment of existence, no matter how safely we may be adjusted to it, when with a little effort we can trace the complete circle.

But there have been few regions, few social orders, and few people in which the adjustment has not been incomplete. In the face of perpetual difficulties and obstructions—the wind and the weather and the impulses of other men and customs that have long outlived their use—there are three ways, roughly, in which a man may react. He may run away. He may try to hold his own. He may attack. Looking around at our contemporaries who have survived the war, it is fairly evident that most of them are in the

first stage of panic and despair. In an interesting article on The Denouement of Nihilism, Mr. Edward Townsend Booth characterized the generation born in the late eighties as suffering a complete paralysis of will, or else, "if any initiative remains to them, they emigrate to Europe or the South Sea Islands, or crawl off into some quiet corner of the United States—but most of them continue where they were stricken in a state of living death." (*The Freeman.*)

Speaking more generally, running away does not always mean a physical escape, nor does an "attack" necessarily mean doing something practical "on the spot." Let us use Dr. John Dewey's illustration and suppose that a man is denied intercourse with his friends at a distance. One kind of reaction is for him to "imagine" meeting his friends, and going through in fantasy, a whole ritual of meeting, repartee, and discussion. The other kind of reaction, as Dr. Dewey says, is to see what conditions must be met in order to cement distant friends, and then invent the telephone. The so-called extrovert, the type of man who has no need for utopias, will satisfy his desire by talking to the nearest human being. ("He may try to hold his own.") But it is fairly plain that the extrovert, from the very weakness and inconstancy of his aims, is incapable of contributing anything but "good nature" to the good life of the community; and in his hands both art and invention would probably come to an end.

Now putting aside the extrovert, we find that the two remaining types of reaction have expressed themselves in all the historic utopias. It is perhaps well that we should see them first in their normal, everyday setting, before we set out to explore the ideal commonwealths of the past.

More or less, we have all had glimpses of the utopia of escape: it is raised and it collapses and it is built up again almost daily. In the midst of the clanking machinery of a paper factory I have come across a moving picture actress's portrait, stuck upon an inoperative part of the machine, and it was not hard to reconstruct the private utopia of the man who minded the levers, or to picture the world into which he had fled from the roar and throb and muck of the machinery about him. Who has not had that utopia from the dawn of adolescence onwards—the desire to possess and be possessed by a beautiful woman?

Perhaps for the great majority of men and women that small, private Utopia is the only one for which they feel a perpetual, warm interest; and ultimately every other utopia must be translatable to them in some such intimate terms. Their conduct would tell us as much if their words did not confess it. They leave their bleak office buildings and their grimy factories, and night after night they pour into the cinema theater in order that they may live for a while in a land populated by beautiful, flirtatious women and tender, lusty men. Small wonder that the great and powerful religion founded by Mahomet puts that utopia in the very foreground of the hereafter! In a sense, this is the most elementary of utopias; for, on the inter-

pretation of the analytical psychologist, it carries with it the deep longing to return to and remain at rest in the mother's womb—the one perfect environment which all the machinery and legislation of an eager world has never been able to reproduce.

In its most elemental state, this utopia of escape calls for a complete breach with the butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the real, limited, imperfect people that flutter around us. In order to make it more perfect, we eliminate the butcher and baker and transport ourselves to a self-sufficient island in the South Seas. For the most part, of course, this is an idle dream, and if we do not grow out of it, we must at any rate thrust other conditions into it; but for a good many of us, idleness without a dream is the only alternative. Out of such fantasies of bliss and perfection, which do not endure in real life even when they occasionally bloom into existence, our art and literature have very largely grown. It is hard to conceive of a social order so complete and satisfactory that it would rob us of the necessity of having recourse, from time to time, to an imaginary world in which our sufferings could be purged or our delights heightened. Even in the great idyll painted by William Morris, women are fickle and lovers are disappointed; and when the "real" world becomes a little too hard and too sullen to face, we must take refuge, if we are to recover our balance, into another world which responds more perfectly to our deeper interests and desires—the world of literature.

Once we have weathered the storm, it is dangerous to remain in the utopia of escape, for it is an enchanted island, and to remain there is to lose one's capacity for dealing with things as they are. The girl who has felt Prince Charming's caresses too long will be repulsed by the clumsy embraces of the young man who takes her to the theater and wonders how the deuce he is going to pay the rent if they spend more than a week on their honeymoon. Moreover, life is too easy in the utopia of escape, and too blankly perfect—there is nothing to sharpen your teeth upon. It is not for this that men have gone into the jungle to hunt beasts and have cajoled the grasses and roots to be prolific, and have defied, in little open boats, the terror of the wind and sea. Our daily diet must have more roughage in it than these daydreams will give us if we are not to become debilitated.

In the course of our journey into utopia we shall remain a little while in these utopias of escape; but we shall not bide there long. There are plenty of them, and they dot the waters of our imaginary world as the islands that Ulysses visited dotted the Aegean Sea. These utopias, however, belong to the department of pure literature, and in that department they occupy but a minor place. We could dispense with the whole lot of them, bag and baggage, in exchange for another *Anna Karenina* or *The Brothers Karamazov.*

The second kind of utopia which we shall encounter is the utopia of reconstruction.

The first species represents, the analytical psychologist would tell us,

a very primitive kind of thinking, in which we follow the direction of our desires without taking into account any of the limiting conditions which we should have to confront if we came back to earth and tried to realize our wishes in practical affairs. It is a vague and messy and logically inconsequent series of images which color up and fade, which excite us and leave us cold, and which—for the sake of the respect our neighbors have for our ability to add a ledger or plane a piece of wood—we had better confine to the strange box of records we call our brain.

The second type of utopia may likewise be colored by primitive desires and wishes; but these desires and wishes have come to reckon with the world in which they seek realization. The utopia of reconstruction is what its name implies: a vision of a reconstituted environment which is better adapted to the nature and aims of the human beings who dwell within it than the actual one; and not merely better adapted to their actual nature, but better fitted to their possible developments. If the first utopia leads backward into the utopian's ego, the second leads outward—outward into the world.

By a reconstructed environment I do not mean merely a physical thing. I mean, in addition, a new set of habits, a fresh scale of values, a different net of relationships and institutions, and possibly—for almost all utopias emphasize the factor of breeding—an alteration of the physical and mental characteristics of the people chosen, through education, biological selection, and so forth. The reconstructed environment which all the genuine utopians seek to contrive is a reconstruction of both the physical world and the *idólum*. It is in this that the utopian distinguishes himself from the practical inventor and the industrialist. Every attempt that has been made to domesticate animals, cultivate plants, dredge rivers, dig ditches, and in modern times, apply the energy of the sun to mechanical instruments, has been an effort to reconstruct the environment; and in many cases the human advantage has been plain. It is not for the utopian to despise Prometheus who brought the fire or Franklin who captured the lightning. As Anatole France says, "Without the Utopians of other times, men would still live in caves, miserable and naked. It was Utopians who traced the lines of the first city. . . . Out of generous dreams come beneficial realities. Utopia is the principle of all progress, and the essay into a better future."

Our physical reconstructions, however, have been limited; they have touched chiefly the surfaces of things. The result is that people live in a modern physical environment and carry in their minds an odd assortment of spiritual relics from almost every other age, from that of the primitive, taboo-ridden savage, to the energetic Victorian disciples of Gradgrind and Bounderby. As Mr. Hendrik van Loon pithily says: "A human being with the mind of a sixteenth-century tradesman driving a 1921 Rolls-Royce is still a human being with the mind of a sixteenth-century tradesman." The problem is fundamentally a human problem. The more completely man

is in control of physical nature, the more urgently we must ask ourselves what under the heavens is to move and guide and keep in hand the controller? This problem of an ideal, a goal, an end—even if the aim persist in shifting as much as the magnetic north pole—is a fundamental one to the utopian.

Except in the writings of the utopians, and this is an important point to notice in our travels through utopia, the reconstruction of the material environment and the reconstitution of the mental framework of the creatures who inhabit it, have been kept in two different compartments. One compartment is supposed to belong to the practical man; the other to the idealist. The first was something whose aims could be realized in the Here and Now; the other was postponed very largely to the sweet by-and-bye. Neither the practical man nor the idealist has been willing to admit that he has been dealing with a single problem; that each has been treating the faces of a single thing as if they were separate.

Here is where the utopia of reconstruction wins hands down. It not merely pictures a whole world, but it faces every part of it at the same time. We shall not examine the classic utopias without becoming conscious of their weaknesses, their sometimes disturbing idiosyncrasies. It is important at present that we should realize their virtues; and should start on our journey without the feeling of disparagement which the word utopian usually calls up in minds that have been seduced by Macaulay's sneer that he would rather have an acre in Middlesex than a principality in utopia.

5

Finally, be convinced about the reality of utopia. All that has happened in what we call human history—unless it has left a building or a book or some other record of itself—is just as remote and in a sense just as mythical as the mysterious island which Raphael Hythloday, scholar and sailor, described to Sir Thomas More. A good part of human history is even more insubstantial: the Icarians, who lived only in the mind of Etienne Cabet, or the Freelanders, who dwelt within the imagination of a dry little Austrian economist, have had more influence upon the lives of our contemporaries than the Etruscan people who once dwelt in Italy, although the Etruscans belong to what we call the real world, and the Freelanders and Icarians inhabited—Nowhere.

Nowhere may be an imaginary country, but News from Nowhere is real news. The world of ideas, beliefs, fantasies, projections, is (I must emphasize again) just as real whilst it is acted upon as the post which Dr. Johnson kicked in order to demonstrate that it was solid. The man who wholly respects the rights of property is kept out of his neighbor's field perhaps even more effectively than the man who is merely forbidden entrance by a no-trespass sign. In sum, we cannot ignore our utopias. They exist in the same way that north and south exist; if we are not familiar with

their classical statements we at least know them as they spring to life each day in our own minds. We can never reach the points of the compass; and so no doubt we shall never live in utopia, but without the magnetic needle we should not be able to travel intelligently at all. It is absurd to dispose of utopia by saying that it exists only on paper. The answer to this is: precisely the same thing may be said of the architect's plans for a house, and houses are none the worse for it.

We must lose our sense of remoteness and severity in setting out on this exploration of ideal commonwealths, as some of the fine minds of the past have pictured them. Our ideals are not something that we can set apart from the main facts of our existence, as our grandmothers sometimes set the cold, bleak, and usually moldy parlor apart from the living rooms of the house; on the contrary, the things we dream of tend consciously or unconsciously to work themselves out in the pattern of our daily lives. Our utopias are just as human and warm and jolly as the world out of which they are born. Looking out from the top of a high tenement, over the housetops of Manhattan, I can see a pale tower with its golden pinnacle gleaming through the soft morning haze; and for a moment all the harsh and ugly lines in the landscape have disappeared. So in looking at our utopias. We need not abandon the real world in order to enter these realizable worlds; for it is out of the first that the second are always coming.

Finally, an anticipation and a warning. In our journey through the utopias of the past we shall not rest content when we have traversed the whole territory between Plato and the latest modern writer. If the story of utopia throws any light upon the story of mankind it is this: our utopias have been pitifully weak and inadequate; and if they have not exercised enough practical influence upon the course of affairs, it is because, as Viola Paget says in Gospels of Anarchy, they were simply not good enough. We travel through utopia only in order to get beyond utopia: if we leave the domains of history when we enter the gates of Plato's Republic, we do so in order to re-enter more effectively the dusty midday traffic of the contemporary world.

## A VERY PRIVATE UTOPIA

### *Stuart Chase (1928)*

Lewis Mumford in the *Golden Day* has given us a brilliant review of American culture as reflected in American literature from Jonathan Edwards to John Dewey. It is on the whole an exceedingly critical review. He tells us frequently, passionately, and beautifully what he is against, but only rarely does he let it be known what he is for. Modern industrial civilization has nourished a great array of critics. Few of them are as competent or as penetrating as Mr. Mumford, but all of them—save possibly the Utopians—follow

his general method. They are indefatigable in pointing out the shortcomings of society, but they are vague as to the precise nature of available substitutes. They seldom define their standards. Yet standards they must have; otherwise it would be impossible to criticize. They either take it for granted that the reader shares their inward knowledge, or else, and more probably, the standards have never been formulated in the critic's conscious processes at all. They have grown in the back of his mind, darkly.

From the artists, the dramatists, the socialists, the poets, the uplifters of all varieties, has poured forth in never-ending flood the challenge that *homo sapiens* is only half alive.

What does he look like when he is alive?

The question would seem to be a fair one, but it is seldom answered. The writers of Utopia have struggled with it, but their canvases are usually so great that we are seldom able to see ourselves or our neighbors living or behaving in that world. There is a strange chill about all Utopias; they are inhabited by gods, not men. Even when a critical play of modern manners, the "Beggar on Horseback," forsook its role of satire for a moment and gave us a picture of happiness about a sun-drenched breakfast table, we stared unconvinced at such very yellow bliss. The negatives stretch to the horizon, but the positives are either lacking entirely or, when focused before us, appear cold or a little absurd. Indeed to seek to describe with clearness and precision the specific target at which programs for ushering in the good life should aim can only be an adventure tinged with absurdity. But a possible approach may be to delimit the kind of life one personally would like to live. Will this remove the Utopian chill and at the same time furnish the beginnings of a standard? We can but test it.

I have thrown my arrows with the rest at the sweating corpus of the world as it is. I have called it ugly, machine-minded, dull, ignorant, and cruel. I have said that the few live, and they precariously, while the many exist, half-dead in their frustrations and blind alleys. Before hurling another quiver it would seem only fair—however dubious the result—to define rather specifically what I mean, or think I mean, when I mark off the quick from the dead.

The hours roll into days, the days into years. Down this funnel of time one drifts, now easily, now painfully. One is happy, one is miserable. There are days of the most intense blue, days of a terrible black; with perhaps the majority of days an all-pervading mauve-gray. The causes for the color of these days are far from clear; one takes life as it comes. Modern psychology is groping for causes, but it has not as yet brought much that is genuinely helpful into the light. It cannot tell you where the good life has been competently analyzed or even adequately described. Science has perhaps even less to report than the poets and the critics. And so about all the data is oneself.

I note that the following things or conditions do, by and large, kill the

juices of zestful living, and reduce me to mere existing. I state the negative first, the positive to follow shortly:

Ill health.
Monotonous work with no discernible goal—such as auditing, indexing, dish-washing.
Eating poor food; eating in ugly places.
The sensation of living in ugly or uncomfortable houses.
All transit, whether by foot or on wheels, about New York City.
Being looked down upon, or laughed at (save for very minor foibles).
The bulk of all business interviews, conferences, talks—the juicelessness of the personal contact.
The defacement of natural beauty with billboards, pop stands, suburban lots, gas tanks, shacks, factories. (A factory can be made to respond to architecture as well as a skyscraper.)
Reading newspapers—save for perhaps one one-hundredth of the surface of not more than three of them.
Going to formal entertainments—particularly dinners devoted to the raising of funds for worthy causes.
Treating relatives as preferred creditors.
Wearing ugly or uncomfortable clothes as decreed by the *mores, e.g.*, coats and hats for men in summer.
Shopping—with rare exceptions.
Worrying about money.
Being bored with bad plays, concerts, lectures, radios, meetings, conversations—especially the last.
Being everlastingly hustled around.
Seeing other people bored, unhappy, or in pain. Looking down mean streets and into frowsy windows.

My notebooks show scores of other conditions which take the joy out of life, but the above are the chief ones in the daily run of my activity. They consume, on the basis of a rough estimate, upwards of two-thirds of my waking hours, though the ratio shifts with the seasons, being noticeably worse in winter. The average annual ratio, furthermore, is better when living in the country the year around than in the city. I am dead, I conclude, about two-thirds of the time. I am alive, by and large, under the following conditions:

On encountering a vivid awareness of health.
In pursuing creative work, intellectual or manual. There are definite time limits to both.
Eating good food, drinking good wine, in comfortable places.
The sensation of living in well-designed and sunny houses.
Being looked up to and praised—but the butter must not be spread too thick.
Being with my friends.
Looking at beautiful scenery, beautiful pictures, beautiful things.
Reading great books, reading of new and stimulating ideas.

Looking at Charlie Chaplin's feet.
Swimming, diving, playing tennis, dancing, skiing, mountain climbing.
Watching good sport at not too frequent intervals.
Daydreaming.
Going on spontaneous and amusing parties.
Making love spontaneously.
Wearing beautiful—not fashionable—clothes.
Collecting things. For me, certain sorts of information.
Listening to good music—especially Russian gipsy songs.
The sensation of being some paces in front of the wolf.
Home life—in fits and starts.
Kindly casual contacts with strangers.
Travel, other than for business reasons.
Keen discussion.
A good fight, not necessarily sanguinary, in what seems to be a decent cause.
The sense of being in bodily danger.

So runs the major classification of what seem to constitute the good life for me. To hold that the list is applicable to all is, of course, ridiculous. Yet it must serve as a starting-point for the thing we have set ourselves to define. I do not know how other people feel. Logic declares that, conditioned by the same forces that have conditioned me, other people would feel much the same, but logic is not an infallible guide in human affairs.

What kind of a community would I build to increase the count of the hours that live as against the count of the hours that die? God knows. The difficulty is that the pluses and the minuses are never clean-cut emotional states, registering faithfully at every exposure to a given condition. When one is in abounding health, even filling-station architecture is tolerable if not positively enjoyable. When one sits, like Mr. Polly, athwart a stile, with civil war in his interior, the sunset itself becomes a flat and overestimated spectacle. There are times when the best of friends becomes a bore, when one wishes all printing presses would stop forever. Indeed, the whole concept is in the curved grip of relativity.

Nevertheless, I think that I would be appreciably more alive in a community that deliberately fostered the sorts of things enumerated on the second list; of which good health is probably the most important single factor. If it be objected that the animals are mostly healthy, I would reply that they appear to get more out of life than the majority of human beings. Fortunately the laws underlying the promotion of health are beginning to be understood. We already have the technical knowledge available to increase immeasurably bodily well-being. Here and there it is being applied, as the declining death-rate and the lengthening age span show.

Secondly, I would like to live in a community where beauty abounded; where cities were nobly planned, industrial areas segregated; where great stretches of forest, lake, and mountain were left wild and free and close at

hand, where houses and their furnishings were spare and fine and colorful, and there was not a single billboard in a day's march. Cities and houses have been so built; nature over great (but distant) areas is still free; advertising is only a century old, despite the pious historical labors of Bruce Barton. Surely a community rich in natural beauty, rich in architecture, is no Utopia. It has been repeatedly achieved, and without the vast potential assistance of mechanical power.

Thirdly, I would like to live, and to have my neighbors live, free from the fear of want. Such communities there have been, but not many of them. Peru under the Incas is said to have achieved this goal; Denmark is not far from it today. Not only is it the release of the individual which is desirable, but, vastly more important, the release of the whole group. As things are in America today I never know how far my own actions are ignoble by economic considerations, nor how far my neighbors and associates regard me on my own merits or as a means to a hopefully profitable end. All human relationships are poisoned with this suspicion, or cut and bruised with the frank brutality of elbowing one's way above the line of economic insecurity. This is the more lamentable in that the industrial arts have already demonstrated how utterly to abolish poverty, double—aye treble—the standard of living, produce more than enough to go around.

Fourthly, I would like to live in a community where I could do the kind of work that is the most fun. Fun for me is economic research and writing about it. If there should prove a plethora of better men in this field, I would have a lot of fun as an anthropologist, a psychologist, or a biologist. Or I might go back to my boyhood dreams of architecture. In exchange for the fun, the giving of an hour or two on the average a day to the necessary manual work of the world would seem, in anticipation at least, the merest justice. Furthermore, digging ditches, painting walls, simple carpentry would both preserve the sense of reality and serve by contrast to heighten the fun of the chosen occupation.

I would like to be able to dress as I pleased, or indeed not to dress at all when the sun was high and the water blue. I should like to experiment with colors and combinations now rigidly proscribed for males by the folkways —save at fancy-dress balls. I should like to be able to dance more, sing more, let myself go more. Here New England dogs me like an iron shroud. I should like ampler and less hurried opportunities to play the games I enjoy. I should like to travel more; to visit the lost cities of which I dream; to climb in the Andes and the Himalayas. It does not do to turn one's back for long on the bright face of danger.

I should like to be a more compelling and less self-conscious lover, but just how a community would proceed to organize great lovers escapes me. (Here we hover at once on absurdity and on what, following health, is probably the most important factor in the good life—a balanced sexual rhythm.)

I would like to live in a world where many good books were being published—fiction, poetry, science, history, philosophy; where good plays and good music were just around the corner—without too much standing in line and too little ventilation; where good pictures were being hung; where the arts and crafts were flourishing on indigenous rather than imitative material, and particularly and especially, where good conversation abounded, together with the leisure to pursue it. Of all the joys which life has to offer none, for me, can exceed that of keen stimulating talk; and nothing is rarer in America today.

Finally, I would like to live in a community that held a genuine sense of its uniqueness; where one could take pride in community achievements, match one's art and craftsmanship and sport against a neighbor group; where one could contribute in person to the local theater, the local schools; help to plan a beautiful region and see that plan grow before one's eyes—and so take root in one's own soil, a part of the earth, earthy, as well as a dreamer in the clouds. So the Greeks must have looked back to the plains and hills and cedar trees of Attica and Laconia. Here one might have the leisure to play with children as they should be played with; here one might bring the carnival and the pageant—with color and wine and flowers—back to meaning and to life.

Above all, leisure, leisure, a break in the remorseless and meaningless urgencies of the twentieth-century pace.

This—if you will—Utopia may be cold to you, but it is not cold to me. I can see it, feel it, aye, long for it. How would you change it to include the things for which you long? Anthropologists, you say, have yet to find a people without a well-marked religion; that need is indigenous, cardinal, and necessary to you. Good. Let us have a church with a great nave and a great organ and the sound of vespers across the evening fields. You dislike my games and want other games. Again good. The more games the better so long as we play them ourselves. You want to paint or design or build bridges. Each to his own desire, so long as the necessary work is done. You do not want to do anything. There will be a nice, forest-circled, psychopathic hospital until sanity returns. You do not want roots, you want to keep on the move. Would you object to moving through communities which had abolished squalor and striven to individualize and beautify themselves?

Add what you please, so long as it does not make for ugliness or drabness or cruelty; so long as it does not quench life that the lives of a few may burn with a spurious brightness. I do not know what your desires may be, but if they make you happy and others not too unhappy they are welcome. The question is not what is good for other people but good for you.

The preliminary definition of the good life which I have tried to outline is crude enough, but it can be used. Swing it as a searchlight where you will —on Mr. Calvin Coolidge or on Mr. Bernard Shaw; on Miss Jane Addams or on Mrs. Peaches Browning; on a soap factory, a department store, an iron

mine, an advertising campaign, a prize fight, a laboratory, a best seller; swing it upon Wall Street or Main Street or Downing Street; on Denmark or on Pittsburgh—it can give basis for judgment. Would this person, or thing, or area, be out of place in such a community? Would it clash, jar, disintegrate, or would it be welcomed and at home? The architecture of Beacon Hill would, the architecture of South Chicago would not; the Lincoln Memorial would, Park Avenue would not; Mr. Chaliapin would, Mr. Shubert would not, the Olympic games would, professional baseball would not; Mr. H. G. Wells would (very much at home he would be), Dr. Frank Crane would not. Mark for yourself the quick from the dead.

The question is not primarily what would make you happy, but rather what would make you more alive. Perhaps complete Nirvana is the happiest conceivable state, but it remains at the opposite pole from vivid life. Pain, heartache, failure in achievement, failure in love, the shock of physical danger, even envy, must remain so long as we behave like human beings. Only the surplus of pain and confusion induced by stupidity would tend to disappear.

It would seem that the end of human effort upon this planet should be to give a maximum of living and a minimum of existing—the life more abundant. Against such an end, those who regard life as a gateway of mortification to a Utopia beyond the grave make their sincere protest. But it is doubtful how far that protest can continue effective in an era of wide knowledge and unlimited possibilities for technical control over nature.

Even if we can win to life ourselves, the contemplation of the existing of those over the brink about us takes, in a sensitive heart, most of the joy out of personal salvation here below. Even if democracy is not sound doctrine, and biological inferiority can be definitely established, there is no particular reason why those handicapped from the germ plasm—and who will perforce have to do most of the dirty work of the world—should not be given surroundings from which they can take the maximum of what life holds for them. Lafcadio Hearn can tell you about the ancient Japanese communities and how extraordinarily high in the sense of beauty and appreciation it has been proved possible for the mass to go.

Granting for the time being—until coal is gone, and the Ice Cap moves south again—granting that a beautiful life here and now should be the major goal of human effort, of what strands shall it be woven? How shall Mr. Mumford and his fellow-critics be appeased? The above is, if you will, a feeble and absurd beginning. But perhaps it will serve as a point of departure for the speculations of wise men and women.

## THE SEARCH FOR A MORAL PURPOSE

(*From* Conditions of Peace)

*Edward Hallett Carr* (*1942*)

ANY ATTEMPT at the present time to forecast the moral foundations and assumptions of the coming order may well seem both ineffectual and presumptuous, especially to the multitude of those who, through preoccupation with current tasks, through indifference, or—most frequent of all—through a sense of helplessness, are content to turn a blind eye on the future. But anyone who has an active faith or hope in the future of our civilisation will find it hard to abstain from such speculation, however conscious he may be of its hazards and uncertainties. In this spirit, it is proposed here to attempt in outline some estimate of the conditions which must be fulfilled by any movement or creed likely to make a widespread appeal to the contemporary world and to provide the sense of a common purpose essential to the survival of civilisation:

(1) The new faith must speak in positive rather than in negative terms, striving for the achievement of good rather than for the avoidance or suppression of evil. It was a sinister fact, significant of the frustration of the epoch, that the great aims of the past twenty years expressed themselves in terms either of a return to the past or of mere avoidance: to prevent war, to reduce armaments, to remove trade barriers, to cure unemployment. Even to-day those who perceive the inadequacy of the negative war aim of destroying Hitler tend to define their purpose in the almost equally negative word "security," social and international. President Roosevelt's promulgation of the "four freedoms" contained sound doctrine. But it would have been better if it had demanded not the liberation of mankind from evils, but the pursuit of positive goods. To prevent war we must create a new order; to reduce armaments we must build a common pool of armaments for a common purpose; to remove trade barriers we must plan international trade; to cure unemployment we must organise men for the fulfilment of urgent and necessary tasks. We shall fail if we merely entrench ourselves to protect what we possess, or what we possessed in the past. A positive and constructive programme is the first condition of any effective moral purpose.

(2) Champions of one class have often appeared from the ranks of another; and it would be foolish to hazard any guess as to the social stratum from which the new leadership will be drawn. But whoever may be its prophets, the new faith will make its appeal predominantly to the "little man"—to the unorganised consumer rather than to the organised producer, to the individual of small possessions and no importance who feels himself helpless in the midst of great impersonal organisations dominating the life of the

community. It will therefore proclaim its independence of these organisations—of big business, of trade unions and of the great political parties—and aim at the emancipation of society from the vested interests which they have come to represent. The ascendency of big organisations is a prominent and unhealthy feature of modern life. Even where they purport to be representative, they have acquired a life and interests of their own, and the individual no longer feels himself represented by them. The need for organisation may well be greater than ever. But the world is in a reckless mood, and will respond eagerly to an appeal to tear down existing organisations, to do away with their abuses and to start again. The new faith must restore to the individual, to the "little man," his sense of being the constituent member of the community, and thus make democracy once more a reality.

(3) The new faith must address itself first of all to the solution of the economic problem; for the running sores of our present social order—unemployment and inequality—are predominantly economic. This does not necessarily mean that the new faith will express itself in economic terms. Indeed it has been shown that the economic problem cannot be solved except through the common recognition of a new moral purpose. But this fact cannot be used to support the argument that the economic problem is merely incidental and subsidiary. Man does not live by bread alone. But without it he does not live at all; and there is a real sense in which bread is the first essential element of his moral as well as of his physical welfare. The immediate impulses which lead to war and other social disorders may, as has often been said, be psychological and moral: envy, fear, injured pride, thwarted ambition. But there is ample evidence to show that these impulses flourish in a soil of economic maladjustment. There is nothing paradoxical or one-sided in the view that the building of a new economic order is the most urgent task which confronts us after the war.

(4) The new faith will approach the unemployment problem, not by way of prevention, but by way of the creation of needs vast enough to make a full call on our resources and morally imperative enough to command the necessary measure of sacrifice to supply them. All frontal attacks on the problem of unemployment have failed, and are bound to fail, because the essence of that problem is not to create work for its own sake—a process economically easy but morally impracticable—but to create work destined to fulfil a purpose felt by the community to be worthy of self-sacrifice. Once this purpose is recognized—as happens in the case of war—the problem of unemployment is automatically solved, or is reduced to the proportions of a technical problem of the mobility of labour. The new faith must solve the unemployment problem by providing a moral purpose as potent as was religion in the Middle Ages or as is war to-day.

(5) The new faith will have to revive and renew the ideal of equality which, however imperfectly realised, lies at the root both of Christianity

and of communism, and which was deliberately rejected by the capitalist system. Of the vitality of the modern demand for equality there is no doubt whatever. It has appeared in the form of the demand for equality between individuals, between classes, between nations. It has been at the root of every recent revolution and of most recent wars. Nor is it a demand which could be satisfied by the formal political or legal equality of the nineteenth century. It is specifically a demand for economic equality—for equality of economic resources or equality of economic opportunity. This problem too requires, in the first instance, a positive and constructive rather than a purely negative and destructive programme. Our deliberate purpose should be to build up equality rather than to break down inequality. Assuming that the process of equalisation can be achieved by gradual rather than by violent methods, the first step is to secure the distribution to all of what may, on a generous interpretation, be called the necessaries of life; and since, in the area with which we are most likely to be concerned, this should not be difficult of attainment, the distribution of the necessaries of life may be supplemented by the distribution of many of the amenities and luxuries. It would, however, be idle to suppose that the whole process can be confined to the positive and constructive. Disproportionately great wealth has become in itself an offence to the public conscience; and on this ground, as well as on grounds of practical necessity, there will inevitably be a levelling down as well as a levelling up. The degree of sacrifice and the numbers from whom it will be required depend on too many circumstances to be measured in advance. But they must, at any rate at the outset, be substantial, and it would be unwise to belittle them. Some may find most irksome not the material sacrifice, but the sacrifice of freedom involved in the probably inevitable rationing and standardisation of staple products. The luxury of the exclusive enjoyment by a limited class of things not accessible to the many has played a considerable part in our civilisation. Since no approach to equality will ever be carried far enough to bring about a complete equalisation of the rewards of labour, this luxury will doubtless persist, though the individuals enjoying it may change. But it will have to be enjoyed in the sphere of non-essentials rather than of essentials.

(6) The new faith, reversing the nineteenth-century trend, will lay more stress on obligations than on rights, on services to be rendered to the community rather than on benefits to be drawn from it. The former emphasis on the rights of man was proper to an age when the social structure suffered from excessive rigidity, and it was necessary to break down artificial barriers standing in the way of development and expansion. This condition is no longer present. The most serious danger confronting society at this time is that individualism, masquerading in the guise of the rights of man, may be carried to a point fatal to social cohesion. The catchword that "the state was made for man, not man for the state," legitimate as a protest against the tyranny of totalitarianism, must not be used to cover a denial of

social obligation. Among the formerly recognised rights of man, there is little doubt that the rights of property have become in recent times a disintegrating factor. Some democrats have taken the same view of the right of free speech when invoked on behalf of the enemies of democracy. Many observers have attributed the growing danger of disintegration to the industrial system. "An industrial world cannot maintain itself against internal disruptive forces without a great deal more organisation than we have at present." [1] "Modern industrial society suffers from a dangerous lack of social integration, and certain characteristics of industrial activity are likely to increase this condition unless steps be taken to prevent." [2] It may be suggested that the most fundamental factor jeopardising social cohesion is the cessation of the apparently automatic and almost effortless expansion which was characteristic of the nineteenth century and which made possible the recognition of the profit motive as a moral force. The unquestioned belief in progress provided not only a sense of common purpose, but a certain prospect of increasing advantages to be shared in common. Even in terms of taxation, the benefits of social order were extraordinarily cheap. The nineteenth century became accustomed to think far more of the claims of the individual on society than of the claims of society on the individual. Rights were more important than obligations, benefits more conspicuous than services, in the social balance-sheet. Now that we have fallen on less prosperous days, the perpetuation of this point of view threatens the social order with bankruptcy. If society is not to break up, we shall have for a time to contribute more to maintain it and be content to draw less benefits from it.

(7) Just as the social problem is complicated by the one-sided emphasis of the past on the rights rather than on the obligations of the individual, so the international problem is complicated by an exclusive recognition of the rights of nations. The new faith will have to provide for a readjustment of this attitude. Here too the approach should be positive and constructive. It is less important to dwell on the evils of sovereignty than on the building up of a wider form of international community. The task will be infinitely harder than the task of building up social cohesion within the nation, both because there is as yet hardly any basis of international loyalty or consciousness on which to build, and because governments, the most powerful and closely-knit forms of organisations yet invented, have a vested interest in the old order. It can hardly be achieved except on the basis of the principles already laid down; and it will not be achieved without strong leadership. The war, by overriding national frontiers and national distinctions and introducing new forms of cooperation between those engaged together in it, has laid foundations on which the new faith can build. Whether this faith can achieve sufficient vitality to seize the opportunity remains an

[1] B. Russell, *Icarus, or The Future of Science*, p. 29.
[2] A. N. Whitehead, *Leadership in a Free Society*, p. 231.

open question. On the answer appears to depend the future prospect of any international order worth the name.

(8) Finally, the new faith must reopen the classical debate between liberty and authority and achieve a new synthesis. It will perhaps need to correct the one-sided nineteenth-century emphasis on liberty corresponding to the one-sided nineteenth-century emphasis on rights. This is especially true of the international order, where the collapse of authority—represented in the nineteenth century by British sea-power and by the Concert of Europe—has been complete. But in general the most important task is to reinterpret the concepts of liberty and the authority in the social and economic sphere. The traditional nineteenth-century system provided for the exercise of authority by the controllers of capital. This authority is now passing—after a transitional stage of uneasy compromise between capital and trade-unionism—to the state. The transfer of authority is not unnaturally resented by those who once exercised it as a deprivation of their liberty; and this explains why liberty has readily become in recent times a conservative and even a reactionary slogan. But it is not so resented by the masses, who do not necessarily see in the increased authority of the state a loss of liberty for themselves. It is highly significant of the trend of British opinion since the war that the Government has been criticised far less for its encroachments on individual liberty (which have in fact been enormous) than for its failure to exercise in full the almost unlimited authority conferred on it by the Emergency Powers Act. Popular authority as much as popular liberty will be the keynote of the new faith.

There is all the difference in the world between an examination of the conditions which a new faith and a new moral purpose must fulfil and an assurance that this faith and this purpose will come to birth. They cannot be generated by an intellectual process, which can do no more than demonstrate the need for them if civilisation is to be saved. The war has brought the final proof of the bankruptcy of the political, economic and moral system which did duty in the prosperous days of the nineteenth century. It has also provided—at any rate for the British people and for the whole English-speaking world—a moral purpose which has revived the national will, increased the sense of cohesion and mutual obligation, bred a salutary realisation of the gravity of the crisis, and at the same time created the hope and the opportunity of a new ordering of human affairs. But it is essential to recognise in all humility that this purpose is the product of war, that it is directly inspired by the needs of war, and that it is animated by the potent forces of a common enmity and a common fear. There is no guarantee that out of it will grow a more permanent purpose to create in time of peace a new world based on new principles and new social philosophy. All that can be said with certainty is that the war will not leave us where it found us. It will be the prelude either to the fairly rapid decay—or perhaps the violent overthrow—of the civilisation which has prevailed in Europe for

the past 300 years or else to a decisive turning-point and new birth. It is no obstacle that such a new birth may imply a revision of some of our estimates of human nature; for as has been truly said, revolutions "exploit another part of human nature hitherto neglected." [1] Whether the revolution through which we are passing will achieve this result, we cannot yet tell. But there is no excuse for mistaking the character of the issue. The crisis cannot be explained—and much less solved—in constitutional, or even in economic, terms. The fundamental issue is moral.

## MORALE FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM

*J. F. Brown (1942)*

WHAT FORCES me as a psychologist to write this particular article at this particular time is the events of a recent Sunday afternoon. I finished "German Psychological Warfare," [2] which summarizes the realistically scientific, the cynically sophisticated and the downright brutal conclusions of German psychologists regarding military psychology and the morale problem. Unpalatable as this material was to my taste, as a psychologist I had to admit that the Germans were far ahead of us in this particular applied field of my science. I then turned on the radio and heard Mr. Churchill, in much the same old tenor, announce the fall of Singapore and praise the Russians. I failed to turn the switch and in the program immediately following the difficulties which Washington was having with the morale division of the OCD were analyzed. On morale, I thought, I have something to say and I have to say it.

What we want in our wartime morale is quite clear. Our present internal bickering, complacency and lack of (or over) confidence must be replaced by internal unity, concern for the outcome, a real sense of the dangers in the actual situation and hope for a brighter future. In brief, we want to create that state of mind which leads to the all-out effort. But the word morale, psychologically speaking, refers not only to a state of mind which makes satisfactory prosecution of a war possible, but also to the state of mind which enables personalities to remain integrated or become integrated through viewing the future with hope under any form of duress.

### THE ANALOGY BETWEEN MORALE AND MENTAL ILLNESS

To begin our analysis of national morale with a discussion of mental illness may shock some readers, but I am convinced that it is the most meaningful way of tackling the problem. Modern psychology (particularly

[1] E. Rosenstock-Huessy, *Out of Revolution*, p. 607.

[2] Committee for National Morale (Ed.), *German Psychological Warfare*, New York, 1941.

when it is based on psychoanalysis) has thoroughly investigated the most radical changes in states of mind. It is not widely realized by the laity, but it is none the less true, that we have learned most of what we know of the functioning of the normal mind from the study of psychiatric patients. The chief tenet of modern psychopathology is that abnormal mental phenomena represent simply exaggerations or distortions of normal mental phenomena. Consequently we may see the basic forms of morale development most sharply in mental cases.

A person who is mentally sick or threatened with a mental illness may become mentally well through treatment. In this connection it is quite sensible to speak of the developing morale in the individual. In fact, we can almost use the same words for this change in state of mind which we have previously used to describe the development of morale in a nation at war. Under treatment the individual comes to replace internal personality disintegration, complacency about this, and over or underconfidence in the outcome with a unity of his personality, a concern for his personality and an appreciation of the real situation.

Without going into the technical intricacies of modern psychiatric theory or terminology, we can say that the prognosis for recovery in mental illness (or the prognosis for the avoidance of a threatened mental illness) may be based on the way in which the person views both the past and the future in terms of reality. The patient who recovers has a *realistic fear*, or at least a considerable *discontent*, with regard to his present situation and is inclined to view his past mode of adjustment with *distrust*. In addition, the patient who recovers has clearly formulated hopes for that type of future which may be developed in terms of what is technically called "the reality situation." By this is meant that his hopes for the future must be in line with what can actually occur, considering his familial, social and economic position.

Psychiatrists judge the outcome of cases on the basis of these factors. If the patient "is really unhappy and wants to do something about it," or feels "it can't go on this way," and does not actually "hanker after his former ways of life adjustment," the prognosis is in one aspect favorable. Thus, the prognosis in cases of those mental illnesses which are characterized by fear and anxiety, in which the symptoms give the individual no pleasure, is relatively good, as compared with the prognosis in conditions like alcoholism where pleasure is obtained through the symptoms; and prognosis for anxiety conditions is definitely much better than in diseases like paranoia where the patient is able to justify his symptoms and make rationalizations about them acceptable to himself. In other words, the prognosis is good when there is fear or discontent with the present situation and a distrust of the past.

Perhaps even more important is the way in which the patient views the future. Recovery is quite definitely enhanced through hope. It is for this

reason that the best psychiatric risks are relatively young and relatively intelligent individuals who live in a social environment which is not characterized by hopelessness in any real personal or socio-economic sense.

The prognosis is bad in cases where these two factors are reversed. If there is no fear or uncomfortableness in the present situation (as is often the case in alcoholism), the outcome is to be viewed darkly; or if the future is completely threatening and hopeless, morale seems to be lost completely and the personality disintegrates or regresses.

In speaking of morale in wartime the reality situation must be viewed in its broadest economic, political and sociological aspects rather than merely in terms of the individual case. Certainly, the German theories of psychological morale and their applications of these have made abundant use of these principles in building up a morale whose efficient actuality we must admit, no matter how much we deplore its effects. The Germans certainly spent a great deal of time in developing fear of outside aggressors and distrust for the past of the Weimar Republic. In addition, they have stressed the hope of a future world dominated by a German *Herrenvolk*. But before any reader lays down this article in disgust, thinking perhaps that I am going to argue that we should directly emulate Nazi methods, let me stress that I feel German morale must eventually collapse simply because German fears of the past and hopes for the future are not attuned to what we have called the reality situation. What I am going to argue is that we should use the basic psychological mechanisms of fear, distrust and hope within the framework of a realistic socio-economic theory.

## Revolution as Dynamic Change

The world reality situation can best be described as in dynamic revolutionary flux. And here, lest the reader again lay the article down in disgust, thinking that the author is arguing as a radical, let me describe what I understand by these words. A revolution is a period of emerging social reorganization which occurs relatively quickly and which produces such dislocations in society that a certain amount of strife is almost inevitable. This reorganization is so great that it must affect human life in all its economic, political, social and ideological spheres. In a revolution there is always some change in the submission-dominance relations between social classes. Revolutions are caused by the incompatibilities between potential increases in economic efficiency and those conservative tendencies in the psychobiology of individuals which sociologists refer to as "cultural lag." The final result of the revolutions of the past has always been the gradual establishment of new social orders in which the average individual became freer in the political, economic and social spheres.

Since I am going to argue that our victory must mean a victory for the forces working toward dynamic revolutionary change, and since the word revolution sends shivers of terror down the spines of many Americans,

it may be worth while to contrast the sociological, technical idea of revolution with the word's popular connotation. Popularly, revolutions are thought to occur when the rabble, inflamed by political conspirators, overturns the lawful and orderly government and establishes a reign of terror. Beards and bombs are in evidence; blood flows freely; rape, loot and arson are the order of the day. There is much that is completely inaccurate in this picture, and what is not inaccurate is certainly highly distorted in terms of the present reality situation. In the first place, world revolutions can no more be localized than world wars. The local occurrence of some past revolutions was conditioned by the factors which sequestered the wars of other centuries. Political agitation is but a symptom of the revolutionary situation. In our peaceful, comparative prosperity of the later thirties the radical political parties were of but little consequence in the American scene. There is no necessity for the bloody overthrow of the government. That it has often occurred in the past simply means that the governments of the past have been traditionally conservative. During the thirties, our own New Deal government began to institute, quite legally, many of the social reconstructions which the future requires. Which group represents the real rabble depends on where one sits in the grandstand. But dynamic change means struggle, a struggle between those who want to save the past at any cost and those who want to gain the future at any cost.

This war is similar in some of its aspects and different in some of its aspects from World War I. Much of our confusion comes from the fact that certain thinkers overemphasize the similarities and others overemphasize the differences. Both wars are combinations of nineteenth-century imperialist war with the twentieth-century world revolution. World War I, however, was predominantly an imperialist war, probably the last on the old pattern, out of which came the revolutionary movements of the time between wars. World War II is predominantly a revolutionary war out of which will probably come the end of imperialism. I am not talking radicalism but realism. Look at Asia. The British Empire of the nineteenth century is already dead. Hitler talked surface nonsense but actually perceived the real situation when he spoke of the world not being large enough for two systems. The opposing forces, however, are not traditional liberal democracy versus totalitarianism, but rather the forces of the future versus those of the past.

### A Comparison of the Nations' Morales

In the light of psychological theory and the socio-economic reality situation we may now make an analysis of the morale of the various powers.

Russia fears the present, distrusts the past and hopes for the future. Now that we are getting less biased reports on the state of affairs in the Soviet Union in the past ten years, we are beginning to realize that Russia's whole

planned economy has been geared during this period for defense against fascism. There is no tsarist restoration movement of any consequence in the world. Russia, to the Russians at least, is full of hope—hope of a real fulfilment of a socialized democratic state. The *worst* that can be said about Russia is that the Russians, with the aim of realizing the avowed ideals of nineteenth-century liberal democracy, have used methods that are distasteful to the liberals.

The situation of Germany in its psychological aspects is identical to that in Russia and varies only in its political philosophy with regard to the reality situation. Fear of the Jews, the Bolsheviks, the plutocratic democracies, distrust of the "stab in the back" and Weimar, hope for world domination of the Fuhrer and his *Herrenvolk* made up the picture. This builds up a morale which is bound to be strong with success but is bound to fail with failure. The *best* which can be said about the Germans is that they have used methods which we find despicable in the hope of continuing something of the structure of industrial capitalist imperialism for themselves, while disavowing liberal aims for everyone. The convinced Nazis can view the future with hope, but all of the conquered slave peoples and the vast majority of even the Germans themselves can only view it with despair as collapse threatens.

The French debacle in morale can best be understood as a reversal of the psychological factors and of an unclear appreciation of the reality situation by the leadership. French army and political leadership (if not the people) feared the revolutionary future and hoped for a continuance of the relatively good days of Versailles. France collapsed quickly and ingloriously.

The forces making and breaking British morale are to be viewed as a mixture of counter-revolutionary and revolutionary forces within a fairly successful functioning liberal democracy. Dunkirk raised the fear of the present, and the great bombing raids of 1940 and early 1941 drove it home, so that British morale was certainly splendid for a long period. But through all this time in Britain there have been individuals openly advocating a return to the past, alongside of those holding a not too clearly formulated hope for the future. In the pursuit of the war in those parts of the world where the danger was not immediate to the British Isles, British morale has often been poor.

### America's Strengths and Weaknesses

So far, our morale is untried. As we represent a traditional liberal democracy, there are reasons for believing that our morale in the immediate future will be more similar to that of Britain than to that of Russia. There are, however, some very favorable aspects in our case. The recent American leadership has been progressive, our traditional way of life has been democratic, and we have believed in the "American Dream." But in our ranks, as in Britain's, there are a great many groups (the Dies Committee, the not yet broken rem-

nants of the America First Committee, and the isolationist press) who also fear the future and who hanker after, rather than distrust, the "good old days" and the "ancient liberties." To some extent, it is something of a tragedy for us today that the good old days were so relatively good and that ancient liberties did exist. But with us, too, there are strong forces working toward dynamic change because we have swallowed the bitter pill of World War I and Versailles and the great depression. Meaningless slogans like "the war to end all wars" and the "war to make the world safe for democracy" attract very few individuals these days. Even though this may sound sacrilegious, the Atlantic Charter reechoes the old meaningless slogans in a rather unconvincing way. I have recently interviewed some twenty-five men (college students), who have volunteered or been drafted. Not one could give a clear and consequent account of the points of the Atlantic Charter.

We have the fear and discontent in the present situation which is prerequisite to a good morale, but not enough distrust of the past and no clearly formulated hopes for the future. If our morale is to be really successful, it must be based on an intelligent appreciation of the reality situation. *We cannot win this war unless Russia and China win. The outcome of a Russian and Chinese victory will be revolutionary and will establish a socialist planned economy in large sections of the world. To those in dark corners who are whispering that we must first bring Hitler to his knees and then unite with him to turn on Russia and the Orient, I can only express my honest opinion that after allowing Russia once to win with us we shall not be able to turn and beat her.* If enough of our population foolishly thinks that a clear-cut victory for Russia would be bad for the future of the American people, then we should immediately forget about Britain, and put out feelers to Hitler and Japan, suggesting the division of the world into an American-dominated imperialist Western Hemisphere, a German-dominated imperialist Europe and Africa and a Japanese-dominated Orient. But, of course the phenomena of social dynamics are not reversible and this is out of the question. Likewise the talk that one hears in Wall Street about the emergence of an old-style Anglo-American imperialism or the talk that one reads in Henry Luce's publications about the coming American Century should be discounted. Imperialism is either doomed or it is making its last courageous but stupid stand.

I think that we are certainly going to win this war on the basis of those advantages which we have besides morale. But we only live once, and I, for one, hope not to grow old in a world at war and hope that my young children will not grow up in one. We shall win much sooner if we stop fearing dynamic change and stop hankering after the "good old days" and our "ancient liberties." Instead we should fear and distrust the relatively "bad old days," with their limited liberties for the underprivileged. We should live in the hope that the American Dream may be made to come true.

# ORGANIZATION OF POWER IN THE POST-WAR WORLD

*Frederick L. Schuman (1942)*

In all transactions involving profit or loss, it is simple common sense for buyers to bargain for the lowest price. But in all transactions involving the values men live by and die for, it is everywhere deemed wise and right to spare no expense and shrink from no sacrifice, even unto life itself, to preserve them from destruction. The total war in which we are engaged is clearly not a matter of gain or deficit but a mortal struggle for the annihilation or survival of all that has hitherto given meaning to the lives of freemen. We know this surely. We say this often. With high resolve we repeat the words of Patrick Henry: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

And yet, in their deeds if not in their words, most Americans and most of the peoples and leaders of the other United Nations are still dealing with the dangers and opportunities of their self-inflicted tragedy by a niggardly effort to balance accounts on an unseen ledger. Unacknowledged questions trouble our spirits more than the burden and grief of war itself: what is the lowest possible price we must pay for victory? How cheaply can the war be won? How little must we pay to win the peace? By such a miser's reckoning as this our generation bartered away the peace of yesterday and squandered utterly the victory of the day before for which so much was paid in wasted blood and tears. By such penny-pinching bookkeeping the war of today and the peace of tomorrow may be lost beyond recovery, along with the fairest and final promise of our century.

Our miserliness does not lie in the value we place upon our money or our lives. If the lavish expenditure of gold and blood would give us victory, then victory would already be within our reach instead of looming doubtfully beyond some dark horizon we cannot see. What we have hitherto been unwilling to give up for the fulfillment of our purpose are the goods of the mind and heart which men always part with far less willingly than they part with their fortunes or their flesh. The goods we clutch at gaspingly, as if they were the most priceless of treasures, are pride and prejudice, old habits and time-worn grooves of thought and action, familiar superstitions and beloved myths, and all of the confused legacy of loyalties left us by our forebears. Because we know that most of our inheritance of beliefs and practices is worth preserving against the barbarians, we cling grimly to all of that inheritance. In stubborn desperation we refuse to see that much of our cherished past has brought us to this monstrous present and that we are more than

likely to lose it all unless we exchange some of it for newer and better ways.

This much most of us are ready to grant—in words. We applauded Vice-President Wallace's evaluation of the war as a People's Revolution to inaugurate the Century of the Common Man. We cheered Sumner Welles' denunciation of "unenlightened selfishness," his condemnation of imperialism and his plea to rectify past mistakes by undertaking "the maintenance of an international police power" and by making the United Nations "the nucleus of a world organization of the future to determine the final terms of a just, an honorable and a durable peace." We nodded assent when Mr. Welles, seconding Mr. Wallace, said: "This is in very truth a people's war. It is a war which cannot be regarded as won until the fundamental rights of the peoples of the earth are secured."

We are none the less unwilling still to translate words into deeds if the deeds which are called for conflict with our fixations on the symbols of a dead yesterday. We know in our hearts that words without deeds are the empty mouthings of hollow men. But let anyone propose concrete action to achieve the objectives we say we desire and he will at once be assailed by a host of critics, complaining that his suggestions are contrary to diplomatic precedent, that they are revolutionary or un-American, or that they are politically impracticable and probably subversive. Our political leaders still strive for unity and re-election by resting their appeals on the lowest common denominators of mass support. Our tradition-ridden diplomats remain earnest and small-minded men, wedded to the past and afraid to face the future boldly, lest by so doing they lose friends and alienate people or jeopardize their own stake in the *status quo*.

Yet our leaders in fact represent us. Even our diplomats, albeit less touched by the dynamic forces of our time than many other groups of public servants, are but reflections of ourselves. Responsibility for sluggishness and indecision in the face of the challenge of change lies in our preoccupation with ancient magic and obsolete rituals. Confronted with danger, we take fearful refuge in old formulas which seem somehow less terrifying than the perils of novelty, even in the presence of the disasters to which they have brought us. Like Hamlet, we prefer to suffer the evils that we know rather than fly to others we know not of. The enemy, however, has no fear of what is strange and new. And he has given his oath to his pagan gods to rebuild the world, after his own Satanic design, over the ashes of our homes and the earth of our graves.

We say, as we do battle with his fanatic hordes, that we want freedom of religion everywhere in the world. But we are timid and furtive about the practical implications of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, lest we be summoned to treat all men and women of all colors and creeds as truly our fellows, entitled to the rights and opportunities which we claim as our own. We say we desire freedom of speech everywhere in the world. But we prefer that the speech be limited to feeble phrases, since bold words

calling us to new deeds are disturbing to the contentment which goes with avoidance of thought. We say we wish freedom from want everywhere in the world. But we shun the burden of planning a world economy of abundance, and some of us hope against hope for a return to normalcy and for a plenty to be miraculously gained by a restoration of economic anarchy. We say we wish freedom from fear everywhere in the world. But we show small eagerness to accept the duties of organizing the World Society for security and peace.

We want democracy, but not too much and not for everybody. We want self-determination for ourselves and for the good Europeans, but we display no sign of desiring self-determination for the people of Hong Kong or Indo-China or Java or Burma or Syria or Madagascar or even Puerto Rico. We want victory for the United Nations. But we scarcely want them wholly united or permanently united, lest we be obliged to surrender the fond belief that we can live alone and like it. Some of us want America to win the war but have no desire for Britain to win it or for China or Russia or Roosevelt to win it. We still fear communism because we lack faith in our own capacity to offer a betrayed generation anything better. We are still desperately jealous of our national sovereignty because we refuse to lift our vision to anything broader and more hopeful than national sovereignty. We wish peace and safety, but we seek to keep the attitudes and habits that destroy peace and safety. We are entangled and trapped, now as before, by the narrow provincialisms and the entrenched interests, material and spiritual, of an epoch upon which the morticians hold a mortgage that is already foreclosed.

No easy prescription is at hand for resolving this dilemma, nor is it helpful to dwell upon it in any spirit of melancholy satisfaction or pessimism nor to search for scapegoats or villains to whom it may be ascribed. Our most dangerous enemies are those within our minds and hearts. Those who want things which are incompatible and mutually exclusive must either make up their minds as to what they want most and accept the consequences, or they must remain forever frustrated, forever unable to reconcile ends and means, forever irresolute and doomed to defeat at the hands of those who know what they want. The English-speaking peoples among the United Nations, along with their pathetic house guests of governments-in-exile, have not yet decided what they want most. Until they do, they will remain incapable of formulating war aims and peace plans in any terms more substantial than such devalued words as "freedom" and "survival."

Here again we all agree, in principle, that a concrete declaration of goals and programs for building the world of tomorrow is an indispensable and perhaps a decisive weapon for waging the war itself. Without it we cannot persuade the enemy peoples and the conquered peoples and the colonial peoples and even many of our own people that we are fighting for a future better than the past and better than that promised by the foe. And we know, or will presently know, that until we have carried this conviction far and wide

over the world as a burning faith, we will be lacking in the political and psychological prerequisites for a second front, for successful military attack anywhere, for ultimate victory itself.

But, like diplomats bargaining with our own consciences, we shrink from practicing the principles we accept. We cannot formulate an effective declaration of our purposes because we cannot choose sharply among our own conflicting desires. So long as we refuse to choose, so long will our every move be hampered by our own confusions, so long will we continue to believe blindly that the war can be won by money and blood, or by mass production, or by the frantic fear of defeat in our souls, or by the loathing to which decent men and women everywhere are moved by the crimes of the enemy. Yet every day the voice within and the news without tell us that the cost of the triumph we pray for is quoted in different figures on some quite different price list.

The invisible barriers to victory within our heads are reflected in the organization, in the obligations and in the stated objectives of the United Nations—or, to put it bluntly, in the lack of organization, in the confusion of obligations and in the absence of clearly stated objectives. The weaknesses of our coalition are too many and varied for brief enumeration. Suffice it to say that our Grand Alliance still has no common central organs with powers of decision, no unified high command, no adequate representation of many peoples whose aid is essential for victory, no universal commitments beyond a pact to fight together and make no separate peace, no program whatever for winning the peace, and no common statement of goals beyond the Atlantic Charter The Charter itself, whatever we may think of its pale platitudes and however frequently it may be mentioned in new agreements among the United Nations, has no meaning to the subject peoples and the enemy peoples save as a reckless formula to restore the world of yesterday by putting Humpty-Dumpty back on the wall. It is a statement of desirable ends wholly devoid of any indication of relevant means by which the ends are to be attained. It is a declaration, noble in purpose, of the rights of men and nations, unaccompanied by any suggestion of those duties to the World Community without which no rights can be maintained. If these judgments seem harsh and dismal, they are less so than the facts themselves or the fruits of the facts in the course of the war which is plain for all to see.

The question of whether the war can be won through the use of such weapons of the spirit as we now have available is almost "academic," a word which is the layman's euphemism for unanswerable and unimportant. The war is in fact being lost. The enemy is conquering ever wider spaces and ever longer time intervals within which to prepare for us the irreparable defeat, preceding the final kill. It is clear, or should by now be clear, that our succession of defeats is due less to lack of courage or of arms or of resources than to lack of willingness to undertake new departures in the conduct of war and the planning of peace and to resultant lack of ability to move the

peoples of the world to that measure or purposeful devotion which is needed for victory. If nevertheless, as all of us hope, the tide of battle can yet be turned by the sheer brute power of our production of soldiers and guns, unaccompanied by political imagination to reshape the world, then the further question of whether we can win the peace will have found its own answer. In this event, at once welcome and heartbreaking, we shall prepare our children as best we can for the next epoch of power politics with its renewal of the sickening cycle of concert and balance, disunity and unbalance, aggression and appeasement, futile evasions and ultimately world-shattering war once more.

The alternative to this prospect is willingness to pay the price of victory now. The price of victory is, in the largest sense, the price of peace For it is almost as certain as death and taxes, despite widespread belief to the contrary, that the winning of the war will not precede, but will follow, the formulation of our plan for winning the peace. That plan will be the principal weapon of our victory. The price of peace has been stated over and again in sundry shapes and is everywhere being discussed in many tongues, thus far without agreement. The way of freemen, however, is to arrive at a consensus through discussion. Everyone whose mind is clear and whose will to victory is firm therefore owes it to himself and his fellows to think through the issue, while there is yet time, and to state the price as best he can, with humility and full awareness of the obstacles in the way of its payment, but also with frankness and with hope that wisdom and action will flow from debate.

The first step toward winning the war through a program for winning the peace is to obtain general acceptance of a few simple and familiar propositions which may be stated quite briefly, even at the risk of appearing dogmatic. The basic premise has been constantly reiterated through the centuries by all who have ever given serious thought to the issue. As good a statement as any is that of Alexander Hamilton: "To look for a continuation of harmony between a number of independent and unconnected sovereignties in the same neighborhood would be to disregard the uniform course of human events and set at defiance the accumulated experience of the ages." Armed violence between nations is not a consequence of tyranny or sin but a concomitant, invariable and inevitable, of the presence of a multiplicity of sovereignties in the same community, whether that community be as small as ancient Greece and medieval Italy or as large as all our shrunken globe. Such sovereignties, so long as they are wholly sovereign, independent, and unconnected through any supreme law or higher authority, must necessarily play power politics with one another. For power politics is the only possible form of politics in a society whose members live in a condition of anarchy. War is the final and inescapable form of power politics. Its abolition is impossible without the abolition of power politics. The abolition of power politics is impossible without the abolition of anarchy among rival sovereign-

ties. The abolition of anarchy is impossible without the establishment of government. The prerequisite of government in the World Community is the merging of sovereignties into a permanent World Authority, created by all for the protection of each and so devised that its agents will have power to maintain a world order, to enforce a world law, and to prevent or suppress all violence save the organized violence of the World Community against evil-doers. Only in this fashion can world politics be made an orderly process of compromise and planning for welfare and justice rather than a hideous nightmare of fraud and force.

However dim their perceptions may be of the relationship between ends and means, however deep their affections may be for the tribal divinities and the local absolutisms making for world anarchy, the vast majority of men and women everywhere are now so weary of ruin and slaughter that their deepest hunger is for harmony, order, and peace. They want world order more than they want national sovereignty, though they see no means as yet for attaining the former without destroying the latter. They want world order more than they want freedom, a value which we have all but emptied of content by our refusal to organize the security and the opportunity without which freedom is meaningless. Because all of humankind now needs and wants world order with such imperative urgency, it is reasonable to believe that a way will be found in our time to establish world government and therewith to abolish international anarchy, power politics and war.

The hard journey towards the world commonwealth can follow one of two routes. World government is possible through the armed subjugation of the many by the few, with the freedom and sovereignty of all sacrificed to conquerors who keep peace and order by the sword and the lash. World government is also possible through the voluntary establishment of a Free World Order on the basis of the consent of the governed, incorporated in a new world law, with all citizens enjoying a new freedom and with all nations participating in a new interdependence affording their peoples true independence and security. The first way is the way of our foes. We are fighting against it with all our strength. We can never make it our own, now or in the future, without betraying all the values we live by. The second way is the only way open to freemen. We cannot pursue it with any hope of accomplishing our purpose, however, through the mere cooperation of sovereign governments with sovereign governments, through diplomatic conferences and military alliances, or through any new effort to establish an international government composed of national governments pledged to keep the peace by coercing those national governments which break it. All such attempts, from the Achaean League of the Greeks to the American Articles of Confederation and the Wilsonian League of Nations, have invariably failed and must always fail. Sovereign governments by their nature pursue their own interests and not the commonweal, whether they act alone or together.

The old conception of the sovereign independence of nations, so dear to the framers of the Atlantic Charter, is a formula for anarchy. The ancient principle of the sovereign equality of nations, so dear to those who sing the praises of Pan-Americanism, is a prescription for irresponsibility and inaction. Never can world government be attained by bringing local governments together but only by bringing peoples together through their directly chosen representatives into a larger mansion of freedom wherein human fraternity will become politically possible.

How then, granted the ultimate acceptance of these propositions, can the enterprise be launched? One possible method was resorted to in an hour of disaster by Prime Minister Winston Churchill in Mid-June of 1940 when he perceived that the Anglo-French alliance, with its bounds as firm and tightly drawn as the present alliance of the United Nations, was about to crack asunder under the blows of the enemy. He proposed to Premier Paul Reynaud the formation of an Anglo-French Union with a written constitution, a joint Cabinet, a common citizenship, a single supreme command and a pooling of all the sovereign powers of the two nations in the fields of defense, foreign affairs and financial and economic policies.[1] This daring proposal was the product of a bold mind, spurred to a truly creative effort by the imminence of catastrophe. The proposal was not too little, but it was assuredly too late. It was forthwith rejected by the French defeatists who surrendered to the Axis in preference to continuing the war from the colonies in close union with Britain. Yet the proposal itself, which reappears in greatly diluted form in the agreements between the Polish and Czechoslovak Governments-in-Exile and between the Greek and Jugoslav Governments-in-Exile, offers a workable basis of permanent unity for all the states of Europe, for the United States and Britain, for the American Republics and perhaps, if one may venture on large hopes, for all the United Nations. But such a forward step as this is still pronounced dangerous and utopian by all con-

[1] "At this most fateful moment in the history of the modern world the governments of the United Kingdom and the French Republic make this declaration of indissoluble union and unyielding resolution in their common defense of justice and freedom, against subjection to a system which reduces mankind to a life of robots and slaves. The two Governments declare that France and Great Britain shall no longer be two nations but one Franco-British Union The constitution of the Union will provide for joint organs of defense, foreign, financial, and economic policies. Every citizen of France will enjoy immediately citizenship of Great Britain, every British subject will become a citizen of France. Both countries will share responsibility for the repair of the devastation of war, wherever it occurs in their territories, and the resources of both shall be equally, and as one, applied to that purpose. During the war there shall be a single war Cabinet, and all the forces of Britain and France, whether on land, sea, or in the air, will be placed under its direction. It will govern from wherever it best can. The two Parliaments will be formally associated. The nations of the British Empire are already forming new armies France will keep her available forces in the field, on the sea, and in the air. The Union appeals to the United States to fortify the economic resources of the Allies and to bring her powerful material aid to the common cause. The Union will concentrate its whole energy against the power of the enemy no matter where the battle may be. And thus we shall conquer."

servative diplomats and patriots, who prefer to believe that defeat and slavery are less dangerous and utopian. No such program of reconstruction can apparently be expected on the part of governments now in power save in the face of further disasters or in the aftermath of collapse and exile when the hour for action will have passed.

What steps short of this and yet still relevant to the task in hand might be currently urged upon our leadership with some chance of success? Most urgently needed now is a Supreme Political Council of the United Nations to direct the war as a global struggle requiring an effective common demand. Such a Supreme Political Council, already urged by Mr. Walter Nash, Deputy Prime Minister of New Zealand, must be established before we can hope to begin winning the war. If we are also to win the peace, such a Council must be envisaged as a provisional World Executive to function in peace and war alike for the organization and direction of a World Police Force and for the rational planning of a post-war economy.

The broad conditions for successful achievement on the part of such a Council deserve to be stated clearly. Its members should not be professional diplomats or soldiers but, wherever possible, elected representatives and majority leaders in their respective countries. Under their direction there should be brought into being three indispensable administrative agencies a United Nations Military General Staff, composed of experts in the science of arms, for the management of coming campaigns and the planning of the World Police Force. a United Nations Psychological General Staff, composed of experts in the skills of education propaganda and psychological warfare, for the waging of the war of ideas and for the re-education of the citizenry of the World Community, and a United Nations Economic General Staff, composed of experts in the arts of business administration (with employers and workers perhaps represented along with governments, as in the International Labor Organization), for the conduct of economic warfare and the development of the controls and practices needed in the world economy of the days to come. The officials in these lesser bodies should be regarded not at all as spokesmen for national states but as professional administrators and members of a World Secretariat, answerable only to the Supreme Political Council.

On the Council itself a majority of votes must be held by the Great Powers, namely, the United States, the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Soviet Union, China and ultimately Free France and a self-governing India, each with equal representation. All the lesser belligerents should be represented equally, with their combined votes in a minority. Let no one contend that the rights of small nations demand that they control the enterprise. There can be no possible security for the lesser countries without an effective union for security among the Great Powers. There can be no possible security for any one Great Power without a union with the other Great Powers in which all assume equal responsibilities. Equality of rights is im-

possible without equality of duties, and great and small nations alike must assume equal duties if they would share in the benefits of equal rights. But in the planning and execution of duties there can be no equality among communities which differ enormously in population, resources, and power. To treat the microcosms of world politics as the sovereign equals of the great continental states is to defeat the project and negate the democratic principle of popular representation. To permit the pretensions of lesser sovereignties to interfere with the efforts of the greater sovereignties to devise a world order in which all sovereignties will be pooled for the good of all is to invite the destruction of all.

Let there be further established now a World Commission of Jurists, consisting of eminent authorities of various nationalities chosen by the Supreme Political Council to represent the major legal systems of the world. Let this Commission prepare plans for a new World Court, modeled upon the old and having obligatory jurisdiction over all legal controversies among states, but envisaged also in bolder terms as a court of appeal from the highest national courts for the protection of fundamental rights of individuals. If such a World Court is to be effective as the judicial branch of the World Government to come, it must have appellate jurisdiction in constitutional questions. Only thus can the world order of the future be enforced through the rule of law and the orderly processes of litigation and judgment.

Now, or at latest tomorrow, is also the time for an Inter-Continental Congress of legislators, made up of delegates from the Congress of the United States, the British Parliaments, the All-Union Congress of Soviets, and such law makers of China, India and the lesser United Nations as their governments may care to designate. Let such an Inter-Continental Congress of the United Nations act as a convention to draw up a World Bill of Rights, defining and safeguarding the elementary human freedoms everywhere, as part of a World Constitution, establishing a permanent World Executive responsible to a permanent and popularly elected World Parliament. That Constitution should in no sense supersede the national constitutions of the United Nations, save insofar as they are inconsistent with its terms, but it should be planned as a supreme public law for mankind, binding on all national governments and their citizens and enforceable in national courts. It must grant limited but effective powers of world legislation to the World Parliament, established as a permanent and continuous peace conference for the rational governance of the planet. Those powers must include authority to administer all the non-selfgoverning colonial territories of the earth, held in trust by the World Parliament as mandatory, pending their admission to the ranks of the United Nations as equal and autonomous communities. Those powers must embrace the right and duty of discussing and settling by statutory enactment all political disputes among the nations, including all questions of frontiers, disarmament obligations, provisional administration of occupied and enemy territories, admission of the vanquished to the ranks of the United

Nations, reparation for damage inflicted by past aggression, and indictment for trial before the World Court of all individuals charged with international or interracial crimes against their fellow-men. These powers must encompass the maintenance and direction of the World Police Force under the command of the World Executive.

The central function, and at the outset the only function, of the World Parliament, the World Executive and the World Court of the United Nations should be the abolition of international violence. The means thereto must not be sought in old ways which have tragically failed so often and so utterly. They must be sought in the acceptance of the principle that the fabrication and the use of heavy armaments must never again be a function of national governments, large or small, but only of the United Nations, acting through the World Executive and the World Police Force. This principle must be at the core of the World Constitution, enforceable on individuals through judicial procedures, with anything to the contrary thereto in the laws or practices of the member states to be held invalid through judicial review. On this basis, and in all likelihood only on this basis, can the United Nations effectively forbid any state henceforth to take up arms against another. On this basis, and only on this basis, can international security and justice be achieved through the adjudication of legal disputes and the legislative settlement of political controversies, with all the armed might of an organized world, resolved upon the defense of freedom and order, turned against any individual or group seeking by self-help or violence to break the law and defy the common will. Beyond this goal, and as a result of its achievement, stretch limitless vistas for the enrichment of human experience and the further liberation of all peoples from fear and want and frustration. In this enterprise the World Government of the United Nations will have great and growing opportunities for creative service. But the first step, without which our only future may well be a return to the Dark Ages, is victory over the hosts of tyranny through the replacement of international anarchy by a World Constitution of freedom and peace.

Is the task too hard? Is our vision too warped, our imagination too fettered, our talent for agreement and construction too feeble to vanquish the obstacles and master the details attendant upon such a project as this? Perhaps so, if we choose so to believe out of inertia or despair. If so, we shall, beyond the slightest peradventure of a doubt, lose the war or the peace or both. The most dangerous defeatists among us are those who say these things cannot be done. The most vicious, because the most unwitting, enemy agents among us are those who say these things must not be done and that we must cling to our last black hour to the bloody rags and tatters of an age long dead and now in full decay.

These things can and must be done by leading the people of the United States and of the United Nations to tell their leaders that the time is now. This is the test of our worthiness to survive and of our fitness for freedom.

Let us take courage from the words of George Washington, who said of another liberating enterprise in human unification. "Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the respective subdivisions will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment."

Here is our best hope, and perhaps our last hope, to win the war by winning the peace through a Free World Order now. Here is our chance to build the temple of tomorrow on such foundations that no conference of diplomats need ever be held, no "long armistice" or transitional period to chaos need ever be risked, no entangling alliances need ever be made, no punitive and patched-up treaties need ever be debated by neo-isolationists and neo-internationalists. All our war aims will be reduced to one: to defend, to extend and through the years to perfect our program-in-action for the emancipation and self-fulfillment of the human family. Our allies and friends will be with us from the outset, inspired with new courage to crush the foe. Many neutrals will be eager to join, less they be left in limbo. The enemy peoples will be required to join, once they have laid down their arms, cast out their despots and cleansed their souls. The requirement will be for them a challenge, an invitation and an opportunity, at once our road to victory and their road to redemption. Here, beyond the valley of the shadow, is the new day. Those with eyes for the dawn, those who can turn the vision of men and women everywhere toward the promise it offers them, will ultimately win the gratitude of their fellows all over the flowering planet and the thanks of all posterity during the bright generations ahead. To fail in the duties of this task is to forfeit not only our honor and our lives but all the legacy of liberty that has been given us to cherish, to enrich and not to cast away. To succeed is to conquer the future and inherit the earth.

## ARCHITECT

### (*From* U. S. A.)

### *John Dos Passos* (*1936*)

A MUGGY DAY in late spring in eighteen eighty-seven a tall youngster of eighteen with fine eyes and a handsome arrogant way of carrying his head arrived in Chicago with seven dollars left in his pocket from buying his ticket from Madison with some cash he'd got by pawning Plutarch's *Lives*, a Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and an old furcollared coat.

Before leaving home to make himself a career in an architect's office (there was no architecture course at Wisconsin to clutter his mind with stale Beaux Arts drawings), the youngster had seen the dome of the new

State Capitol in Madison collapse on account of bad rubblework in the piers, some thieving contractors' skimping materials to save the politicians their rakeoff, and perhaps a trifling but deadly error in the architect's plans;

he never forgot the roar of burst masonry, the flying plaster, the soaring dustcloud, the mashed bodies of the dead and dying being carried out, set faces livid with plasterdust.

Walking round downtown Chicago, crossing and recrossing the bridges over the Chicago River in the jingle and clatter of traffic, the rattle of vans and loaded wagons and the stamping of big drayhorses and the hooting of towboats with barges and the rumbling whistle of lakesteamers waiting for the draw,

he thought of the great continent stretching a thousand miles east and south and north, three thousand miles west, and everywhere, at mineheads, on the shores of newlydredged harbors, along watercourses, at the intersections of railroads, sprouting

shacks roundhouses tipples grainelevators stores warehouses tenements, great houses for the wealthy set in broad treeshaded lawns, domed statehouses on hills, hotels churches operahouses auditoriums.

He walked with long eager steps

towards the untrammeled future opening in every direction for a young man who'd keep his hands to his work and his wits sharp to invent.

The same day he landed a job in an architect's office.

Frank Lloyd Wright was the grandson of a Welsh hatter and preacher who'd settled in a rich Wisconsin valley, Spring Valley, and raised a big family of farmers and preachers and schoolteachers there. Wright's father was a preacher too, a restless ill-adjusted Newenglander who studied medicine, preached in a Baptist church in Weymouth, Massachusetts, and then as a Unitarian in the middle west, taught music, read Sanskrit and finally walked out on his family.

Young Wright was born on his grandfather's farm, went to school in Weymouth and Madison, worked summers on a farm of his uncle's in Wisconsin.

His training in architecture was the reading of Viollet le Duc, the apostle of the thirteenth century and of the pure structural mathematics of gothic stonemasonry, and the seven years he worked with Louis Sullivan in the office of Adler and Sullivan in Chicago. (It was Louis Sullivan who, after Richardson, invented whatever was invented in nineteenth century architecture in America.)

When Frank Lloyd Wright left Sullivan he had already launched a distinctive style, prairie architecture. In Oak Park he built broad suburban dwellings for rich men that were the first buildings to break the hold on American builders' minds of centuries of pastward routine, of the wornout capital and plinth and pediment dragged through the centuries from the

Acropolis, and the jaded traditional stencils of Roman masonry, the half-obliterated Palladian copybooks.

Frank Lloyd Wright was cutting out a new avenue that led towards the swift constructions in glassbricks and steel

foreshadowed today.

Delightedly he reached out for the new materials, steel in tension, glass, concrete, the million new metals and alloys.

The son and grandson of preachers, he became a preacher in blueprints,

projecting constructions in the American future instead of the European past.

Inventor of plans,

plotter of tomorrow's girderwork phrases,

he preaches to the young men coming of age in the time of oppression, cooped up by the plasterboard partitions of finance routine, their lives and plans made poor by feudal levies of parasite money standing astride every process to shake down progress for the cutting of coupons·

*The properly citified citizen has become a broker, dealing chiefly in human frailties or the ideas and inventions of others, a puller of levers, a presser of buttons of vicarious power, his by way of machine craft . . . and over beside him and beneath him, even in his heart as he sleeps, is the taximeter of rent, in some form to goad this anxious consumer's unceasing struggle for or against more or less merciful or merciless money movement.*

To the young men who spend their days and nights drafting the plans for new *rented aggregates of rented cells upended on hard pavements,*

he preaches

the horizons of his boyhood,

a future that is not the rise of a few points in a hundred selected stocks, or an increase in carloadings, or a multiplication of credit in the bank or a rise in the rate on callmoney,

but a new clean construction, from the ground up, based on uses and needs,

towards the American future instead of towards the pain-smeared past of Europe and Asia. Usonia he calls the broad teeming land of this new nation across the enormous continent between Atlantic and Pacific. He preaches a project for Usonia:

*It is easy to realize how the complexity of crude utilitarian construction in the mechanical infancy of our growth, like the crude scaffolding for some noble building, did violence to the landscape. . . . The crude purpose of pioneering days has been accomplished. The scaffolding may be taken down and the true work, the culture of a civilization, may appear.*

Like the life of many a preacher, prophet, exhorter, Frank Lloyd Wright's life has been stormy. He has raised children, had rows with wives,

overstepped boundaries, got into difficulties with the law, divorcecourts, bankruptcy, always the yellow press yapping at his heels, his misfortunes yelled out in headlines in the evening papers: affairs with women, the nightmare horror of the burning of his house in Wisconsin.

By a curious irony

the building that is most completely his is the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo that was one of the few structures to come unharmed through the earthquake of 1923 (the day the cable came telling him that the building had stood saving so many hundreds of lives he writes was one of his happiest days)

and it was reading in German that most Americans first learned of his work.

His life has been full of arrogant projects unaccomplished. (How often does the preacher hear his voice echo back hollow from the empty hall, the draftsman watch the dust fuzz over the carefully contrived plans, the architect see the rolledup blueprints curl yellowing and brittle in the filing-cabinet.)

Twice he's rebuilt the house where he works in his grandfather's valley in Wisconsin after fires and disasters that would have smashed most men forever.

He works in Wisconsin,

an erect spare whitehaired man, his sons are architects, apprentices from all over the world come to work with him,

drafting the new city (he calls it Broadacre City).

Near and Far are beaten (to imagine the new city you must blot out every ingrained habit of the past, build a nation from the ground up with the new tools). For the architect there are only uses:

the incredible multiplication of functions, strength and tension in metal,

the dynamo, the electric coil, radio, the photo-electric cell, the internal combustion motor,

glass

concrete;

and needs. (Tell us, doctors of philosophy, what are the needs of a man. At least a man needs to be notjailed, notafraid, nothungry, notcold, not without love, not a worker for a power he has never seen

that cares nothing for the uses and needs of a man or a woman or a child.)

Building a building is building the lives of the workers and dwellers in the building.

The buildings determine civilization as the cells in the honeycomb the functions of bees.

Perhaps in spite of himself the arrogant draftsman, the dilettante in concrete, the bohemian artist for wealthy ladies desiring to pay for prominence with the startling elaboration of their homes has been forced by the logic of

uses and needs, by the lifelong struggle against the dragging undertow of money in mortmain,

to draft plans that demand for their fulfillment a new life;

only in freedom can we build the Usonian city. His plans are coming to life. His blueprints, as once Walt Whitman's words, stir the young men: –

Frank Lloyd Wright,
patriarch of the new building,
not without honor except in his own country.

## THE CITY OF THE FUTURE

(*From* The First to Awaken)

*Granville Hicks* (*1940*)

THERE WERE no automobiles on the streets. People sauntered across at any point that suited them. Dogs ran here and there, unthreatened except by boys and girls and occasional adults on bicycles.

"No cars," I said to David, "no delivery trucks, no taxis?"

"Nowhere on the island," he replied, "except for the circumferential highways."

We slanted across the roadway and followed the gravel walk under the trees in the center strip. I gathered we were about where Third Avenue had been. The hospital occupied a block, and beyond that was the parkway along the river.

"But these streets," I protested; "they must have been built to take care of thousands of cars."

I watched the people we met. The majority were dressed as we were, but there were women in dresses of various lengths and designs, and once I saw a bearded old gentleman in a flowing cape.

"You're quite right," David answered. "The city was rebuilt in the last quarter of the last century—what we sometimes call the Technological Era. At that time every family in the city either had a car or was bound to get one. Many had two or three. So the engineers got busy. But in spite of all the broad streets and the new bridges and the vehicular tunnels and subterranean parking places and all the rest of it, traffic congestion got worse and worse."

We stood aside as a band of boys in bright colored shirts and shorts, their faces and knees red from the March wind, came trotting evenly along the gravel.

"This, you understand, was before the organization of the self-sufficient block had been perfected. Well, I'll explain about that later. At first cars

were banned by law in certain districts. There were many complaints, but children were safer and most people were happier. In the other districts people stopped using cars because they were such a nuisance. Then, when the blocks got to functioning and the belt-line system, they realized they didn't need to go dashing all over the city. By that time it would probably have been all right for those who wanted to use cars to go ahead and use them, but what was the good of it? No matter what was done, lives were endangered, and some times streets were blocked. So a referendum was passed by a big vote."

"It's all right with me, though I can't help looking both ways before I cross a street. What about the delivery of goods? What about trucks?"

"I'll show you the answer to that one. Maybe tonight."

We walked along slowly, for I was trying to see all the buildings and all the people at the same time. The buildings bothered me. "David," I said suddenly, "there aren't any stores."

"Oh, yes, there are. You'll see them. I thought we might eat at the Research Center restaurant. It's only a couple of blocks from here."

I realized that one block was now about three of the old north-and-south blocks. I guessed that we were somewhere near Forty-second Street. "Do you recognize that?" David asked, pointing to a tower.

"No," I said positively. Then I reconsidered: "It isn't the Chrysler Building?"

"It is. That's a funny thing. Engineers in your time were worried about the staying power of the steel they used. As a matter of fact, the steel girders in most of the big skyscrapers of the early twentieth century are as good as they ever were. Of course we've stripped off all the stonework they had to support, and used glass and the new translucent materials, and we've got rid of Mr. Chrysler's fancy spire. But there's the essential building, still on the job. It's been incorporated in a planned block, but it's there. So's the Empire State, most of Rockefeller Center, and a good many other buildings."

Because most of the buildings fell back, story after story, from the street, and because the streets themselves were so wide, I had none of the sense of being at the bottom of a canyon that used to trouble me in New York. Everywhere there were broad terraces, some of them bright with unseasonable flowers. Children played in the sunlight high above our heads. "What are all these places?" I asked.

"Apartments."

I sighed. "This used to be a working-class district. Where are all the workers now?"

David smiled his sober smile, with just that touch of triumph that I liked. He swept his arm to include the people on the street and those in the houses. "They're all workers."

There was nothing for me to do but sigh again. Then I thought of another problem. "I haven't any money."

David turned, a little startled. What I fully expected him to say was, "You don't need any." Instead he snapped his fingers in irritation. "I ought to have thought of that. You wait a minute."

As we crossed the street, he said, "This is the Research Center." I stared up at the great tower, then looked left and right at the expanse of glass. I could see into laboratories, offices, schoolrooms. We walked through the building into a court. Now I realized what David had meant about stores, for here they were. The court was almost as big as an ordinary city block, and there were lawns, just beginning to show a touch of green, low trees, and various little buildings. And on two sides of the court were shop windows.

David walked into an office, and we sat down at a table in a comfortable booth. Picking up the phone, he called Braxton and Manchester. Both calls had something to do with me and a card, but I could gather little more than that, and I understood for the first time what an extraordinary effort David must have been making to use a vocabulary I could understand. When he hung up the instrument, I said, "Where's the television?"

"What?"

"Everybody was convinced in my day that before long it would be possible to see the person you were talking to."

"I imagine it is possible, but why should one want to?"

There was a small case at the end of the table. David opened it and looked inside. A few minutes later he opened it again and pulled out a card. "There," he said, "that's better than being able to see Redtape Rogers."

The card read: "George Swain is a member of the Braxton Cooperative, Northeast District. Robert E. Rogers, Secretary. George Swain is a student without affiliation of the Northeast District. Elizabeth Marinetti, chairman education committee, Northeast District."

"It's useful to be able to send documents by wire," David pointed out, "more useful than being able to look at somebody's face. It isn't ordinarily so simple, though, to get a card. Even in your case it took a little arguing."

"But what's this for?"

"Blueprints, a set of figures, drawings, photographs, anything of that sort."

"I mean, what's the card for?"

"You could get along without it, but it means food and clothing and a place to sleep. And a D-rating income. We'll go and collect tomorrow, and then you'll have a little change in your pocket."

"What's a D rating?"

"What do you say we get some food? I'll explain all about it then."

As we crossed the court, I noticed the children. There were a dozen or so playing around, little kids of five or less, good, healthy looking young-

sters. David, following my glance, said, "It's still no place for children, but they're not so badly handicapped now."

From outside, the restaurant looked immense, and David said it could seat two thousand people. But once inside, I found it so broken up into alcoves and recesses, so skillfully built on various levels, that I didn't think of it as big. We found a table in a corner, with only a few other tables round us, and I forgot about all the other people. Somewhere out of sight an orchestra was playing softly—an orchestra, according to David, made up of members of the cooperative—and that and the voices of the people near us were the only sounds.

As I studied the menu, looking for items I could recognize, I wondered where the waiters were. "Direct table service," David explained. Asking me what I wanted, he wrote out orders on a kind of teletype, and then said, "I think you're due for a lecture."

It was a good lecture, too. The substance of it was this: "As you have already seen, we get medical attention free, transportation free, telephone- and also telegraph and postal-service free. We also get housing free, food free, and clothing free. These are services provided the useful citizen by the community. All this is a logical extension of practices in your day. It was an easy step from uniform postal rates to free postage, from the general distribution of water to the general distribution of light.

"This didn't happen all at once. It began with the nationalization of the basic industries, which you will read about in the history books. It also began with the development of large-scale cooperative enterprises. But for a long time the various services, though they were provided by the government or by the cooperatives, were paid for by the individual. Gradually, however, one service after another fell into the category of social supply. So today some seventy or eighty percent of a man's wants are taken care of without any money transaction."

"But isn't this wasteful?" I interrupted to say. "Don't people use more food, for instance, if they don't have to pay according to what they use?"

"Why, yes, it's somewhat wasteful. But look at the way it works out. I dare say that when you were growing up your family was careful to put out every light that wasn't actually in use. Isn't that so? Well, in later years people stopped watching the lights so carefully. That was chiefly because, even under capitalism, electricity had become so much cheaper that one light more or less didn't make a great deal of difference. Now it's true that, if electricity is supplied free, people aren't going to run around turning off lights, but it's also true that the cost is not excessive. And the waste is actually much less than the cost of bookkeeping that's involved in measuring each individual's consumption and charging him for it.

"The matter of food, of course, is not quite so simple, for people can spoil food, and sometimes do. I could refuse to eat this lunch I've ordered, and insist on having another. That sort of thing happens now and again, but

not often enough to count. And when weighed against the efficiency of the whole system, it doesn't really matter."

I began to see another point. These were people who had never had to go without, and were perfectly confident that there would always be enough for them and for everybody else. Two or three generations of plenty had evidently wiped out much of the desire to grab. There was no reason for grabbing when you knew that tomorrow's wants would be taken care of.

"I take it everything isn't free," I said. "How do you decide what is to be a service and what isn't?"

"Roughly speaking, whenever a demand is widespread and is statistically predictable, the meeting of it becomes a service. That takes care—"

He stopped and opened a cover in the center of the table. There were his fruit juice and my soup. "That takes care," he continued, "of seventy or eighty percent of the economy. That is to say, seventy or eighty percent of our energy goes into these basic necessities."

"Luxuries, I would say." The soup was excellent. "Could you pause just a moment to tell me a little bit about this restaurant?"

He did, after producing our meat and vegetables, well cooked and steaming hot. "It's just a system of carrier belts and dumb waiters," he said, "with these vacuum containers. Some restaurants still have waiters, and there are a few cafeterias, which I dislike because they make conversation almost impossible. You'll find a good deal of variety here in New York, but I must say this system seems as efficient as any."

I overheard a few words of vigorous discussion from a table near us. A young woman of twenty-two or twenty-three, who wore the conventional blouse but with a flaring crimson skirt, was arguing with two older men. "Geologists, I judge," David explained.

"Are all these people students?"

"They're research workers. This is headquarters for the North American branches of most of the international research councils in the physical sciences."

"You mean this whole block?"

"Yes. The first eight floors are occupied by laboratories and offices, the rest by apartments." He went on to explain what I had begun to gather, that each block constituted a cooperative unit of from fifteen to twenty or thirty thousand people. They worked there, lived there, ate there, played there, sent their children to school there—found, in short, a complete community life.

"But why so many researchers?"

"We need an awful lot of them, George. We've done the thing you were starting to do, and we've done it thoroughly. But the more you save manual labor, the more you depend on science. A restaurant the size of this would once have required hundreds and hundreds of workers, whereas today it

uses only a few score. But I suppose it employs dozens of experts of one kind or another. And back of those experts stand a host of research workers. Research is the very foundation of our society."

"Now what about this rating business?"

He explained that anyone who did useful work was a useful citizen and entitled to belong to a cooperative, which looked out for his fundamental needs. Over and above that he was given a certain income, and what it was depended on his rating. The most dangerous and arduous and unattractive types of work had an A rating—for example, mining, though I gathered that it had become much less perilous, and large-scale construction. Most factory work, transportation, and the more monotonous types of service had a B rating. Work that could be supposed to bring its own satisfactions—teaching, medicine, managing, planning, and the like—had a C rating. The D category included not only students but also other kinds of privileged individuals.

"Does it sound completely topsy-turvy?"

"No, it makes good sense. I have always thought I would have to be paid more to be ditch-digger than to be a bank-teller."

"That's just the point. Everyone receives a pretty good education, and there's almost no one who couldn't fill what you used to call a white-collar job. Of course, there are people who crave a certain amount of physical exertion, and there are others who would naturally avoid any work that involved thought and initiative. But there aren't enough to take care of the hard jobs. So the community holds out special rewards in the form of a higher income, and thus we manage to keep a balance."

"Don't the experts look down on the workers?"

"Not very noticeably, especially in a place like Braxton where they all mix together. It's true that the expert has a good deal of honor, which he deserves. But the lines aren't sharply drawn, and probably they will become less so as time goes on. The man who runs a machine has to know almost as much as the one who designs it. You'll see how it works out."

I had kept David talking so constantly that he had only eaten half his dinner when my plate was empty. He devoted himself to his food, and I looked about. So far, the system had been easier to understand than I had feared. So many of the problems of my day had been solved. People were well cared for, which was more than you could say for the majority of my contemporaries, and they had jobs they liked and were sure of. In about five hours—and I could not believe it was so short a time—I had learned enough to feel that Dr. Carr was right. Mankind had at last been forced to put intelligence to work.

A light glowed, and David, raising the cover again, handed me my ice cream and coffee. Then he paused, with an expression of dismay, half-humorous and half-serious, on his face. "Good Lord," he exclaimed, "if this is Vermont Delight, I'm one of the Green Mountains." He drew out

some sort of sirupy concoction, stared at it, thrust it back into the container, and scribbled on the teletype. Almost immediately there came back. "I was born in Vermont, and I know. If you don't like it, try something else."

With a kind of boyish indignation, David seized the menu, looked it over, and began writing a message of several sentences. Before he had finished, the mechanical pencil was racing over the pad. "I'll make it just the way you say, but don't blame me if you have a belly-ache."

Calmly David turned to me, proceeding in his best pedagogical manner. "As I was saying, since the community controls production—"

"In other words," I interrupted, "socialism."

"Sure," he said impatiently. "Since the community controls production, it distributes goods in whatever is discovered to be the most efficient way. For most kinds of goods, this means the complete elimination of the market. But this is efficient only because the unit of control is small enough to respond to consumer demand. The development of the cooperative and systematic decentralization were essential."

He reached into the service box, bringing forth a pastry soaked in maple sirup. He looked at it reflectively for a moment, and then doggedly ate it.

"What do we do now?" I inquired.

"I thought we might rest a little."

At the moment nothing could seem more preposterous. I didn't feel tired, and there was so much I wanted to see and learn. "Listen," I said. "I've been sleeping for the last hundred years."

Warm water sprayed through the service box, and we rinsed our hands. David looked at me earnestly. "You'd better go slow, George. I suppose no one has had an experience quite like what you've been through in the last few hours since the first Indians were taken to Europe. You can't learn everything at once, and you've got plenty of time. Take a little rest now, and you'll have a much better time this evening. Besides, I wouldn't mind a nap myself."

"So I've worn you out. I don't wonder."

He filled and lighted his pipe. "I do feel it a little, and that's why I'm sure you are more tired than you realize. But I often take a nap after lunch. I think we all ought to sleep more—or at any rate more often—than we do."

We rose, but he went back and scribbled, "Many thanks, it was delicious." Before we could get away, there was a reply: "I admire a man who sticks to his guns. Don't give me away to the doctor."

As we went out, I said, "Do most women work?"

"Practically speaking, all women."

"What about kids?"

"There are nurseries and schools."

"But isn't there any family life?"

"Why not? The working day is four hours. No child is going to suffer much if he's separated from his mother for four hours."

I wondered what happened if a man and woman were in different lines of work, but David pointed out that, in an ordinary community, there would be places for both of them. In New York, it was true, they might work in opposite ends of the city, for the blocks were specialized. "New York," he said emphatically, "is an outrage."

I had thought there was a critical tone in David's voice whenever he spoke of the city, but I was not prepared for so dogmatic an outburst, nor could I understand it. New York seemed to me a marvelous achievement, and I said so. "You'll see," David replied with conviction.

"We could just as well sleep here," he commented as we entered a kiosk in the court, "but you'll be interested in the Clothing Center."

As we took a chair car going west, I asked him if there were no regular subways. "Five high-speed lines running north and south. Another product of the Technocratic Era, but still necessary. You can't put even two million people in so small a space without making transportation problems. The chair cars do well enough for east and west traffic, and for shorter trips up and down the island, but for long distances you need speed."

He showed me how to manipulate the levers, so as to get either music or news. It was soothing to lean back and listen to a string quartet.

"I do like New York," I insisted, perhaps rather pathetically.

"I know. It is impressive. It is the kind of city some of your prophets dreamed of, and the engineers surpassed their dream. But the whole urban tendency was wrong. You'll understand that later. New York is just a hangover."

We emerged in another great court, and immediately I caught the smell of flowers. They were blooming in all the gardens. Young children played about in shorts or in nothing at all. There were bathers in the swimming pool and along its edge. Everyone wore gay clothing.

David looked up and so did I, into a blue, wind-swept March sky. "Even if you can't see it," he said, "there's a roof made of glass—or what you might as well call glass. This is an enclosed block. There are only eight or ten of them now, but probably all the blocks will be enclosed if the city lasts long enough."

"Let's sit in the sun a while."

David found us comfortable chairs and took off his jacket. It folded into a small package, which he put in his pocket. "If I wanted to startle you," he said, "I'd throw this into a waste basket."

As I followed his example, I replied, "I doubt if I can be startled any more. What is this stuff anyway?" I stroked the smooth surface.

"Plastic material. The garments are molded out of it. One machine can produce hundreds of suits in an hour. It insulates you, and that's why you can be comfortable in the colder weather if all air spaces are closed."

I sank back in comfort. A group of children came shouting out of one of the doors and ran to the pool. There was a constant rat-a-tat-tat from one corner, where there were fifty or sixty ping-pong tables. I could look into what appeared to be a great department store, and above it was a broad expanse filled with machines. At my right a circular tower rose high above the roof.

Noticing that I seemed to want something, David asked what I would like and I told him I wished I had my sketching pad. Immediately he went to the store, returning with pad and pencils, and I did my first drawing of the new world.

"Go ahead and talk," I said to David.

He looked about him. "You may have realized that, at this time of year, the sun would seldom shine into this court. So—"

"It's all done with mirrors."

He looked surprised. "Right!"

I leaned back to get a good look at the upper stories. "Now about this clothing?"

"I wasn't joking when I spoke about throwing the jacket into a waste basket. That is what will sooner or later happen to it. When a suit is soiled or the wearer is tired of it, the material is reduced to its plastic state, and new garments are made of it."

"Does everyone wear suits like this?"

"You've seen how it goes. Plastic clothes are supplied by your cooperative, and you wear them for most purposes. But women ordinarily have several dresses, and men may have two or three suits. Those are for the special occasions."

"Do you have to pay for the special clothes?"

"Yes, and they're usually designed to fit the individual taste."

I studied my drawing with displeasure, made a few changes, and then lay idle. After a few minutes I yawned.

"You're about ready for that nap now," David said. "Come on."

While we were on our way to the office, I noticed, above the entrance to an auditorium, "Dewey Memorial Hall," and I said to David, "Not Thomas Dewey, I trust."

"Thomas Dewey?"

"A politician who wanted to be President?"

"Of course. No, not Thomas Dewey nor Admiral Dewey."

"John Dewey, then?"

"No, though he is the only one of the three who is still remembered. Several of his books have been translated into English and are read with interest. But this was a later Dewey, a great labor leader of the fifties."

He secured rooms for us, and we took the elevator. Every cooperative, he told me, had guest rooms. I wanted to know what happened if all the rooms were full. "Then you try another cooperative. You'll get taken care of somewhere. It works all right in practice."

I was stunned by the look of the room. It was pie-shaped, opening out from the doorway to the window that stretched from floor to ceiling, and it seemed as if I could walk right into space. We were high up in the tower, and I looked breathlessly over the city. Whatever David might say, there was nobility, a greatness of human achievement, in this New York.

He took me out on the terrace, and there, in the biting March air, were plants in bloom. I looked closely at one—it probably had a geranium for ancestor—and David showed me how artificial heat was provided. "A gadget," he commented.

As we returned to the room, he said, "You've taken it very well."

"Why shouldn't I? There were people in my day who had no fault to find with things as they were. I wasn't one of them. And they weren't very numerous. A lot of things were obviously bad—depressions, war, unemployment, bad housing, bad health, all the rest of it. And most people were beginning to realize that those things didn't need to be. Even in a snug little town like Braxton lots of us had the feeling that we ought to be making a better life for ourselves. I feel as if I'd been terribly shaken up. I guess I'd become pretty set in my ways, and I don't know how I'll fit into your kind of life. There may be lots of things about it I won't like. But I'm not a fool. I can see that in the big things, the things that hit you in the eye, you've got it all over us."

Embarrassed at having made a speech, I added, "What I don't see is how I'm going to sleep in a room that's as bright as all outdoors and has no shades."

David stepped over by the window and pressed a button. Instantly the room was pitchblack. "Three-way glass," he explained. He pressed another button, and the room was filled with soft artificial light.

"Do you want pajamas?" I nodded. "You'll get used to sleeping without them, but you can have them." He glanced at some papers he had been given at the hospital. "And probably you'd like to brush your teeth. And what about a book to read?" He went to the telephone and gave his order.

Turning back to me, he said, "The room is soundproof, lightproof, and what you would call air-conditioned."

"Tell me," I said; "so often you seem to know what I'm thinking. What do you people know about telepathy?"

"No more than you did."

"But you do seem to know what I'm thinking."

"If you won't be offended, I'll simply say that that's my job. When I undertook this study, I prepared myself for it. I learned everything I could about you and your times. And I've been with you constantly since you woke up—from the very beginning, for Dr. Rosenthal and I could see everything you did and hear everything you said while you were in the examination room this morning. If I didn't know something of the way your mind works, I'd be pretty stupid."

He opened a compartment in the wall and took out a package. "But

don't think that I'm the scientist and you're the bug under the microscope. That isn't the way it is at all. I can be your friend, as nobody else in the world can at this moment, just because I do know something about you. And when you know more about me, as you will, I hope you'll be my friend."

He opened the bundle. The pajamas consisted of shorts and a loose shirt—summer material, David called it, giving access to sun and air instead of insulating the body. The toothbrush and dentifrice had apparently been prescribed by the dentist who examined me that morning. The "book" proved to be a roll of film.

David showed me how to use the reading machine. "Don't be alarmed by the book, by the way." He prepared to go. "You sleep just as long as you want to. If you wake up first, come in next door and speak to me. Otherwise I'll call you in a little while. Is everything all right?" He stood in the doorway a moment, reflective and solicitous at the same time.

"I'll be O.K.," I said, and he closed the door.

I undressed, and then found the button that controlled the window. I could look far out into the harbor, for, as I suddenly realized, there was not a sign of smoke in the city, and the air was as clear as that of the Braxton hills. There were boats in the harbor and on the North River, tremendous freighters and smaller craft—and no smoke there, either. On the Jersey shore was another great parkway, and behind it huge structures like those on the island, but not far beyond was open country dotted with tiny houses.

Looking southward, I gazed across the terraced blocks to the tip of Manhattan, where the towers of the Regional Planning Center rose in a gigantic circle. Down the very center of the island was a broad park, with lakes and playing fields. Among the towers that soared near at hand I identified the old Empire State. A large airplane, one of the kind that carried passengers in the wings, flew up from the south and passed directly overhead. I could not hear a sound, and I was puzzled until I remembered that David had told me the room was soundproof.

I looked for a long time, and then, still restless, got up and wandered about the room, exploring its amazing panels. At last I fixed the head of the bed as David had shown me, darkened the room, and turned on the reading machine. I lay back in comfort as the title page appeared on the screen: "*Night Over Manhattan*, an historical romance by Philip Stein." Then: "Dedicated to Our Visitors from the Twentieth Century."

"It was the spring of 1929," the novel began. "Mildred was not a beautiful girl, but she was the liveliest of the jitterbugs, and there was never a time when she lacked for boy friends. Underneath the gay lights of the Sweeney Club, New York's most exclusive speakeasy, the Paradise twins, Delbert and Juniper, sat on either side of her, vying with each other in paying for the Martini cocktails she was delicately sipping through a straw.

They were the sons of the city's most aristocratic bootlegger, leaders of the smart social set and members of the Skull and Crossbones Club of Yale."

Fascinated, I read on. It appeared that Juniper had made a hundred grand —Mr. Stein had evidently ransacked the dictionaries of slang—on the stock exchange. Mildred, who became steadily more glamorous and more intoxicated as the chapter proceeded, insisted on dancing a polka with him, and addressed to him staccato sentences in the Hemingway manner. Delbert finally became jealous and flung his way out of the club, knocking down two judges and a police commissioner in his flight.

He took a taxi, and there was a lively description of a traffic jam in Times Square, with Delbert and the taxi driver abusing each other in the language of Jeeter Lester. At last, however, he reached his destination—the home of the Queen of the White Slaves. (Which seemed to be located squarely on the site of Grant's Tomb.) After a great deal of rigamarole, he was admitted to the regal presence.

"In the meantime," according to the second chapter, "three men were sitting in a coffee shop not many blocks from the Sweeney Club. It was dark and dingy, and the proprietor, who had been gassed in the last war, coughed incessantly. The radio ground out a popular nursery song, 'Yes, We Have No Bananas,' but the three men, hunched close together, paid no attention to it. From time to time they called for more needled beer."

It was exciting in a way, and, in the description of the depression and the organization of Brass Brigade, not too bad. But it was so utterly wrong, not only in hundreds of details but in its whole mood, that I alternately chuckled and snorted. Then I began to wonder: was it any more inaccurate than the historical novels written in my day? Would a Southerner of the eighteen-sixties and seventies have found *Gone With the Wind* any less absurd?

I dropped the cable control, and the light went out. "Good lord," I said aloud. I lowered the back rest. The bed was perfect. Shall I count jitterbugs, I asked myself, or gymbal planes, or coordinated cooperatives? I did not need to do much counting.

## A STATE CONDITIONING CENTRE

(*From* Brave New World)

*Aldous Huxley* (*1932*)

MR. FOSTER was left in the Decanting Room. The D. H. C. and his students stepped into the nearest lift and were carried up to the fifth floor.

INFANT NURSERIES. NEO-PAVLOVIAN CONDITIONING ROOMS, announced the notice board.

The Director opened a door. They were in a large bare room, very bright and sunny; for the whole of the southern wall was a single window. Half a dozen nurses, trousered and packeted in the regulation white viscose-linen uniform, their hair aseptically hidden under white caps, were engaged in setting out bowls of roses in a long row across the floor. Big bowls, packed tight with blossoms. Thousands of petals, ripe-blown and silkily smooth, like the cheeks of innumerable little cherubs, but of cherubs, in that bright light, not exclusively pink and Aryan, but also luminously Chinese, also Mexican, also apoplectic with too much blowing of celestial trumpets, also pale as death, pale with the posthumous whiteness of marble.

The nurses stiffened to attention as the D. H. C. came in.

"Set out the books," he said curtly.

In silence the nurses obeyed his command. Between the rose bowls the books were duly set out—a row of nursery quartos opened invitingly each at some gaily coloured image of beast or fish or bird.

"Now bring in the children."

They hurried out of the room and returned in a minute or two, each pushing a kind of tall dumb-waiter laden, on all its four wire-netted shelves, with eight-month-old babies, all exactly alike (a Bokanovsky Group, it was evident) and all (since their caste was Delta) dressed in khaki.

"Put them down on the floor."

The infants were unloaded.

"Now turn them so that they can see the flowers and books."

Turned, the babies at once fell silent, then began to crawl towards those clusters of sleek colours, those shapes so gay and brilliant on the white pages. As they approached, the sun came out of a momentary eclipse behind a cloud. The roses flamed up as though with a sudden passion from within; a new and profound significance seemed to suffuse the shining pages of the books. From the ranks of the crawling babies came little squeals of excitement, gurgles and twitterings of pleasure.

The Director rubbed his hands. "Excellent!" he said. "It might almost have been done on purpose."

The swiftest crawlers were already at their goal. Small hands reached out uncertainly, touched, grasped, unpetaling the transfigured roses, crumpling the illuminated pages of the books. The Director waited until all were happily busy. Then, "Watch carefully," he said. And, lifting his hand, he gave the signal.

The Head Nurse, who was standing by a switchboard at the other end of the room, pressed down a little lever.

There was a violent explosion Shriller and ever shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded.

The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror.

"And now," the Director shouted (for the noise was deafening), "now we proceed to rub in the lesson with a mild electric shock."

He waved his hand again, and the Head Nurse pressed a second lever. The screaming of the babies suddenly changed its tone. There was something desperate, almost insane, about the sharp spasmodic yelps to which they now gave utterance. Their little bodies twitched and stiffened; their limbs moved jerkily as if to the tug of unseen wires.

"We can electrify that whole strip of floor," bawled the Director in explanation. "But that's enough," he signalled to the nurse.

The explosions ceased, the bells stopped ringing, the shriek of the siren died down from tone to tone into silence. The stiffly twitching bodies relaxed, and what had become the sob and yelp of infant maniacs broadened out once more into a normal howl of ordinary terror.

"Offer them the flowers and the books again."

The nurses obeyed, but at the approach of the roses, at the mere sight of those gaily-coloured images of pussy and cock-a-doodle-doo and baa-baa black sheep, the infants shrank away in horror; the volume of their howling suddenly increased.

"Observe," said the Director triumphantly, "observe."

Books and loud noises, flowers and electric shocks—already in the infant mind these couples were compromisingly linked; and after two hundred repetitions of the same or a similar lesson would be wedded indissolubly. What man has joined, nature is powerless to put asunder.

"They'll grow up with what the psychologists used to call an 'instinctive' hatred of books and flowers. Reflexes unalterably conditioned. They'll be safe from books and botany all their lives." The Director turned to his nurses. "Take them away again."

Still yelling, the khaki babies were loaded on to their dumbwaiters and wheeled out, leaving behind them the smell of sour milk and a most welcome silence.

One of the students held up his hand; and though he could see quite well why you couldn't have lower-caste people wasting the Community's time over books, and that there was always the risk of their reading something which might undesirably decondition one of their reflexes, yet . . . well, he couldn't understand about the flowers. Why go to the trouble of making it psychologically impossible for Deltas to like flowers?

Patiently the D. H. C. explained. If the children were made to scream at the sight of a rose, that was on grounds of high economic policy. Not so very long ago (a century or thereabouts), Gammas, Deltas, even Epsilons, had been conditioned to like flowers—flowers in particular and wild nature in general. The idea was to make them want to be going out into the country at every available opportunity, and so compel them to consume transport.

"And didn't they consume transport?" asked the student.

"Quite a lot," the D. H. C. replied. "But nothing else."

Primroses and landscapes, he pointed out, have one grave defect: they are gratuitous. A love of nature keeps no factories busy. It was decided to

abolish the love of nature, at any rate among the lower classes; to abolish the love of nature, but *not* the tendency to consume transport. For of course it was essential that they should keep on going to the country, even though they hated it. The problem was to find an economically sounder reason for consuming transport than a mere affection for primroses and landscapes. It was duly found.

"We condition the masses to hate the country," concluded the Director. "But simultaneously we condition them to love all country sports. At the same time, we see to it that all country sports shall entail the use of elaborate apparatus. So that they consume manufactured articles as well as transport. Hence those electric shocks."

"I see," said the student, and was silent, lost in admiration.

There was a silence, then, clearing his throat, "Once upon a time," the Director began, "while our Ford was still on earth, there was a little boy called Reuben Rabinovitch. Reuben was the child of Polish-speaking parents." The Director interrupted himself. "You know what Polish is, I suppose?"

"A dead language."

"Like French and German," added another student, officiously showing off his learning.

"And 'parent'?" questioned the D. H. C.

There was an uneasy silence. Several of the boys blushed. They had not yet learned to draw the significant but often very fine distinction between smut and pure science. One, at last, had the courage to raise a hand.

"Human beings used to be . . ." he hesitated, the blood rushed to his cheeks. "Well, they used to be viviparous."

"Quite right." The Director nodded approvingly.

"And when the babies were decanted . . ."

"'Born,'" came the correction.

"Well, then they were the parents—I mean, not the babies, of course; the other ones." The poor boy was overwhelmed with confusion.

"In brief," the Director summed up, "the parents were the father and the mother." The smut that was really science fell with a crash into the boys' eye-avoiding silence. "Mother," he repeated loudly rubbing in the science; and, leaning back in his chair, "These," he said gravely, "are unpleasant facts; I know it. But then most historical facts *are* unpleasant."

He returned to Little Reuben—to Little Reuben, in whose room, one evening, by an oversight, his father and mother (crash, crash!) happened to leave the radio turned on.

("For you must remember that in those days of gross viviparous reproduction, children were always brought up by their parents and not in State Conditioning Centres.")

While the child was asleep, a broadcast programme from London suddenly started to come through, and the next morning, to the astonishment

of his crash and crash (the more daring of the boys ventured to grin at one another), Little Reuben woke up repeating word for word a long lecture by that curious old writer ("one of the very few whose works have been permitted to come down to us"), George Bernard Shaw, who was speaking, according to a well-authenticated tradition, about his own genius. To Little Reuben's wink and snigger, this lecture was, of course, perfectly incomprehensible and, imagining that their child had suddenly gone mad, they sent for a doctor. He, fortunately, understood English, recognized the discourse as that which Shaw had broadcasted the previous evening, realized the significance of what had happened, and sent a letter to the medical press about it.

"The principle of sleep-teaching, or hypnopaedia, had been discovered." The D. H. C. made an impressive pause.

The principle had been discovered, but many, many years were to elapse before that principle was usefully applied.

"The case of Little Reuben occurred only twenty-three years after Our Ford's first T-Model was put on the market." (Here the Director made a sign of the T on his stomach and all the students reverently followed suit.) "And yet . . ."

Furiously the students scribbled. "*Hypnopaedia, first used officially in A. F. 214. Why not before? Two reasons. (a)* . . ."

"These early experimenters," the D. H. C. was saying, "were on the wrong track. They thought that hypnopaedia could be made an instrument of intellectual education . . ."

(A small boy asleep on his right side, the right arm stuck out, the right hand hanging limp over the edge of the bed. Through a round grating in the side of a box a voice speaks softly.)

"The Nile is the longest river in Africa and the second in length of all the rivers of the globe. Although falling short of the length of the Mississippi-Missouri, the Nile is at the head of all the rivers as regards the length of its basin, which extends through 35 degrees of latitude . . ."

At breakfast the next morning, "Tommy," some one says, "do you know which is the longest river in Africa?" A shaking of the head. "But don't you remember something that begins: The Nile is the . . ."

"The - Nile - is - the - longest - river - in - Africa - and - the - second - in - length - of - all - the - rivers - of - the - globe . . ." The words come rushing out. "Although - falling - short - of . . ."

"Well now, which is the longest river in Africa?"

The eyes are blank. "I don't know."

"But the Nile, Tommy."

"The - Nile - is - the - longest - river - in - Africa - and - the - second . . ."

"Then which river is the longest, Tommy?"

Tommy bursts into tears. "I don't know," he howls.

That howl, the Director made it plain, discouraged the earliest investigators. The experiments were abandoned. No further attempt was made to

teach children the length of the Nile in their sleep. Quite rightly. You can't learn a science unless you know what it's all about.

"Whereas, if they'd only started on *moral* education," said the Director, leading the way towards the door. The students followed him, desperately scribbling as they walked and all the way up in the lift. "Moral education, which ought never, in any circumstances, to be rational."

"Silence, silence," whispered a loud speaker as they stepped out at the fourteenth floor, and "Silence, silence," the trumpet mouths indefatigably repeated at intervals down every corridor. The students and even the Director himself rose automatically to the tips of their toes. They were Alphas, of course; but even Alphas have been well conditioned. "Silence, silence." All the air of the fourteenth floor was sibilant with the categorical imperative.

Fifty yards of tiptoeing brought them to a door which the Director cautiously opened. They stepped over the threshold into the twilight of a shuttered dormitory. Eighty cots stood in a row against the wall. There was a sound of light regular breathing and a continuous murmur, as of very faint voices remotely whispering.

A nurse rose as they entered and came to attention before the Director.

"What's the lesson this afternoon?" he asked.

"We had Elementary Sex for the first forty minutes," she answered. "But now it's switched over to Elementary Class Consciousness."

The Director walked slowly down the long line of cots. Rosy and relaxed with sleep, eighty little boys and girls lay softly breathing. There was a whisper under every pillow. The D. H. C. halted and, bending over one of the little beds, listened attentively.

"Elementary Class Consciousness, did you say? Let's have it repeated a little louder by the trumpet."

At the end of the room a loud speaker projected from the wall. The Director walked up to it and pressed a switch.

". . . all wear green," said a soft but very distinct voice, beginning in a middle of a sentence, "and Delta Children wear khaki. Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able to read or write. Besides they wear black, which is such a beastly colour. I'm *so* glad I'm a Beta."

There was a pause; then the voice began again.

"Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do, because they're so frightfully clever. I'm really awfully glad I'm a Beta, because I don't work so hard. And then we are much better than the Gammas and Deltas. Gammas are stupid. They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I *don't* want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able . . ."

The Director pushed back the switch. The voice was silent. Only its thin ghost continued to mutter from beneath the eighty pillows.

"They'll have that repeated forty or fifty times more before they wake;

then again on Thursday, and again on Saturday. A hundred and twenty times three times a week for thirty months. After which they go on to a more advanced lesson."

Roses and electric shocks, the khaki of Deltas and a whiff of asafoetida—wedded indissolubly before the child can speak. But wordless conditioning is crude and wholesale; cannot bring home the finer distinctions, cannot inculcate the more complex courses of behaviour. For that there must be words, but words without reason. In brief, hypnopaedia.

"The greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time."

The students took it down in their little books. Straight from the horse's mouth.

Once more the Director touched the switch.

". . . so frightfully clever," the soft, insinuating, indefatigable voice was saying. "I'm really awfully glad I'm a Beta, because . . ."

Not so much like drops of water, though water, it is true, can wear holes in the hardest granite, rather, drops of liquid sealing-wax, drops that adhere, incrust, incorporate themselves with what they fall on, till finally the rock is all one scarlet blob.

"Till at last the child's mind *is* these suggestions, and the sum of the suggestions *is* the child's mind. And not the child's mind only. The adult's mind too—all his life long. The mind that judges and desires and decides—made up of these suggestions. But all these suggestions are *our* suggestions!" The Director almost shouted in his triumph. "Suggestions from the State." He banged the nearest table. "It therefore follows . . ."

A noise made him turn around.

"Oh, Ford!" he said in another tone, "I've gone and woken the children."

## SHANGRI-LA

(*From* Lost Horizon)

*James Hilton* (*1933*)

THERE had been a pause, imposed by the High Lama's call for further refreshment, Conway did not wonder at it, for the strain of such a long recital must have been considerable. Nor was he himself ungrateful for the respite. He felt that the interval was as desirable from an artistic as from any other point of view, and that the bowls of tea, with their accompaniment of conventionally improvised courtesies, fulfilled the same function as a *cadenza* in music. This reflection brought out (unless it were mere coincidence) an odd example of the High Lama's telepathic powers, for he immediately began to talk about music and to express pleasure that Conway's taste in that direction had not been entirely unsatisfied at Shangri-La. Conway answered with

suitable politeness and added that he had been surprised to find the lamasery in possession of such a complete library of European composers. The compliment was acknowledged between slow sips of tea. "Ah, my dear Conway, we are fortunate in that one of our number is a gifted musician—he was, indeed, a pupil of Chopin's—and we have been happy to place in his hands the entire management of our salon. You must certainly meet him."

"I should like to. Chang, by the way, was telling me your favorite Western composer is Mozart."

"That is so," came the reply. "Mozart has an austere elegance which we find very satisfying. He builds a house which is neither too big nor too little, and he furnishes it in perfect taste."

The exchange of comments continued until the tea bowls were taken away, by that time Conway was able to remark quite calmly: "So, to resume our earlier discussion, you intend to keep us? That, I take it, is the important and invariable proviso?"

"You have guessed correctly, my son."

"In other words, we are to stay here forever?"

"I should greatly prefer to employ your excellent English idiom and say that we are all of us here 'for good.'"

"What puzzles me is why we four, out of all the rest of the world's inhabitants, should have been chosen."

Relapsing into his earlier and more consequential manner, the High Lama responded: "It is an intricate story, if you would care to hear it. You must know that we have always aimed, as far as possible, to keep our numbers in fairly constant recruitment—since, apart from any other reasons, it is pleasant to have with us people of various ages and representative of different periods. Unfortunately, since the recent European War and the Russian Revolution, travel and exploration in Tibet have been almost completely held up; in fact, our last visitor, a Japanese, arrived in 1912, and was not, to be candid, a very valuable acquisition. You see, my dear Conway, we are not quacks or charlatans; we do not and cannot guarantee success, some of our visitors derive no benefit at all from their stay here; others merely live to what might be called a normally advanced age and then die from some trifling ailment. In general we have found that Tibetans, owing to their being inured to both the altitude and other conditions, are much less sensitive than outside races; they are charming people, and we have admitted many of them, but I doubt if more than a few will pass their hundredth year. The Chinese are a little better, but even among them we have a high percentage of failures. Our best subjects, undoubtedly, are the Nordic and Latin races of Europe; perhaps the Americans would be equally adaptable, and I count it our great good fortune that we have at last, in the person of one of your companions, secured a citizen of that nation. But I must continue with the answer to your question. The position was, as I have been explaining, that for nearly two decades we had welcomed no newcomers, and as there had been several deaths during that

period, a problem was beginning to arise. A few years ago, however, one of our number came to the rescue with a novel idea; he was a young fellow, a native of our valley, absolutely trustworthy and in fullest sympathy with our aims, but, like all the valley people, he was denied by nature the chance that comes more fortunately to those from a distance. It was he who suggested that he should leave us, make his way to some surrounding country, and bring us additional colleagues by a method which would have been impossible in an earlier age. It was in many respects a revolutionary proposal, but we gave our consent after due consideration. For we must move with the times, you know, even at Shangri-La."

"You mean that he was sent out deliberately to bring some one back by air?"

"Well, you see, he was an exceedingly gifted and resourceful youth, and we had great confidence in him. It was his own idea, and we allowed him a free hand in carrying it out. All we knew definitely was that the first stage of his plan included a period of tuition at an American flying-school."

"But how could he manage the rest of it? It was only by chance that there happened to be that aeroplane at Baskul—"

"True, my dear Conway—many things are by chance. But it happened, after all, to be just the chance that Talu was looking for. Had he not found it, there might have been another chance in a year or two—or perhaps, of course, none at all. I confess I was surprised when our sentinels gave news of his descent on the plateau. The progress of aviation is rapid, but it had seemed likely to me that much more time would elapse before an average machine could make such a crossing of the mountains."

"It wasn't an average machine. It was a rather special one, made for mountain-flying."

"Again by chance? Our young friend was indeed fortunate. It is a pity that we cannot discuss the matter with him—we were all grieved at his death. You would have liked him, Conway."

Conway nodded slightly; he felt it very possible. He said, after a silence: "But what's the idea behind it all?"

"My son, your way of asking that question gives me infinite pleasure. In the course of a somewhat long experience it has never before been put to me in tones of such calmness. My revelation has been greeted in almost every conceivable manner—with indignation, distress, fury, disbelief, and hysteria—but never until this night with mere interest. It is, however, an attitude that I most cordially welcome. Today you are interested; tomorrow you will feel concern, eventually, it may be, I shall claim your devotion."

"That is more than I should care to promise."

"Your very doubt pleases me—it is the basis of profound and significant faith. . . . But let us not argue. You are interested, and that, from you, is much. All I ask in addition is that what I tell you now shall remain, for the present, unknown to your three companions."

Conway was silent.

"The time will come when they will learn, like you, but that moment, for their own sakes, had better not be hastened. I am so certain of your wisdom in this matter that I do not ask for a promise; you will act, I know, as we both think best. . . . Now let me begin by sketching for you a very agreeable picture. You are still, I should say, a youngish man by the world's standards; your life, as people say, lies ahead of you, in the normal course you might expect twenty or thirty years of only slightly and gradually diminishing activity. By no means a cheerless prospect, and I can hardly expect you to see it as I do—as a slender, breathless, and far too frantic interlude. The first quarter-century of your life was doubtless lived under the cloud of being too young for things, while the last quarter-century would normally be shadowed by the still darker cloud of being too old for them; and between those two clouds, what small and narrow sunlight illumines a human lifetime! But you, it may be, are destined to be more fortunate, since by the standards of Shangri-La your sunlit years have scarcely yet begun. It will happen, perhaps, that decades hence you will feel no older than you are today—you may preserve, as Henschell did, a long and wondrous youth. But that, believe me, is only an early and superficial phase. There will come a time when you will age like others, though far more slowly, and into a condition infinitely nobler, at eighty you may still climb to the pass with a young man's gait, but at twice that age you must not expect the whole marvel to have persisted. We are not workers of miracles, we have made no conquest of death or even of decay. All we have done and can sometimes do is to slacken the *tempo* of this brief interval that is called life. We do this by methods which are as simple here as they are impossible elsewhere; but make no mistake, the end awaits us all.

"Yet it is, nevertheless, a prospect of much charm that I unfold for you—long tranquillities during which you will observe a sunset as men in the outer world hear the striking of a clock, and with far less care. The years will come and go, and you will pass from fleshly enjoyments into austerer but no less satisfying realms; you may lose the keenness of muscle and appetite, but there will be gain to match your loss; you will achieve calmness and profundity, ripeness and wisdom, and the clear enchantment of memory. And, most precious of all, you will have Time—that rare and lovely gift that your Western countries have lost the more they have pursued it. Think for a moment. You will have time to read—never again will you skim pages to save minutes, or avoid some study lest it prove too engrossing. You have also a taste for music—here, then, are your scores and instruments, with Time, unruffled and unmeasured, to give you their richest savor. And you are also, we will say, a man of good fellowship—does it not charm you to think of wise and serene friendships, a long and kindly traffic of the mind from which death may not call you away with his customary hurry? Or, if it is solitude

that you prefer, could you not employ our pavilions to enrich the gentleness of lonely thoughts?"

The voice made a pause which Conway did not seek to fill.

"You make no comment, my dear Conway. Forgive my eloquence—I belong to an age and a nation that never considered it bad form to be articulate. . . . But perhaps you are thinking of wife, parents, children, left behind in the world? Or maybe ambitions to do this or that? Believe me, though the pang may be keen at first, in a decade from now even its ghost will not haunt you. Though in point of fact, if I read your mind correctly, you have no such griefs."

Conway was startled by the accuracy of the judgment. "That's so," he replied. "I'm unmarried; I have few close friends and no ambitions."

"No ambitions? And how have you contrived to escape those widespread maladies?"

For the first time Conway felt that he was actually taking part in a conversation. He said: "It always seemed to me in my profession that a good deal of what passed for success would be rather disagreeable, apart from needing more effort than I felt called upon to make. I was in the Consular Service—quite a subordinate post, but it suited me well enough."

"Yet your soul was not in it?"

"Neither my soul nor my heart nor more than half my energies. I'm naturally rather lazy."

The wrinkles deepened and twisted till Conway realized that the High Lama was very probably smiling. "Laziness in doing stupid things can be a great virtue," resumed the whisper. "In any case, you will scarcely find us exacting in such a matter. Chang, I believe, explained to you our principle of moderation, and one of the things in which we are always moderate is activity. I myself, for instance, have been able to learn ten languages; the ten might have been twenty had I worked immoderately. But I did not. And it is the same in other directions; you will find us neither profligate nor ascetic. Until we reach an age when care is advisable, we gladly accept the pleasures of the table, while—for the benefit of our younger colleagues—the women of the valley have happily applied the principle of moderation to their own chastity. All things considered, I feel sure you will get used to our ways without much effort. Chang, indeed, was very optimistic—and so, after this meeting, am I. But there is, I admit, an odd quality in you that I have never met in any of our visitors hitherto. It is not quite cynicism, still less bitterness, perhaps it is partly disillusionment, but it is also a clarity of mind that I should not have expected in anyone younger than—say, a century or so. It is, if I had to put a single word to it, passionlessness."

Conway answered: "As good a word as most, no doubt. I don't know whether you classify the people who come here, but if so, you can label me '1914–1918.' That makes me, I should think, a unique specimen in your

museum of antiquities—the other three who arrived along with me don't enter the category. I used up most of my passions and energies during the years I've mentioned, and though I don't talk much about it, the chief thing I've asked from the world since then is to leave me alone. I find in this place a certain charm and quietness that appeals to me, and no doubt, as you remark, I shall get used to things."

"Is that all, my son?"

"I hope I am keeping well to your own rule of moderation."

"You are clever—as Chang told me, you are very clever. But is there nothing in the prospect I have outlined that tempts you to any stronger feeling?"

Conway was silent for an interval and then replied: "I was deeply impressed by your story of the past, but to be candid, your sketch of the future interests me only in an abstract sense. I can't look so far ahead. I should certainly be sorry if I had to leave Shangri-La tomorrow, or next week, or perhaps even next year, but how I shall feel about it if I live to be a hundred isn't a matter to prophesy. I can face it, like any other future, but in order to make me keen it must have a point. I've sometimes doubted whether life itself has any; and if not, long life must be even more pointless."

"My friend, the traditions of this building, both Buddhist and Christian, are very reassuring."

"Maybe. But I'm afraid I still hanker after some more definite reason for envying the centenarian."

"There *is* a reason, and a very definite one indeed. It is the whole reason for this colony of chance-sought strangers living beyond their years. We do not follow an idle experiment, a mere whimsy. We have a dream and a vision. It is a vision that first appeared to old Perrault when he lay dying in this room in the year 1789. He looked back then on his long life, as I have already told you, and it seemed to him that all the loveliest things were transient and perishable, and that war, lust, and brutality might some day crush them until there were no more left in the world. He remembered sights he had seen with his own eyes, and with his mind he pictured others; he saw the nations strengthening, not in wisdom, but in vulgar passions and the will to destroy; he saw their machine power multiplying until a single-weaponed man might have matched a whole army of the Grand Monarque. And he perceived that when they had filled the land and sea with ruin, they would take to the air. . . . Can you say that his vision was untrue?"

"True indeed."

"But that was not all. He foresaw a time when men, exultant in the technique of homicide, would rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing would be in danger, every book and picture and harmony, every treasure garnered through two millenniums, the small, the delicate, the de-

fenseless—all would be lost like the lost books of Livy, or wrecked as the English wrecked the Summer Palace in Pekin."

"I share your opinion of that."

"Of course. But what are the opinions of reasonable men against iron and steel? Believe me, that vision of old Perrault will come true. And that, my son, is why *I* am here, and why *you* are here, and why we may pray to outlive the doom that gathers around on every side."

"To outlive it?"

"There is a chance. It will all come to pass before you are as old as I am."

"And you think that Shangri-La will escape?"

"Perhaps. We may expect no mercy, but we may faintly hope for neglect. Here we shall stay with our books and our music and our meditations, conserving the frail elegancies of a dying age, and seeking such wisdom as men will need when their passions are all spent. We have a heritage to cherish and bequeath. Let us take what pleasure we may until that time comes."

"And then?"

"Then, my son, when the strong have devoured each other, the Christian ethic may at last be fulfilled, and the meek shall inherit the earth."

A shadow of emphasis had touched the whisper, and Conway surrendered to the beauty of it, again he felt the surge of darkness around, but now symbolically, as if the world outside were already brewing for the storm. And then he saw that the High Lama of Shangri-La was actually astir, rising from his chair, standing upright like the half-embodiment of a ghost. In mere politeness Conway made to assist, but suddenly a deeper impulse seized him, and he did what he had never done to any man before; he knelt, and hardly knew why he did.

"I understand you, Father," he said.

. . . . . .

"I place in your hands, my son, the heritage and destiny of Shangri-La."

At last the tension broke, and Conway felt beyond it the power of a bland and benign persuasion; the echoes swam into silence, till all that was left was his own heartbeat, pounding like a gong. And then, intercepting the rhythm, came the words.

"I have waited for you, my son, for quite a long time. I have sat in this room and seen the faces of newcomers, I have looked into their eyes and heard their voices, and always in hope that some day I might find you. My colleagues have grown old and wise, but you who are still young in years are as wise already. My friend, it is not an arduous task that I bequeath, for our order knows only silken bonds. To be gentle and patient, to care for the riches of the mind, to preside in wisdom and secrecy while the storm rages without—it will all be very pleasantly simple for you, and you will doubtless find great happiness."

Again Conway sought to reply, but could not, till at length a vivid light-

ning-flash paled the shadows and stirred him to exclaim: "The storm . . . this storm you talk of. . . ."

"It will be such a one, my son, as the world has not seen before. There will be no safety by arms, no help from authority, no answer in science. It will rage till every flower of culture is trampled, and all human things are leveled in a vast chaos. Such was my vision when Napoleon was still a name unknown, and I see it now, more clearly with each hour. Do you say I am mistaken?"

Conway answered: "No, I think you may be right. A similar crash came once before, and then there were the Dark Ages lasting five hundred years."

"The parallel is not quite exact. For those Dark Ages were not really so very dark—they were full of flickering lanterns, and even if the light had gone out of Europe altogether, there were other rays, literally from China to Peru, at which it could have been rekindled. But the Dark Ages that are to come will cover the whole world in a single pall; there will be neither escape nor sanctuary, save such as are too secret to be found or too humble to be noticed. And Shangri-La may hope to be both of these. The airman bearing loads of death to the great cities will not pass our way, and if by chance he should, he may not consider us worth a bomb."

"And you think all this will come in my time?"

"I believe that you will live through the storm. And after, through the long age of desolation, you may still live, growing older and wiser and more patient. You will conserve the fragrance of our history and add to it the touch of your own mind. You will welcome the stranger, and teach him the rule of age and wisdom; and one of these strangers, it may be, will succeed you when you are yourself very old. Beyond that, my vision weakens, but I see, at a great distance, a new world stirring in the ruins, stirring clumsily but in hopefulness, seeking its lost and legendary treasures. And they will all be here, my son, hidden behind the mountains in the valley of Blue Moon, preserved as by miracle for a new Renaissance. . . ."

## THE PROMISE OF AMERICA

(*From* You Can't Go Home Again)

*Thomas Wolfe* (*1940*)

Go, SEEKER, if you will, throughout the land and you will find us burning in the night.

There where the hackles of the Rocky Mountains blaze in the blank and naked radiance of the moon, go make your resting stool upon the highest peak. Can you not see us now? The continental wall juts sheer and flat, its

huge black shadow on the plain, and the plain sweeps out against the East, two thousand miles away. The great snake that you see there is the Mississippi River.

Behold the gem-strung towns and cities of the good, green East, flung like star-dust through the field of night. That spreading constellation to the north is called Chicago, and that giant wink that blazes in the moon is the pendant lake that it is built upon. Beyond, close-set and dense as a clenched fist, are all the jeweled cities of the eastern seaboard. There's Boston, ringed with the bracelet of its shining little towns, and all the lights that sparkle on the rocky indentations of New England. Here, southward and a little to the west, and yet still coasted to the sea, is our intensest ray, the splintered firmament of the towered island of Manhattan. Round about her, sown thick as grain, is the glitter of a hundred towns and cities. The long chain of lights there is the necklace of Long Island and the Jersey shore. Southward and inland, by a foot or two, behold the duller glare of Philadelphia. Southward further still, the twin constellations—Baltimore and Washington. Westward, but still within the borders of the good, green East, that night-time glow and smolder of hell-fire is Pittsburgh. Here, St. Louis, hot and humid in the cornfield belly of the land, and bedded on the mid-length coil and fringes of the snake There at the snake's mouth, southward six hundred miles or so, you see the jeweled crescent of old New Orleans. Here, west and south again, you see the gemmy glitter of the cities on the Texas border.

Turn now, seeker, on your resting stool atop the Rocky Mountains, and look another thousand miles or so across moon-blazing fiend-worlds of the Painted Desert and beyond Sierras' ridge. That magic congeries of lights there to the west, ringed like a studded belt around the magic setting of its lovely harbor, is the fabled town of San Francisco. Below it, Los Angeles and all the cities of the California shore. A thousand miles to north and west, the sparkling towns of Oregon and Washington.

Observe the whole of it, survey it as you might survey a field. Make it your garden, seeker, or your backyard patch. Be at ease in it. It's your oyster—yours to open if you will. Don't be frightened, it's not so big now, when your footstool is the Rocky Mountains. Reach out and dip a hatful of cold water from Lake Michigan. Drink it—we've tried it—you'll not find it bad. Take your shoes off and work your toes down in the river oozes of the Mississippi bottom—it's very refreshing on a hot night in the summertime. Help yourself to a bunch of Concord grapes up there in northern New York state—they're getting good now. Or raid that watermelon patch down there in Georgia. Or, if you like, you can try the Rockyfords here at your elbow, in Colorado. Just make yourself at home, refresh yourself, get the feel of things, adjust your sights, and get the scale. It's your pasture now, and it's not so big—only three thousand miles from east to west, only two thousand miles from north to south—but all between, where ten thousand points of

light prick out the cities, towns, and villages, there, seeker, you will find us burning in the night.

Here, as you pass through the brutal sprawl, the twenty miles of rails and rickets, of the South Chicago slums—here, in an unpainted shack, is a Negro boy, and, seeker, he is burning in the night. Behind him is a memory of the cotton fields, the flat and mournful pineland barrens of the lost and buried South, and at the fringes of the pine another shack, with mammy and eleven children. Farther still behind, the slave-driver's whip, the slave ship, and, far off, the jungle dirge of Africa. And before him, what? A roped-in ring, a blaze of lights, across from him a white champion; the bell, the opening, and all around the vast sea-roaring of the crowd. Then the lightning feint and stroke, the black panther's paw—the hot, rotating presses, and the rivers of sheeted print! O seeker, where is the slave ship now?

On there, in the clay-baked piedmont of the South, that lean and tan-faced boy who sprawls there in the creaking chair among admiring cronies before the open doorways of the fire department, and tells them how he pitched the team to shut-out victory today. What visions burn, what dreams possess him, seeker of the night? The packed stands of the stadium, the bleachers sweltering with their unshaded hordes, the faultless velvet of the diamond, unlike the clay-baked outfields down in Georgia. The mounting roar of eighty thousand voices and Gehrig coming up to bat, the boy himself upon the pitching mound, the lean face steady as a hound's; then the nod, the signal, and the wind-up, the rawhide arm that snaps and crackles like a whip, the small white bullet of the blazing ball, its loud report in the oiled pocket of the catcher's mit, the umpire's thumb jerked upward, the clean strike.

Or there again, in the east-side Ghetto of Manhattan, two blocks away from the East River, a block away from the gas-house district and its thuggery, there in the swarming tenement, shut in his sweltering cell, breathing the sun-baked air through opened window at the fire escape, celled there away into a little semblance of privacy and solitude from all the brawling and vociferous life and argument of his family and the seething hive around him, the Jew boy sits and pores upon his book. . . . And for what? For what this agony of concentration? For what this hell of effort? For what this intense withdrawal from the poverty and squalor of dirty brick and rusty fire escapes, from the raucous cries and violence and never-ending noise? For what? Because, brother, he is burning in the night. He sees the class, the lecture room, the shining apparatus of gigantic laboratories, the open field of scholarship and pure research, certain knowledge, and the world distinction of an Einstein name.

So, then, to every man his chance—to every man, regardless of his birth, his shining, golden opportunity—to every man the right to live, to work, to be himself, and to become whatever thing his manhood and his vision can combine to make him—this, seeker, is the promise of America.

## A WIND IS RISING, AND THE RIVERS FLOW

(*From* You Can't Go Home Again)

*Thomas Wolfe* (*1940*)

*The experiences of that final summer in Germany had a profound effect upon George Webber. He had come face to face with something old and genuinely evil in the spirit of man which he had never known before, and it shook his inner world to its foundations. Not that it produced a sudden revolution in his way of thinking. For years his conception of the world and of his own place in it had been gradually changing, and the German adventure merely brought this process to its climax. It threw into sharp relief many other related phenomena which George had observed in the whole temper of the times, and it made plain to him, once and for all, the dangers that lurk in those latent atavistic urges which man has inherited from his dark past.*

*Hitlerism, he saw, was a recrudescence of an old barbarism. Its racial nonsense and cruelty, its naked worship of brute force, its suppression of truth and resort to lies and myths, its ruthless contempt for the individual, its anti-intellectual and anti-moral dogma that to one man alone belongs the right of judgment and decision, and that for all others virtue lies in blind, unquestioning obedience—each of these fundamental elements of Hitlerism was a throwback to that fierce and ancient tribalism which had sent waves of hairy Teutons swooping down out of the north to destroy the vast edifice of Roman civilization. That primitive spirit of greed and lust and force had always been the true enemy of mankind.*

*But this spirit was not confined to Germany. It belonged to no one race. It was a terrible part of the universal heritage of man. One saw traces of it everywhere. It took on many disguises, many labels. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin—each had his own name for it. And America had it, too, in various forms. For wherever ruthless men conspired together for their own ends, wherever the rule of dog-eat-dog was dominant, there it bred. And wherever one found it one also found that its roots sank down into something primitive in man's ugly past. And these roots would somehow have to be eradicated, George felt, if man was to win his ultimate freedom and not be plunged back into savagery and perish utterly from the earth.*

*When George realized all this he began to look for atavistic yearnings in himself. He found plenty of them. Any man can find them if he is honest enough to look for them. The whole year that followed his return from Germany, George occupied himself with this effort of self-appraisal. And at the end of it he knew, and with the knowledge came the definite sense of new direction toward which he had long been groping, that the dark*

*ancestral cave, the womb from which mankind emerged into the light, forever pulls one back—but that you can't go home again.*

*The phrase had many implications for him. You can't go back home to your family, back home to your childhood, back home to romantic love, back home to a young man's dreams of glory and of fame, back home to exile, to escape to Europe and some foreign land, back home to lyricism, to singing just for singing's sake, back home to aestheticism, to one's youthful idea of "the artist" and the all-sufficiency of "art" and "beauty" and "love," back home to the ivory tower, back home to places in the country, to the cottage in Bermuda, away from all the strife and conflict of the world, back home to the father you have lost and have been looking for, back home to someone who can help you, save you, ease the burden for you, back home to the old forms and systems of things which once seemed everlasting but which are changing all the time—back home to the escapes of Time and Memory.*

*In a way, the phrase summed up everything he had ever learned. And what he now knew led inexorably to a decision which was the hardest he had ever had to make. Throughout the year he wrestled with it, talked about it with his friend and editor, Foxhall Edwards, and fought against doing what he realized he would have to do. For the time had come to leave Fox Edwards. They had reached a parting of the ways. Not that Fox was one of the new barbarians. God, no! But Fox—well, Fox—Fox understood. And George knew that whatever happened, Fox would always remain his friend.*

*So in the end, after all their years together, they parted And when it was over, George sat down and wrote to Fox. He wanted to leave the record clear. And this is what he wrote:*

. . . Twenty years ago, when I was seventeen years old and a sophomore at Pine Rock College, I was very fond, along with many of my fellows, of talking about my "philosophy of life." That was one of our favorite subjects of conversation, and we were most earnest about it. I'm not sure now what my "philosophy" was at that time, but I am sure I had one. Everybody had. We were deep in philosophy at Pine Rock. We juggled such formidable terms as "concepts," "categorical imperatives," and "moments of negation" in a way that would have made Spinoza blush.

And if I do say so, I was no slouch at it myself. At the age of seventeen I had an A-1 rating as a philosopher. "Concepts" held no terrors for my young life, and "moments of negation" were my meat. I could split a hair with the best of them. And now that I have turned to boasting, I may as well tell you that I made a One in Logic, and it was said to be the only One that had been given in that course for many a year. So when it comes to speaking of philosophy, I am, you see, a fellow who is privileged to speak.

I don't know how it goes with students of this generation, but to those of us who were in college twenty years ago philosophy was serious business.

We were always talking about "God." In our interminable discussions we were forever trying to get at the inner essence of "truth," "goodness," and "beauty." We were full of notions about all these things. And I do not laugh at them today. We were young, we were impassioned, and we were sincere.

One of the most memorable events of my college career occurred one day at noon when I was walking up a campus path and encountered, coming toward me, one of my classmates whose name was D. T. Jones. D. T.—sometimes known more familiarly as Delirium Tremens—was also a philosopher. And the moment I saw him approaching I knew that D. T. was in the throes. He came from a family of Primitive Baptists, and he was red-haired, gaunt, and angular, and now as he came toward me everything about him—hair, eyebrows, eyelids, eyes, freckles, even his large and bony hands—shone forth in the sunlight with an excessive and almost terrifying redness.

He was coming up from a noble wood in which we held initiations and took our Sunday strolls. It was also the sacred grove to which we resorted, alone, when we were struggling with the problems of philosophy. It was where we went when we were going through what was known as "the wilderness experience," and it was the place from which, when "the wilderness experience" was done, we triumphantly emerged.

D. T. was emerging now. He had been there, he told me later, all night long. His "wilderness experience" had been a good one. He came bounding toward me like a kangaroo, leaping into the air at intervals, and the only words he said were:

"I've had a Concept!"

Then, leaving me stunned and leaning for support against an ancient tree, he passed on down the path, high-bounding every step or two, to carry the great news to the whole brotherhood.

And still I do not laugh at it. We took philosophy seriously in those days, and each of us had his own. And, together, we had our own "philosopher." He was a venerable and noble-hearted man—one of those great figures which almost every college had some years ago, and which I hope they still have. For half a century he had been a dominant figure in the life of the entire state. In his teaching he was a Hegelian. The process of his scholastic reasoning was intricate it came up out of ancient Greece and followed through the whole series of "developments" down to Hegel. After Hegel—well, he did not supply the answer. But it didn't matter, for *after* Hegel we had *him*—he was our own Old Man.

Our Philosopher's "philosophy," as I look back upon it, does not seem important now. It seems to have been, at best, a tortuous and patched-up scheme of other men's ideas. But what *was* important was the man himself. He was a great teacher, and what he did for us, and for others before us for fifty years, was not to give us his "philosophy"—but to communicate

to us his own alertness, his originality, his power to think. He was a vital force because he supplied to many of us, for the first time in our lives, the inspiration of a questioning intelligence. He taught us not to be afraid to think, to question, he taught us to examine critically the most sacrosanct of our native prejudices and superstitions. So of course, throughout the state, the bigots hated him; but his own students worshiped him to idolatry. And the seed he planted grew—long after Hegel, "concepts," "moments of negation," and all the rest of it had vanished into the limbo of forgotten things . . .

In recent years there have been several attempts to explain what has happened to me since that time in terms of something that happened to me in college I believe, Fox, that I never told you about that episode. Not that I was ashamed of my part in it or was afraid to talk about it. It just never came up; in a way, I had forgotten it. But now, at this moment of our parting, I think I had better speak of it, because it is vitally important to me to make one thing clear· that I am not the victim or the embittered martyr of anything that ever happened in the past. Oh, yes, there was a time, as you well know, when I was full of bitterness. There was a time when I felt that life had betrayed me. But that preciousness is gone now, and with it has gone my bitterness. This is the simple truth.

But to get back to this episode I spoke of:

As you know, Fox, when my first book was published, feeling ran high against me at home. Then it was that an effort was made to explain what was called the "bitterness" of the book in terms of my disfranchisement when I was at college. Now, the Pine Rock case is famous in Old Catawba, but the names of its chief actors had been almost forgotten when the book appeared. Then, because I was one of them, people began to talk about the case again, and the whole horrible tragedy was exhumed.

It was recalled how five of us (and God have mercy on the souls of those others who kept silent at the time) had taken our classmate Bell out to the playing field one night, blindfolded him, and compelled him to dance upon a barrel. It was recalled how he stumbled and toppled from the barrel, fell on a broken bottle neck, severed his jugular, and bled to death within five minutes. It was recalled, then, how the five of us—myself and Randy Shepperton, John Brackett, Stowell Anderson, and Dick Carr—were expelled, brought up for trial, released in the custody of our parents or nearest relatives, and deprived of the rights of citizenship by legislative act.

All this was true. But the construction which people put upon it when the book appeared was false. None of us, I think, was "ruined" and "embittered"—and our later records prove that we were not. There is no doubt that the tragic consequences of our act (and of the five who suffered disfranchisement, at least three—I will not say which three—were present only in the group of onlookers) left its dark and terrible imprint on our young

lives. But, as Randy whispered to me on that dreadful night, as we stood there white-faced and helpless in the moonlight, watching that poor boy as he bled to death:

"We're not guilty of anything—except of being plain damned fools!"

That was the way we felt that night—all of us—as we knelt, sick with horror, around the figure of that dying boy. And I know that was the way Bell felt, too, for he saw the terror and remorse in our white faces and, dying though he was, he tried to smile and speak to us. The words would not come, but all of us knew that if he could have spoken he would have said that he was sorry for us—that he knew there was no evil in us—no evil but our own stupidity.

We had killed the boy—our thoughtless folly killed him—but with his dying breath that would have been his only judgment on us. And we broke the heart of Plato Grant, our Old Man, our own Philosopher; but all *he* said to us that night as he turned toward us from poor Bell was, quietly:

"My God, boys, what have you done?"

And that was all. Even Bell's father said no more to us. And after the first storm had passed, the cry of outrage and indignation that went up throughout the state—that was our punishment: the knowledge of the *Done* inexorable, the merciless insistence in our souls of that fatal and irrevocable "Why?"

Swiftly, people came to see and feel this, too. The first outburst of wrath that resulted in our disfranchisement was quickly over. Even our citizenship was quietly restored to us within three years. (As for myself, I was only eighteen when it happened, and cannot even be said to have missed a legal vote because of it.) Each of us was allowed to return to college the next year after expulsion, and finish the full course. The sentiment of people everywhere not only softened: the verdict quickly became: "They didn't mean to do it. They were just damned fools." Later, by the time of our reenfranchisement, public sentiment actually became liberal in its tone of pardon. "They've been punished enough," people said by then. "They were just kids—and they didn't mean to do it. Besides—" this became an argument in our favor—"it cost a life, but it killed hazing in the state."

As to the later record of the five—Randy Shepperton is dead now; but John Brackett, Stowell Anderson, and Dick Carr have all enjoyed a more than average measure of success in their communities. When I last saw Stowell Anderson—he is an attorney, and the political leader of his district—he told me quietly that, far from having been damaged in his career by the experience, he thought he had been helped.

"People," he said, "are willing to forget a past mistake if they see you're regular. They're not only willing to forgive—on the whole, I think they're even glad to give a helping hand."

"If they see you're regular!" Without commenting on the meanings of that, I think it sums up the matter in a nutshell. There has not only been

no question since about the "regularity" of the other three—Brackett, Anderson, and Carr—but I think any natural tendencies they may have had toward regularity were intensified by their participation in the Pine Rock case. I believe, too, that the denunciations of my "irregularity," following the publication of my first book, might have been even more virulent and vicious than they were had it not been for the respectable fellowship of Brackett, Anderson, and Carr.

Well, Fox, I have taken the trouble to tell you about this unrecorded incident in my life because I thought you might hear of it sometime and might possibly put a strained construction on it. There were those in Libya Hill who thought it offered a reasonable and complete explanation of what had happened to me when I wrote the book. So, too, you might come to believe that it twisted and embittered me and somehow had something to do with what has happened now. With nine-tenths of your mind and heart you understand perfectly why I have to leave you, but with that remaining tenth you are still puzzled, and I can see that you will go on wondering about it. You have, from time to time, tried to reason with me about what you called, half seriously, my "radicalism." I don't believe there is any radicalism in me—or, if there is, it is certainly not what the word implies when you use it.

So, believe me, the Pine Rock case has nothing to do with it. It explains nothing. Rather, the natural assumption, for me as for the others who were involved in it, would be that the experience should have established me in a more staunch and regular conformity than I should otherwise have known.

. . . . . .

. . . When I returned to Pine Rock and finished my course and graduated—I was only twenty then—I don't suppose it would have been possible to find a more confused and baffled person than I was. I had been sent to college to "prepare myself for life," as the phrase went in those days, and it almost seemed that the total effect of my college training was to produce in me a state of utter unpreparedness. I had come from one of the most conservative parts of America, and from one of the most conservative elements in those parts. All of my antecedents, until a generation before, had been country people whose living had been in one way or another drawn out of the earth.

My father, John Webber, had been all of his life a working man. He had done hard labor with his hands since the time he was twelve years old. As I have often told you, he was a man of great natural ability and intelligence. But, like many other men who have been deprived of the advantages of formal education, he was ambitious for his son: he wanted more than anything else in the world to see me go to college. He died just before I was prepared to enter, but it was on the money he left me that I went. It is only natural that people like my father should endow formal education with a degree of practicality which it does not and should not possess. College

seemed to him a kind of magic door which not only opened to a man all the reserves of learning, but also admitted him to free passage along any high-road to material success which he might choose to follow after he had passed through the pleasant academic groves. It was only natural, too, that such a man as my father should believe that this success could be most easily arrived at along one of the more familiar and more generally approved roads.

The road he had chosen for me before his death was a branch of engineering. He stubbornly opposed the Joyner choice, which was the law. The old man had small use for the law as a profession, and very little respect for the lawyer as a man; his usual description of lawyers was "a gang of shysters." When I went to see him as he lay dying, his last advice to me was:

"Learn to *do* something, learn to *make* something—that's what college should be for."

His bitterest regret was that the poverty of his early years had prevented him from learning any skill beyond that of a carpenter and a mason. He was a good carpenter, a good mason—in his last days he liked to call himself a builder, which indeed he was—but I think he felt in himself, like a kind of dumb and inarticulate suffering, the unachieved ability to *design* and *shape*. Certainly he would have been profoundly disappointed if he could have known what strange forms his own desires for "doing" and for "making" were to achieve in me. I cannot say what extremity—law or writing—would have filled him with the most disgust.

But by the time I left college it was already apparent that whatever talents I might have, they were neither for engineering nor the law. I had not the technical ability for the one, and, in view of what I was to discover for myself in later years, I think I was too honest for the other. But what to do? My academic career, with the crowning disgrace of complicity in the Pine Rock case and temporary expulsion from college, had not been distinguished by any very glittering records in scholarship except that One in Logic. I had failed both my father and the Joyner side of the house in any ambitions they had had for me. My father was dead, and the Joyners were now done with me.

For all these reasons, it was difficult to admit, even to myself, the stirrings of an urge so fantastic and impractical as the desire to write. It would only have confirmed the worst suspicions that my people had of me—suspicions, I fear, which had begun to eat into my own opinion of myself. Consequently, the first admission I made to myself was evasive. I told myself that I wanted to go into journalism. Now, looking back at it, I can see the reason for this decision clearly enough. I doubt very much that I had, at the age of twenty, the burning enthusiasm for newspaper work which I thought I had, but I managed to convince myself of it because newspaper work would provide me with the only means I knew whereby I could, in some fashion, write, and also earn a living, and thus prove to the world and to myself that I was not wasting my time.

To have confessed openly to my family that I wanted to be a writer would have been impossible. To be a writer was, in modern phrase, "nice work if you could get it." In the Joyner consciousness, as well as in my own, "a writer" was a very remote kind of person. He was a romantic figure like Lord Byron, or Longfellow, or—or—Irvin S. Cobb—who in some magical way was gifted with the power to put words together into poems or stories or novels which got printed in books or in the pages of magazines like the *Saturday Evening Post*. He was therefore, quite obviously, a very strange, mysterious sort of creature who lived a very strange, mysterious, and glittering sort of life, and who came from some strange and mysterious and glittering world very far away from the life and world *we* knew. For a boy who had grown up in the town of Libya Hill to assert openly that he wanted to be a writer would have seemed to everyone at that time to border on lunacy. It would have harked back to the days of Uncle Rance Joyner, who wasted his youth learning to play the violin, and who in later life borrowed fifty dollars from Uncle Mark to take a course in phrenology. I had always been told that there was a strong resemblance between myself and Uncle Rance, and now I knew that if I confessed my secret desires, everyone would have thought the likeness more pronounced than ever.

It was a painful situation, and one which is now amusing to look back on. But it was also very human—and very American. Even today I don't think the Joyners have altogether recovered from their own astonishment at the fact that I have actually become "a writer." This attitude, which was also my own at the age of twenty, was to shape the course of my life for years.

So, fresh from college, I took what remained of the small inheritance my father had left me, and, with an exultant sense that I had packed my secret into my suitcase along with my extra pants, I started out, boy and baggage, on the road to fame and glory. That is to say, I came to New York to look for a job on a newspaper.

I did look for the job, but not too hard, and I didn't find it. Meanwhile I had enough money to live on and I began to write. Later, when the money ran out, I condescended to become an instructor in one of the great educational factories of the city. This was another compromise, but it had one virtue—it enabled me to live and go on writing . . .

During that first year in New York I shared an apartment with a group of boys, transplanted Southerners like myself, whom I had known in college. Through one of them I made the acquaintance of some artistic young fellows who were living in what I swiftly learned to call "The Village." Here, for the first time, I was thrown into the company of sophisticated young men of my own age—at least they seemed very sophisticated to me. For instead of being like me, an uncouth yokel from the backwoods, all rough edges, who felt within himself the timid but unspoken flutterings of a desire to write, these young gentlemen had come down from Harvard, they had the

easy manner of men of the world, and they casually but quite openly told me that they *were* writers. And so they were. They wrote, and were published, in some of the little experimental magazines which were springing up on all sides during that period. How I envied them!

They were not only able to assert openly that they were writers, but they also asserted openly that a great many other people that I had thought were writers—most dismally were not. When I made hesitant efforts to take part in the brilliant conversation that flashed around me, I began to discover that I would have to be prepared for some very rude shocks. It was decidedly disconcerting, for example, to ask one of these most superior young men, so carelessly correct in their rough tweeds and pink cheeks: "Have you ever read Galsworthy's *Strife?*"—and to have him raise his eyebrows slowly, exhale a slow column of cigarette smoke, slowly shake his head, and then say in an accent of resigned regret: "I can't read him. I simply can't read him. Sorry—" with a rising inflection as if to say that it was too bad, but that it couldn't be helped.

They were sorry about a great many things and people. The theatre was one of their most passionate concerns, but it seemed that there was hardly a dramatist writing in those days who escaped their censure. Shaw was amusing, but he was not a dramatist—he had never really learned how to write a play. O'Neill's reputation was grossly exaggerated: his dialogue was clumsy, and his characters stock types. Barrie was insufferable on account of his sentimentality. As for Pinero and others of that ilk, their productions were already so dated that they were laughable.

In a way, this super-criticality was a very good thing for me. It taught me to be more questioning about some of the most venerated names and reputations whose authority had been handed down to me by my preceptors and accepted by me with too little thought. But the trouble with it was that I soon became involved, along with the others, in a niggling and overrefined æstheticism which was not only pallid and precious, but too detached from life to provide the substance and the inspiration for high creative work.

It is interesting to look back now and see just what it was we believed fifteen years ago—those of us who were the bright young people of the time and wanted to produce something of value in the arts. We talked a great deal about "art" and "beauty"—a great deal about "the artist." A great deal too much, in fact. For the artist as we conceived him was a kind of æsthetic monster. Certainly he was not a living man. And if the artist is not first and foremost a living man—and by this I mean a man of life, a man who belongs to life, who is connected with it so intimately that he draws his strength from it—then what manner of man is he?

The artist we talked about was not such a man at all. Indeed, if he had any existence outside of our imaginations he must have been one of the most extraordinary and inhuman freaks that nature ever created. Instead of loving life and believing in life, our "artist" hated life and fled from it. That, in

fact, was the basic theme of most of the stories, plays, and novels we wrote. We were forever portraying the sensitive man of talent, the young genius, crucified by life, misunderstood and scorned of men, pilloried and driven out by the narrow bigotry and mean provincialism of the town or village, betrayed and humiliated by the cheapness of his wife, and finally crushed, silenced, torn to pieces by the organized power of the mob. So conceived, the artist that we talked about so much, instead of being in union with life, was in perpetual conflict with it. Instead of belonging to the world he lived in, he was constantly in a state of flight from it. The world itself was like a beast of prey, and the artist, like some wounded faun, was forever trying to escape from it.

It seems to me now, as I look back on it, that the total deposit of all this was bad. It gave to young people who were deficient in the vital materials and experiences of life, and in the living contacts which the artist ought to have with life, the language and formulas of an unwholesome preciosity. It armed them with a philosophy, an æsthetic, of escapism. It tended to create in those of us who were later to become artists not only a special but a privileged character: each of us tended to think of himself as a person who was exempt from the human laws that govern other men, who was not subject to the same desires, the same feelings, the same passions—who was, in short, a kind of beautiful disease in nature, like a pearl in an oyster.

The effect of all this upon such a person as myself may easily be deduced. Now, for the first time, I was provided with a protective armor, a glittering and sophisticated defense to shield my own self-doubts, my inner misgivings, my lack of confidence in my power and ability to accomplish what I wanted to do. The result was to make me arrogantly truculent where my own desires and purposes were concerned. I began to talk the jargon just as the others did, to prate about "the artist," and to refer scornfully and contemptuously to the bourgeoisie, the Babbitts, and the Philistines—by which all of us meant anyone who did not belong to the very small and precious province we had fashioned for ourselves.

Looking back, in an effort to see myself as I was in those days, I am afraid I was not a very friendly or agreeable young man. I was carrying a chip on my shoulder, and daring the whole world to knock it off. And the reason I so often took a high tone with people who, it seemed to me, doubted my ability to do the thing I wanted to do, was that inwardly, I was by no means sure that I could do it myself. It was a form of whistling to keep one's courage up.

That was the kind of man I was when you first knew me, Fox. Ah, yes, I spoke about the work I wished to do in phrases of devotion and humility, but there was not much of either in me. Inside, I was full of the disdainful scorn of the small and precious snob. I felt superior to other people and thought I belonged to a rare breed. I had not yet learned that one cannot really be superior without humility and tolerance and human

understanding. I did not yet know that in order to belong to a rare and higher breed one must first develop the true power and talent of selfless immolation.

Since childhood (George wrote to Fox) I had wanted what all men want in youth: to be famous, to be loved. These two desires went back through all the steps, degrees, and shadings of my education; they represented what we younglings of the time had been taught to believe in and to want.

Love and Fame. Well, I have had them both.

You told me once, Fox, that I did not want them, that I only thought I did. You were right. I wanted them desperately before I had them, but once they were mine I found that they were not enough. And I think, if we speak truth, the same thing holds for every man who ever lived and had the spark of growth in him.

It has never been dangerous to admit that Fame is not enough—one of the world's greatest poets called it "that last infirmity of Noble mind"—but it is dangerous, for reasons which everybody understands, to admit the infirmity of Love. Perhaps Love's image may suffice some men. Perhaps, as in a drop of shining water, Love may hold in microcosm the reflection of the sun and the stars and the heavens and the whole universe of man. Mighty poets dead and gone have said that this was true, and people have professed it ever since. As for that, I can only say that I do not think a frog pond or a Walden Pond contains the image of the ocean, even though there be water in both of them.

"Love is enough, though the world be a-waning," wrote William Morris. We have his word for it, and can believe it or not as we like. Perhaps it was true for him, yet I doubt it. It may have been true at the moment he wrote it, but not in the end, not when all was said and done.

As for myself, I did not find it so.

For, even while I was most securely caught up and enclosed within the inner circle of Love's bondage, I began to discover a larger world outside. It did not dawn upon me in a sudden and explosive sense, the way the world of Chapman's *Homer* burst upon John Keats:

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken."

It did not come like that at all. It came in on me little by little, almost without my knowing it.

Up to that time I had been merely the sensitive young fellow in conflict with his town, his family, the life around him—then the sensitive young fellow in love, and so concerned with his little Universe of Love that he thought it the whole universe. But gradually I began to observe things in life which shocked me out of this complete absorption with the independent entities of self. I caught glimpses of the great, the rich, the fortunate ones

of all the earth living supinely upon the very best of everything and taking the very best for granted as their right. I saw them enjoying a special privilege which had been theirs so long that it had become a vested interest: they seemed to think it was a law ordained of nature that they should be forever life's favorite sons. At the same time I began to be conscious of the submerged and forgotten Helots down below, who with their toil and sweat and blood and suffering unutterable supported and nourished the mighty princelings at the top.

Then came the cataclysm of 1929 and the terrible days that followed. The picture became clearer now—clear enough for all with eyes to see. Through those years I was living in the jungle depths of Brooklyn, and I saw as I had never seen before the true and terrifying visage of the disinherited of life. There came to me a vision of man's inhumanity to man, and as time went on it began to blot out the more personal and self-centered vision of the world which a young man always has. Then it was, I think, that I began to learn humility. My intense and passionate concern for the interests and designs of my own little life were coming to seem petty, trifling, and unworthy, and I was coming more and more to feel an intense and passionate concern for the interests and designs of my fellow men and of all humanity.

Of course I have vastly oversimplified the process in my telling of it. While it was at work in me I was but dimly aware of it. It is only now, as I look back upon those years, that I can see in true perspective the meaning of what was happening to me then. For human nature is, alas, a muddy pool, too full of sediment, too murky with the deposits of time, too churned up by uncharted currents in the depths and on the surface, to reflect a sharp, precise, and wholly faithful image. For that, one has to wait until the waters settle down. It follows, then, that one can never hope, however much he wishes that he could, to shed the old integuments of the soul as easily and completely as a snake sloughs off its outworn skin.

For even at the time when this new vision of the outer world was filtering in and making its strange forms manifest to me, I was also more involved than I had ever been before with my inner struggle. Those were the years of the greatest doubt and desperation I had ever known. I was wrestling with the problems of my second book, and I could take in what my eyes beheld only in brief glimpses, flashes, snatches, fragments. As I was later to discover, the vision etched itself upon some sensitive film within, but it was not until that later time, when the second book was finished and out of the way, that I saw it whole and knew what the total experience had done to me . . .

I had gone back for rest, for recreation, for oblivion, to that land which, of all the foreign lands that I had visited, I loved the best. Many times during the years of desperate confinement and labor on the book I had thought of it with intense longing, as men in prison, haltered to all

the dusty shackles of the hour, have longed for the haunted woods and meadows of Cockaigne. Many times I had gone back to it in my dreams—to the sunken bell, the Gothic towns, the plash of waters in the midnight fountain, the Old Place, the broken chime, and the blonde flesh of secret, lavish women. Then at last came the day when I walked at morning through the Brandenburger Tor, and into the enchanted avenues of the faery green Tiergarten, and found that Fame had come to me. It was May, and I walked below the blossoms of the great horsechestnut trees, and felt like Tamerlane, that it was passing fine to be a king and move in triumph through Persepolis—and be a famous man.

After those long and weary years of labor, and the need of proof to give some easement to my tormented soul, this was the easement I had dreamed of, the impossible thing so impossibly desired, now brought magically to fulfillment. And now it seemed to me, who had so often gone a stranger and unknown to the great cities of the world, that Berlin was mine. For weeks there was a round of pleasure and celebration, and the wonderful thrill of meeting in a foreign land and in a foreign tongue a hundred friends, now for the first time known and captured. There was the sapphire sparkle in the air, the enchanted brevity of northern darkness, the glorious wine in slender bottles, and morning, and green fields, and pretty women—all of these were mine now, they seemed to have been created for me, to have been waiting for me, and to exist now in all their loveliness just for my possession.

The weeks passed so—and then it happened. Little by little the world came in. At first it sifted in almost unnoticed, like dark down dropped in passing from some avenging angel's wing. Sometimes it came to me in the desperate pleading of an eye, the naked terror of a startled look, the swift concealment of a sudden fear. Sometimes it just came and went as light comes, just soaked in, just soaked in—in fleeting words and speech and actions.

After a while, however, in the midwatches of the night, behind thick walls and bolted doors and shuttered windows, it came to me full flood at last in confessions of unutterable despair. I don't know why it was that people so unburdened themselves to me, a stranger, unless it was because they knew the love I bore them and their land. They seemed to feel a desperate need to talk to someone who would understand. The thing was pent up in them, and my sympathy for all things German had burst the dam of their reserve and caution. Their tales of woe and fear unspeakable gushed forth and beat upon my ears. They told me stories of their friends and relatives who had said unguarded things in public and disappeared without a trace, stories of the Gestapo, stories of neighbors' quarrels and petty personal spite turned into political persecution, stories of concentration camps and pogroms, stories of rich Jews stripped and beaten and robbed of everything they had and then denied the right to earn a pauper's wage,

stories of well-bred Jewesses despoiled and turned out of their homes and forced to kneel and scrub off anti-Nazi slogans scribbled on the sidewalks while young barbarians dressed like soldiers formed a ring and prodded them with bayonets and made the quiet places echo with the shameless laughter of their mockery. It was a picture of the Dark Ages come again—shocking beyond belief, but true as the hell that man forever creates for himself.

Thus it was that the corruption of man's living faith and the inferno of his buried anguish came to me—I recognized at last, in all its frightful aspects, the spiritual disease which was poisoning unto death a noble and mighty people.

But even as I saw it and knew it for what it was, there came to me, most strangely, another thing as well. For while I sat the night through in the darkened rooms of German friends, behind the bolted doors and shuttered windows—while their whispered voices spoke to me of the anguish in their hearts, and I listened, stricken in my chair to see the tears and the graven lines of mortal sorrow form on faces which only a short time before, in the presence of others, had been masked in expressions of carefree unconcern—while I heard and saw these things my heart was torn asunder, and from its opened depths came forth into my consciousness a knowledge that I had not fully known was there. For then it was, most curiously, that all the gray weather of unrecorded days in Brooklyn, which had soaked through into my soul, came flooding back upon me. Came back, too, the memory of my exploration of the jungle trails of night. I saw again the haggard faces of the homeless men, the wanderers, the disinherited of America, the aged workers who had worked and now could work no more, the callow boys who had never worked and now could find no work to do, and who, both together, had been cast loose by a society that had no need of them and left to shift in any way they could—to find their food in garbage cans, to seek for warmth and fellowship in foul latrines like the one near New York's City Hall, to sleep wrapped up in old newspapers on the concrete floors of subway corridors.

It all came back to me, all the separate fragments of the vision I had seen, together with the sinister remembrance of that upper world of night, glittering with its riches, and its soft sophisticated pleasures, and its cold indifference to the misery and injustice on which its very life was founded. It all came back, but now it was an integrated picture.

So it was, in this far place and under these profoundly moving and disturbing alien circumstances, that I realized fully, for the first time, how sick America was, and saw, too, that the ailment was akin to Germany's—a dread world-sickness of the soul. One of my German friends, Franz Heilig, later told me this same thing. In Germany it was hopeless: it had already gone too far to be checked now by any measures short of death, destruction, and total ruin. But in America, it seemed to me, it was not mortal, not

incurable—not yet. It was desperate, and would become more desperate still if in America, as in Germany, men became afraid to look into the face of fear itself, to probe behind it, to see what caused it, and then to speak the truth about it. America was young, America was still the New World of mankind's hope, America was not like this old and worn-out Europe which seethed and festered with a thousand deep and uncorrected ancient maladies. America was still resilient, still responsive to a cure—if only—if only—men could somehow cease to be afraid of truth. For the plain and searching light of truth, which had here, in Germany, been darkened to extinction, was the remedy, the only one, that could cleanse and heal the suffering soul of man.

After such a night of seeing whole at last, day would come again, the cool glow of morning, the bronze gold of the kiefern trees, the still green pools of lucid water, the enchanted parks and gardens—but none of it was the same as it had been before. For now I knew that there was something else in life as new as morning and as old as hell, a universal ill of man seen here in Germany at its darkest, and here articulated for the first time in a word, regimented now in a scheme of phrases and a system of abominable works. And day by day the thing soaked in, and kept soaking in, until everywhere, in every life I met and touched, I saw the ruin of its unutterable pollutions.

So now another layer had been peeled off the gauzes of the seeing eye. And what the eye had seen and understood, I knew that it could nevermore forget or again be blind to.

Now I have told you (George wrote to Fox) some of the things that have happened to me and the effect they had upon me. But what has all of this to do with you?—you may ask. I am coming to that now.

In the beginning I spoke about my "philosophy of life" when I was a student in college twenty years ago. I didn't tell you what it was because I don't think I really had one then. I'm not sure I have one now. But I think it is interesting and important that I should have *thought* I had one at the age of seventeen, and that people still talk about "a philosophy of life" as though it were a concrete object that you could pick up and handle and take the weight and dimensions of. Just recently I was asked to contribute to a book called *Modern-Day Philosophies.* I tried to write something for it but gave it up, because I was unwilling and unready to say that I had a "modern-day philosophy." And the reason that I was unwilling and unready was not that I felt confusion and doubt about what I think and now believe, but that I felt confusion and doubt about saying it in formalistic and final terms.

That was what was wrong with most of us at Pine Rock College twenty years ago. We had a "concept" about Truth and Beauty and Love and

Reality—and that hardened our ideas about what all these words stood for. After that, we had no doubt about them—or, at any rate, could not admit that we did. This was wrong, because the essence of belief is doubt, the essence of reality is questioning. The essence of Time is Flow, not Fix. The essence of faith is the knowledge that all flows and that everything must change The growing man is Man-Alive, and his "philosophy" must grow, must flow, with him. When it does not, we have—do we not?—the Unfixed Man, the Eternal Trifler, the Ape of Fashion—the man too fixed today, unfixed tomorrow—and his body of beliefs is nothing but a series of fixations.

I cannot attempt, therefore, to define for you your own "philosophy"—for to define so is to delimit the "closed" and academic man, and you, thank God, are not of that ilk. And to define so would be to call upon me once again your own and curious scorn, your sudden half-amused contemptuousness. For how could anyone pin down neatly the essence of your New Englandness—so sensitively proud, so shy, so shrinking and alone, but at bottom, as I think, so unafraid?

I shall not define you, then, dear Fox But I may state, may I not? I may say how "it seems to me"?—how Fox appears?—and what I think of it? . . .

'Tis true, our view of life was very much the same. When we looked out together, we saw man burned with the same sun, frozen by the same cold, beat upon by the hardships of the same impervious weathers, duped by the same gullibility, self-betrayed by the same folly, misled and baffled by the same stupidity. Each on the opposing hemisphere of his own pole looked out across the spinning orbit of this vexed, tormented world, and at the other, and what each saw, the picture that each got, was very much the same. We not only saw the stupidity and the folly and the gullibility and the self-deception of man, but we saw his nobility, courage, and aspiration, too. We saw the wolves that preyed upon him and laid him waste—the wild scavengers of greed, of fear, of privilege, of power, of tyranny, of oppression, of poverty and disease, of injustice, cruelty, and wrong—and in what we saw of this as well, dear Fox, we were agreed.

Why, then, the disagreement? Why, then, the struggle that ensued, the severance that has now occurred? We saw the same things, and we called them by the same names. We abhorred them with the same indignation and disgust—and yet, we disagreed, and I am making my farewell to you. Dear friend, the parent and the guardian of my spirit in its youth, the thing has happened and we know it. Why?

I know the answer, and the thing I have to tell you now is this:

Beyond the limits of my own mortality, the stern acknowledgment that man was born to live, to suffer, and to die—your own and the great Preacher's creed—I am not, cannot be, confirmed to more fatality. Briefly, you thought the ills which so beset mankind were irremediable: that just as

man was born to live, to suffer, and to die, so was he born to be eternally beset and preyed upon by all the monsters of his own creation—by fear and cruelty, by tyranny and power, by poverty and wealth. You felt, with the stern fatality of resignation which is the granite essence of your nature, that these things were doomed to be, and be forever, because they had always been, and were inherent in the tainted and tormented soul of man.

Dear Fox, dear friend, I heard you and I understood you—but could not agree. You felt—I heard you and I understood—that if old monsters were destroyed, new ones would be created in their place. You felt that if old tyrannies were overthrown, new ones, as sinister and evil, would reign after them. You felt that all the glaring evils in the world around us—the monstrous and perverse unbalance between power and servitude, between want and plenty, between privilege and burdensome discrimination—were inevitable because they had always been the curse of man and were the prime conditions of his being. The gap between us widened. You stated and affirmed—I heard you, but could not agree. . . .

All of this makes the paradox of our great difference as hard and strange as the paradox of our polarity. And in this lies the root of trouble and the seed of severance. Your own philosophy has led you to accept the order of things as they are because you have no hope of changing them; and if you could change them, you feel that any other order would be just as bad. In everlasting terms—those of eternity—you and the Preacher may be right: for there is no greater wisdom than the wisdom of Ecclesiastes, no acceptance finally so true as the stern fatalism of the rock. Man was born to live, to suffer, and to die, and what befalls him is a tragic lot. There is no denying this in the final end. *But we must, dear Fox, deny it all along the way.*

Mankind was fashioned for eternity, but Man-Alive was fashioned for a day. New evils will come after him, but it is with the present evils that he is now concerned. And the essence of all faith, it seems to me, for such a man as I, the essence of religion for people of my belief, is that man's life can be, and will be, better; that man's greatest enemies, in the forms in which they now exist—the forms we see on every hand of fear, hatred, slavery, cruelty, poverty, and need—can be conquered and destroyed. But to conquer and destroy them will mean nothing less than the complete revision of the structure of society as we know it. They cannot be conquered by the sorrowful acquiescence of resigned fatality. They cannot be destroyed by the philosophy of acceptance—by the tragic hypothesis that things as they are, evil as they are are as good and as bad as, under any form, they will ever be. The evils that we hate, you no less than I, cannot be overthrown with shrugs and sighs and shakings of the head however wise. It seems to me that they but mock at us and only become more bold when we retreat before them and take refuge in the affirmation of man's tragic average. To believe that new monsters will arise as vicious as the old, to believe

that the great Pandora's box of human frailty, once opened, will never show a diminution of its ugly swarm, is to help, by just that much, to make it so forever.

You and the Preacher may be right for all eternity, but we Men-Alive, dear Fox, are right for Now. And it is for Now, and for us the living, that we must speak, and speak the truth, as much of it as we can see and know. With the courage of the truth within us, we shall meet the enemy as they come to us, and they *shall* be ours. And if, once having conquered them, new enemies approach, we shall meet them from that point, from there proceed. In the affirmation of that fact, the continuance of that unceasing war, is man's religion and his living faith.

I have never before made a statement of belief (George wrote in his conclusion to Fox), although I have believed in many things and said that I believed in them. But I have never stated my belief in concrete terms because almost every element of my nature has been opposed to the hard framework, the finality, of formulation.

Just as you are the rock of life, I am the web; just as you are Time's granite, so, I think, am I Time's plant. My life, more than that of anyone I know, has taken on the form of growth. No man that I have known was ever more deeply rooted in the soil of Time and Memory, the weather of his individual universe, than was I. You followed me through the course of that whole herculean conflict. For four years, as I lived and worked and explored the jungle depths of Brooklyn—jungle depths coincident with those of my own soul—you were beside me, you followed, and you stuck.

You never had a doubt that I would finish—make an end—round out the cycle—come to the whole of it. The only doubt was mine, enhanced, tormented by my own fatigue and desperation, and by the clacking of the feeble and malicious little tongues which, knowing nothing, whispered that I would never make an end again because I could not begin. We both knew how grotesquely false this was—so false and so grotesque that it was sometimes the subject of an anguished and exasperated laugh. The truth was so far different that my own fears were just the opposite: that I might never make an end to anything again because I could never get through telling what I knew, what I felt and thought and *had* to say about it.

That was a giant web in which I was caught, the product of my huge inheritance—the torrential recollectiveness, derived out of my mother's stock, which became a living, million-fibered integument that bound me to the past, not only of my own life, but of the very earth from which I came, so that nothing in the end escaped from its in-rooted and all-feeling exploirativeness. The way the sunlight came and went upon a certain day, the way grass felt between bare toes, the immediacy of noon, the slamming of an iron gate, the halting skreak upon the corner of a street car, the liquid sound of shoe leather on the pavements as men came home to lunch, the

smell of turnip greens, the clang of ice tongs, and the clucking of a hen—and then Time fading like a dream, Time melting to oblivion, when I was two years old. Not only this, but all lost sounds and voices, forgotten memories exhumed with a constant pulsing of the brain's great ventricle, until I lived them in my dreams, carrying the stupendous and unceasing burden of them through the unresting passages of sleep. Nothing that had ever been was lost. It all came back in an endless flow, even the blisters of the paint upon the mantelpiece in my father's house, the smell of the old leather sofa with my father's print upon it, the smell of dusty bottles and of cobwebs in the cellar, the casual stomping of a slow, gaunt hoof upon the pulpy lumber of a livery stable floor, the proud lift and flourish of a whisking tail, and the oaty droppings. I lived again through all times and weathers I had known—through the fag-ends of wintry desolation in the month of March and the cold, bleak miseries of ragged red at sunset, the magic of young green in April, the blind horror and suffocation of concrete places in mid-summer sun where no limits were, and October with the smell of fallen leaves and wood smoke in the air. The forgotten moments and unnumbered hours came back to me with all the enormous cargo of my memory, together with lost voices in the mountains long ago, the voices of the kinsmen dead and never seen, and the houses they had built and died in, and the rutted roads they trod upon, and every unrecorded moment that Aunt Maw had told me of the lost and obscure lives they led long, long ago. So did it all revive in the ceaseless pulsings of the giant ventricle, so did the plant go back, stem by stem, root by root, and filament by filament, until it was complete and whole, compacted of the very earth that had produced it, and of which it was itself the last and living part.

You stayed beside me like the rock you are until I unearthed the plant, followed it back through every fiber of its pattern to its last and tiniest enrootment in the blind, dumb earth. And now that it is finished, and the circle come full swing—we, too, are finished, and I have a thing to say:

I believe that we are lost here in America, but I believe we shall be found. And this belief, which mounts now to the catharsis of knowledge and conviction, is for me—and I think for all of us—not only our own hope, but America's everlasting, living dream. I think the life which we have fashioned in America, and which has fashioned us—the forms we made, the cells that grew, the honeycomb that was created—was self-destructive in its nature, and must be destroyed. I think these forms are dying, and must die, just as I know that America and the people in it are deathless, undiscovered, and immortal, and must live.

I think the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land, is yet to come. I think the true discovery of our own democracy is still before us. And I think that all these things are certain as the morning, as

inevitable as noon. I think I speak for most men living when I say that our America is Here, is Now, and beckons on before us, and that this glorious assurance is not only our living hope, but our dream to be accomplished.

I think the enemy is here before us, too. But I think we know the forms and faces of the enemy, and in the knowledge that we know him, and shall meet him, and eventually must conquer him is also our living hope. I think the enemy is here before us with a thousand faces, but I think we know that all his faces wear one mask. I think the enemy is single selfishness and compulsive greed. I think the enemy is blind, but has the brutal power of his blind grab. I do not think the enemy was born yesterday, or that he grew to manhood forty years ago, or that he suffered sickness and collapse in 1929, or that we began without the enemy, and that our vision faltered, that we lost the way, and suddenly were in his camp. I think the enemy is old as Time, and evil as Hell, and that he has been here with us from the beginning. I think he stole our earth from us, destroyed our wealth, and ravaged and despoiled our land. I think he took our people and enslaved them, that he polluted the fountains of our life, took unto himself the rarest treasures of our own possession, took our bread and left us with a crust, and, not content, for the nature of the enemy is insatiate—tried finally to take from us the crust.

I think the enemy comes to us with the face of innocence and says to us: "I am your friend."

I think the enemy deceives us with false words and lying phrases, saying: "See, I am one of you—I am one of your children, your son, your brother, and your friend. Behold how sleek and fat I have become—and all because I am just one of you, and your friend. Behold how rich and powerful I am—and all because I am one of you—shaped in your way of life, of thinking, of accomplishment. What I am, I am because I am one of you, your humble brother and your friend. Behold," cried Enemy, "the man I am, the man I have become, the thing I have accomplished—and reflect. Will you destroy this thing? I assure you that it is the most precious thing you have. It is yourselves, the projection of each of you, the triumph of your individual lives, the thing that is rooted in your blood, and native to your stock, and inherent in the traditions of America. It is the thing that all of you may hope to be," says Enemy, "for—" humbly—"am I not just one of you? Am I not just your brother and your son? Am I not the living image of what each of you may hope to be, would wish to be, would desire for his own son? Would you destroy this glorious incarnation of your own heroic self? If you do, then," says Enemy, "you destroy yourselves—you kill the thing that is most gloriously American, and in so killing, kill yourselves."

He lies! And now we know he lies! He is not gloriously, or in any other way, ourselves. He is not our friend, our son, our brother. And he

is not American! For, although he has a thousand familiar and convenient faces, his own true face is old as Hell.

Look about you and see what he has done.

Dear Fox, old friend, thus we have come to the end of the road that we were to go together. My tale is finished—and so farewell.

But before I go, I have just one more thing to tell you:

Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where. Saying.

"To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—

"—Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND

*Robert Nathan (1942)*

You asked me:
Cannot youth save the world?
Cannot the young build here, on this earth, a shining house,
Out of our hearts, out of our good intentions??
And I made some stupid reply;
I think I said, No.
Now that you are gone, I think, as always, of the things I should have said to you:
How youth is a seed, falling across the earth,
Blowing over the land, forever blowing, forever falling;
How some of it finds good soil, and grows with beauty,
How some of it withers to death among the stones . . .
Here, in one spot, roses; and elsewhere, the desert.
(Someone else said that, long ago;—do you remember?)
Loam and sand, the seed falls, it cannot keep from falling.
How youth is a wave, rolling away in all directions,
Part of it to break against rocks, or die on the beaches,
Or in the great calms—
And yet, how the wave itself must rush on, foaming, far out into the distance,
Into the darkness . . .
And the next wave,
And the next,
Forever rising, forever breaking . . .
Those are the things I should have told you.
I do not know why I did not remember them.

## LONG VIEW

*Genevieve Taggard (1939)*

Never heard happier laughter
Where did you hear it?
Somewhere in the future.
Very far in the future?
Oh no. It was natural It sounded
Just like our own, American, sweet and easy.
People were talking together. They sat on the ground. It was summer.
And the old told stories of struggle.
The young listened I overheard
Our own story, retold. They looked up at the stars
Hearing the serious words. Someone sang.
They loved us who had passed away.
They forgot all our errors. Our names were mixed. The story was long.
The young people danced. They brought down
New boughs for the flame. They said, Go on with the story now.
What happened next?
For us there was silence
Something like pain or tears. But they took us with them.
Their laughter was peace. I never heard happier.
Their children large and beautiful. Like us, but new-born.
This was in the mountains of the west.
They were resting They knew each other well.
The trees and rivers are on the map, but the time
Is not yet. I listened again. Their talk was ours
With many favorite words. I heard us all speaking.
But they spoke of better things, soberly. They were wise
And learned. They sang not only of us.
They remembered thousands, and many countries, far away.
One poet who sat there with them began to talk of the future.
Then they were silent again. And they looked at the sky.
And then in the light of the stars they banked their fire as we do
Scuffing the ground, and said goodnight.

This poem I bring back to you
Knowing that you wonder often, that you want
Word of these people.

## ON THE BUILDING OF SPRINGFIELD

*Vachel Lindsay (1910)*

Let not our town be large, remembering
That little Athens was the Muses' home,

That Oxford rules the heart of London still,
  That Florence gave the Renaissance to Rome.

Record it for the grandson of your son—
  A city is not builded in a day:
Our little town cannot complete her soul
  Till countless generations pass away.

Now let each child be joined as to a church
  To her perpetual hopes, each man ordained;
Let every street be made a reverent aisle
  Where Music grows and Beauty is unchained.

Let Science and Machinery and Trade
  Be slaves of her, and make her all in all,
Building against our blatant, restless time
  An unseen, skilful, mediæval wall.

Let every citizen be rich toward God.
  Let Christ, the beggar, teach divinity.
Let no man rule who holds his money dear,
  Let this, our city, be our luxury.

We should build parks that students from afar
  Would choose to starve in, rather than go home,
Fair little squares, with Phidian ornament,
  Food for the spirit, milk and honeycomb.

Songs shall be sung by us in that good day,
  Songs we have written, blood within the rhyme
Beating, as when Old England still was glad—
  The purple, rich, Elizabethan time.

Say, is my prophecy too fair and far?
  I only know, unless her faith be high,
The soul of this our Nineveh is doomed,
  Our little Babylon will surely die.

Some city on the breast of Illinois
  No wiser and no better at the start,
By faith shall rise redeemed, by faith shall rise
  Bearing the western glory in her heart.

The genius of the Maple, Elm and Oak,
  The secret hidden in each grain of corn,
The glory that the prairie angels sing
  At night when sons of Life and Love are born—

Born but to struggle, squalid and alone,
Broken and wandering in their early years.
When will they make our dusty streets their goal,
Within our attics hide their sacred tears?

When will they start our vulgar blood athrill
With living language—words that set us free?
When will they make a path of beauty clear
Between our riches and our liberty?

We must have many Lincoln-hearted men.
A city is not builded in a day.
And they must do their work, and come and go
While countless generations pass away.

## PARLIAMENT OF MAN

(*From* Locksley Hall)

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson* (*1842*)

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new·
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue,

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storms;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

## SKYSCRAPERS

*John Gould Fletcher* (*1921*)

What are these, angels or demons,
Or steel and stone?
Soaring, alert,
Striped with diversified windows,

These sweep aloft
And the multitude crane their necks to them:—
Are they angels, or demons,
Or stone?

If the grey sapless people,
Moving along the street, thought them angels,
They too would be beautiful,
Erect and laughing to the sky for joy.
If as demons they feared them,
They would smite with fierce hatred
These brown haughty foreheads
They would not suffer them to hold the sun in trust.

What are they, then, angels, or demons,
Or stone?
Deaf sightless towers
Unendowed yet with life;
Soaring vast effort
Spent in the sky till it breaks there.
You men of my country
Who shaped these proud visions,
You have yet to find godhead
Not here, but in the human heart.

## THE TIDE

*William Rose Benét* (*1937*)

There is a tide moving . . .
And who shall stay that tide?
Sick at heart we wandered ingenious cities,
In our mouths the lasting taste of iron,
In our ears the clamor of many merchants
And footsteps of the homeless, the disinherited,
In our minds stale hopes like old contagion,
Our tread slow, our thought shamed.

What herb for the sick heart? Only blood of the heart
Purging itself as the sea purges
Itself in war on the cliff, in heavy thunder,
In the long roll, the far spread up the sand.

Over the meaningless words, the broken honors
Like driftwood in the way;
Under the flotsam that floats it, the frail coracles
Of shibboleth, that regular pulse, the mighty

Constant throb, the heart of Mankind beating
Profound and strong.
Scourge, Xerxes—flay the sea with withes!
Carry the throne of Canute down to the marge
That he bid ocean stand—the moon-drawn foam
Flinch and recoil! Hurl mandates, forge strong chains
To grapple brine—brine of our blood, our tears—
Shackle the Sea!

Gathering into itself all waves that war,
Groping deep, and moving without sound
Under the weight of ages, as it has always moved,
Inevitably, far from the shouting breakers,
Forms the tide. . . .

Leave anointed prophets to prophesy
How it will come to the coast, how that lustration
Move inland like the mystery of moving water
To towers of sand. . . .

We only know the tide rising, the wind freshening,
An enormous pulse like a mighty drum-beat beating
Deep and slow.

A tide is moving
In the hearts of men . . .
And who shall stay that tide?

## PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

*Walt Whitman* (*1865*)

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the sea?

We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, and the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress (bend your heads all).
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may sleep, you have done your work),
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call—hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army—swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

## YEARS OF THE MODERN!

*Walt Whitman (1865)*

Years of the modern! years of the unperform'd!
Your horizon rises, I see it parting away for more august dramas;
I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation but other nations preparing,
I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races,
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage,
(Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? are the acts suitable to them closed?)
I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victorious and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,
A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?
I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions,
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken,
I see the landmarks of European kings removed,
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks, (all others give way,)
Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this day,
Never was average man, his soul, more energetic, more like a God,
Lo, how he urges and urges, leaving the masses no rest!
His daring foot is on land and sea everywhere, he colonizes the Pacific, the archipelagoes,
With the steamship, the electric telegraph, the newspaper, the wholesale engines of war,
With these and the world-spreading factories he interlinks all geography, all lands;
What whispers are these, O lands, running ahead of you, passing under the seas?

Are all nations communing? is there going to be but one heart to the globe?
Is humanity forming en masse? for lo, tyrants tremble, crowns grow dim,
The earth, restive, confronts a new era, perhaps a general divine war,
No one knows what will happen next, such portents fill the days and nights;
Years prophetical! the space ahead as I walk, as I vainly try to pierce it, is full of phantoms,
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes around me,
This incredible rush and heat, this strange ecstatic fever of dreams, O years!
Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me! (I know not whether I sleep or wake,)
The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.

## THE PEOPLE WILL LIVE ON

(*From* The People, Yes)

*Carl Sandburg* (*1936*)

The people will live on.
The learning and blundering people will live on.
They will be tricked and sold and again sold
And go back to the nourishing earth for rootholds,
The people so peculiar in renewal and comeback,
You can't laugh off their capacity to take it,
The mammoth rests between his cyclonic dramas.

The people so often sleepy, weary, enigmatic,
is a vast huddle with many units saying:
"I earn my living.
I make enough to get by
and it takes all my time.
If I had more time
I could do more for myself
and maybe for others.
I could read and study
and talk things over
and find out about things.
It takes time.
I wish I had the time."

The people is a tragic and comic two-face:
hero and hoodlum: phantom and gorilla twisting to moan with a gargoyle mouth: "They buy me and sell me . . . it's a game . . .
sometime I'll break loose . . ."

Once having marched
Over the margins of animal necessity,
Over the grim line of sheer subsistence
Then man came
To the deeper rituals of his bones,
To the lights lighter than any bones,
To the time for thinking things over,
To the dance, the song, the story,
Or the hours given over to dreaming,
Once having so marched.

Between the finite limitations of the five senses
and the endless yearnings of man for the beyond
the people hold to the humdrum bidding of work and food
while reaching out when it comes their way
for lights beyond the prison of the five senses,
for keepsakes lasting beyond any hunger or death.
This reaching is alive.
The panderers and liars have violated and smutted it.
Yet this reaching is alive yet
for lights and keepsakes.

The people know the salt of the sea
and the strength of the winds
lashing the corners of the earth.
The people take the earth
as a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope.
Who else speaks for the Family of Man?
They are in tune and step
with constellations of universal law.

The people is a polychrome,
a spectrum and a prism
held in a moving monolith,
a console organ of changing themes,
a clavilux of color poems
wherein the sea offers fog
and the fog moves off in rain
and the labrador sunset shortens
to a nocturne of clear stars
serene over the shot spray
of northern lights.

The steel mill sky is alive.
The fire breaks white and zigzag
shot on a gun-metal gloaming.
Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
There are men who can't be bought.
The fireborn are at home in fire.
The stars make no noise.
You can't hinder the wind from blowing.
Time is a great teacher.
Who can live without hope?

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief
the people march.
In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for
keeps, the people march:
"Where to? what next?"

## YOU ARE THE MAKERS OF ANOTHER WORLD

(*From* Epilogue at the Core of Earth)

*Paul Engle* (*1936*)

You are the makers of another world,
You with your mortal hands.
Build with fire,
Desperation and blue tempered steel,
The durable, dark stone that is the mind,
Till the skyscrapers flower on their huge stalks,
Your eyes become but clear intensities
Mingled of starlight and the staring blood.
And at the lean nerve end of being tear
Tongues from bells and beat them with your hands
Till the world calls you mad, knowing you are
Men possessed and out of mind with life.

Now you live in a hard and iron time,
The clangor and the pound of mad machines
Crashing their brutal thunder in your brain
Split with the lightning of the radio—
Sons and workers of metallic bone
Out of your own red guts created. Fear
Not that like the saurians of old time
Or monsters in the marveling folk tales
They will roam cryingly through all the land,
Beat the night and batter down your door
To kill you with one scream. In the new world
That will be your own living, you will find
Wandering on the hills, talking to birds,
The proud-eyed prophets of the dynamo,

The saints of the machine.
Cry to all men,
This is another century, awake
Not by the gun of dawn or air alarm
But with the clangings of a brazen bell
That are triumphant beatings of your heart.

Unless you do, every uttered word
Will be your funeral dirge, sung by yourself.
The little children walk, their thin bones stained
With hunger till they startle through the skin.
Once more have men drawn out the knife to shout
The names of Caesars in the bloodied streets,
And what were once proud, simple beings now
Are cursed with the name of man.
O work in wind,
In water, in gray rock that once beneath
Oceans crawled and had its own tough life,
In the gaunt mind, until the world at last
And for the first time move through space as one
Turn and power and song of dreaming men,
The bent and bitter symbol of their lives
Carved and gashed with their despairing hands,
Echoing with their deadly cries but loud
With a clear call into the future, dark
No more with the wild multitude of hate,
For love in the kind night will like the moon
Touch the world with dark and gentle fire.
But if you fail, but if you fail, then know
The pitiless eyes of your posterity
Will haunt your dying and will say of you,
Brutus generation on your swords
Self-hurled—O Strabo, hold, hold it hard and turn
Your face away—it is a nobler death
Than any you deserved
Here I will lie
At the earth's axle till it crack and rock
Resolve into original, bare light,
But hear my voice:
Neither Utopia
Nor the white heaven you have sung I speak,
But a hard human world made by its men
Into a place where living is not pride,
Neither long sorrow nor a battered head,
But only human strength and hope and thought
Mingled in one acceptance, one creation,
One unity of brain and bone and earth
Tempered with moonlight, bent beneath the wind,

The restless hands like autumn-driven birds
Imploring but to touch a speaking face,
Comfort the troubled eyes, the friendly mouth.

## SPEECH TO THOSE WHO SAY COMRADE

*Archibald MacLeish (1936)*

The brotherhood is not by the blood certainly:
But neither are men brothers by speech—by saying so:
Men are brothers by life lived and are hurt for it:

Hunger and hurt are the great begetters of brotherhood:
Humiliation has gotten much love
Danger I say is the nobler father and mother:

Those are as brothers whose bodies have shared fear
Or shared harm or shared hurt or indignity.
Why are the old soldiers brothers and nearest?

For this with their minds they go over the sea a little
And find themselves in their youth again as they were in
Soissons and Meaux and at Ypres and those cities.

A French loaf and the girls with their eyelids painted
Bring back to aging and lonely men
Their twentieth year and the metal odor of danger:

It is this in life which of all things is tenderest—
To remember together with the unknown men the days
Common also to them and perils ended:

It is this which makes of many a generation—
A wave of men who having the same years
Have in common the same dead and the changes.

The solitary and unshared experience
Dies of itself like the violations of love
Or lives on as the dead live eerily.

The unshared and single man must cover his
Loneliness as a girl her shame for the way of
Life is neither by one man nor by suffering.

Who are the born brothers in truth? The puddlers
Scorched by the same flame in the same foundries:
Those who have spit on the same boards with the blood in it:

Ridden the same rivers with green logs·
Fought the police in the parks of the same cities:
Grinned for the same blows: the same flogging:

Veterans out of the same ships—factories—
Expeditions for fame: the founders of continents:
Those that hid in Geneva a time back:

Those that have hidden and hunted and all such—
Fought together: labored together: they carry the
Common look like a card and they pass touching.

Brotherhood! No word said can make you brothers!
Brotherhood only the brave earn and by danger or
Harm or by bearing hurt and by no other

Brotherhood here in the strange world is the rich and
Rarest giving of life and the most valued·
Not to be had for a word or a week's wishing.

## SPEECH TO A CROWD

*Archibald MacLeish (1936)*

Tell me my patient friends· awaiters of messages:
From what other shore—from what stranger—
Whence was the word to come? Who was to lesson you?

Listeners under a child's crib in a manger:
Listeners once by oracles· now by the transoms:
Whom are you waiting for? Who do you think will explain?

Listeners thousands of years and still no answer:
Writers at night to Miss Lonely-Hearts: awkward spellers:
Open your eyes! There is only earth and the man!

There is only you in the world· you on the telephone!
No one else is on the air to whisper:
No one else but you will push the bell.

No one knows if you don't· neither ships
Nor landing-fields decode the dark between:
You have your eyes and what your eyes see IS.

The earth you see is really the earth you are seeing:
The sun is truly excellent: truly warm:
Women are beautiful as you have seen them—

Their breasts (believe it) like cooing of doves in a portico:
They bear at their breasts tenderness softly. Look at them!
Look at yourselves. You are strong. You are well formed.

Look at the world—the world you never took!
It is really true you may live in the world heedlessly:
Why do you wait to read it in a book then?

Write it yourselves! Write to yourselves if you need to!
Tell yourselves there is sun and the sun will rise:
Tell yourselves the earth has food to feed you—

Let the dead men say that men must die.
Who better than you can know what death is?
How can a bone or a broken body surmise it?

Let the dead weep with their whistling breath·
Laugh at them! Say that murdered gods may wake
But we who work have end of work together!

Tell yourselves the earth is yours to take.
Waiting for messages out of the dark you were poor.
The world was always there: you would not take it.

## NOT PALACES, AN ERA'S CROWN

*Stephen Spender* (*1934*)

Not palaces, an era's crown
Where the mind dwells, intrigues, rests;
The architectural gold-leaved flower
From people ordered like a single mind,
I build. This only what I tell:
It is too late for rare accumulation
For family pride, for beauty's filtered dusts;
I say, stamping the words with emphasis,
Drink from here energy and only energy,
As from the electric charge of a battery,
To will this Time's change.
Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer,
Drinker of horizon's fluid line;
Ear that suspends on a chord
The spirit drinking timelessness;
Touch, love, all senses;
Leave your gardens, your singing feasts,
Your dreams of suns circling before our sun,
Of heaven after our world.

Instead, watch images of flashing brass
That strike the outward sense, the polished will
Flag of our purpose which the wind engraves.
No spirit seek here rest. But this: No man
Shall hunger: Man shall spend equally.
Our goal which we compel: Man shall be man.
—That programme of the antique Satan
Bristling with guns on the indented page
With battleship towering from hilly waves:
For what? Drive of a ruining purpose
Destroying all but its age-long exploiters.
Our programme like this, yet opposite,
Death to the killers, bringing light to life.

## OH YOUNG MEN OH YOUNG COMRADES

*Stephen Spender* (*1934*)

oh young men oh young comrades
it is too late now to stay in those houses
your fathers built where they built you to build to breed
money on money it is too late
to make or even to count what has been made
Count rather those fabulous possessions
which begin with your body and your fiery soul:—
the hairs on your head the muscles extending
in ranges with their lakes across your limbs
Count your eyes as jewels and your valued sex
then count the sun and the innumerable coined light
sparkling on waves and spangled under trees
It is too late to stay in great houses where the ghosts are prisoned
—those ladies like flies perfect in amber
those financiers like fossils of bones in coal.
Oh comrades, step beautifully from the solid wall
advance to rebuild and sleep with friend on hill
advance to rebel and remember what you have
no ghost ever had, immured in his hall.

## I TELL YOU LOVE RETURNS

(*From* Chorus for Survival)

*Horace Gregory* (*1934*)

I tell you love returns
Changing the hour:
break here the lilac bough,
Scatter the ashes in the tomb before the slow

Wind gathers into storm.
Over the cities and the yellowing plain
In bitter drought:
wait for new rain, welcome the men
Who shall survive, outface despair,
Terror and hate
to build new fire
At an empty hearth,
Burn doubt and fear.

As the map changes, through the cold sky,
Lean from the cockpit, read
The flower of prairie grass in seed
(Though here is war
my hand points where the body
Heaps its dead, the million poor,
Steel-staved and broken
and no grave shall hold them
Either in stone or sea; nor urn nor sand,
Skyline of city walls, their monument,
And on this field, lockstep in millions joined,
New world in fire opens where they stand.)

Wake to the song,
Only the young
shall outlive this dark hour
And night down streets the body walks alone;
Then up the stair, your portrait is my mirror,
Your features mine, and yours the quick, bright hair,
Read here my testament
when I am done,
This book is yours, the page uncut
Farewell, my brother,
Comrade, son.

## A FINAL CHORUS

(*From* The Magnetic Mountain)

*C. Day Lewis (1933)*

Now raise your voices for a final chorus,
Lift the glasses, drink to-morrow's health—
Success to the doctor who is going to cure us
And those who will die no more in bearing wealth.
On our magnetic mountain a beacon burning
Shall sign the peace we hoped for, soon or late,

Clear over a clean earth, and all men turning
Like infants' eyes, like sunflowers to the light.

Drink to the ordered nerves, the sight restored;
A day when power for all shall radiate
From the sovereign centres, and the blood is stirred
To flow in its ancient courses of love and hate:
When the country vision is ours that like a barn
Fills the heart with slow-matured delight,
Absorbing wind and summer, till we turn
Like infants' eyes, like sunflowers to the light.

For us to dream the birthday, but they shall act it—
Bells over fields, the hooters from the mine,
On New Year's Eve under the bridegroom's attic
Chorus of coastguards singing Auld Lang Syne.
Now at hope's horizon that day is dawning,
We guess at glory from a mountain height,
But then in valley towns they will be turning
Like infants' eyes, like sunflowers to the light.

Beckon, O beacon, and O sun be soon!
Hollo, bells, over a melting earth!
Let man be many and his sons all sane,
Fearless with fellows, handsome by the hearth.
Break from your trance: start dancing now in town,
And, fences down, the ploughing match with mate.
This is your day: so turn, my comrades, turn
Like infants' eyes, like sunflowers to the light.

## HELLAS

### THE FINAL CHORUS

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1821)*

The world's great age begins anew,
  The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
  Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires
    gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
  From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
  Against the morning star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there
    sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
  Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
  And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy
The world is weary of the past,
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

## ODE TO THE WEST WIND

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1820)*

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine aery surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystálline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee. tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

## VICTORY

(*From* Prometheus Unbound)

*Percy Bysshe Shelley (1820)*

This is the day, which down the void abysm
At the Earth-born's spell yawns for Heaven's despotism,
  And Conquest is dragged captive through the deep:
Love, from its awful throne of patient power
In the wise heart, from the last giddy hour
  Of dead endurance, from the slippery, steep,
And narrow verge of crag-like agony, springs
And folds over the world its healing wings.

Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance,
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
  Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And if, with infirm hand, Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
  The serpent that would clasp her with his length;
These are the spells by which to reassume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
  To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
  Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

# Notes for Reading and Writing

## Biographical Notes

# NOTES FOR READING AND WRITING

## THE ROLE OF EDUCATION

1. What does Mr. Brown mean in his address *To the Inheritors of a World without Hitler* when he says that "this present is both an epilogue and a prologue"? What are some of the changes in the last two decades to which the author alludes? What does he mean by the death of those who permit their times to pass beyond them? What parallel is pointed in his allusion to Ibsen? When the author says that in spite of the horror of a world at war these days have clarified the issues of our living and have distinguished between the good and evil in the world, to what issues might he allude? What are some of the discrepancies between the ideals of the signers of the Constitution and our realization of them? Is there a common denominator among the Jeeter Lesters, the Joads, and the John L. Lewis's of this earth? What are the essential differences? Compare Frederick Carpenter's view of the Joads in the section, *The Challenge of Democracy*, with Mr. Brown's implied attitude. What is the author's criticism of our elders? Of the educational system? What are some of the dual forces raging within all modern men? What does the author suggest is the place of the arts in a war torn world? *Suggestions for writing:* Taking education lightly; Is Christianity on a one day week? The fear of literacy; Li'l Abner, or other mental stupefiers; Lazing in the lowlands of the easy; Mental haves and have-nots.

2. To what extent do the editors of *Fortune* lend support to the figure likening the undergraduate to "four snakes gliding up and down a hollow for no purpose that I could see—not to eat, not for love, but only gliding . . ."? Read a college novel of the post-war period and one of your own era and write a comparative study. Bring evidence to bear on the truth or falsity of the more controversial generalizations regarding college youth of today. *Suggestions for writing:* Compulsory chapel; Scholastic eye-openers; On the varsity squad, Best sellers on the campus; Outguessing the professor; Campus snobbery, Human paving stones; Crusades for tomorrow; Campus smoothies; The cult of hobbies; As the world wags, so wags the undergraduate; Intellectual doldrums; Milquetoasts on the campus; The college daily; The rah-rah stage; The jazz age has passed; Heeling the paper; Mental vacuums, Only gliding; The personal equation.

3. Summarize Mr. Jones' conclusions with respect to the American universities' approximation to the Emersonian ideal. Show how his ideas might be considered to refute or to complement those of President Hutchins

and Professors Barr and Buchanan. Evaluate the various objectives in the light of our present need not only to understand American traditions and ideals but to understand those of other nations. Why have the social studies tended to supersede the humanities in student interest? What constructive suggestions does Mr. Jones offer for restoring the humanities to a position of prominence? Evaluate statements by Mr. Wendell Willkie and others on the neglect of the humanities in the college curricula during the war emergency. *Suggestions for writing:* One hundred per cent Americans; A liberal education; First things first; Airy abstractions; The humanely educated man, In a vacuum; The student accepts on faith; "Give me insight into today, and you may have the antique and future worlds."

4. What view of the relation between liberty and education is held by the leaders of St John's College? Do you think it true of modern education that the "side shows are putting the main tent out of business"? In what sense is the liberal "experimental" plan of St. John's not really new? On what view of human life is this educational philosophy grounded? Do you think that it fails to take into consideration any important aspects of modern life? Draw up your arguments for or against such a plan. Do you agree with its sponsors that this program of education is best for the many in a democracy as well as for the few? Explain your position. Can you justify this plan with regard to its attack on the system of electives? If you think of books not on this list which you believe invaluable as teachers, justify your selections. What do you think of the relative neglect of contemporary writers? Evaluate a recent book according to the five rules for a great book laid down at St. John's. Do these rules omit anything you consider important? *Suggestions for writing:* "Things have changed; men have not"; What education is best for the masses in a democracy?; The educator as nurse or physician; Selecting the educational pill that looks easiest to swallow; The failure of charm-school education; "The average professor is as stale as a stone", How I should teach Shakespeare; A book that changed my mind; American classics I should list; "A great book raises questions about the great themes in human thought"; The failure of American liberalism, The end of education is to develop men who think for themselves. Look up President Hutchins' book, *No Friendly Voice*, and some of his magazine articles on education and prepare a report or paper on his educational theories. Look up the criticism of his views by John Dewey or Alfred North Whitehead.

5. In the University of Chicago Round Table, *Education for Freedom*, what differences in point of view are represented with respect to the relation of vocational training to education for freedom? According to the educators represented here, why is liberal education, as well as vocational training, essential to winning the war? How does Mr. Barr explain the seeming paradox that the Nazis have not been taught to think and yet they seem to do a good job of fighting? According to Mr. Hutchins, in what sense may liberal education be called vocational education? What is Mr. Buchanan's

quarrel with the present accelerated program most colleges have invoked? Why would provision for liberal arts training for the many young people of college age who do not now have an opportunity to get it be a blow to our enemies? Read about one of the educational experiments being conducted in the United States: The University of Chicago plan; Antioch College; Bennington College; Sarah Lawrence College; Rollins College; Reed College. *Suggestions for writing:* An evaluation of an experimental college plan; Culture hounds; Books as decorations; Education for citizenship; Fitting a man for freedom.

6. Summarize Gertrude Stein's reasons for hostility to the Hutchins-Adler approach to education. What does she mean when she says that "the real ideas are not the relation of human beings as groups but a human being to himself inside him"? Are the two relationships necessarily antithetical? Why do you think Miss Stein was so successful in making the students talk? What does she mean when she says, "To me when a thing is really interesting it is when there is no question and no answer"? What seems to be the basis of her approval or disapproval of the schools she visited? Gertrude Stein is more interested in conveying feelings than thoughts. Her disregard of conventional sentence structure and punctuation is related to this emphasis. What arguments can you produce for or against her manner of writing? *Suggestions for writing:* If Gertrude Stein should visit our college; A teacher who can make the students talk; "American men think that success is everything"; An evaluation of the Stein approach vs. the Hutchins-Adler approach; The influence of Gertrude Stein on modern writers.

7. What events in contemporary society lead the professor in the *Midwifery of Ideas* to say that we must re-examine our familiar dualities, virtue-toil, vice-idleness? What does he mean by a workable bourgeois ideology?

8. What did Lincoln Steffens expect to find at college, and what did he find? What support can you find in your own experience for his conclusions in regard to the absence of intellectual curiosity, on the one hand, and established knowledge on the other? Discuss the implications of Steffens' statement: "With all their knowledge they knew no essential truth." Write your critical reaction to the paragraph in Steffens, beginning "Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over." *Suggestions for writing:* Memorable or ineffectual teachers; Examination questions for the professor to answer; Knowledge in compartments; The unknown is the province of the student; Overthrowing academic idols; On getting by, A battle of wits; Systems of mind-fixing.

9. In *The Sock-Hunt* one of the amusing experiences of a college reporter is presented. How does the writer succeed in giving you a vivid idea of her personality? On what elements does the humor of the narrative depend? *Suggestions for writing:* A short narrative account of an embarrassing personal experience; An account of a personal interview with a

visiting celebrity, If you have ever been a reporter for a school paper, write a narrative focusing on some of your difficulties.

10. Summarize the differences in educational theory represented by Mr. Clegg and Mr. Minnow. How real is this conflict in the world of today? If you have known either a Mr. Clegg or a Mr. Minnow write a sketch presenting him as vividly as you can. Imagine the scene between Mr. Clegg and Mr. Minnow the next morning and present it through dialogue.

11. How does the introductory presentation of Knute Axelbrod prepare you for the action of the story? By what concrete means are you made aware of the contrast between Axelbrod's dream of college life and the reality he finds? How valid are Lewis's sketches of various types of students? How does he suggest that the people at Yale do not differ essentially from the natives of Joralemon? What have both groups in common in their attitude toward one who does not conform to their accepted standards? Explain why the conclusion of the story does or does not present a logical resolution of Knute's inner conflict. *Suggestions for writing:* A nonconformist in my town (or college), The student who earns his way; The campus dilettante; The person I might have been; Escaping for a night.

12. In Sandburg's poem, *A Father Sees a Son Nearing Manhood*, evaluate the various lessons the father would have his son learn. Where they seem to be contradictory, how do you reconcile them? *Suggestions for writing:* Things I should tell my son, Learning something out of folly, Telling myself lies, Protective fronts, Being different from other people, Seeking out my motives, A world resenting change.

13. Miss Taggard quotes Engels in the last lines of her poem. What are the implications for society in general, and for education in particular, of such a view of human nature? Defend or challenge the theory that human nature can be changed.

14. What tendencies among "progressive" schools is Miss McGinley satirizing in her poem? *Suggestions for writing:* Problem children and problem parents, I develop *me;* Complexes I have (or don't have); A square peg in a round hole, Anti-social attitudes.

15. What would be Seth Compton's attitude toward censorship of a book such as *The Grapes of Wrath?* Present an argument supporting or refuting his point of view. In what way might Seth Compton be said to carry on the philosophy of Gibbon and Milton as represented in Hardy's *Lausanne?*

## Suggestions for Further Reading

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Dewey, John, *Democracy and Education*

Flexner, Abraham, *Universities: American, English, German*

Foerster, Norman, *The Function of the State University*

Hutchins, Robert Maynard, *The Higher Learning in America; No Friendly Voice*

Mann, Erika, *School for Barbarians*

Martin, Everett Dean, *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*

Meiklejohn, Alexander, *The Experimental College; Education between Two Worlds*
Newman, John Henry, *The Idea of a University*
Tunis, John L., *Class of 1911*
Wechsler, Jerome, *Revolt on the Campus*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Adams, Henry, *The Education of Henry Adams*
Chase, Mary Ellen, *A Goodly Fellowship*
Morley, Christopher, *John Mistletoe*
Perry, Bliss, *And Gladly Teach*
Rice, John A., *I Came Out of the Eighteenth Century*
Sheean, Vincent, *Personal History*
Strong, Anna Louise, *I Change Worlds*
Wells, H. G., *Experiment in Autobiography*

FICTION

Benét, Stephen Vincent, *The Beginning of Wisdom*
Cather, Willa, *The Professor's House*
Harriman, William, *Winter Term*
Herrick, Robert, *Chimes*
Joyce, James, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
Marks, Percy, *The Plastic Age*
Rogers, Samuel, *Lucifer at Pine Lake*
Stewart, George, *Doctor's Oral*
Walworth, Dorothy, *Feast of Reason*
Weller, George, *Not to Eat, Not for Love*
Wells, H. G., *Joan and Peter*

## IDEAS OF LIBERTY AND DEMOCRACY

1. In *The American Cause* explain the significance of Mr. MacLeish's use of the fall of France in posing the issue American democracy now faces. On what misinterpretation of democracy does MacLeish believe the fear that democracy cannot meet the challenge of fascism may be based? How has this fear been fostered? By what means does Mr. MacLeish make it clear that in his characterization of self-confident American democracy in the expansive frontier days of the 19th century he is not simply suggesting a return to old attitudes and ways of American life? What is his meaning when he says, "Democracy is never a thing done. Democracy is always something that a nation must be doing"? What is Milton's concept of the basis of democracy? What do you see as some of the pressing tasks for post-war America if the ideal of democracy is to be a reality? *Suggestions for writing:* My answer to the challenge of fear; Our enemies' definition of democracy; Mental sabotage; Printing presses as machine guns; Democracy is more than a way of owning property; My idea of the "wave of the future." "Which way to take to reach tomorrow?"; Democracy in action.

2. Explain some of the inter-relationships as they are developed in the introductory section of *The Four Freedoms.* Why is freedom of speech basic to all true freedom? Contrast the American and the Nazi ideas and practice in this respect. What is the relation of free speech to education? To our general culture? Why is freedom of religion so indispensable to democracy? Why is it no longer ridiculous to propose that want be abolished from the world? Discuss the economic bases for world unity. How would you answer the often repeated assertion that we will always have poverty? By what means may we now envision the freeing of the world

from fear? How is a part of the machinery for achieving a lasting peace being built even in war time? *Suggestions for writing:* Planning for Utopia; Freedom for unwelcome opinions; "Ideas are what tyrants most fear"; The necessary limits of free speech; Even a crack-pot should have his say, "Some fear the peace more than they fear the war"; Fears in the night; Shackled minds.

3. What does Mumford mean by "values" to civilization in his *Faith for Living*, why are they so important, and what are some of the means of fostering them? What evidence is produced to suggest that values cannot be cultivated in a personal or social vacuum? Explain the author's philosophic justification for every form of social justice and give some recent illustrations of the principle. What does he mean by a "Sunday morality" as applied to society? What do you think of his ideas concerning the need for fusing the practical and spiritual life of an individual or a community? What has stood in the way of the realization of this ideal? *Suggestions for writing:* Servile or dangerous work should (or should not) be shared by the entire community; Justice means equality of sacrifice in times of hardship; People with a "Sunday morality"; An examination of the values fostered by my community.

4. What does Mr. Edman mean in his essay, *Look Homeward, America!*, when he says "Europe as Nirvana is over"? What evidences of American cultural dependence on Europe are presented? Why does Mr. Edman consider the necessary change of attitude "one of the few healthy consequences of our tragic time"? In what sense may it be said that the Europe that cultivated Americans cared about can in some measure be found at home? What are some of the materials of American culture to which we are now turning? Trace this trend in literature, architecture, art, music. What hope for the future do you find in this discovery of America? *Suggestions for writing:* Happy hunting grounds of the tourist; The American town in literature; New trends in American architecture; A truly American artist; We must not be cultural isolationists.

5. In *My Love Affair with Freedom* what is the significance of Mr. White's comment on the fashions in ideas of city dwellers: "It seemed to me they had strung along with Paris a little too long"? Do you consider the examples of talk critical of democracy as representative of widespread American attitudes? What has been the effect of our entry into the war in causing Americans to re-evaluate their democracy? Discuss the statement that it is the pen that "inoculates men and keeps the germ of freedom always in circulation," and relate this idea to the German burning of the books. On what concept of the individual is the author's "love affair with freedom" based? Contrast this attitude with the fascist concept of man. *Suggestions for writing:* Remodeling my ideas; Can one remain an innocent bystander? I discover America; Knights of the goose quill; The Typhoid Mary's of freedom; My affidavit for American youth.

6. Mr. Fast tells us in an epilogue to *The Unvanquished* that his portrait of Washington is an attempt to rescue him from those who have gilded him with cheap tawdry varnish, and to restore the man and the men around him not as tin gods but as "human beings clinging with steadfast purpose to a cause that might certainly be called lost." The novel traces the development of Washington from Virginia farmer and fox hunter to the selfless leader of a people welded together in their cause largely by his courage and singleness of purpose. What do you learn of Washington and Glover and the antecedent events through the conversation between the two? Study the brief dramatic flashes by means of which you are made aware of the various characters involved and their attitude toward Washington. What do you learn of the conflict within the mind of Washington and the final resolution of that conflict in purposeful leadership? Compare this account of the crossing of the Delaware with that of one of the biographies of Washington, Compare the personality of Washington as Mr. Fast represents him with the picture given by biographers such as Rupert Hughes or Woodward. Compare Mr. Fast's study of the revolutionary struggle with that of Kenneth Roberts in *Oliver Wiswell.*

7. In *Freedom's a Hard Bought Thing* Cue's experience may be considered symbolic of the perennial challenge to mankind in the concept of freedom. We may trace his gradual understanding of the meaning of liberty from his early half-unconscious struggle to a passionate acceptance of the necessity for freedom, regardless of cost in suffering or life. What is contributed to the effectiveness of the story by the fact that Cue's life as a slave is not portrayed as one of unusual hardship and that his masters are on the whole benevolent? What is the significance of the scene in which he first realizes that he is a piece of property? Comment on his psychological reactions. The old "conjure woman" has been compared to an ancient Greek priestess. Note how the scope and the imaginative appeal of the story are enlarged through her presence. Why are we told of Cue's ancestors? In what way may the choice Cue has to make between love and comfort and his new desire be symbolic of the choice frequently presented to one who craves freedom? Note the simple ballad-like quality of the narrative, the suggestive but not too literal idioms and cadences of Negro speech, the vivid word pictures and the objective method of narration.

8. In the short story, *Hostage*, how do the Nazis interpret the Professor's indifference to political events? Trace the means by which you are introduced to the Professor and prepared for his inner conflict and final decision? Comment on the characterization of the German commandant. How are Maxime and Paul individualized and at the same time made representative of different French types? Why is the professor held as a hostage? What forces impel the professor toward yielding, and what makes him resist the demands of the Nazis? What are the steps that had led the Professor from hopeful interest in world affairs to his present apathy? Dis-

cuss the effectiveness of the conclusion as a resolution of the personal problem and as a suggestion of hope for the future. *Suggestions for writing:* Paul's way vs. Maxime's way, A typical college professor and the war; Should teachers be interested in politics?

9. What does Mr. Sandburg mean in his poem on Lincoln when he describes him as a "mystery in smoke and flags"? What aspects of democracy does Lincoln affirm and what does he deny? Show how the quotations are well selected to represent Lincoln as a poet, practical politician, lover of freedom, historian, and dreamer. What sayings seem to have special significance for us today? Develop specific applications to problems of war, internal conflicts, labor. *Suggestions for writing:* A struggler amid illusions; Being controlled by events; All men are created equal except—; The effort to shift burdens, "The sheep and the wolf do not agree upon a definition of the word liberty."

10. On what qualities of man do Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley base their faith in the eventual triumph of liberty?

## Suggestions for Further Reading


ESSAYS, CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY

Adamic, Louis, *My America, From Many Lands*
Adams, James Truslow, *The Epic of America*
Agar, Herbert, *The Pursuit of Happiness*
Allen, Frederick L., *Only Yesterday, Since Yesterday*
Anderson, Sherwood, *Puzzled America*
Anshen, Ruth (ed.), *Freedom: Its Meaning*
Antin, Mary, *The Promised Land*
Beard, Charles and Mary, *The Rise of American Civilization; The American Spirit*
Becker, Carl, *New Liberties for Old, Modern Democracy*
Corey, Lewis, *The Unfinished Task*
Cousins, Norman, *The Good Inheritance; A Treasury of Democracy*
Croly, Herbert, *The Promise of American Life*
de la Mora, Constancia, *In Place of Splendor*
de Palencia, Isabel, *I Must Have Liberty*
Dodd, Martha, *Through Embassy Eyes*
Dodd, William F., and Martha (ed.), *Ambassador Dodd's Diary*
Dos Passos, John, *The Ground We Stand On*
Edman, Irwin, *Fountainheads of Freedom*
Koestler, Arthur, *Dialogue with Death*
Lamont, Corliss, *You Might Like Socialism*
Lerner, Max, *It is Later Than You Think; Ideas for the Ice Age*
Lips, Eva, *Rebirth in Liberty*
Mann, Erika and Klaus, *Escape to Life*
Mann, Thomas, *The Coming Victory of Democracy*
Nehru, Jawaharlal, *Toward Freedom*
Seldes, George, *Lords of the Press*
Shotwell, James, *The Long Road to Freedom*
Silone, Ignazio, *The School for Dictators*
Soule, George, *The Strength of Nations*
Tead, Ordway, *New Adventures in Democracy*
Valtin, Jan, *Out of the Night*
Waln, Nora, *Reaching for the Stars*
Weeter, Dixon, *The Hero in America*

FICTION

Bottome, Phyllis, *Mortal Storm*
Canfield, Dorothy, *Seasoned Timber*
Chase, Mary Ellen, *Windswept*
Edmonds, Walter, *Drums Along the Mohawk*
Fast, Howard, *The Unvanquished*
Feuchtwanger, Leon, *Power; The Oppermanns*

Forbes, Esther, *Paul Revere and His World*
Lewis, Sinclair, *It Can't Happen Here*
Page, Elizabeth, *The Tree of Liberty*
Roberts, Kenneth, *Oliver Wiswell*
Schmidt, Gladys, *The Gates of Aulis*
Silone, Ignazio, *Fontamara*
Wolfe, Thomas, *The Face of a Nation*

DRAMA

Benét, Stephen Vincent, *They Burned the Books*
Ibsen, Henrik, *An Enemy of the People*
MacLeish, Archibald, *The Fall of the City*
Sophocles, *Antigone*
Thurber, James, *The Male Animal*

## THE CHALLENGE OF DEMOCRACY

1. In *The New Belief in the Common Man* trace the development of the idea of the common man and the opposition it has encountered. What were the contributions of Thomas Paine and Jeremy Bentham? Explain the statement that "the common man took possession in fact before he became fully accepted in theory." What has been the relation of the intelligentsia to this theory of the common man and how do you explain their attitude? Distinguish among the contributions of Whitman, Emerson, and Thoreau to the idea of the common man Make a study of the common man in the writings of one of the following: Robert Frost, Stephen Vincent Benét, Willa Cather, Ruth Suckow, John Steinbeck. *Suggestions for writing:* Who is the common man? "The common man is everybody"; Everybody is an uncommon man.

2. In *The Philosophical Joads* what does the author mean when he says that a popular *heresy* has it that a novelist should not discuss ideas? Wherein do you think lies the popularity of *The Grapes of Wrath?* Do you agree that the book is a best seller in spite of its ideas? Evaluate a classic that you are familiar with in terms of the author's view that classics do more than tell a story and describe characters, they offer insight into man's motives and point to the springs of action. Illustrate the author's thesis that Jim Casy translates American philosophy into words of one syllable and the Joads translate it into action. What are the parallels between Jim's thinking and that of Emerson? What is reminiscent of Whitman in Jim's philosophy? What is the author's defense of the physiological realism of the book? What does the author mean when he says the book represents the pragmatism of William James? *Suggestions for writing:* From I to We; Preachers I have known; "We're the people that live"; A leader of the people; "That idea is good which works."

3. To build your background for understanding of the chapter from *The Grapes of Wrath* you might read an article by Avis Carlson, *Dust Blowing*, in *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1935. Other books contributing to an understanding of this problem are Erskine Caldwell's *You Have Seen Their Faces*, Carey McWilliams' *Factories in the Field*, and *The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy* by C. S. Johnson, R. Embree, and W. W. Alexander. What effects does Mr. Steinbeck achieve with his lyrical-narrative style? Compare the picture of the man on the tractor with that of Mr. Mayo in the section on The World of Science. What do you think the truer picture of the effect on

man of the mechanization of his labor? To what extent are both pictures colored emotionally by the attitude of the author? What has Steinbeck's man on the tractor in common with the tenant he supplants? *Suggestions for writing:* A tenant farmer I know, "Caught in something larger than themselves"; What makes ownership?; The thrill of controlling a machine; If I were a farmer; Times are changed; Passing the buck.

4. By what means are you made aware of the intense sympathy which Swift feels for the poor Irish tenants? Should you characterize him as misanthrope or humanitarian? How does he make the reader feel that the present treatment of these people is in reality no less cruel than that which he ironically proposes? What is the effect on the reader of social satire such as Swift's?

5. *$595 F.O.B.* represents aspects of modern industrial life: the speed up, the stretch out, the union, the labor spy. Interview a factory owner and a factory workman, and, if possible, visit a factory. Evaluate this story in the light of what you learn from your independent investigation. If you have worked in a factory, how far does your experience and observation coincide with Corey's picture? Read articles for and against unionization and write a critical paper presenting your own convictions on the matter.

6. H. G. Wells said of Miss Gellhorn's stories, "There is no propaganda in this book, not a passage of exhortation, no effort to sharpen or barb the point, and yet I do not think it will be easy to read it through and not feel a new strength of resolve, to learn, to work, for such a willful reorganization of human life as will make these stories at last seem like an incredible nightmare of misery in the history of mankind. Today, alas! they are all too credible." Discuss this story from three points of view: the element of propaganda, the effect on the reader, the credibility of this character and situation in the world as you know it. Discuss *Man on the Road* from the same points of view.

7. In the short story, *Those Are as Brothers*, what picture is painted of Fraulein? How does the author suggest by implication the unhappy personal experience from which Mrs. Mason has escaped? According to Mr. Loeb, what happens to the oppressed that makes for brotherhood? How does the concluding incident of the story attest to the truth of his theory? *Suggestions for writing:* Self-learning; Reflexes, Wanting to be on top; A common cause.

8. The Garths in *Mud on the Stars* for one hundred and fifty years had large holdings of land until the T.V.A. forced them to sell. Young Garth, whom we meet in this selection, had fought the government's taking the land, had fought, in fact, everything the New Deal stood for, until he learned from bitter personal experience that native fascist elements with whom he cooperated could not be tolerated. After a trip in which he tried to reorient himself to the world, he bought back a small portion of the Garth land from the government and accepted a government position. What are

the Garth values? Trace the evolution of Garth's growth from irresponsibility to maturity? What were the conflicts hardest for him to resolve? What were the major changes in his point of view? What further insight into the character of Garth is gained in the tombstone scene? What does it contribute artistically to the whole? What factors led him to enlist as a private instead of applying for a commission? What are the issues of the war, and the individual's stake in it, as he sees them? What does he mean when he says that the causes of Hitler can be found in ourselves? *Suggestions for writing:* The T.V.A.; The influence of heredity on me, Everything in the world I want, We're doing all right, Thoughts I try to shake off, Hearing voices; Private islands; The interdependency of people, Government-guided life, The world has become smaller, All I ask is to be let alone; An ordered world, I didn't feel heroic, Master of one's destiny, An era of debunking, False façades.

9. In *Winterset,* to what extent do the characters of Miriamne, Mio, the judge, and the rabbi fulfill Krutch's definition of tragedy: the outward failure of the principal personage is compensated for by the dignity and greatness of his character? To what extent do social and economic forces motivate the tragedy? In what sense are Mio and Miriamne "star-crossed lovers"? *Winterset* has been called "Shakespeare in shirt sleeves." Read *Romeo and Juliet* or *Hamlet* to determine the reason for this epithet. As a basis of comparison consider the theme, motivating forces, characterization, resolution of plot, and the blank verse. Prepare a bibliography which will include such source materials as the court proceedings for the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, newspaper accounts of it, and the letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. After reading a substantial number of documents, write a critical paper showing how Anderson has molded an unorganized "slice of life" into a complete and unified art form. Or you might prefer to examine the events of the trial to arrive at a decision of your own regarding the justice of the conclusion.

10. Show how Shakespeare sums up in a brief sonnet many of the social wrongs existent today. In what does he find solace and desire to live?

11. Intense pity for the poor marks the poems of Horace Gregory and Stephen Spender. What specific aspects of our contemporary social problems are suggested in each of these poems?

## Suggestions for Further Reading


ESSAYS, CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY

Addams, Jane, *Twenty Years at Hull House*

Chase, Stuart, *Men and Machines; Rich Land, Poor Land*

Ehrman, H., *The Untried Case*

Gilfillan, Lauren, *I Went to Pit College*

Hays, Arthur Garfield, *City Lawyer*

Hughes, Langston, *The Big Sea*

McWilliams, Carey, *Factories in the Fields; Ill Fares the Land*

Riis, Jacob, *The Making of an American*

Stone, Irving, *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*

Washington, Booker T., *Up From Slavery*

Wright, Richard, *Twelve Million Black Voices*

FICTION

Asch, Sholem, *Three Cities*
Algren, Nelson, *Never Come Morning*
Bentley, Phyllis, *Inheritance*
Brown, Sterling (ed.), *The Negro Caravan*
Caldwell, Erskine, *God's Little Acre*
Cantwell, Robert, *The Land of Plenty*
Cozzens, James Gould, *The Just and the Unjust*
Cronin, A. V., *The Stars Look Down*
di Donato, Pietro, *Christ in Concrete*
Dickens, Charles, *Oliver Twist; Hard Times; David Copperfield*
Dos Passos, John, *U S A*
Dreiser, Theodore, *An American Tragedy*
Fallada, Hans, *Little Man, What Now?*
Farrell, James T., *A World I Never Made; Studs Lonigan*
Faulkner, Wm., *Go Down, Moses; As I Lay Dying, These Thirteen*
Flavin, Martin, *The Criminal Code*
Gellhorn, Martha, *The Trouble I've Seen*
Glasgow, Ellen, *In This Our Life*
Gorki, Maxim, *Bystander, Mother*
Halper, Albert, *The Foundry; Union Square, The Little People*
Hamsun, Knut, *The Growth of the Soil; Hunger*
Hardy, Thomas, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles; Jude the Obscure*
Herbst, Josephine, *The Executioner Waits*
Hughes, Langston, *The Ways of White Folks*
Kapstein, I. J., *Something of a Hero*
Kingsley, Charles, *Alton Locke; Yeast*
Llewellyn, Richard, *How Green Was My Valley*
Lumpkin, Grace, *To Make My Bread*
Mitchell, Ruth C., *Of Human Kindness*
Norris, Frank, *The Pit, The Octopus*
O'Casey, Sean, *I Knock at the Door; Pictures in the Hallway*
Schwarz, Leo W. (ed.), *The Jewish Caravan*
Silone, Ignazio, *Bread and Wine*
Sinclair, Upton, *The Jungle; Little Steel*
Slade, Caroline, *The Triumph of Willie Pond*
Slesinger, Tess, *The Unpossessed*
Steinbeck, John, *Of Mice and Men; In Dubious Battle; Tortilla Flat; The Grapes of Wrath; The Long Valley*
Wright, Richard, *Uncle Tom's Children; Native Son*
Zola, Emile, *Germinal*

DRAMA

Anderson, Maxwell, *The Wingless Victory*
Caldwell, Erskine, and Kirkland, Jack, *Tobacco Road*
Galsworthy, John, *Justice; Strife; The Silver Box, Loyalties*
Glaspell, Susan, *The Inheritors*
Gorki, Maxim, *The Lower Depths*
Green, Paul, *In Abraham's Bosom*
Hauptmann, Gerhardt, *The Weavers*
Kingsley, Sidney, *Dead End*
Koslenko, William (ed.), *The Best Plays of the Social Theatre*
Odets, Clifford, *Golden Boy; Paradise Lost; Till the Day I Die; Waiting for Lefty*
O'Neill, Eugene, *The Hairy Ape; All God's Chillun Got Wings*
Rice, Elmer, *Street Scene; We, the People*
Riggs, Lynn, *Russet Mantle*
Sherwood, Robert, *The Petrified Forest*

## WAR AND PEACE

1. What has Mr. Benét in mind in *War Morale and the Writer* when he says our best propaganda is to spread the entire truth? What does the author conceive the writer's function to be? What are the special characteristics and responsibilities of the writer?

2. According to Mr. Brown in *The Public Mind in War and Peace* when were the periods when the physical sciences emerged as genuine sciences, and what parallel might be pointed with regard to the social sciences?

Explain the paradoxical character of the social sciences. To what extent does social science accept and reject the maxim that men are created free and equal? What are the social and political implications of the fact that intelligence is determined, at least in generous measure, by environmental factors? How does the inequality of intelligence affect the practice of a functioning democracy? What are the implications of the fact that man is a socio-psycho-biological organism? In what sense may hate be a healthy reaction? How do the defense mechanisms of displacement, rationalization, and projection operate in the world today?

3. What does Mr. Edman mean in *Candle in the Dark* when he says that any comfort we can find must be a postscript to despair? How does the author demonstrate that a philosophy of nihilism is untenable? What hopes does science hold for the future? What are the author's arguments for promoting in war, no less than in peace, the artistic and cultural values of our democracy? What is the author's view of human nature, and to what extent does it inspire optimism on his part? What are some of the satisfactions to be found even in the tragic present? What does the author mean when he urges that we discipline ourselves to live without hope or expectation? How can such living preclude despair? *Suggestions for writing:* Private joys; The sky will not fall; No civilization ever ends; The faiths that men live by; A twilight of the gods; Great expectations, New ways of life; Historical-mindedness; There is much to be done; Men and women are not angels; "The common good is the good of each"; Living at second-hand, Antidotes to despair; If all else fails.

4. Relate Vice-President Wallace's comments on the march of the common people in *The Price of Free World Victory* to Professor Friedrich's account of the development of the idea of the common man. What evidence is here presented of the progress of the common man throughout the world? What is the relation of this progress to self-government? What does the author mean when he calls the violence preached by the Nazis the "devil's own religion of darkness"? In what sense may this war be viewed as a people's revolution? Comment on the four duties of this revolution and relate them to Professor Carr's ideas on the moral basis for peace. Enumerate some of the mistakes we made after the last war. What is the meaning of those who herald an "American Century," and how does Vice-President Wallace answer them? What is the keynote of success in building a peaceful post-war world order? What are some of the dangers the author sees in the days to come and how are they being met? *Suggestions for writing:* An answer to, or defense of, Mr. Henry Luce's "American Century"; The ideal of social justice in the Bible; How we should treat Germany, or Japan, after the war; Three men on a raft—a symbol for Americans; Saboteurs of the mind, Psychological offensives.

5. In Mr. Robertson's *I Saw England* what were some of the changes that the author noted in London under attack? Why was *Thunder Rock*

a play "for a city that had prepared itself to die"? What did the author mean when he said that he understood Valley Forge and Gettysburg at Dover? What is the significance of the author's statement that London ceased to be a physical city and became a spiritual place?

6. On what basis does Mr. Hindus believe Russian resistance to be most deeply grounded? Compare the experience of Napoleon's armies in Russia with those of Hitler. Trace the evolution of the partisan-guerrilla fighter from the civil war to the present. What is the relation between the scorched earth policy and the political and economic organization of the Soviet Union? How does Mr. Hindus characterize Russian youth and its contribution?

7. What is the effect of the descriptive passages at the beginning of *The Heroic Defense of the Philippines?* How does the author give you a clear idea of the general situation? What do the bits of conversation and humorous incident accomplish? Find illustrations of the principle of contrast. What is the author's interpretation of the spirit of these brave men? *Suggestions for writing:* Even though the odds were hopeless; Tolerance for an opposing point of view; Courage alone is not enough; American traits evidenced in these heroes.

8. In the autobiography, *Destination Chungking*, a young Chinese girl traces through the story of her country fighting for its life and freedom the development of her own awareness of the meaning of this terrible struggle and her part in it. The child of a wealthy family of bankers, she had broken away from hereditary patterns sufficiently to attend an English university, to marry Pao, the man of her own choice, and to return with him from England to serve China on the outbreak of war. In her role of nurse this young aristocrat comes to know and share the sufferings of the indomitable people and to embrace fervently the democratic faith of the new China. What does the author achieve through the lyrical descriptive passage with which she begins her account in *Coming of Age in China?* What impression do you gain of each character as he speaks? What do you learn of internal conflicts as the conversation develops? How does the author build up an interpretation of the common people even before her final praise of them? What aspects of the General's philosophy link it with a fascist philosophy? How are you made to see that he is not truly representative of the army of Chiang Kai-Shek and the new China? On what does the author base her hope for the world of the future? *Suggestions for writing:* "If we are to win it will not be with driven armies but with led armies"; "The people will be loyal if you win their loyalty"; "There is no true adventure save within oneself"; "Let us possess our own souls unswayed by the shouts of the crowd"; Those who rattle glib phrases; An overheard conversation; These young people must have discipline, I saw youth marching; Caught in the whirlpool of war.

9. In *Flight to Arras* Count Antoine De Saint-Exupéry, a distinguished French flier, tells of a dangerous sortie over Arras in May, 1940, just before the fall of France. The earlier passages tell of the take-off, the chaos within the French lines and the men's reactions to what seemed the hysterical commands of their superior officers. Man's courage in the face of defeat and death is the epic theme of this narrative. How does Count De Saint-Exupéry make you share the tense drama of the flight? What is the effect of the bits of conversation, the descriptive elements, the flashbacks to the past, the passages revealing the mental state of the narrator? Trace the development of the author's understanding of the larger meaning of this personal experience. What comparisons might be made between his conclusions and those of Robert Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls?* Note the way in which what might be abstract philosophizing on life and death is given flesh and blood through vivid sensuous imagery and description of sensation. Select especially effective passages for comment. How are the two other men individualized and given reality? *Suggestions for writing:* On losing oneself in a group; An evaluation of Saint-Exupéry's final Credo, Looking on at life vs. participating; A flier I know; A nation of jugglers; An analysis of my sensations or thoughts in a moment of crisis.

10. Show how the *Old Man at the Bridge* achieves effectiveness through indirectness, irony, and understatement. The emphasis on the plight of the animals, for instance, accentuates the human tragedy. What is the effect of the insistence on the self-dependence and ingenuity of the cat; of the remark "I am without politics"; of the quietness and simplicity of the writing? Find other examples of this typical Hemingway technique. *Suggestions for writing:* The cat who walked by himself (see Kipling's story of that title); On being kept by a cat (see Elmer Davis's essay of that name); Man and his animals; Old age.

11. In *For Whom the Bell Tolls* Robert Jordan, a young American, has joined a band of Spanish guerrillas and with them he has agreed to blow up a bridge at the exact moment that will most help the Loyalist advance. Impetuous and freedom-loving, but not quite certain of himself or his cause, in the three days with which the novel deals, Jordan goes through a lifetime of experiences. He learns the meaning of love, and as never before he wants to live, but he has learned too the meaning of life and the necessity of personal sacrifice. To Maria, from whom he has just parted to go to his certain death, he says, "I love thee as I love all that we have fought for. I love thee as I love liberty and dignity and the rights of all men to work and not be hungry." How does Jordan convince himself that killing in war is justifiable? Why does he insist to himself that he has no right to forget anything? Why does he know that he cannot subscribe to the Marxian philosophy? What values does he believe are worth living and dying for? As he lies in the forest waiting for the approach of the enemy,

Jordan thinks of his grandfather, an old Civil War soldier, whom he admired tremendously, and of his father, who committed suicide. What is the effect of these thoughts on his action? What does he mean when he says, "If we win here we will win everywhere"? Is the stream of consciousness method the most effective way of telling this story?

12. Miss Hellman says in her introduction to her collected plays that she is a moral writer. After reading *Watch on the Rhine* what should you say she means by morality, and does morality in this sense preclude artistry? The "moral" of *Watch on the Rhine* relates to the author's convictions regarding war and fascism. What is the role played by Sara, Kurt, Marthe and Teck, all of whom have lived abroad amidst the strife, in a world partly dominated by fascism? How do David and Fanny react to the crisis with which they are confronted? How do children brought up in the turmoil of Europe differ from their contemporaries in America? Are these children completely credible, and how does the author create an illusion of reality about them? What has been the nature of the relationship between David and Fanny, and how does Marthe sharpen our awareness of it? What are the meaning and implications for us of Kurt's statement: "I have long sickened of words when I see the men who live by them"? Discuss the elements of tragedy inherent in the play. What are the means used to secure comic relief? What is the significance of Kurt's farewell words to his children? Make a study of the anti-fascist hero, using as a background *Hostage* by Doret, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and *Watch on the Rhine.*

13. What contrasts between fundamental values in human life and the conditions imposed upon men do you find in the poems of Hardy?

14. What support can you bring to bear on Lindsay's imaginary picture of Lincoln from your knowledge of him? What are the social implications of the phrases, "the league of sober folks, the Worker's Earth"? *Suggestions for writing:* If Abraham Lincoln were President today; "Too many peasants fight, they know not why"; A criticism of the treatment of Lincoln in a movie or play you have seen such as *Young Mr. Lincoln*, *Prologue to Glory*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, or Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln.*

## Suggestions for Further Reading

ESSAYS, CRITICISM AND BIOGRAPHY


Abend, Hallett, *Ramparts of the Pacific*
Arnold, Elliot, *The Commandos*
Benét, Stephen Vincent, *Zero Hour*
Bourke-White, Margaret, *Shooting the Russian War*
Brittain, Vera, *England's Hour; Testament of Youth*
Buck, Pearl, *American Unity and Asia*
Burman, Ben, *Miracle on the Congo*
Caldwell, Erskine, *All Out on the Road to Smolensk*
Chase, Stuart, *The Road We Are Travelling*
Davies, Joseph, *Mission to Moscow*
de Sales, Raoul de Roussy, *The Making of Tomorrow*
Hersey, John, *Men on Bataan*
Hoover, Herbert, and Gibson, Hugh, *The Basis of a Lasting Peace*

Ingersoll, Ralph, *Action on All Fronts*
Kai-Shek, Mme. Chiang, *China Will Live*
Kingsley, J. D., and D. Petegorski, *Strategy for Democracy*
Morton, David, *A Letter to Youth*
Pratt, C. C., *Psychology: the Third Division of War*
Reston, James B., *Prelude to Victory*
Reynolds, Quentin, *Only the Stars Are Neutral; A London Diary*
Rhys, John, *England is My Village*
Schuman, Frederick L., *Design for Power; Europe on the Eve*
Scott, John, *Beyond the Urals*
Sheean, Vincent, *Not Peace But a Sword*
Shirer, William, *Berlin Diary*
Snow, Edgar, *Red Star Over China*
Trumbull, Robert, *The Raft*
Werth, Alexander, *Moscow War Diary*
White, E. L., *They Were Expendable*
Woolf, Virginia, *Three Guineas*
Van Paassen, Pierre, *Days of Our Years*

FICTION

Buck, Pearl, *Dragon Seed*
Chun, T'ien, *Village in August*
Crane, Stephen, *The Red Badge of Courage*
Cummings, E. F., *The Enormous Room*
Dos Passos, John, *One Man's Initiation; Three Soldiers*
Euripides, *The Trojan Women*
Hemingway, Ernest, *A Farewell to Arms; The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories*
Knight, Eric, *This Above All*
Malraux, André, *Man's Fate; Man's Hope*
Remarque, Erich, *All Quiet on the Western Front; The Road Back*
Steinbeck, John, *The Moon is Down*
Struthers, Jan, *Mrs. Miniver*
Tolstoi, Leo, *War and Peace*
Wells, H. G., *War Between the Worlds*
Yutang, Lin, *A Leaf in the Storm*
Zweig, Stefan, *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*

DRAMA

Anderson, Maxwell, *The Eve of St Mark*
Capek, Karel, *The Power and the Glory*
Green, Paul, *Johnny Johnson*
Shaw, George Bernard, *Arms and the Man*
Shaw, Irwin, *Bury the Dead*
Sherriff, Robert, *Journey's End*
Sherwood, Robert, *Idiot's Delight; The Road to Rome; There Shall Be No Night*
Stallings, L., and Anderson, M., *What Price Glory?*

## THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

1. According to Mr. Mumford, why have men usually envisioned utopias in times of turmoil rather than in times of peace? What is the relationship between the world of ideas and the world of solid fact? Discuss some ideas or theories that have had power to change the world of fact. Distinguish between the utopias of escape and the utopias of reconstruction in regard to purpose and effect. What illustrations can you give of individuals or societies who, when confronted with apparently insurmountable difficulties, have run away, tried to hold their own, realistically faced the problem? In the psychological sense, which of these attitudes is represented by Mrs. Maddison, Tiny, Bigger Thomas, and other characters in stories or plays that you have read? Test the various plans for the future which you will read here, determining whether they represent realistic or utopian solutions to our problems. *Suggestions for writing:* My utopia; No more islands; My escapes into fantasy; Sixteenth century minds in twentieth century bodies; Ideas that have changed my world; People who live in the fantasy world of the movies.

2. Although Mr. Chase presents a "private utopia," his vision has universal implications in its portrayal of an ideal community. Note especially the way in which he constantly ties the good of the individual with that of the group. Wherein do you find his utopia practicable, wherein too visionary? Any one of Mr. Chase's list of things to avoid or things to enjoy might be expanded into a theme of personal reaction. Try your hand at one or two of these topics.

3. What are some of the constructive steps that Mr. Carr suggests in *The Search for a Moral Purpose* must be taken if we are to build a faith in the future of civilization and give men a common purpose in working for it? From what group should we look for leadership and why? Why is the solution of the economic problem basic to a lasting peace? What should be the motive of work in order to create a sense of purposefulness? What are the reasons for stressing equality and what are the means of achieving it? Show how stress on rights of individuals may actually defeat the ends of democracy.

4. In Mr. Brown's *Morale for the American Dream* how is morale defined? What are the parallels between the development of morale in an individual and in a nation? What factors make for a favorable prognosis in cases of mental illness? On what basis does the author predict the eventual collapse of German morale? How does the author describe the world reality situation? What is the author's analysis of the morale of Russia, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States?

5. In Professor Schuman's plan for a free world what does he suggest is the fallacy in our reasoning regarding the price to be paid for winning the war? What attitudes stand in the way of our realization of the ideals set forth by government spokesmen like Vice-President Wallace and Sumner Welles? What does the author see as the limitations of the Atlantic Charter? What does he suggest are the necessary steps in the winning of the peace? How did Winston Churchill reveal imagination and daring at the time of an earlier crisis? What are the author's proposals regarding the set-up of a United Nations government?

6. The biographical sketches of Dos Passos succeed in giving us a sense of the living personality as a part of his times. Note how this quality of aliveness is achieved in his biography of Frank Lloyd Wright through a fusion of narrative, descriptive, and expository elements presented in a highly unconventional form. What facts in the background of Wright help to explain his work and his dreams? What were some of the obstacles he had to overcome? What remains to be overcome? Discuss the features that Hicks' picture of the city of the future and Wright's plans for Broadacre City have in common. You will find further material in Wright's *Autobiography* and in his *Usonia*. *Suggestions for writing:* Buildings adapted to uses and needs; Living in the past rather than the present; What are the real needs of man? Only in freedom can we build; Buildings determine civilization.

7. Mr. Hicks has envisioned a world projected one hundred years into the future. George Swain, with seven other persons, submitted to cryogenic treatment; that is to say, he went to sleep for one hundred years, becoming conscious again in 2040. His responses to New York City are recorded in this selection. Consider the architectural changes in the "city of the future" from both the functional and aesthetic viewpoints. What is the significance of introducing the book, *Night Over Manhattan?* Evaluate the practice of assigning higher material reward for dangerous and unpleasant work. How feasible are some of the changes Mr. Hicks contemplates? *Suggestions for writing:* My plan of the city of the future, Without a car; Technological civilization; Vocabularies I can't understand, Should a ditch-digger be paid more than an executive? If the working day were only four hours; New York is just a hangover; Set in my ways; Gadgets, The limitations and/or values of the socialized state.

8. What elements of satire on our world as it is do you find in *Brave New World?* What are the methods of satire employed here? What support does modern psychology lend to the illusion of reality in the situation? Refer to Erika Mann's *School for Barbarians* for illustration of a modern application of psychology to the education of children for the state *Suggestions for writing:* How I was conditioned to like (or dislike) the country, city, school, a person, food, etc.; A world without parents; Developing class consciousness; The trials of being superior, If we were all alike.

9. What criticism of conventional ideas of success is involved in the Grand Lama's picture of Shangri-La? What are the positive values asserted here? To what extent do they represent a mere escape philosophy, and to what extent are they values upon which a civilization could be built? In the light of the world situation today, what can you say of this picture: "He foresaw a time when men, exultant in the technique of homicide, would rage so hotly over the world that every precious thing would be in danger, every book and picture and harmony, every treasure garnered through two millenniums"? What suggestions can you offer for the preservation of the world's cultural heritage? To what extent is the cultivation of the attitude of passionlessness and moderation an adequate answer? In the light of recent scientific discoveries, to what extent is the achievement of longevity in Shangri-La within the realm of possibility? *Suggestions for writing:* My Shangri-La; A criticism of Shangri-La as a utopia; We are slaves of time; If I could live to be a hundred; How can the world be re-built?; The burning of the books; The new dark ages; While the storm rages; A new world stirring in the ruins.

10. In the selection from Thomas Wolfe, *The Promise of America,* who is the seeker and what does he seek? Study the images for their appropriateness to the various sections of the country. On what does Wolfe base his assurance of the future of America? In the selection from Thomas Wolfe's

posthumous novel what are the implications of George's conviction that "You can't go home again"? Why does he refer to the time when he thought life had betrayed him as a "preciousness?" What criticism of college education is implicit in the review of George's college years? What view of the artist was held by George's contemporaries? What are the dangers of such a view? What does George mean when he says that love and fame are not enough? What were the factors responsible for George's changing view of the world? What does he mean when he says that the essence of belief is doubt? Analyze the differences between Fox and George. Of what does George's positive credo consist? How does George define the enemy? *Suggestions for writing:* Self appraisal; New directions; My philosophy of life; Moments of negation, Splitting hairs, Memorable events; Native prejudices; The limbo of forgotten things; A regular fellow; What makes for conformity? Does college prepare for life? Looking for a job; Compromising my ideas; Educational factories; Fixations; Learning the hard way; Apes of fashion; Things as they are; The American dream.

11. What is the "rising tide" of W. R. Benét's poem, and on what is his hope based?

12. It will be interesting to apply the theories on modern social poetry expressed in Engle's *Poetry in a Machine Age* with his poem, *Epilogue at the Core of Earth.* You may wish to read his entire volume, *Break the Heart's Anger*, for further light on his handling of the social theme and his use of imagery drawn from the modern world of men and machines. Compare the reasons for hope found in Sandburg, Engle, MacLeish, Spender, Day Lewis, and Gregory.

13. In what respects may Whitman's prophecy be said to have been fulfilled? In what ways was he mistaken? What lines seem to you still prophetic of coming events? To what elements does he refer as the "perform'd America, and Europe"; to what as the "unperform'd, more gigantic than ever"?

14. Shelley's nineteenth-century vision of a liberated humanity is the vision of our social poets today. Compare the final chorus of Day Lewis with that from Shelley's *Hellas.* If from his personal emotions and his universal sympathies, his criticism of his own age and his dream of a new day, the literary artist could always create an *Ode to the West Wind*, there would be no conflict between the claims of propaganda and art. Comment on the truth or limitations of this statement by a study of the purpose of Shelley; and of the thought, the personal emotion, and the imagery of the ode. The concluding lines of *Prometheus Unbound* suggest that hope for the world is finally centered in the character of the individual. What further support for this idea have you found in the social poets? In what way might it be true that, as Shelley said, the poets are the "unacknowledged legislators of the world"?

## Suggestions for Further Reading

Bacon, Francis, *The New Atlantis*
Bellamy, Edward, *Looking Backward*
Butler, Samuel, *Erewhon*
Calverton, V. F., *Where Angels Fear to Tread*
France, Anatole, *Penguin Island*
Howells, William Dean, *A Traveller from Altruria*
More, Sir Thomas, *Utopia*
Morris, William, *News from Nowhere*
*Nation, The*, 1927, Series of Articles on *Utopias* by Edna Ferber, Sinclair Lewis, C. A. Finger, H. L. Mencken, et al.
Plato, *The Republic*
Soule, George, *A Planned Society*
Wells, H. G., *A Modern Utopia; The Shape of Things to Come*
Wright, Austin T., *Islandia*

# BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

MAXWELL ANDERSON (1888– ), after serving many years as a professor and journalist, now devotes himself to writing. Among his best known plays are *Winterset, Both Your Houses, Mary of Scotland, Elizabeth the Queen, The Wingless Victory*, and *Key Largo.*

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT (1898–1943) was notable as a short story writer and poet. Among his published works are *John Brown's Body*, which won the Pulitzer prize in 1928, *Ballads and Poems* and several volumes of short stories.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT (1886– ) is distinguished as poet, critic, and editor. His most recent work is his poetic autobiography, *The Dust Which Is God.*

MORRIS BISHOP (1893– ) is a professor of Romance languages at Cornell University. He is the author of a number of books and has contributed frequently to the *New Yorker* and the *Saturday Review of Literature.*

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827) was an English mystical poet and artist whose revolutionary ideas have been more influential on later writers than on his contemporaries. He anticipates Freud in his subtle psychology, and modern social poets in his vision of an era of brotherhood and love. *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience* present opposing states of the human soul with a simplicity that is really extreme subtlety. Many of his poems are protests against social evils.

J. F. BROWN is chief of the Psychology Department of the Menninger Clinic and professor of Psychology at Kansas University. He is author of *Psychology and the Social Order*, and *Psychodynamics of Abnormal Behavior.*

JOHN MASON BROWN is dramatic critic of the *New York World-Telegram.*

FREDERICK CARPENTER was formerly teacher of English and American Literature at the University of California and at Harvard. He is author of *Emerson and Asia* and of various articles on American literature and philosophy.

EDWARD HALLETT CARR is Professor of International Politics in the University College of Wales. He served for twenty years in the Foreign Office. Among his many books are *International Relations since the Peace Treaties* (1937), *The Twenty Years' Crisis* (1939).

STUART CHASE (1888– ) as a public accountant exposed the exploitation of the American people by business interests during the War. Continuing to be a critic of social conditions in the United States, he has written *The Tragedy of Waste, Men and Machines*, and *The Economy of Abundance.*

LIEUTENANT COLONEL WARREN J. CLEAR, General Staff Corps, U.S.A. has for 25 years made a study of the organization and tactics of the Japanese army. As a military attaché in Japan he was for six months attached to the 2d division, Imperial Japanese Army, and in July, 1941, he was sent to the Far East

on a confidential military assignment. When the Japanese attacked he was in Manila, was temporarily attached to General MacArthur's staff, and was finally ordered to report to the War Department in Washington, where he is now on duty.

GEORGE COREY has had a diversity of experience as bell hop, assembler in a Ford factory, cabin boy, dock hand, dentist, journalist, and teacher of oral surgery at the Shantung Christian University. He has written several unproduced plays and occasional printed articles. *$595 F.O.B.* is his first published story.

COUNT ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY, French flier and writer, made his first flight at the age of eleven in a home-made plane. The experience determined his choice of career. Since 1921 he has been a member of the French air force or has been engaged in airmail service. Out of this experience came his novel *Night Flight* In 1939 he came to America to help establish a French overseas air line but returned on the outbreak of war. *Flight to Arras* (1942) records his personal experience in 1940 and his reflections on the fall of France.

BERNARD DORET (1914– ) was educated in Brooklyn and at the College of the City of New York. He has had varied experience as roofer, tinsmith's helper, shipping clerk. He is now assistant to the eastern story editor of *Universal Pictures*.

JOHN DOS PASSOS (1896– ), born in Chicago, is of Portuguese descent on his father's side. He graduated from Harvard in 1916 During World War I he served with the French Ambulance Corps, the Italian Red Cross, and the A.E.F. Medical Corps. After the war he spent some time in Paris. In his novels he has attempted by various experimental devices, the "Newsreel" (*i.e.* newspaper headlines, bits of news stories and popular songs in effective juxtaposition) and the "Camera Eye" (a stream of consciousness technique fusing the author's subjective impressions, thoughts and memories with objective material) to catch the actual speech rhythms and images of modern city life. His novels include *One Man's Initiation* (1920), *Three Soldiers* (1921), *U. S. A.* (a trilogy combining *42nd Parallel*, 1919, and *The Big Money*, 1938).

IRWIN EDMAN (1896– ) is a professor of Philosophy at Columbia University. Well known as a philosopher and writer, he is the author of *Philosopher's Holiday* (1938), *Candle in the Dark* (1939), *Fountainheads of Freedom* (1942), as well as numerous magazine articles.

PAUL ENGLE (1910– ) is a young Iowa poet who won recently a Rhodes Scholarship for study at Oxford. He is now teaching at the University of Iowa. His poetry, concerned primarily with a criticism of social institutions and social change, carries on the tradition of Whitman and Sandburg. His two volumes of poetry are *American Song* and *Break the Heart's Anger*.

HOWARD FAST is a young American novelist whose vivid reinterpretations of our historical backgrounds have won outstanding recognition. His other books include *Place in the City*, *Conceived in Liberty*, and *The Last Frontier*.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER (1886– ) is a poet and essayist of distinction. He is known chiefly for his association with the early Imagists. Among his books are *Irradiations–Sand and Spray*, *Japanese Prints*, *Paul Gauguin: His Life and Art*, *The Two Frontiers*, and *XXIV Elegies*.

CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH is a professor of Government at Harvard. Born in Germany, he left the University of Heidelberg in 1926 to accept a position at Harvard He is the author of many articles and books, including *Foreign Policy in the Making* (1938), and the present book, *The New Belief in the Common Man* (1942).

MARTHA GELLHORN has written for *Collier's* and *Scribner's* and has published a book of short stories, *The Trouble I've Seen.*

HORACE GREGORY (1898– ), born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, went to New York in 1923 and contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *The Nation*, and *Books.* His books of poetry include *Chelsea Rooming House*, *No Retreat*, *Phoenix in Broadcloth*, and *Chorus for Survival.* He is on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.

NANCY HALE (1909– ) is the daughter of the painter, Philip Hale, and a granddaughter of Edward Everett Hale. She has been an associate editor of *Vogue* and a frequent contributor to *Harper's Magazine* and *Story Magazine*, and her stories have several times been included in the annual *O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories.*

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is a graduate of Yale where, with Selden Rodman, he caused quite a furor by the publication of *The Harkness Hoot.* He is the author of *Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century.*

THOMAS HARDY (1840–1928), distinguished novelist and poet, earned his living at the outset of his career as an architect. Both his novels and his poetry reflect his awareness of the tragic in life, his sense of the irony involved in human relationships, and his fearless facing of the grimmer aspects of life.

LILLIAN HELLMAN (1905– ) has become an important figure in the American theater through the success of three plays, *The Children's Hour* in 1934, *The Little Foxes* in 1939, and *Watch on the Rhine* in 1941 She has served as a book reviewer for the *New York Herald Tribune*, and as a play reader from 1927 to 1930 she gained much of her knowledge of dramatic problems. Her interest lies in both psychological and social themes.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY (1898– ) is a journalist, novelist, and essayist whose work reflects the post-war disillusionment. Among his works are *Men Without Women*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*, *Death in the Afternoon*, *To Have and Have Not*, and *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-nine Stories.*

GRANVILLE HICKS (1901– ) is a graduate of Harvard and has taught English at Smith and American history at Harvard. He is a frequent contributor to *The New Republic*, *The Nation* and other magazines. His works include *The Great Tradition* (1933), an interpretation of American literature, *I Like America* (1938), *The First to Awaken*, an imaginary Utopia, and *Only One Storm*, a novel, in 1942.

JAMES HILTON (1900– ), educated at Cambridge, includes travel and mountain climbing among his recreations. Among his publications are *And Now Goodbye* (1931), *Knight Without Armour* (1933), *Lost Horizon* (1933), *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (1934), and *We Are Not Alone* (1937).

MAURICE HINDUS, born in Russia, has lived in the United States for many years. He is author of *Humanity Uprooted*, *We Shall Live Again*, *To Sing With the Angels*, *Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia* and other books.

WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE (1912– ) is a journalist, novelist and Associate Editor of the *American Mercury*. *Mud on the Stars* (1942), his first published novel, has attracted considerable attention.

ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894– ), the third son of Leonard Huxley (eldest son and biographer of Thomas Henry Huxley) and Julia Arnold (niece of Matthew Arnold and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward), was educated at Eton and Oxford. He has been a prolific writer. Some of his novels are *Chrome Yellow*, *Antic Hay*, *Those Barren Leaves*, *Point Counterpoint*, *Eyeless in Gaza*, and *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan*. He has also written many volumes of essays, including *Do What You Will*, *Brief Candles*, *Proper Studies*, and *Ends and Means*. Mr. Huxley is now living in Hollywood, California.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES (1892– ) is a professor of English at Harvard University. His contributions to periodicals are numerous.

C. DAY LEWIS (1904– ), born in Ireland and educated at Oxford, is a poet and critic interested primarily in social themes. His works are *Collected Poems (1929–1933)*, *A Hope for Poetry*, and *A Time to Dance*.

SINCLAIR LEWIS (1885– ), born in Sauk Center, Minnesota, was Nobel prize winner in literature in 1930. His principal novels are *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, *Dodsworth*, and *It Can't Happen Here*.

VACHEL LINDSAY (1897–1931), born in Springfield, Illinois, devoted his life to poetry and lecturing. His books are *General Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems*, *The Congo and Other Poems*, and *Collected Poems*.

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH (1892– ), a lawyer in Boston before he retired to devote himself to literature, was one of the editors of *Fortune Magazine*. He is now head of the Library of Congress in Washington. Some of his best known works are *Conquistador* (Pulitzer prize poem), *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City*, *Union Pacific—A Ballet*, *Panic*, *The Fall of the City* and *Public Speech*.

PHYLLIS McGINLEY is a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker*.

RUTH McKENNEY (1911– ) worked her way through Ohio State University by selling books, waiting on tables, and reporting for the *Columbus Dispatch*. Her experiences on coming to New York with her sister Eileen in 1933 formed the basis for her popular sketches, *My Sister Eileen* (1935). For three years she worked on the *New York Post*. *Industrial Valley* is an account of her investigation of conditions among Ohio rubber workers.

ALBERT MALTZ (1908– ), born in Brooklyn, New York, studied playwriting at Yale with George Pierce Baker. With George Sklar he wrote *Merry-Go-Round* to arouse intelligent indignation against the New York Tammany machine. The best of Maltz' three one-act plays, *Private Hicks*, won first prize in The New Theater League contest in 1935.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS (1869– ), born in Garnett, Kansas, was admitted to the bar in 1891. Among his publications are *Spoon River Anthology*, *The Great Valley*, *Domesday Book*, *The New Spoon River*, *The Tale of Chicago*, *Vachel Lindsay*, *Poems of People*, and *Mark Twain*.

MILTON S. MAYER is a Chicago journalist who has a part-time connection with the University of Chicago. He contributes frequently to leading periodicals.

MORROW MAYO (1897– ) has been an American newspaper man and a contributor to such periodicals as *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, and *Harper's Magazine*.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (1892– ) was born in Rockland, Maine. One of her finest poems, *Renascence*, was written before she was nineteen. She won the Pulitzer prize for poetry in 1922 and wrote the libretto for *The King's Henchman* which was performed in New York in 1927. Some of her publications are *The Harp-Weaver and Other Poems* (1923), *The Buck in the Snow and Other Poems* (1928), *Fatal Interview* (1931), *Wine from these Grapes* (1934), and *Conversation at Midnight* (1937).

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674), England's greatest epic poet, devoted nearly twenty of his best years to the cause of liberty, as political pamphleteer and Foreign Secretary under the Commonwealth government. This work is considered responsible for his loss of eye-sight. The *Areopagitica* (1644) remains one of the finest defenses of freedom of thought and expression. Placed high among English poets for his sonnets and his shorter poems, such as *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, Milton is honored especially as the poet of the great epic of man's fall, *Paradise Lost*.

LEWIS MUMFORD (1895– ) is a critic of art and of society. Among his publications are *The Story of Utopias*, *Herman Melville*, *Technics and Civilization*, and *The Culture of Cities*.

ROBERT NATHAN (1894– ) is known as lyric poet and novelist. Among his novels are *One More Spring* and *The Enchanted Voyage;* his last volume of poetry is *A Winter Tide*.

WILFRED OWEN (1893–1918) was born in England and died in his attempt, as commander of the Artists' Rifles, O. T. C., to get his men across the Lambre Canal. Much of his poetry was written while he was convalescing from injuries sustained at the front.

BEN ROBERTSON is an American journalist. He has reported on various theaters of war for the New York newspaper *P.M.* His reports on England under fire were published in book form, *I saw England*. His most recent book is *Red Hills and Cotton*, a reminiscence of his youth in South Carolina.

LEONARD Q. ROSS (1908– ) is the pseudonym of Leo Rosten, who was educated at the University of Chicago and has been a teacher and research worker. He has written *The Education of Hyman Kaplan*, *The Washington Correspondents*, and *The Strangest Places*.

CARL SANDBURG (1878– ) has won recognition as a vigorous poet and critic of American life in his *Chicago Poems*, *Smoke and Steel*, *The People, Yes*, and more recently as a biographer of Lincoln in his monumental study, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*, which completes his earlier volumes, *Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years*.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government at Williams College. He is author of *Europe on the Eve*, *Design for Power*, and of numerous articles which have appeared in *Free World*, *The New Republic*, and other magazines.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616), poet, dramatist, and actor, has contributed richly to the sonnets of our language both conventional and original themes. He varied the classic Italian sonnet form of octave and sestet by using a new form of three quatrains and a couplet. His sonnets are universally accepted as among the finest in English literature.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792–1822) was a rebel against conventional authority from the days of his Eton school boy opposition to the "fagging system" and his expulsion from Oxford for a tract on *The Necessity of Atheism* to his elopement with Harriet Westbrook to save her from parental tyranny, his later elopement with Mary Godwin, and his early death in Italy, where he was living a virtual exile from an English society whose hypocritical codes he had flaunted. His poetry lives among the finest expressions of revolutionary ardor and hope for the eventual brotherhood of man.

STEPHEN SPENDER (1909– ) is one of the group of young Oxford poets who have devoted themselves largely to poetry of social criticism. In addition to his *Poems* (1936) he has written a verse play, *Trial of a Judge*, and a critical study, *The Destructive Element*.

LINCOLN STEFFENS (1886–1936) was a newspaper man and editor of *McClure's Magazine* from 1902 to 1906, associate editor of *American Magazine* and *Everybody's Magazine* from 1906 to 1911. He first attracted wide attention for his exposé of political and civic corruption in the United States (*The Shame of the Cities*, 1904) *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* is recognized as a masterpiece of personal analysis and social criticism.

GERTRUDE STEIN (1874– ) is one of the most original figures in American literature. She was a favorite pupil of William James at Radcliffe. She received a degree in medicine but has devoted herself to a literary career, making Paris her home. Despite the war she has remained in unoccupied France. Her books include *Three Lives*, *Tender Buttons*, *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, *Four Saints in Three Acts*, *Lectures in America*, *Ida*.

JOHN STEINBECK (1900– ) is a California writer whose experiences as newspaper man, ranch hand, carpenter's helper, painter's apprentice, and laborer make him a valid critic of American life. His interest in the psychopathic is especially evident in *Of Mice and Men* (1937); his novels, *In Dubious Battle* (1936) and *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), have given us memorable pictures of the problems of America's laboring classes.

HAN SUYIN is the pseudonym of the young Chinese girl who brings us this account of her experiences in China at war. The publishers are not at liberty to disclose her name for the duration of the war. *Han Suyin* means "The Chinese Gamble" with the words "For Liberty" understood. The writer comes of an aristocratic Chinese family, has travelled and studied abroad, and returned from college in England to aid her country.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667–1745) is generally acknowledged to be the greatest English satirist in prose. With savage irony he probes beneath appearances and exposes harsh realities. His hatred of sham and oppression finds vent in *Gulliver's Travels* (1726) in which he has written a tale delighting children and shocking and challenging adults by bitter satire on human vices and follies.

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD (1894– ) has had a wide experience of American life, from California to New York. Her work includes social criticism and poems

in subtle metaphysical vein (*Calling Western Union*, 1936, and *Collected Poems*, 1938). She is now on the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (1809–1892) is considered the most representative poet of the Victorian era in the faith which finally resolves his doubts, in his acceptance of the new science and the age of industrialism as bringing human progress, and in the conservatism, which made him an acceptable poet-laureate. Valued in his own day for his ideas, he lives today rather for the felicity of his diction and his skill in handling lyric forms. *Locksley Hall* (1842) expresses his earlier moods of bitter personal feeling and social criticism.

HENRY AGARD WALLACE (1888– ), Vice-President of the United States, is a native of Iowa, a graduate of Iowa State College in 1910. For many years he was editor of *Wallace's Farmer*. In 1933 he became Secretary of Agriculture, the office he held until a short time before he became Vice-President in President Roosevelt's third term.

E. B. WHITE (1899– ) is the editor of *One Man's Meat*, a department of arm-chair philosophy appearing monthly in *Harper's Magazine*. He is also on the editorial staff of the *New Yorker*. He is co-editor with his wife of *A Sub-Treasury of American Humor*.

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892) has exerted a great liberalizing effect on American poetry and American life. His *Leaves of Grass*, first published in 1855, startled the country with its freedom from conventions of theme and form, but it was not until rather late in life that he was taken seriously as a great original poet, the first to be genuinely American. He attacks American complacence and the hypocritical aspects of our democracy, setting forth a vision of real brotherhood based on recognition of man's human and divine nature.

THOMAS WOLFE (1900–1938) won recognition as a truly creative American novelist. He was educated at the University of North Carolina and Harvard. For a time he taught English at New York University. His best known novels are *Look Homeward, Angel*, *Of Time and the River*, and *You Can't Go Home Again*.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770–1850), English poet, was early influenced by the French Revolution to embrace liberal principles, but on his disillusionment with France and England following the Revolution, he became conservative. As poet of nature and man he ranks high, and he was most influential in bringing about, with Coleridge, a revolution in the diction and subject matter of poetry. He advocated use of the "very language" of men in treating themes from rustic and humble life.

ELINOR WYLIE (1885–1928) began writing poetry as a very young girl. *Nets to Catch the Wind* appeared in 1921, and after her marriage to poet and critic, William Rose Benét (1923), she turned to writing novels. She is the author of *Jennifer Lorn* and *The Orphan Angel*, an imaginative romance about Shelley. Her work is noted for its exquisite precision and delicacy.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–1939) was leader and greatest poet of the Irish Literary Renaissance which has given us rich treatments in prose, poetry, and drama of Irish folk lore and history. His *Collected Poems*, published in 1933, represent a passing from the poetry of sheer lyric artistry and imagination to poetry of social criticism and intellectual subtlety. Among his best known plays are *Deirdre, The Hour Glass, Cathleen Ni Hoolihan.*

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