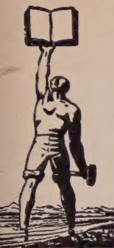

Mainstream

A THOREAU FOR TODAY
EDWIN S. SMITH

THE TROUBLE WITH MIRANDA
BARBARA GILES

A GARDEN OF CHICAGO
RICHARD DAVIDSON

A LITTLE REBELLION
AVI WORTIS

April, 1960

50 cents

Vol. 13, No. 4

Mainstream

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MAINSTREAM *is published monthly by Masses & Mainstream, Inc.,* 832 *Broadway, New York* 3, *N. Y. Subscription rate* $5 *a year; foreign and Canada* $5.75 *a year. Single copies* 50 *cents, outside the U.S.A.* 60 *cents. Re-entered as second class matter February* 25, 1948, *at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March* 3, 1879. *Copyright* 1960, *by Masses & Mainstream, Inc.*

A THOREAU FOR TODAY

EDWIN S. SMITH

THE hundredth anniversary of Thoreau's death is now a little more than two years away. As we mark the increasing esteem in which he is held by American readers, it is interesting to try to discover what values this man now possesses for so many, when he enjoyed so limited a reputation in his own time.

Emerson, speaking in 1873, a decade after Thoreau died, at the opening of the Concord Public Library, referred to him as "the writer of some of the best books which have been written in this country, and which, I am persuaded, have not yet gathered half their fame."

A half-century later Vernon Parrington wrote, "One of the great names in American literature is the name of Henry Thoreau. Yet only after sixty years is he slowly coming into his own."

Thoreau's books were extraordinarily poor sellers in his own day. The first printing of 1,000 copies of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* in 1849 had netted his publisher only 318 sales in four years. He then invoked a contract clause by which Thoreau was obliged to pay him $290 for the remaining copies. Whereupon Thoreau wrote in his *Journal*, "I have a library of 900 volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself." *The Week* was not reprinted for nearly twenty years and was not published in England until almost twenty-five years after Thoreau's death. *Walden's* sales were somewhat better, as befitted its superior merits, but they developed slowly over a long period. A mere 314 copies were sold in the first year of *Walden's* publication.

Now the picture has greatly changed. In the last ten years *Walden*

has been republished a number of times in both hard cover and paperback. Three books about Thoreau were published in 1954, one each in 1955 and 1956, three in 1957, and four in 1958.

Henry David Thoreau was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817 and died there, of tuberculosis, in 1862.

At the time Thoreau was growing up, his family might be described as belonging to the genteel poor. His father's ventures as a storekeeper had earned more trouble than profit, and his mother kept a boarding house to piece out the family income.

After graduation from Harvard College in 1837, Thoreau taught for a few weeks in the Concord schools. He left because he was unwilling to administer corporal punishment, an accepted practice as an aid to education in his day. Henry and his brother John opened a school of their own, also in Concord, which lasted three years. John's death in 1842 plunged Henry into a grief that was deep and long-lasting. Thoreau's first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* celebrates a rowing trip which he and his younger brother took in 1839.

Emerson settled in Concord in 1835. Not long after, he and Thoreau became acquainted. Thoreau was Emerson's junior by fourteen years, and his spirit proved ripe for cultivation by transcendentalism's leading spokesman. The two men remained closely associated over a long period. Thoreau spent nearly two years under Emerson's roof (1841-43), serving the dual function of philosophical companion and handy-man on the place (he was always mechanically adept). In his longest stay away from Concord, in 1843, Thoreau tutored Emerson's brother's children on Staten Island. He spent another year in Emerson's house (1847-48) while Emerson was lecturing abroad. He was much attracted to Emerson's second wife, Lidian, the only woman outside of his family for whom his affection was greatly marked. In 1945 Emerson did Thoreau and posterity a signal service by inviting him to build his hut on the shore of Walden Pond, on land which Emerson owned. Here Thoreau lived his two years "in the woods."

As time passed, Thoreau's relations with Emerson grew less intimate and easy. In some respects the two had drawn apart in their thinking. Also, Emerson's role as mentor, at first so gladly welcomed, became irksome as Thoreau's own personality and self-confidence matured. Nevertheless, in the sum of things, it was from Emerson, above all others, that Thoreau derived much in the shaping of his character and thought, not to mention Emerson's obvious influence on Thoreau's early literary style.

Thoreau's writing career began early. His first pieces of prose and

poetry were published in 1840 in the *Dial,* the magazine which served as a mouthpiece for the transcendentalists and was presided over by Margaret Fuller.

From 1845 to 1847, for a little more than two years, Thoreau lived in his hut by Walden Pond. There he wrote *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and lived the life in body and spirit which was to be the theme of his greatest book. It was not the life of almost complete isolation it has often been pictured. His hut was but a mile and a half from Concord village, which he frequently visited in all seasons for practical purposes and now and then, of an evening, for social enjoyment. It was during the *Walden* period that Thoreau made his first trip to the Maine woods. Moreover, he was often visited in his retreat by fellow townsmen and by strangers. It was when he was living at Walden that Thoreau spent his famous night in the Concord jail for non-payment of a poll tax.

When his father grew older, Henry helped him in the business of making pencils, which had succeeded the unfortunate experience of storekeeping. The pencils were good ones, due not a little to Henry's inventiveness, and the family situation steadily improved. But even in a family business Thoreau would be assiduous only to the point where it did not interfere seriously with his vocations of student of nature and writer. For business as an institution he had a life-long disesteem. In his essay, *Life Without Principle,* posthumously published, he says, "I think that there is nothing, not even crime, more opposed to poetry, to philosophy, ay, to life itself than this incessant business," and still more sharply, "The ways by which you may get money almost without exception lead downward."

Thoreau had learned the art of surveying as a young man and practiced it increasingly as a means of livelihood. It brought him more and more into contact with wood lots and farmers, in both of which he took a large interest. Trees had always appealed to him as objects of beauty and symbols of the unending creativity of nature. Later, as a naturalist, he studied carefully the way trees grew and the manner of their dispersal. He examined their role as a source of income to man, as an adornment of dwellings, and as places of recreation. Trees in their forest state were a principal source of Thoreau's philosophical interest in the wilderness, the wild, to which he attached great importance as a nourisher of man's spirit.

A visit to Canada in 1850 was Thoreau's only venture outside of the borders of the United States. He made several trips to Maine and Cape

Cod, all of brief duration. These bore fruit in some of his most delightful and relaxed writing, first as separately published essays and, after his death, in the so-called travel books, *The Maine Woods* and *Cape Cod*.

Thoreau's travel excursions pleased him by broadening his opportunity to get acquainted with new flora and fauna and new types of his fellow man. The Maine trips gave him a much desired opportunity to learn more about the Indians' ways of life and manner of thought. He was always attached to the Indians as aborigines living close to the heart of nature and thus peculiarly privy to her ways.

On his expeditions he was almost invariably accompanied by one or more boon companions, and these trips expressed that genuine sociability which he has been wrongly accused of lacking. Throughout his life Thoreau's greatest travelling was intensive, not to be measured in miles or rated by geographical borders crossed. As he persistently explored the appearance and meaning of natural phenomena, the spirit of man and those aspects of social behavior that interested him, he found Concord and its environs quite broad enough territory.

The Concord of Thoreau's day was more than a farming community. Only twenty miles from Boston, and on a direct route from northern New England, it had become a trading center of considerable importance in its own right. Thoreau did not need to journey to New York or Boston for firsthand knowledge of the anxieties and spiritual want of those who lived by commerce.

Farms there were, to be sure, and plenty of them within the bounds of Concord township, but the character of agriculture was changing. This Thoreau observed to his regret. The farmer, sound of limb and conscience, laboring manfully from dawn to dusk on his family farm, a part of the backbone of the Revolution and a living kinsman of the English yeomen who fought with Cromwell against the feudal landowners, was definitely on his way out. Farming for profit with hired workers was taking its place. Similarly the small home manufactory of the type of the Thoreau pencil business was rapidly yielding ground to stock companies owning factories manned by hired hands. The winning of the Revolution abolished all the restraints on American manufacturing which British colonialism had imposed. A comparatively few miles up the Concord and Merrimack Rivers stood the flourishing textile mills of Lowell, and the Providence mills were hardly further off. In Boston, trading, shipping, banking, and stock-jobbing were busily building American capitalism into the giant it was soon to become.

In Concord and beyond, in all directions of the compass, the spirit of

get-rich-quick was rife. A country which even in colonial days had advanced far in the ways of trade and in the acquiring of mechanical skills, was ready for expansion, territorially and in business. Land-hungry farmers were moving westward. A sympathetic government was firmly setting its sights on California and Oregon. Let Mexico, Russia, England, or whoever else might stand in the way of the Yankee colossus think twice. The demand for free trade which had inspired the colonial merchants in their long struggle against the English monopolists was being replaced by the demand for a protective tariff for American industries. The first such tariff act was passed the year before Thoreau was born. In the gold rush of '48 the money fever reached a new high, and Thoreau angrily recorded its ravages on the temple of man's dignity and conscience.

Concord was not only a place of farming and trade. All around it untamed, uncut forests still flourished. Its lakes and streams abounded in fish, while on their banks and far inland, where an observant man might wander, flowers and shrubs grew in great profusion and variety. Birds of all sorts caroled in the Concord trees and hopped about its fields and woodlands. Muskrats, the prey of trappers with whom Thoreau was well acquainted, swam the rivers, and fish-hunting loons uttered their unearthly cries on the lakes. Streams, meadows, lakes and woods were Thoreau's peculiar habitat, the background of the observation and reflection which filled the pages of *Walden* and *The Week.*

Far to the south lay another section of expanding America. Here were the broad plantations of cotton, where white masters wrung their misery-soaked profits from the backs of black bondsmen. Like their Northern neighbors, these money-eager Americans had their eyes on the West and on the plains of Texas, fertile areas where the slave power could hope to extend itself indefinitely. Over the Congress in Washington, the bankers in New York and Boston, over the federal law courts, the powerful tentacles of the slaveocracy stretched out, seeking firmer holds. Throughout the North groups of men and women tried desperately to rally the American democracy to the defense of its charter of freedom. The terrible peril threatening the country he loved was slowly impressing itself on Thoreau's mind as he roamed the Concord countryside, conversed with his neighbors, and plied his trade as author.

While these great changes were taking place, there hung over nature and the life of men, as Thoreau had come to view them, the veil of his transcendental consciousness. Thoreau continued to live out his whole life as a transcendentalist, though other influences, born of maturing in-

sights into nature and the economic and political scene, were forcin themselves on his attention, there to grow slowly but steadily and not t be dislodged.

By the time Thoreau died the transcendentalism which had been guiding light to so many talented and idealistic men and women was a but extinguished. No other philosophy in history had gathered so man notable disciples so quickly, held them so firmly in its grasp, only to de part from the scene of its triumph almost unnoted. The passions an practical demands of the long Civil War, the later sensational upthrus of post-war capitalism, in all its power and vulgar pomp, the counte thrust of the working class, forging a new consciousness through its trad unions and political action, all these things had made a new Americ To the ears of even the older generation, with their lives caught up in complex of economic changes that affected their acts and thoughts in s many drastic ways, the voice of transcendentalism became a faint and ur regarded echo of the past. Fortunately, as time went on, the voice c transcendentalism's greatest spokesman did not share this fate. Despi his steady allegiance to this philosophy now so thoroughly outmode Thoreau, in words of beauty and power, has continued to offer us a visio of man emancipated from meanness, aspiring to no lesser goal than th full realization of all his potentialities for a good and happy life.

That transcendentalism itself died an early death is not to be regrette With no progressive social philosophy to guide and restrain its adhe ents, reactionary figures could easily be endowed with the quality heroes, the policies for which they stood being transcendentally ove looked. More than once, Emerson, as in his admiration for Napoleo and his attribution of heroic stature to successful men of business, fell in this trap. In Thoreau's case, common sense and a nature attuned recognition of social injustice saved him from these dangerous cons quences of transcendental thinking.

Carlyle, though not formally a transcendentalist, shared their admi tion for heroes and was a close friend of Emerson on whom he had large influence. It is of interest to find Thoreau in his essay on Carl (1847) complaining that in the *French Revolution* there were no cha ters called "Work for the Month," "State of the Crops and Markets," "Day Labor,"—"just to remind the reader that the French peasantry c something besides go without breeches, burn chateaus, get ready knott cords, and embrace and throttle one another by turns." As a resu Thoreau comments, Carlyle did not speak to the "man of the age, come be called workingman."

OF RECENT books on Thoreau two have a special interest because of their contrasting approach. *The Shores of America, Thoreau's Inward Exploration,* was written by Sherman Paul, professor of English at the University of Illinois, an editor of Thoreau, and a long-time student of the transcendental movement. Paul begins his voluminous inquiry into Thoreau's thinking with the statement that for ten years he has been compelled by Thoreau, "compelled, of course, by this singularly integral man, by the authority of his life, and by the ideas that he enacted." Paul's book is an exposition of Thoreau's transcendental views and how, as Paul sees it, his life exemplified them. It offers a panorama of Thoreau's transcendental philosophizing about nature and man that should satisfy the most exacting demand for such a full-scale examination. There is much in the book to illuminate Thoreau, the man and the writer. Still, the integration of thought and act which Paul is at such pains to establish lies beyond the strict bounds of transcendentalism.

The second book, *After Walden,* subtitled *Thoreau's Changing Views on Economic Man,* is by Leo Stoller, an assistant professor of English at Wayne State University. *After Walden* breaks new and important ground. Its purpose is to point out the variety of ways in which, as he grew older, Thoreau withdrew in reality from his transcendental shell and by word and deed allied his personal purposes more closely to the needs of the evolving society in which he lived. Mr. Stoller's book, though small in size, is large in new facts and in fruitful reinterpretations of facts previously known.

Paul presents his readers with a Thoreau who is almost an isolated God on his personal Olympus. Stoller gives us a Thoreau much closer to earth, not vulgarized—for who could or would want to vulgarize Thoreau?—still perhaps an Olympian, but an Olympian who wishes to live in the haunts of men and to make his own form of contribution to their well-being.

Although Paul amply demonstrates that Thoreau remained to the end of his life the preacher and practitioner of the same transcendental ideology which he took with him into the estate of manhood, this is not the whole story. Thoreau's vision of how the forms of human action might and must broaden to meet imperative human ends became wider, especially under the pressure of the anti-slavery struggle. Hardly conscious of the changes taking place in him, he came to appraise science and an empirical approach to social problems on an increasingly useful and realistic level. His later years were marked by a kind of spiritual relaxation. His long-continued crusade to establish friendship as an arena in which high-

minded souls vie to outdo one another in the struggle for perfection became tempered with a more earthy recognition of the value of friends, to be enjoyed in many moods and for a variety of purposes. Despite his basic individualism, socially conceived and executed projects to advance justice and happiness became a tolerable concept and a practical goal. Approval of the use of government (an old bugaboo) for worthwhile human ends began to break through the firm toils of his transcendentalism.

Actually Thoreau's alienation from the ordinary affairs of men was never so complete as he would have us believe. His repeated boasts that he never voted for a President or read a Presidential message, or even a newspaper, if he could help it, had something of the spoof about them. They were allied to that deliberate overstatement which allowed him at times to poke mild fun at his own principles. Readers are familiar with a number of such passages in *Walden.* Thoreau's high-mindedness was rarely priggish. His most famous statement that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" could never have been made by a man not well supplied with both the milk of human kindness and a wry but not unfeeling gift of irony.

Thoreau's striving to put into practice the ideals he espoused, his extraordinary simplification of living in order to live more fully, the fortitude with which he bore public neglect of his great talents, raise him as a writer and a man to a rare level of virtue and decency. His transcendentalism, which Paul so conscientiously traces, is a principal thread that binds the man and his work together, but not as Paul would have it, the only one. The essence of Thoreau is not so easily captured.

One of the most remarkable things about the great body of philo- sophic thought and feeling which Thoreau produced (for transcendental- ism is always a union of both) is that a forward movement is so littl discernible. There were crises in Thoreau's faith which his writing reflect and which Paul describes, but we find the standard of trans- cendentalism is as proudly borne aloft in the more measured steps o *Walking,* written in his latest years, as in the headlong rush of the youth- ful *The Service* which he unsuccessfully sought to have published in Mar- garet Fuller's *Dial.*

A WORD about the historical background of transcendentalism ma here be helpful. It appeared on the philosophical scene in the pos Napoleonic era. With the suppression of the equalitarian ideals of th Revolution came emphasis on the opening of careers leading to fame an

fortune for the talented individual. The ideal of self-development in a democratic society had been supplanted by adulation of the bold adventuring hero, of whom Napoleon himself was the archetype. Many philosophers and poets adopted this popular concept. Again in harmony with this trend, rationalistic and mechanistic explanations of the role of man in the universe, in the manner of Descartes and Newton, were shouldered aside for the acceptance of such approaches to philosophy as Schelling's *Naturphilosophie*. Here God is seen as the self-externalizing author and unfolder of the universe. By his act and will God expresses himself in nature and man, and man, in turn, exercising his own share of Godhead, adds to the evolving picture.

New England transcendentalism, which was centered in Concord, owed much to this European type of speculation, but was deeply colored by its American environment. Enthusiastic and serious spirits in a young country, which by a revolutionary act had cast off the chains of colonialism, and which was endowed with seemingly inexhaustible material riches, were easily attracted to a philosophy which proclaimed the freedom, might, and God-given opportunity open to the individual.

To Emerson and the transcendentalists who followed his lead, the Unitarian Church, hitherto the fortress of philosophical radicals, had become remote. Its supernaturalism was distasteful and its otherwise rationalistic approach to God and life was impotent to satisfy their craving for a religion of dynamic self-affirmation. It should be noted that a number of leading transcendentalists remained within the Unitarian fold. Transcendentalism was not a "religion" of creed and doctrine, it was an approach to life stated in terms of a religious philosophy.

Many generations of New England Calvinism lay behind the transcendentalists, and it was not to be expected that they could escape its influence. Transcendentalism did thoroughly exorcise from its adherents the gloomy heritage of predestination, but even transcendental optimism could not drive out a strong clinging to the old Puritanical asceticism with its strict notions of personal morality. By and large, asceticism as transmuted by transcendentalism bore lightly on its devotees. In their communion with God and nature they found exciting substitutes for carnality and sensuality.

Calvinism, not as exhibited by the tortured melancholy of those who believed themselves fated to damnation, but in the buoyant confidence of those who felt themselves as of the elect, was well woven into New England transcendentalism. It helped to supply the courage and fire shown by many of its leading figures. Indeed the transcendental boon was non-

exclusive. All could be elected to God's favor and inspiration, did the
but choose.

Jacksonian Democracy, extolling the ordinary man and giving lou
encouragement to his most hopeful material ambitions, undoubtedly gav
an emotional prod to the transcendental consciousness. In the assured ton
of the transcendental Concordians one hears a definite echo of the ex-
uberance of the frontiersman of the Jackson era.

The role of transcendentalism in respect to the cultivation of ideal
of social progress is ambiguous. Essentially its proclamation of the indi-
vidual as the hero and genius carrying out in splendid isolation his God
imposed task of self-realization was both anti-democratic and anti-social
Yet its espousal of profound respect for the high-mindedness and dignit
of every individual and its consistent opposition to all restraints on hi
liberty to act out his own destiny tended in an opposite direction
Though self-reform, not social reform, was a firm tenet, the transcenden
talists were readily roused to hatred of such a social evil as slavery, sinc
it so plainly denied the individual his birthright of freedom for self
development.

As a system of philosophy, transcendentalism was amorphous. Indee
it was no system at all. It sought no basis in a logical explanation o
God, nature, and man. It was simply a fervid assertion of how the trans
cendentalist chose to regard these entities and their interrelationship.

As a guide to living, transcendentalism admitted of great variation
in personal conduct. The values of a contemplative and an active lif
were both accepted. Its strongest mandate was that every man in som
fashion must be always about his God-given business of self-realizatio
To exhort men to the discharge of this obligation, it cultivated the ar
of eloquence and persuasion. Whatever his calling or temperament, th
last thing one could expect a transcendentalist to be was inarticulat
Self-expression in words was the universal transcendental touch. Th
was true for the quite impractical but thoroughly shrewd observer
men and their ways, Bronson Alcott. It was also true of the great human
tarian preacher and doer, Theodore Parker. It was true of Margar
Fuller, literary critic and bold defender of women's right to share equal
with men all the avenues of self-development, and it was true of Eme
son, the prolific sage of the lecture platform and the printed page.
was extraordinarily true of Thoreau, student and lover of nature and th
principled life, who in his notebooks, journals, and formal writings spok
himself out in millions of words.

The transcendentalists, Thoreau among them, believed that by inten

communion with nature and God, man could speak with the voice of "genius," could become a hero who by example and eloquent plea might lead others to drink of the sacred waters and be saved. Salvation in the transcendental sense was not a heavenly reward but the ever renewable guerdon of ecstasy attainable by all who gave themselves fully to the act of communion.

This ecstasy was to be arrived at only by purification of the senses. Here the heritage of New England Calvinism was plain. Purification meant avoidance of sensuality and all fleshly evils. Thoreau zealously strove for purification. In fact, exertion was an important part of the process of purification. Contemplation could inspire, but work was necessary to gain the precious rewards. "From exertion," Thoreau said in *Walden,* "come wisdom and purity; from sloth, ignorance and sensuality." Thoreau extolled the senses, the myriad possibilities of taste, smell, and hearing, but always these were to be shaped and refined in the pursuit of purity.

Other aspects of Thoreau's particular transcendentalism were the peculiar values he attached to the wilderness and the "West." In the wilderness man was nearer to God because closer to nature as God had designed it, undefiled by man's greed. The West, of course, was a symbol of exploration and striving.

"The West of which I speak," he said in *Walking* "is but another name for the World, and what I have been proposing to say is that in wildness is the preservation of the World."

The westward-moving explorer of the wilderness need not be without companionship, any more than was Bunyan's pilgrim. But transcendentalism gave a particular cast to the concepts of friendship and society. The ideal society for Thoreau was a band of like-minded friends, like-minded in their constant challenge to outdo one another in their progress toward perfection.

Paul says of Thoreau's attitude toward friendship that it was a "relation of sympathy, more supersensible than that of contact and intimacy." Friends would be friends equally well, perhaps better, *in absentia* than when together. The shared sense of striving for perfection was the only true and necessary bond. Nevertheless men, not merely exceptional individuals, are to be drawn into the struggle to achieve perfection. This concept received constant emphasis in his most famous social utterances, *On the Duty of Civil Disobedience,* and the speech on "Slavery in Massachusetts."

Thoreau, in his strictly transcendental utterances, was more concerned

with his own reformation than that of society. He had a deep distrust of all social reformers. His invariable prescription was: physician, cure thyself first—his transcendentalist diagnosis and therapy for social maladies.

But the point is well made by Paul that Thoreau went to the woods and turned inward to find in "the self the ways of renovating society. . . . Thoreau did not go to the woods for himself alone but to serve mankind." The opening pages of *Walden* and indeed its whole drift make this clear enough. The ecstasy he sought from communion with nature was a key with the aid of which he hoped to let daylight in on the darkened lives he saw about him. Out of his joy, his observations, and his musings he aspired to nothing less than to bring to Concord and the world the supreme gifts of the Gods.

What sustained Thoreau in his long quest for perfection was the feeling of ecstasy which came to him in converse with nature, as he paid heed to her many messages that told of the eternal truths, the "higher laws." This ecstasy was the reward of his "vocation" and the confirmation of its rightness. "In all perception of the truth," he said in an essay that he sent to Harrison Blake in his later years, "there is a divine ecstasy, an irrepressible delirium of joy as when a youth embraces his betrothed virgin."

As he grew older, Thoreau began to feel a definite falling off in his capacity for ecstatic response to nature. This he took in part, as would most people, to be a sign of failing physical powers, but he also regarded it as a symptom of declining spiritual worthiness, an indication that he was losing touch with the Over Soul, with God. The remedy was to strive more diligently than ever to purify his senses that he might recover their lost resilience.

Paul describes this period as the major turning point in Thoreau's life, leading him to a re-evaluation of his transcendental tenets and, after painful struggles, to a new conception of nature. Nature was no longer, as in his youth, a plastic medium into which he could project the promptings and enthusiasms which reached him from the Godhead, no more a simple mirror to reflect in symbols of divine beauty the image of his own ecstasy. Nature he came to recognize was a separate "reality." Not deserting his idealist position, he turned from a "subjective" to an "objective" idealism. At least this is Paul's explanation. I should be inclined to say merely that as his scientific interest increased he thought of nature less as a receiver and transmitter of ecstatic moods and more as a subject for

study in its own right. He had exchanged the euphoria of ecstasy for the sobriety of science.

Thoreau's philosophical transition was, according to Paul, accomplished only after acute emotional travail. The "last decade of his life," Paul says, "was a decade of increasingly frequent crises" in a "lengthening perspective of despair." Thoreau is described at the nadir of his struggles as a "God in ruins." The whole period is given a Dantesque cast by referring to it as a passage through "limbo, purgatory, and hell."

Paul over-dramatizes the effects on Thoreau of this undoubted major shift in his attitude toward nature. It is true that he frequently deplored, and in most expressive words, his failing ability to experience the ecstasy he had once so easily known. It is also true that this psychological reorientation was an accompaniment of—and no doubt partly caused by—his reorientation toward nature. As a developing scientist he had been forced to cease trying to infuse nature with his own emotions and to realize its independence of man. However, Thoreau, a transcendentalist to the end, never formally abandoned his conception of nature as a handbook wherein one must seek to discover the laws which God imposes on man.

His throes in the change he was undergoing were acute enough, but so were his compensations. He could now pursue his study of nature without feeling compelled to overlay each joyous adventure into science with a metaphysical gloss. The habit of deriving from nature's ways analogies of value to man fortunately never left him. Nature remained the inspiration of most of his writing. One can only say that into the old pattern of thinking was increasingly woven the naive delight in the external world for its own sake, for its intellectual challenge and its sensuous charms.

"I have become sadly scientific," Thoreau wrote his sister Sophie in 1852. In this humorous description of the futility of trying to retain too stoutly an old position against the demands of his developing personality and intellect is found a far truer clue to the mood of Thoreau in his later years than in Paul's depiction of his struggles against despair. When Paul describes Thoreau's outlook in writing *Walden* as that of a man "who had known the darkness but would not submit, who took instead the last refuge of optimism, the faith in faith itself," he is ignoring much evidence to the contrary, evidence of Thoreau's maturing habits of mind and mellowing personality.

We need especially to be reminded that in the final decade of his life occurred his last two trips to Maine and his last visit to Cape Cod.

His enjoyment of all three experiences is reflected in some of his most ingratiating, serene writing.

The autumn of his life, clouded (as whose is not?) by regrets for the lost sensibility of his youth, was richest of all in his hearty relationship with friends, in his obvious savoring of the devotion of his few staunch disciples, and his healthy and delighted absorption in the scientific study of nature. It was about halfway through his last decade that he wrote in his journal the often-quoted passage, "God could not be unkind to me if he should try. I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too." Indeed both his letters and his journals reflect, as regards the ordinary events of his life, a ripened capacity for enjoyment. His relations with those farmers whose characters and way of life he approved and with "fishermen and loafers" to whom he was particularly attracted, give us the savor of an easy-going companionship, far removed from Paul's picture of a grim faithfulness to his transcendental creed which kept him going in the face of mounting despair.

One of the major sources of our delight in Thoreau generally, and in *Walden* in particular, is that he never took himself too seriously. To the end he believed in self-purification as the goal of every person resolved to live under the dispensation of the "higher laws." He believed wholeheartedly in the avoidance of sloth and the pursuit of work as twin means for achieving perfection, but he also held out unabashedly for the virtues of relaxation and such a favorite social pastime as huckleberrying. He was squeamish about hunting, fishing, and eating meat, but in *Walden* he records his lapses in this respect with a frankness that is human and disarming. He knew well enough where to draw the line against any affectation of saintliness. The pagan strain in him, exemplified not only by his passion for nature but his pleasure in the society of primitive and simple people was always close to the surface, helping to produce both a well-rounded man and a well-rounded artist. "I found in myself," he says in a memorable passage, "and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or as it is named, spiritual life as do most men, and another toward a primitive rank and savage one, and I reverence them both."

The special delight which Thoreau took in the Maine woods is indicative of his "primitive" side. He rejoiced in the society of Joseph Polis, the Indian guide on the last of his trips to Maine. He sought on frequent occasions to draw from him accounts of his techniques o

living alone in the wilderness, techniques which Thoreau envied. The hardships of travel he bore with remarkable equanimity and was thrilled by all he did, saw, and heard. The scientific side of his nature was perpetually aroused by prospects of new discoveries.

For all his genuine scientific interest and the wealth of his observations of birds, beasts, and fishes, always carefully recorded, he never ceased to object to the limitations of the biological methodology of his day. He wanted to observe and feel nature not in details but in its oneness and as a whole. This attitude, flowing from his transcendental premises, had another cause, I believe.

Thoreau lived in a time when natural scientists, including even as great a one as Louis Agassiz, with whom Thoreau had long-continued connections, were completely absorbed in problems of classification. The theories that would link these separate data into a useful picture of the functioning of nature as a whole were still in embryo. Lyell's *Principles of Geology* had been published, and Thoreau most probably knew of it since he was familiiar with fossils. Lamarck had developed and published his theory of adaptation by desire as opposed to the generally held doctrine of special creation, but the cornerstone of organic evolution had not yet been laid. *The Origin of Species* was published three years before Thoreau's death. What little evidence there is of Thoreau's reactions to Darwin's discovery is ambiguous. Acceptance of the fact of evolutionary change would certainly have altered his transcendental approach to nature, but it may be surmised that he found evolution as described by Darwin too mechanical. It is significant that n his journal of 1860 he construes the "development theory" as linked o a "vital force" in nature, thus—unconsciously perhaps—trying to snare evolution in his transcendental net.

Within his own familiar boundaries he was, at any rate, moving in he right scientific direction. This is apparent in his insistence that nature be viewed as a unity, its seemingly disparate phenomena brought nto a common synthesis of interrelationship and inter-significance. He was drawn to this view not alone by his particular philosophical bias. His dwelling on the significance of related patterns in nature, uch as the constant cropping up of the leaf form in both inorganic nd organic nature, his reference to the similar effects of heat in both, re indications of a realistic, non-metaphysical ground for his frequently voiced demand that science give a common meaning to apparntly unrelated natural facts. There is even an interesting pre-figuring

of contemporary scientific thinking on the origin of life in his explicit statement in *Walden*, "There is nothing inorganic."

How able a scientific observer was Thoreau? Doubt has been cast by some commentators on his technical competence, although such judgments have commonly been made by literary rather than scientific persons.

Laurence Wilson of the University of California, Santa Barbara, in an article in the *American Anthropologist*, April 1959 (Vol. 61, No. 2), gives evidence on the other side. He quotes Edward S. Deevey as having written in 1942 that Thoreau "may with justice be called the first limnologist." Deevey also referred to Thoreau's "independent but antedated discovery of thermal stratification." Wilson cites the favorable estimate of Thoreau as a scientist made by Philip and Kathryn Whitford in their paper, "Thoreau, Pioneer Ecologist and Conservationist" (1951).

Wilson's article recounts principally his conclusions from his study of the eleven manuscript volumes in which Thoreau records extracts from works he has read on the Indians. Wilson describes this research into the American Indian as Thoreau's "principal scholarly interest in the last ten years or so of his life; the establishment of the 'true story' of the North American aborigines, including, of course, an authentic account of their origin and their relationship to other primitive peoples."

"He recorded all details of the personal appearance of the Indians their dress, their complexions, the shape of their heads." He studied their tribal languages and the inter-connections among them exhaustively and their relations to other languages, particularly Asiatic.

On the score of his interpretation of nature, which formed so grea a part of our enjoyment of him as a writer, if Thoreau had not attainec to the scientific naturalist's approach, much of the solid virtue of hi nature writing would have been dissipated in wordy vaporizing, sucl as mars certain portions of the first of his Maine essays. But his trans cendental side, which deepened his love and respect for nature, enablec him, while recording facts with a scientist's conscientious care, to em blazon them with the rich colors of his humanizing imagination. Like roadside pebble transformed in moonlight, the solid core of Thoreau' thought is, in his best writing, aglow with those supernal indication to which he felt himself attuned.

To note how his style grew in flexibility and power under th guidance of his maturing scientific observations, consider as a singl example, two descriptive passages of a fall scene. The first is fror

his early book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*:

> We heard the sigh of the first autumnal wind, and even the water had acquired a grayer hue. The sumach, grape and maple were already changed, and the milkweed had turned to a deep rich yellow. In all woods the leaves were fast ripening for their fall; for their full veins and lively gloss mark the ripe leaf, and not the sered one of the poets; and we knew that the maples, stripped of their leaves among the earliest, would soon stand like a wreath of smoke along the edge of the meadow. Already the cattle were heard to low wildly in the pastures and along the highways, restlessly running to and fro, as if in apprehension of the withering of the grass and of the approach of winter. Our thoughts, too, began to rustle.

The second is from the Journal of 1855. Note here the greater emphasis on significant detail giving firmness and body to his style and correspondingly deepening its emotional impact.

> I see no birds, but hear, methinks, one or two tree sparrows. No snow; scarcely any ice to be detected. It is only an aggravated November. I thread the tangle of the spruce swamp, admiring the leaflets of the swamp pyrus which had put forth again, now frost-bitten, the great yellow buds of the swamp-pink, the round red buds of the high blueberry, and the fine sharp red ones of the panicled andromeda. Slowly I worm my way amid the snarl, the thicket of black alders and blueberry, etc.: see the forms, apparently, of rabbits at the foot of maples, and catbirds' nests now exposed in the leafless thicket.
>
> Standing there, though in this *bare* November landscape, I am reminded of the incredible phenomenon of small birds in winter. That ere long, amid the cold powdery snow, as it were a fruit of the season, will come twittering a flock of delicate crimson-tinged birds, lesser redpolls, to sport and feed on the seeds and buds now just ripe for them on the sunny side of a wood, shaking down the powdery snow there in their cheerful social feeding, as if it were high midsummer to them. These crimson aerial creatures have wings which would bear them quickly to the regions of summer, but here is all the summer they want. What a rich contrast! Tropical colors, crimson breasts, on cold white snow! Such etherealness, such delicacy in their forms, such ripeness in their colors, in this stern and barren season! It is as surprising as if you were to find a brilliant crimson flower which flourished amid snows.

Constantly acquiring fresh knowledge of nature's ways and purposes, ever more deeply savoring her varied beauties, Thoreau's conviction grew that a sincere and understanding love of nature is one of the inevitable signs of man's civilized state.

Study of the life of plants and animals and of their capacity to adapt to their environment undoubtedly enhanced Thoreau's faith in the still unrevealed potentialities of man. Along with this faith he despised the material superfluities, so painfully sought by the mass of his countrymen, and was contemptuous of ostentation and competitive display.

Deliberate cultivation of kinship with nature, common enough in Thoreau's day, is notably lacking among us a hundred years later. The need to control nature by scientific means in order to provide a better economic life for man, is well-accepted doctrine. But we face a danger if we neglect the uses of nature to deepen man's responsiveness to beauty, sharpen his thinking and generally refine his sensibilities. To call attention to the many values to be derived from contact with nature was a special contribution of Thoreau above all other American writers. Thoreau's powerful and poetic prose continually links his hatred of all that is ignoble and insulting to the human spirit with his steadfast love of nature. For him a genuine love for nature was in itself almost a guarantee of a man's moral soundness.

Hawthorne, who disapproved of transcendentalism but liked Thoreau, called one of Thoreau's earliest works, *The Natural History of Massachusetts,* an accurate "reflection of his character" which presented "a very fair image of his mind . . . so true, minute, and literal in observation, yet giving the spirit as well as the letter of what he sees, even as a lake reflects its wooded banks, showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene."

THROUGHOUT his life transcendental ideas, rather than emphatic approaches based on organized social action, were Thoreau's guides to the solution of social problems but, despite this limitation on his effectiveness as a social thinker, his clear-cut recognition of social wrongs, and the angry denunciations which they provoked, always stand out. Such protests inspired some of his most forceful writing, particularly his utterances on the slavery issue. Though his specific proposals for ridding the country of the disease that was destroying democracy appear naive and futile, the conviction behind them sprang from a well developed social consience. None of the great figures engaged in the anti-slavery struggle, except John Brown, spoke with such an organic consciousness of the moral debasement which slavery had fastened on all those Americans, North or South, who supported or complied with it.

"Slavery in Massachusetts" and "A Plea for Captain John Brown," the first a speech delivered in 1854 and the second in 1859, are indis-

putable products of a mind alive with intense hatred of social injustice.

Paul's discussion of the earlier speech on "Civil Disobedience," (first given as a lecture in 1848 and published the next year as *Resistance to Civil Government*) is a fair and thoughtful summary of Thoreau's formal political philosophy at the time. He was not anti-government. As he was to say later in *Walden*, "To act collectively is according to our institutions." He recognized the need for publicly directed machinery to maintain schools and highways, and ungrudgingly paid his taxes for such purposes. He was "desirous of being a good neighbor." "But," as Paul points out, "he drew the line [in his attitude toward government] when conformity and passivity became a connivance with injustice." The "rights and duties of the individual in relation to government were all reduced to the single need to be coordinate with justice." The ultimate arbiter of whether a government was behaving unjustly was the individual's own conscience. When his conscience told him that government was unjust, he believed it to be his obligation to resist it by any means, if necessary by physical force.

The individual is continually obligated to appraise the acts of government to determine whether they conform to expediency or to principle, and to act accordingly. "The issue," says Paul, "was the end to which the *instrument* of government should be put, to the end of greed or human fulfillment."

At the beginning of *Civil Disobedience* Thoreau takes the position that "government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes, inexpedient." What Thoreau meant by this generalization is clear from a statement in *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, "Only the absolutely right is expedient for all."

The form of political action which Thoreau advocated is defined by him in general terms as follows: "But to speak practically, and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves non-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it."

Short of revolution Thoreau's "practical" notions of how a man could make his disrespect for an unjust government politically effective bring him close to the "civil disobedience" stand adopted by Gandhi, who stated that he owed the initiation of his own political philosophy and tactics to Thoreau.

> Under a government which imprisons any unjustly the true place for a just man is also in prison. The proper place today, the only place which Massachusetts has provided for her free and less despairing spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race should find them; in that separate, but more free and honorable ground, where the State places those who are not *with* her but *against* her, the only house in a slave State in which a free man can abide with honor.

"A minority is powerless," says Thoreau, "while it conforms to the majority; it is irresistible when it clogs by its own weight." He asserts that when individuals forbear to pay taxes and refuse allegiance to the State, that when men of principle resign their public office "then the revolution is accomplished." He adds practically and boldly, "But even suppose blood should flow? Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now."

Thoreau recounted in *Civil Disobedience* that he had once refused to pay a state tax for the support of the church which his father, but not he, had attended, and that he had not paid a poll tax for six years, and was "put into a jail once on this account."*
But as for going to jail again or instituting a campaign for the foes of government policy to get themselves put into jail as a move to bring the government of Massachusetts to its knees on the slavery issue, Thoreau evidenced (in *Civil Disobedience*) no such intention. Such a dramatic demonstration was not really his way nor consistent with his temperament. Organizations to achieve social ends, the Abolition Movement, for example, he neither actively supported nor opposed. His ultimate hopes for reform were grounded, as has been said, on the individual's spontaneous rejection of the evils which the reformers sought to remedy.

Thoreau seems not at all to have realized, in the face of the growing crisis of slavery, how totally inadequate his position was in terms of effective action.

Yet his recognition of social evil and his unhesitating and fearless denunciation of it was his contribution to the social struggle. That his words were little known and little effective in his own day is true.

* On both the occasions, when he did not pay his taxes, and it was demanded that he do so, they were paid for him (not, of course, at his solicitation). In the case of his jail experience the tax was paid, in all probability, by a member of his family. It was also reported by the jailer Sam Staples that Thoreau stubbornly resisted leaving the jail.

ortunately his ideas and principles were embodied in language of such ower that future generations were to reap the harvest of their inspira- ion. We can now look beyond the inadequacy of his tactics in respect o slavery and other causes to accept gratefully the soundness and vi- ality of his social protest.

T IS unfair to Thoreau to neglect, as does Paul in his consideration of *Civil Disobedience,* its specific relationship to the events of 'horeau's day. It was because Thoreau thoroughly understood and etested the imperialist purposes of the Mexican war that he made his najor political utterance at the time he did. Always disgusted with the cquiescence of the North in slavery, he saw in President Polk's ad- enturism across the border the same triumph of greed over principle which underlay slave-holding itself and which was demoralizing its upporters, North and South.

Thoreau was prompted to write *Civil Disobedience,* Paul asserts, ecause experience had taught him that the "freedom to make his life epended on a freedom from the innumerable coercions he did not seek ut which nevertheless had to be faced and disposed of." What he de- ired, in other words, was to pursue what Paul calls his "vocation of urity" uninterrupted by governmental or other forms of coercion. The acts of life in the world about him had a tendency to "invade his free- om; he could not set up the transcendental experiment in a vacuum."

This is only part of the truth and not, I think, the major part. 'horeau's anger at specific national policies, so clearly evidenced in *ivil Disobedience* and "Slavery in Massachusetts" rose from deeper ources than a selfish attempt to defend his private philosophical domain om the incursions of a hostile government.

Thoreau's effort to show himself intellectually and morally aloof om the action of inaction of politicians was promptly foregone when ome specific social injustice aroused him. His response on such occa- ons was not as a "transcendentalist" but as a moral man and citizen ho resisted being implicated in governmental acts offensive to his eepest sentiments. In the first paragraph of *Civil Disobedience* Thoreau ys, "Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few idividuals using the government as their tool; for in the outset the people ould not have consented to this measure." Because Paul does not see horeau as one whose social conscience has been wounded, his discussion f *Civil Disobedience* lacks perspective.

Apparently because of his inability to handle them within his chosen

approach, Paul avoids all discussion of "Slavery in Massachusetts" and of the "Plea for Captain John Brown," works of much greater significance than some of the more "transcendental" essays to which he gives so much space. This is a prime weakness of Paul's book. Its author invalidates his contention that he is giving us a portrait of Thoreau as a man fully integrated, through his transcendentalism, in thought and action.

To whatever degree and for whatever reasons Thoreau was unable to develop personally an effective formula for combating injustice, he recognized acutely in others the evil of not translating opinion into action. He says in *Civil Disobedience*:

> There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom for the question of free trade, and quickly read the prices current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be, fall asleep over them both.

Thoreau's major pronouncement on slavery was in the lecture which he called "Slavery in Massachusetts," delivered in Framingham in 185- This was after the Kansas-Nebraska Bill had passed and when the prospect of slavery's spread into the territories was rapidly widening the rift between the North and South. This was the period of the Anthony Burns incident in Boston when the machinery of "justice" under the aegis of the Constitution, openly relying on the police and the military, had returned a Virginia slave to his master in the face of stormy popular resistance which had almost skirted the edge of rebellion.

Describing himself during the preceding month as having "suffered a vast and indefinite loss" he came to the conclusion "that what I had lost was a country." How deep was his dismay may be judged by his statement, "I walk toward one of our ponds; but what signifies the beauty of nature when men are bad? We walk to lakes to see our serenity reflected in them; when we are not serene we go not to them. Who can be serene in a country where both the rulers and the ruled are without principle? The remembrance of my country spoils my walk. My thoughts are murder to the State, and involuntarily go plotting against her."

As for the tools to be employed in the struggle against slavery Thoreau's emphasis, as in *Civil Disobedience,* is on individual, not social action.

Like *Civil Disobedience,* the anti-slavery speech is a passionate evocation of principle against expediency, of the individual against the coerc-

power of a state which has sold itself to the powers of evil. Again as in *Civil Disobedience,* the practical proposals for action are an anti-climax. The most specific of them advocates a boycott of the Boston papers that had supported the machinery of the law as against Burns.

Basic reform, the only reform Thoreau saw as really worth while, was man's reform of himself. Given sufficient individuals endowed with this purpose, slavery like other social abuses would be vanquished. Even on his "militant" side we find Thoreau customarily advocating only forms of activity which in fact could not carry action very deep or very far. Alongside this doctrine must be placed the fact of his aiding the escape of fugitive slaves, an activity in which (in conjunction with his family), he played no inconsiderable part. That Thoreau was a participant in these illegal acts, and was even the person selected to assist the escape of one of John Brown's men after Harper's Ferry by forwarding him from Concord into Canada, shows that he was no coward, that self-reform was no mere spiritual posturing but embraced the responsibility for taking dangerous and even violent action when circumstances demanded.

He pleaded first and foremost with the individual to dissolve his union with the State of Massachusetts, which, by upholding the Fugitive Slave Law, actively supported slavery. He denounced as cowardly legalism's reliance on the Constitution and the courts to justify individual inaction against slavery and declared himself ready to "go behind the courts" to the people. Besides advocating boycott of pro-slavery newspapers, he suggested that the proper course for judges would be to resign their office when they were "required" to pass sentence under a law which is merely contrary to the law of God." However ineffective such proposals may seem as weapons against slavery, they closely paralleled the kind of measures advocated by the Abolitionists, with whom Thoreau always sympathized, although never an active member of that body. He was with them in principle and in their attempts to rescue fugitive slaves from the machinery of the courts, though he himself never participated in such actions.

Attempts to identify the New England Abolitionists, of whom Garrison was the leader, with particular political parties, or to persuade them to fight for specific political solutions of the slavery problem were stubbornly resisted. In New York and the west "political abolitionists," such as Gerrit Smith and James C. Birney, had promoted the Liberty Party which, advocating immediate emancipation of the slaves, had shown capacity for rapid growth. Although Thoreau, with the great majority of the New England abolitionists, was deaf to its appeal and showed

no real inclination for political action of any sort, it is apparent that, as the crisis advanced, he inclined to support of the Free Soil Party.

In the volume of *Thoreau Correspondence* recently published there is, for Thoreau, a rather lengthy statement which is informative as to his general attitude toward politics and to the slavery issue in his later years. It was written in 1856 to his English friend Thomas Cholmondeley, and reads:

> While War has given place to peace on your side [the reference is to the Crimean War in which Cholmondeley had been a participant] perhaps a more serious war still is breaking out here. I seem to hear its distinct mutterings, though it may be long before the bolt will fall in our midst. There has not been anything which you could call union between the North and the South in this country for many years, and there cannot be so long as slavery is in the way. I only wish that Northern—that any men—were better material, or that I for one had more skill to deal with them, that the North had more spirit and would settle the question at once, and here, instead of struggling feebly and protractedly away off on the plains of Kansas. They are on the eve of a Presidential election, as perhaps you know, and all good people are praying that of the three candidates Fremont may be the man; but in my opinion the issue is quite doubtful. As far as I have observed, the worst man stands the best chance in this country. But as for politics, what I most admire nowadays is not the regular governments but the irregular primitive ones, like the Vigilance Committee in California and even the free-state men in Kansas. They are the most divine.

Thoreau had no objection to physical force directed toward just end His philosophy, which held in it so much fear of the coercive power c the state, would always have applauded the will of the people, whe aroused to righteous wrath and punishment of evil doers. "I do nc believe," he had written earlier, "that the North will soon come to blow with the South on this question. It would be too bright a page to b written in the history of the race at present."

EDWIN S. SMITH is perhaps best known as having been a member of th National Labor Relations Board, to which he was appointed by Franklin D. Roos velt. He served in that capacity from 1934 to 1941. Before that, he was Com missioner of Labor and Industries of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Fo lowing his position on the Labor Relations Board, he was Director of the CIO Oil Workers Organizing Committee, Executive Director of the National Council American-Soviet Friendship, and Director of the National Teachers Division of t United Public Workers of America.

The present piece is the first part of a two-part article. The second section w appear in May.

THE TROUBLE WITH MIRANDA

BARBARA GILES

'Dear Dr. Arensby:

"I am a woman of thirty-eight, though many people take me for younger, and my husband is forty-nine. I have one child, a 'teen-ager' of fifteen and a half. We are a very happy and loving family, with a nice apartment and many friends. My only worry is my daughter. She is a wonderful student, with an unusually high record at school, and is considered very bright. Some people also think her rather pretty if one really looks at her, and say she will probably get more so as she matures. Her disposition is good and she is obedient about most things. However, she does not have a very active social life when it comes to dates with boys, and in talking to the mothers of other girls I gather that what she seems to lack is personality.

"My husband and I have tried tactfully to call her attention to this by talking in an offhand way before her about the importance of personality and how attractive it makes you, sometimes mentioning one or two girls she knows as good examples, but she doesn't seem to respond. Should I speak to her more directly? While we have a fine relationship, she is not very outgoing and doesn't confide much. I feel sure that with a little more personality she could be as popular as any other girl in her class."

Reading it over, Celia wondered whether she shouldn't perhaps have put in the fact that Miranda was also considered—by one person,

at least—a "quaint" sort of youngster. But the word might need explaining. . . . It would be nice if she could talk with Dr. Arensby— say to her, as she had said at the Martinson's party last Saturday, "She's such a *quaint* little thing. I expect her any day now to ask me, 'Mother, what did *you* do in the Great Depression?'" Everyone had laughed; she turned pink with pleasure, remembering, and smiled in the way she had then (wickedly), her mind sounding again the words and tone of the remark. Dr. Arensby, whose face she knew from the photograph that ran with her column, would put back her head and laugh too, in spite of herself. (*"Not many mothers have a sense of hu- mor like yours, Mrs. Warren. .Your Miranda is a very lucky girl."*)

She put the letter and envelope, unsealed, into her stationery box to show to Liz Hammond, who was dropping by for a Daiquiri, and picked up the afternoon paper from the coffee table so she could finish scoring herself in the thrice-weekly quiz, "Face Yourself." Today's was easy—"Do You Have Poise?"—and she finished counting her check marks a few seconds before Liz rang the doorbell. The Hammonds lived less than four blocks away, making it easy for the two women to drop in on each other after shopping,and when Henry Warren remarked to his wife, "She doesn't seem to me quite your speed, hon. Brain wise, I mean," Celia said, "I'll admit she isn't the most brilliant person in the world. But she's a very warm, *human* being, with a great deal of unused sympathy, and she has surprising insights now and then." Some- times she added, "We complement each other," for her own hair was "brightly dark" while Liz' had been beautifully touched into gold and they had agreed after reading "Think Yourself To Beauty" that Celia's self-concept should be willowy while Liz could aim at a nicely rounded petiteness.

As soon as they had settled down with a Daiquiri apiece and Liz had described the two cashmeres she had decided not to buy, Celia produced the letter.

"Do you think," she asked as Liz' eyes came to the signature "That I've told her enough? I didn't want to say *too* much. It's only——"

"It's perfect. Absolutely perfect. It sounds exactly like you."

"Well, I'm glad you think so. I just wanted to give a general picture of the problem, you know. I didn't see the point of going into every single thing, like her in-group and out-group reactions and stuff like that."

"Of course not. I just wonder——" Liz ran her eyes over the letter

again as she felt with one hand for her drink, found it, and took a swallow. "Do you think maybe just a *tiny* bit about her early childhood? Most of these letters seem to have it. I mean, for instance, was she always so withdrawn and, well, not ready to make friends? Or maybe——?"

"Well, you see, Liz, that's just the sort of thing I mean, where the general picture would only get confused. She *does* have some friends, you know, but not just the right. . . . Well, I'll show you what I mean. There was the high school dance last week that she went to. She danced, all right, though not quite *every* time, and she came back looking perfectly cheerful. She seemed almost *pleased* with herself! But I just happen to know there was one of those little supper-party affairs *before* the dance, where you had to be invited of course, given by Dee-Dee Pollard—she's the one used to have that perfectly darling poodle-Italian haircut—and Miranda didn't even seem to know about it. I asked her."

Liz shook her head slightly, with a small sigh of sympathy, but as she handed the letter back she smiled suddenly. "When I think," she said, "what you and I were, when *we* were that age!"

"Oh, *then!* You know, I told Ed Rainey when he asked me what *did* I do in the Great Depression—I had been saying what a quaint little thing Miranda was and how I almost expected her——"

"I heard."

"You did? Now how in the world——?"

"Hannah was telling me. Just yesterday, in fact"

"Heavens, the things some people remember! And even *talk* about!"

"She thought it was awfully cute. I'm sorry Chuck and I couldn't make it. We had this other old date and——"

"Well, you didn't miss so very much. You know Helen, she thinks that all you have to do is squeeze the canape stuff out of a pastry bag and you're a great hostess. There was a pretty good TV program, but mostly we just talked. One of the men, someone I hadn't met before, told a terribly amusing story that he said really happened and he would write it for the *New Yorker* if he could write—about a woman at a party like the one we were having, mostly people who knew each other pretty well, and the woman laughingly tells a little personal anecdote in a way to let the others know, without her actually saying so, that she once had an affair with one of the men there that night. The person she's aiming at—just to tease, of course—is his wife, but the joke is that *she* doesn't get the point at all and it's the woman he's having

an affair with *now* who's absolutely furious and can't help showing it. It's all terribly ironical of course, and there's supposed to be a very subtle moral point which would have to be worked out in the writing, but we all thought it was awfully original and amusing."

"It sounds darling. I——"

"Well, anyway, as I was saying, you reminded me of how Ed asked me what *did* I do in the depression and I told him, 'I danced. Just danced and danced!' No 'great depression'—I didn't say this part at the time, but I've been thinking about it since—was ever great enough to depress *me!*"

"Me either!" Liz declared, and they laughed together, sharing a glow of naughtiness past and vindicated. But when cigarettes had been lighted, Celia was silent for a moment, looking gravely down at her glass.

"Not that it was so easy," she observed.

"What? The depression? Oh, no! In some ways it was downright hard."

"If Dad hadn't been able to hold on to his business some way, we would have been ruined. He worried terribly, I remember. And Mother did too. There was a lot of gloom in those days, just in the air and all. I really *owed* it to them to be gay."

"Gaiety," said Liz, producing one of her surprising insights, "is really a form of courage."

"Why, Liz—what an interesting thought! Do you know, you could be right, come to think——"

"I was reading about it, as a matter of fact. Some man—no, a woman, I guess—in one of the magazines. Oh, yes, *Woman's Affairs*. The same one that had that article we both liked on the compensations of the pre-middle-age period. Didn't you see it?"

"No, I guess I missed that one. But I certainly agree with it—agree with the thought, I mean. Why, in a way that's the very idea—the concept, you might say, the proper self-image-directed goal—that I've been trying to suggest to Miranda. Mostly through example, of course. I couldn't just *say* to her——"

"Of course not."

couldn't have held me still at a piano for a solid hour at a time when

"—but I do try to, well, intimate a little in a perfectly natural, friendly way. When they started that group in modern dance at the school, one of those after-classes things you could take or not, and she was undecided because of her piano practice, I simply said, 'Well, darling, I'm no judge of these things, I'm afraid. You know *me*: wild horses

couldn't have held me still at the piano for a solid hour at a time when I was your age.' And I did remark that she happens to have a really nice little body and she might enjoy being in the dance recitals, where things like that show up in the most attractive sort of way so that people—I didn't say 'boys'—who hadn't noticed before might pay more attention. In the end, though, she decided for the piano, I don't know why. Liz, sometimes I wonder"—she frowned in a manner that she thought of as puzzling her brows, as she slowly jerked the cocktail shaker up and down. "Do people think—does it seem to *you,* I mean—that just maybe I haven't given her a proper sense of security?"

Waiting for the answer, she was suddenly taut with fear, possible images running through her mind: of Dee-Dee Pollard's saying, "That poor Warren child, you can see just to look at her that she's never had enough affection"; of Miranda herself declaiming, like that girl in the movies last night, "Yes, Mother, you've given me everything—everything but love!" However, Liz had paused only long enough to register pure astonishment.

"Good heavens, Celia! If anything, I'd say you've given her too much!"

"Well, I'd like to think so! There can't, to my thinking, be 'too much' of that for anyone."

"Oh, yes, there can," Liz asserted, nodding her head very wisely, but smiling too, "I was reading about it just yesterday——"

"Where?"

"Oh, I forget. It was an article by some kind of adviser or something. I didn't understand all of it, I read it so fast, and it was all very involved and complicated. But that was the point, anyhow."

" 'Too much'," Celia pondered aloud. She shook her head, shrugged. "Oh, well—I'd rather be accused of that than of too little. Lord knows, there's no reason for her *not* to feel secure. And I don't mean just this." With a wave of her glass she indicated the room and the apartment in general. "Though as I said to her the other day, if when I was fifteen anyone had offered *me* a bathroom all my own and a fur-lined coat! But I'm talking about emotional security. Love, you know, not just a good home and—and fredom from want, or——"

"Fear."

"What?"

"Fear. Freedom from it."

"Oh. Yes." Celia struggled fleetingly with a memory of some sequence, part of which was missing.

"This being withdrawn," Liz suggested. "Could there be a *mite* of fear back of it? No, thanks"—she warded off the raised shaker—"Three's my limit, counting the one I have with Chuck just before dinner. I'll just have one little smoke, then I'd better run along and see what milady in the kitchen is doing to that roast duck. She sips the cognac if you don't watch—and you'd better not watch so she can catch you! That's *one* thing we had in the Thirties, Celia, that we can't complain about. They were glad to wash the walls for you then, for fifty cents. For a meal, even."

"It was heavenly," Celia agreed absently. "But listen, Liz—here, use the table lighter—about Miranda being a mite afraid maybe—there's really no *reason.* None from the family standpoint, anyhow, or at school. And you can't tell me that any *normal* girl is going to develop anxieties over the state of the world, no matter what they say about how it might suddenly affect the thinking and emotions of young people. Besides, I've always reassured her about anything like that."

"Of course. You have such a fine sense of security, yourself."

"Thank you." A delicate flush came and went in Celia's face. (*If anyone in the world can convey a sense of security, it's Celia Warren. Under those merry ways, she's as strong and serene as a rock."*)

"I try," she went on. "Of course if she *had* more questions, I would be able to answer them better. Shes always had a way of seeming to want to figure out things on her own, more or less; and I suppose that's a sign of security, really—it shows she has enough to trust herself. But of course she doesn't always get the right answers. Oh, before you go I must tell you a *very* funny story about that." She rose with Liz and they moved slowly to the foyer. "Some years ago when she was, oh, about eight or nine, and there was so much talk about atom bombs and the danger of one being dropped on *us,* and how to take shelter and so on, she came and asked me one day whether I thought any would fall here, and I said, 'Now, baby, don't you worry about that for a minute. The very second the siren goes off, Daddy will hop into the car and I'll be waiting for him downstairs and he'll pick me up, then we'll *scoot* over to the school and get you and we'll go about seventy miles an hour straight out of the city and all the way up to Grandma's and just *stay* there.'

"Well, she looked a little relieved, I thought, but she didn't say anything, just went off in her room. In a little while she came back and patted me on the arm, and what do you think she said, Liz?"

"What?"

"She said, 'Don't be scared, Mother.'"

"Oh, *Ce*-lia!" Liz let go her highest-pitched laugh, and Celia laughed almost as hard.

"Isn't that a scream? I didn't know I had reassured her *that* much, so she felt safe enough to reassure *me!* She's really such an odd—such a quaint—little thing."

"That's really a scream. Thanks for the refreshment, Celia—I'll see you soon, right? Now don't you worry about Miranda," she added with the brisk cordiality of farewell, her hand on the doorknob. "She has a very sweet sense of values, and all the elements of the family constellation are just as favorable as they can be. Besides, Dr. Arensby will suggest *something.*"

She was about to pull at the door when it was suddenly pushed open from the other side, making her start back, and, with a sound of laughter checked, Miranda and a friend stood on the threshold.

"Oh—hi, Mother! Hello, Mrs. Hammond." She was slight by most girls her age, and her face, with its adolescent sallowness and still unresolved features, depended largely upon its expression for promises of either beauty or plainness. At the moment the promise was good, although Celia noted that she had not renewed her lipstick and had obviously combed her hair fore and aft of the elastic holding her pony-tail without stopping to remove it. Her friend, to whom Celia referred in conversation with Henry as Judy What's-Her-Nameski, was not only more definitely molded in face and figure but molded (Celia felt distastefully) for drama of an ungirlish sort—which, however, had not touched her yet, judging from her manner.

"Hel-*lo,* darling!" Celia briefly kissed her daughter while Liz, calling "Hold it!" dashed past the two girls for the still-open elevator. "Aren't you just a *mite* late?"

"Student Council," Miranda explained. "And now Judy and I—you've met Judy, haven't you, Mother?—have to do some work on this poster before dinner. She can't stay after—to eat, I mean."

"That's too bad," said Celia happily. "Well—I won't interrupt you." She stood aside to let them go by her, then closed the door and went back into the living-room, where she seated herself on the couch in the same place she had sat with Liz. Absently sipping at the little that remained of her cocktail, she ran through parts of the conversation in her mind, smiling a little over the most pleasing recollections. She liked especially the story about Miranda and the bomb, but wished she had had the time to go on from there with something else she had

had to say. Her mind ran over this too, as if Liz were still there, in the words she would use the next time they met:

"Lately, it seems, she's gotten interested in some high school outfit or other that's against even testing the bombs—because of the 'fall-out,' you know, though Henry says that's ridiculous—he even tried to argue it with her but I gave him a sort of signal to hush up because I don't think it's a good idea to contradict them so *flatly*, it only makes them think up more reasons—and I said to him afterwards, 'Look, Henry, I don't think it's anything in the world but the herd instinct of youth to "join things"—with us it was the Girl Scouts and then sororities—and it might not be a bad idea for Miranda to test her in-group reactions for a while anyway. This isn't exactly the *kind* of thing I would have chosen for her, but I don't think it will do any particular harm if we handle it carefully and just pay as little attention as possible.' Of course I knew what was worrying him, he's afraid she might have gotten it from his older sister Margaret, who was always running around when she was younger, with petitions and such, but that was *long* ago and there just isn't that sort of thing anymore."

And she told how, that night at dinner, the subject of Margaret had happened to come up and Henry had recalled how *strange* she had seemed, a young woman spending her time in meetings and "marches" on this-and-that, all so solemn and dull. "And," Celia had added, "so *conformist*."

Liz gasped at that—Celia could just see her—and did a double-take, rather as Miranda had done but without that odd little smile Miranda had given her. "So *conformist*," Celia repeated now, moving her lips slightly, facing a larger audience.

A sound from the dining-room reminded her that the cook would be coming in any minute now to remove the cocktail tray, and she rose and went into her bedroom, taking the letter to Dr. Arensby to be stamped. There was a cold breeze coming in, and Celia leaned out to pull the casement window to, hearing as she did so the voices from Miranda's room, which jutted out at right angles to her own. She could see the two girls moving about a little in their work but it was hard to make out their words except when they got close to the window and happened to raise their voices. For a moment she waited, her hand on the window catch—if one of them looked, she would pull it immediately—and presently heard Miranda say, "Listen, Judy—do you honestly think Suzy Graynor *needs* a bra?" and Judy's reply, "Like a hole

in the head," then something Celia couldn't catch, followed by an explosion of giggles from both girls.

Surprised and pleased, Celia hung on to the window but the voices went down—they seemed to be talking rather earnestly now—and she had almost decided to withdraw when suddenly Miranda's words came to her, distinct with indignation: ". . . and if I so much as mention a boy, if I just happen to *mention* him, she says, 'Is he your dreamboat?' It's absolutely sickening!"

"You'll have to ask him here *sometime!*" Judy protested.

"Of course I will! But it's going to be ghastly, I can tell you. She *means* well, and I guess Daddy does too, but unless a boy is 'cute' in that icky way that bores you crazy, they think he's absolutely beneath contempt."

"Well, you have to prepare her."

"How?"

"Tell her," Judy suggested, "that he's really cute underneath—that you have to know him."

"Oh, Judy!" They both laughed, and then Miranda said, "You know, though, I *have* sort of thought of something. Maybe I'll make up a story about another girl in the class—someone she doesn't know—who has a friend like David, and I'll tell how her mother embarrasses her to death by acting so narrow-minded and silly just because this really wonderful boy is poor and kind of foreign-looking and likes to talk about serious, exciting ideas and things—and how appalling it must be to have a mother like that, who can't understand young people or even recognize a real *personality*——. But I guess I won't. I'd feel silly, making it up, and she'd——"

Celia slammed the window, not caring whether Miranda noticed her or not. The little sneak! The sly, scheming, two-faced, withdrawn little sneak!

CORRECTION

In the article "Gustave Courbet, Realist," by Alice Dunham, which appeared in last month's *Mainstream,* there were two misprints of important dates. On page 47, the date, 1800, should have read 1870. On page 50, 1865 is given as the first date for Courbet's setting up a pavilion to exhibit his paintings independently. This should have read 1855.

A GARDEN OF CHICAGO

RICHARD DAVIDSON

For my dead father

1. MOTHER

It was the cold dark of the middle west
That blew like a wind over the worried boy,
Mother with thin expression and the tirades against the youthful soul.
Was there nothing, mother, in the house that was no house?
In the yard that was no yard?
With the rake and the withered leaves that made my feet
Burn in the dismal summer.
Mother, I ached to hear the endless, friendly word,
No word but anxious anxiety,
You hovered over me as a cloud with unlimited fear.
Child without brothers, perpetual
Orphan in my father's house.
I am tired now as I write this,
My veins are filled with foolish memory,
The toys you gave me, parents, broke in my hands. Small
Orphan cut off from the main line of love,
Seek out the cruel blows and tear the whips from their hands.

But I could not seek out their hands,

My strength was locked with my mother,
She would not let me go.

2. YOUNG REBEL

Hey, young rebel of fourteen, charge against the imaginary hill.
My father was a musician, and lost his job,
And the humpty-dumpty organs of control broke down,
He was too old and there was crying in the dark house.
Hey, young rebel
No place now burns with firesides,
Hey, young rebel
Whitey and Charley and Nick and Dave
And we fought underneath the Chicago moon,
And we flashed knives and I cut Whitey and there was nothing to do but
run.
Moon, stop his blood.

Still now in the frozen hours of adulthood his blood runs like a river,
Houses, streets, candlelights, anything to put out the masks of pain in his
eyes,
Stop his blood for his blood stops mine.
Hey, young rebel down the street
The whistle of authority blowing one sad song,
Hey, young rebel . . . your name, your address, your place of business.
Mother, hold me. Mother, tell them I am a good boy,
I eat Wheaties. I play not too rough,
I even read Proust,
I am pure. Tell them I am an angel of the lower middle class.

3. SOCIAL WORKER BLUES

There were no lights after ten in the detention home,
In the great, sprawling children's treatment center.
Social worker, tell me I am a good boy,
Social worker, tell me I eat Wheaties,
Social worker, tell me I will grow up and become a famous
surgeon and marry a girl from Barnard,
Social worker, I am a fine fellow.
Understand my room-mates, social worker, for they'll kill you.

Social worker, tell Joey Robbins not to sleep with a knife under his pillow,
That his mother was not picked up for prostitution,
That she did not lie down with the pompous senator
From one of America's oldest living roaches
In front of Joey's eyes.
Social worker, tell him not to dream at night,
Tell him not to tremble the stars wth fury,
Social worker, talk about our stomachs and our pain and our
 ragged clothes, the banner of the great unadjusted.
Social worker, open the doors of our schools
And let us through the front way, not the back.
And social worker, what are our numbers in your case book?
Harry, whose mother was a school teacher but couldn't keep track of
 the drinks,
Danny, abandoned by his uncle on the doorstep of annihilation,
Freddy, who couldn't keep his head up; who made crude statues
 out of therapeutic clay,
Whose father owned half the city of Detroit
But couldn't reach out for a retarded child.
Social worker, tell me about his father's yachts, about his
 women, about his morality,
Social worker, I hear my mother at night,
Tell my father to grow strong,
Tell them about the image of a son,
Social worker, have another board meeting,
It's going to be all right, you know,
The board has the situation well in hand.

4. KNOWLEDGE

And there we were. It was twilight and the great factories
 were going to sleep
I shut off the radio and we talked,
She was kind and good and we held hands and under the tables,
Beneath the lights of burning synagogues,
After children's homes and the dark house,
The house that would not be mine, we read,
And under brass knuckles, I tasted Marx,
And beneath the rumble of torn streetcar transfers I
 fancied poetry in some dark disguise.

Poetry to make you listen, father,
Poetry, mother, out of guns and Joey Robbins and Harry and
those eyes that will never let me rest,
Eyes looking up at all the dark houses,
Eyes I had seen on picket lines of emotion,
And Joe Hill, the all time spiritual orphan.
The brotherhood of the oppressed. The words are passé?
Maybe not, for there are still the dark houses,
Money rides in the banks like strapping horses,
Can you sell everything for the price of acceptance?
We who have sipped at your table will never know acceptance,
You who build the homes and instruct the psychologists,
You plant the seeds and do nothing about the yard,
You who are safe, oh so safe in arm chairs guarded by the
New York Post,
As I said, it was twilight and Wallace was running for office,
And Robeson sang. And it was a hundred Harrys saying "go to hell"
To the fashionable gates, the highways with mixed signs,
To the houses of steel.
We held hands and she moved softly in the darkness,
And the world sprang like an orchard,
And somehow crying children could stop their tears with hope.

5. DEATH OF MY FATHER

It is years that pass and recede and chime,
Oh father, you died three clocks past,
And the dark house is silent now forever.
It is ten years or nearly a thousand when I said goodbye,
Father, you were so small and held my hand and wanted to
Whisper, "son," but you could not do this and never could.
Oh father, you died before a used television set,
You died in the Chicago winter not knowing why,
You died in the midst of twenty commercials
And the heavenly wrestler who never quits,
You died in the unripe morning of my love,
You died smiling because it was pure and natural,
You died I hope forgetting our fights,
I crack my fists for hitting you,
You died not in my arms, (For I was away and learned of your
death in a small obit in Variety.)

The unsung musician goes to his rest
Play three lost chords upon his chest.

Father, father, they shot you in the back.

6. EMPTY HOUSE

Dark, silent house. Apartment for three in Chicago, Illinois,
Are there cobwebs in the corners?
Spiritual orphan, where is your golden door?
Years add to my face. Women have come and their names are not a
home.
I want to build a city,
I want my plays to ring the stars,
Is my father's blood in our perfect world to rot?
Is there no call but tears of our own misery?
Brother poets whose lives are shaken,
Is there no real anger in the night?
Father, can I now be strong enough to make of your death my oath?
Mother, can I forgive you now, half-alive you are in some
Chicago dream, for your face as wrinkled as cloth,
For your eyes as tortured as mine,
For your hands as reaching as December?
Mother, can you forgive me for the house that was never ours?
Forgive my weakness in a time lost to weakness?
Dark, silent house, slip in the memory of streets,
Fold the walls of your hours in clocks of the present.

7. PRAYER

Father, with your dead body let the futures burn,
Mother, with your thin existence let tomorrows be better,
Nobody's Children from the wintry corners,
Who live not half-way but mad or in heaven,
Let our week-days have meaning,
When the dark, the silent house shall have light.

A LITTLE REBELLION

AVI WORTIS

Much concern has been voiced recently in weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications about apathy and conformism on the American campus. While a few bright notes do not make a music festival, *Mainstream* will print from time to time various stories, poems and articles to assure you that things are not as bad in the colleges as one might think. This play won the University of Wisconsin one-act play writing contest, and was printed in the campus literary journal as well as produced on the student stage.—*Ed. note.*

> A little rebellion now and then is a good thing, and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical.
> —THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Scene: *The main reception room of an* 18*th Century upper class home in Boston. A huge hearth, with racked clay pipes. The portrait of an attractive woman, the mistresss of the house, over the mantle. It is evening, late winter. From off stage the following exchange can be heard.*

VOICE ONE: I'm sorry, young man, but my lady is not in. It's past ten as it is!

VOICE TWO: You are a liar and a Rhode Islander!

VOICE ONE: I am not a Rhode Islander. I am more Massachusetts than you are! if you are even that! Now see here, I told you Miss Priscilla doesn't wish to see anyone, Mr. Adams!

VOICE TWO: All the more reason to see *her.*

VOICE ONE: Mr. Adams, Sir! And you called *me* a Rhode Islander!

VOICE TWO: Never mind, I know my way. (*Enter Sam Adams followed by a house servant*)

SERVANT: There, do you see her? She won't be back for quite some time . . .
ADAMS: Don't worry yourself. I'll wait for her to return. (*He sits himself down in a chair before the hearth*)
SERVANT: She informed me that she would not be entertaining this evening, especially you, Mr. Adams.
ADAMS: Go on with you. (*He waves the servant off with his hand. Then, noticing the pipes, he rises from his chair, and selects one for himself, and lights it, much to the servant's amazement.*)
SERVANT: And she won't want anyone smoking if she does come. She didn't even allow her husband . . .
ADAMS: (*Turns to the servant to let out a puff of smoke*)!
SERVANT: It's all very well for you to come barging in here, Mr. Adams, but let me take the trouble to warn you that the consequences of staying will result in dire effects upon you. Master Philip has sworn revenge.
ADAMS: (*Another puff*)!
SERVANT: She was angry enough upon hearing what occurred yesterday, now this. (*Whining*) You shouldn't have done it. Why, when she heard it from Master Philip, she was fit to shoot you herself.
ADAMS: And a better job she would do of it than that sons of hers, I warrant.
SERVANT: You're lucky; you have nothing to fear. I reminded her of the dangers of a scandal and she put it out of her mind. That's what you're interested in, scandal! I know! The idea! Ten years ago your kind wouldn't dare set foot into such a house as this. But breaking into homes is no doubt one of your better accomplishments. I remember the governor's house not so long ago. I suppose you read too, don't you? Well, one can hardly blame you, Mr. Adams, for being the innocent, yet malignant fruit of such an evil seed.
ADAMS: Now what's this?
SERVANT: I'm proud to say that I'm still illiterate. Aye, and I'll wager that if you hadn't caused Master Philip to come into contact with those things, those new journals, why none of this would have happened.
ADAMS: (*Now looks at the servant with interest.*)
SERVANT: Ahh, but your coming and going on this stage is going to be short-lived, I can tell you that! The moment the gentlemen of Boston fully understand what you are trying to do, they shall take care of you, you may be sure. Amen, say I. For who would blame them? You're the worst evil and anti-Christ that this blessed land has ever

set eyes upon. There was a time, Mr. Adams, when the world was set right on its heel, when a man knew his place and could fit snugly there, to the comfort of his person, his wife and his numerous god-fearing children. But now look what you've done. You've turned the world upside down. There was a time when this was a glorious country, with a handsome future in store, and with an exciting and subservient role to play in the Greater English Empire, which would have been both natural and right. But you and your kind have put an end to that. There's no security for the likes of me any more, as honest an example of the true laboring class as you shall ever meet. I'm no longer sure of the job that I've kept these last thirty years! Suddenly I have reason to be suspicious of every man that passes by, because you and your kind have gone and put it out that a man should keep a job only as long as he is fit for it! Why that's terrible! I'm not fit for my job, but there's no reason why I shouldn't be allowed to keep it after all these years! You demned democrat, you sneaking republican! Creeping democracy, I know it!

ADAMS: You shouldn't have any fears about me, or mine, my friend. My ability to read is not my fault but was a gift from my father who, if he were living now, bless his soul, would no doubt say as much as you are saying. But it can't be helped.

SERVANT: Aye, I remember your father; a farmer, wasn't he? Well, lad, aren't you ashamed to be seen this way, inciting open rebellion before the eyes of God, the king, and the colony!

ADAMS: Tut, to call it rebellion is treason.

SERVANT: That's just what it is not! Two years ago no one even thought of suggesting such a thing! Two years ago it was treason to say the other. How can you expect to win respect from the gentry when you are forever changing your point of view? You won't hear me change my thoughts until they tell me I should. All I ask is for my betters to simply let me know when the government has changed, or has been brought around so that we who serve them won't make ourselves useless by indecorous behavior. A civilized member of the lower classes can't ask for more. You're young, too young to realize that you can't go about changing governments and systems whenever you like to, without the consent of your betters. Do you know what you've done! You've upset the social calendar for this entire year, you and your anarchy!

ADAMS: Run along now and do your chores.

SERVANT: I've a good mind to tell the Mistress that you *are* here.

ADAMS: (*Springing to him, and pulling him up by his collar*) I

thought you said she wasn't here!
SERVANT: You wouldn't set your liberty boys after me for obeying the demands of my mistress, would you? She did not say she would be coming back any moment.
ADAMS: All right. Go along now and let her know that I'm waiting in the parlor. Go along now.
SERVANT: Very good, sir. (*Starts to go, then comes back and says in a low voice*) If you don't mind me saying so, Sir, but it is good to see that you aren't really a democratic fellow: you're an aristocrat at heart, God be with you for that. (*He bows out. Adams watching him leave, brushes his hands off, then returns to the hearth to relight his pipe. As he is in that process, PRISCILLA GARDNER, mistress of the house, somewhat older than Adams, enters. She does not like to see him smoking.*)
PRISCILLA:I do not allow smoking in my presence, Mr. Samuel Adams. Those pipes belonged to my husband, and haven't been touched since he departed with an infectious disease. (*Adams coughs violently.*) Hmmmm . . . superstitious, aren't you?
ADAMS: Not at all: simply a healthy respect for unhealthy habits. (*He wipes the tip of the pipe off on his shirt, and then resumes smoking; when the pipe goes out he puts it away.*) I trust you won't think too ill of me for coming today to make another request but even revolutions have the most mundane of necessities. But you know revolutions are more involved in necessities than anything else.
PRISCILLA: You did not please yourself to believe my servant when he told you I was not in to receive visitors.
ADAMS: What can I do? I had to see you and let you know that we needed more money. Besides, I don't believe servants, especially when they try to protect their masters.
PRISCILLA: You can't be a good servant without believing to a greater extent what the master believes, Mr. Adams.
ADAMS: That's no way to build character.
PRISCILLA: You are my servant, aren't you?
ADAMS: Only in so far as it is necessary for me to ask you for money now and then. Very well, I do believe what you believe, but with a greater vigor and understanding.
PRISCILLA: Very fine. You will have to believe me then when I say that I have nothing for you. I shan't give you any more money.
ADAMS: (*Not surprised*) No more . . . My gracious lady, certainly you aren't taking yesterday's incidents as a rebuke of all your lavish devotions to our kind interests, truly now.

PRISCILLA: What happened yesterday really doesn't bother me, not in the way you think, at least. It is rather the principle of the affair. And I prefer to engage principles, especially when it concerns money.
ADAMS: How right you are. Your family would never have become rich if it had principles, but now that you are wealthy, there is no reason in the world not to indulge in that luxury. I congratulate you on this acquisition. But let us at least look . . .
PRISCILLA: Perhaps you misunderstand me. I tell you that I will not give you any more money because you and your followers have chosen, although you are my servants, to put my principles into too stringent a practice.
ADAMS: Your son . . .
PRISCILLA: My son is an ass. Let's be done with that.
ADAMS: Then why . . . ?
PRISCILLA: Yesterday eve he came home and related the following tale: Having arrived at the common, by the liberty pole, at the appointed hour—to take command of the militia assigned to him—he found that the local men had taken a vote and had decided that he was no longer fit to be their captain. In his place they chose one Peter Winkle, son of a . . . cobbler. Is that not what happened?
ADAMS: I believe it is.
PRISCILLA: It is all very well to exhibit, in a martial fashion, manifestations of disapproval towards the English, or the Crown Government. It is called treason by some, but we understand each other well enough on that score. I support the ambitions of those would-be soldiers for reasons best left unsaid for the time. I have permitted them to rebel. *I* have. *I* supported them. But, to exhibit in a democratic fashion manifestations of disapproval towards the upper class is no longer just treason, it borders on anarchy and out-and-out thievery. They stole my son's prerogative.
ADAMS: Yes, I'm afraid they did. But it shall all work out well enough in the end for you and your son, I'm sure. Your son, as you said, is an ass . . .
PRISCILLA: It matters not! As a member of the upper class he may be an ass or he may not be. *That* is the prerogative of our class. To be voted out of a commanding position—I am *not* debating whether or not he has any capabilities—*that* is insufferable. It suggests far too many dangerous ideas.
ADAMS: My dear lady, you have no idea what you are talking about, for if you did, you would certainly see that the deposition of your son,

far from being against your interests, has great advantages in store for you and your kind. In the first place, don't you think that the men concerned had a right to determine who should lead them toward a glorious death, fighting for *your* beliefs?

PRISCILLA: What difference does that make, as long as they are going to die?

ADAMS: Why all the difference in the world! There is no reward in being led to death by a person whose greatest concern is the measure of his trousers and jacket. Are the walls of heaven to be so easily breached? No, my dear lady, not that way. But to be led to death by a person who thinks his only concern is for something he cannot possibly achieve—namely, the ultimate cause—whatever that may be—is to have placed in one's hand the very keys to heaven itself. Heaven is thus populated by fools, and it makes all the difference to the poor soldier, whenever he arrives there—that he is equipped with a sense of personal satisfaction or not. God knows that those heavenly fools will not like being in heaven. Indeed, they may so repent their foolish action that they grow wise and no doubt chose the wisest man to lead them back to life. That is why the population is rising so rapidly. So you see, we are born wise and it is only through the persistent and nagging process of education and experience that we reach a full foolishness—and gladly depart from the earth. We superior people are well protected from that process, which explains the longevity of the upperclasses: we have carefully avoided education and experience. So after all the men in the militia did not have so much of a choice, having had too much experience and education themselves. Those poor men, being what they are, simple folk, cannon fodder for your whims, have failed to see that your son, uneducated genius that he is, has stumbled onto that enormously important fact that in our world it does matter how one buttons one's coat. What else can you expect! Those humble people have no buttons. What could they have done, poor souls, but choose a man who wears no buttons, nay, no vest at all. They know how to die, and they will!

PRISCILLA: My son studied at the British Officer's School in South Eddyton. Surely he must have his rewards for that.

ADAMS: So he shall. Those men shall bravely fight, while your son bravely sits at home and reaps the profits of it all. There's no tragedy in that!

PRISCILLA: He had set his mind so much on a military career.

ADAMS: When one is tampering with the beginnings of democracy,

one must run hard up against some of its demands. I'm afraid, my dear lady, that our democracy, republicanism, doesn't allow one to be what one wants, but rather heartlessly insists, if one wants to live, upon individuals doing exactly what society demands them to do. It takes not a whit of care for ambition, whim, interest or talent, but is absolutely ruthless in its demands. Well that it does. Why, what kind of a society is it that caters to the fanciful dreams of all its members and allows them to pursue their own ideas of happiness? *That* is, to be sure, real anarchy.

PRISCILLA: I wish you had told him these things. Why only this morning, in a great huff, he went off to offer his services to the British just because of his dismissal from the militia.

ADAMS: Good god! That is exactly the kind of thing we are struggling against. My Lord, another valuable man lost! Poor fellow, I really feel sorry for the boy. They will make him a general. Couldn't you persuade him otherwise?

PRISCILLA: I thought he chose well. It will enable him to kill you in legal fashion.

ADAMS: You would think well of that. Sacrifice your son to a lost cause, so just to please him. The typical mental logic of a Puritan. He'll regret it! He'll come back after a while, begging for some one to give him orders. All the commanding he will have to do will exhaust him, make him dreadfully unhappy. You shall see. Our cause has lost a great man. He would have made a genius of a clerk.

PRISCILLA: You've lost me too.

ADAMS: Now *you* are joking. I thought I just explained . . .

PRISCILLA: Well, surely, Mr. Samuel Adams, tho I may agree with what you've said, you must realize that I can no longer supply you with funds for a game which you are obviously taking too seriously. You've given it too much thought, that's obvious. After all, consider the logic of the situation: those men might well vote away my right to command, and I don't want that. I think it is time I reconsider my whole position. I really had no idea that such a thing could happen. I had thought, rather naively I confess, that I would be nice to those poor men, give them a few extra cartridges or so to scare off some of the authority, the British authority, and it would be all well and done with. But no, I dary say, they go from one extreme to another. Frankly, I'm fearful. I must concern myself with my own future. They have gone far enough. I want you to put a stop to it all.

ADAMS: Yes, I suppose I must take into consideration that you are

a woman.

PRISCILLA: What of it?

ADAMS: You share the same weakness of all your sex inasmuch as you are too willing to believe what we men like to expound. Well, it's not your fault I suppose. Your husband died so long ago . . .

PRISCILLA: He did not die! I threw him out!

ADAMS: I thought you said . . .

PRISCILLA: Never mind what I said. It is the weakness of all *your* sex that you are too willing to expound what we women like to believe. Oh, he was all very well and good, my husband, but he was ruining my business ventures by insisting that I had no values in my business dealings. Called me a usurer for taking eleven percent profit! Think of it! He really did. So I challenged him to a business venture, and he lost. As a result he sailed off, and has never come back these twenty years.

ADAMS: Pity . . .

PRISCILLA: Pity? Why I've made a fortune, and at thirteen percent! So you see I'm not so naive.

ADAMS: Still, confess it, you were coming to believe all those slogans and ideas that have been agitating the local population.

PRISCILLA: Of course I did.

ADAMS: That is why you have got it all wrong. You are too sure of your judgment. You've completely misunderstood how things shall come to pass.

PRISCILLA: I see it only too well: A democratic country, run by those very men who dismissed my son—whatever their reasons, I fear such votes in the future. They might well vote my business for themselves.

ADAMS: I am shocked! You are as wrong about that as you were about the other. Have you not read your Locke?

PRISCILLA: My concern is for my money.

ADAMS: Forgive me—I thought your principles had the upper hand.

PRISCILLA: You are so smug. What do you think you shall do with your revolution? Do you expect to be elected to a great position? Ha-ha. I dare say, you won't enjoy being dependent on a voter's whim.

ADAMS: Leave the offices to those who seek them. I do not want one. You see, the revolution will work in quite a different way. (*He sits in the chair, throws out his legs*) What will happen when it is successful? . . . and it will be . . . well, not very much at first. It will take time. It will be more of a compounding of interests rather than any great and sudden bonanza. Having fought for a truly democratic revolution, the revolution will be denied and then stopped. The democracy

will be curtailed so that no such votes as you fear can take place. We shall call that natural law. Then every man to his place. I would like to be an author, a poet perhaps, but I shall more than likely finish my days as a retired businessman, or a merchant, composing poems on the romance of enterprise. The government? Minute difference between men who basically agree. They shall decide among themselves what can be discussed and, having discussed it, will congratulate themselves on being courageous, original and witty. Meanwhile, we shall move out across the seas and to the west—think of it—the entire Ohio shall be ours. We shall build a mighty empire. We shall take what we want, where we want, and how we want, because we shall be imbued not with the self-righteousness of the British (who will wind up making their subjects even more self-righteous) but with the assured satisfaction that we will be doing something better, more efficiently than ever before. And will we? Of course we will. Can you doubt it? Well, at least we shall give such a shine to things that they will appear to be new. There shall be no end to it. Whatever we shall do shall be good. That's planned pragmatism.

PRISCILLA: You make it all sound so romantic.

ADAMS: I'm sorry. I tried to make it sound dull. One musn't expect too much. It will be rather dull I suppose if I can't be where the fight is. It will be an ironic thing I know, but I think Americans, forever denouncing revolutions, will be forever dreaming of their own revolution. Well, I leave that to the historian. But does it all attract you?

PRISCILLA: A little.

ADAMS: And you see, of course, that it is all in your interests.

PRISCILLA: Perhaps I do.

ADAMS: Well, then, in spite of your son, make another contribution to our cause.

PRISCILLA: I believe I shall: not because I think you are right—I think you are wrong—but I should like to see you try. I like to bet. Come along. (*They exit. Enter a man in his sixties, carrying a sea chest upon his back. He puts down the chest and looks about him, frowning. He crosses to the mantle, runs a finger along the edge, and finding no dust sadly shakes his head.*)

THE MAN: She's still terrorizing the dust, poor thing. There's not a speck of existence to be found. (*He steps back however to admire the painting. At this moment, while the man's back is to the door, enter young* MASTER PHILIP GARDNER, *in great haste. He is dressed in a British officer's uniform*)

PHILIP: Where is he? Where is he?
THE MAN: Where is who?
PHILIP: You're one of them, too, I suppose. Ha-ha! But there's no tim to warn him, just keep aside. (*He waves the pistol in the air*)
THE MAN: I assure you, I haven't the slightest notion of what you a talking about. It occurs to me tho', that if you aren't careful, that gu will go off.
PHILIP: You're not one of his liberty boys?!!
THE MAN: Liberty boy? I should say not. I am a mature adult, an have no need to be led about in search of my liberties.
PHILIP: Then who are you? What are you doing in this house?
THE MAN: I might well ask you the same question.
PHILIP: Never mind; I asked you first.
THE MAN: Spoken like a true soldier: Never mind with the question get on with the answers!
PHILIP: Come on, come on . . .
THE MAN: My name is Thaddeus Gardner, one-time master of th house.
PHILIP: You?!!! I thought . . .?
THADDEUS: Why should that astound you so? Do I have such a ba reputation here?
PHILIP: (*Flinging his arms about* THADDEUS) Father!
THADDEUS: Careful, careful of that pistol. (*He pushes* PHILIP *o Looks at him.*) You don't really mean to tell me that you are my so do you?
PHILIP: (*At attention*) I am, sir. I didn't recognize you at first, s I hope I haven't offended you, sir.
THADDEUS: Not at all, not at all. It's to be expected. I no mo suspected that you were my son; it is the natural course of events. O hardly recognizes the other till the discovery that they share the san vices.
PHILIP: Wait here . . . I'll run and fetch Mother.
THADDEUS: No, no . . . wait a bit . . . Tell me first . . . who was you were about to kill? Some lover of your mother's?
PHILIP: Sir!
THADDEUS: Oh, you are young.
PHILIP: He is a man who comes to ask her for money.
THADDEUS: Then, again, you are rather precocious. Who is he?
PHILIP: He is a revolutionary, the most damnable kind.
THADDEUS: Ah ha. So your mother is trafficking with revolutionari

is she? To what account?

PHILIP: It is a bloody red business, sir!

THADDEUS: Is that your only reason?

PHILIP: Whatever the reason, I shall put a stop to it.

THADDEUS: A moment, peace, I pray you. What is this gentleman, if I am to call him such, revolting against, or is he just revolting to your nature?

PHILIP: He is part of a secret conspiracy, an international conspiracy, taking orders from Paris against the sovereign crown.

THADDEUS: Which you represent, eh?

PHILIP: I do sir, by my life, I do!

THADDEUS: Ah, and by your life, you may do that, sir, for all I hear tell.

PHILIP: What's that?

THADDEUS: As I was coming up the path, some frantic gentleman, mounted on an old swayback horse—but he was incapable of riding, I saw him fall three times in the space of a hundred yards—nearly trampled me in his anxiety to make me hear his words.

PHILIP: What was he saying?

THADDEUS: "They've come by sea," or something like that. Seemed very excited about it all.

PHILIP: I'll tell you what it is: It's the British troops. They are about to put an end to all this rebellious nonsense.

THADDEUS: Ah, I see, a counter-revolution.

PHILIP: A counter-revolution sir?

THADDEUS: At best. From the time England completed her revolution some hundred years ago, that shop-keeper's revolution, the English have engaged in counter-revolutions ever since. It's the shop-keeper's habit.

PHILIP: You certainly can't condone this open treason.

THADDEUS: I certainly do. Treason is the last refuge of honest men. Why do you think I left this home. Because your mother wished to bring down upon my head the full weight of legal marriage. Laws! I care that about laws and government! Marriage as your mother conceived it was government by the worse sort of contracts imaginable. I would be king, but she the popular prime minister, withholding, as it were, funds for my spiritual upkeep.

PHILIP: I am shocked, sir!

THADDEUS: You should be. Your mother was, and no doubt still is, one of those women whose chief delights is to maintain their second rate status so as to appear as suffering. Actually she is making everyone else suffer in their useless attempts to make her play a responsible role

in life! Not that I didn't love her. I loved her, as it has been said, only too well. But she insisted that I love her all the time, and because I did love her so much, that was impossible. It's only the false lovers, young man, who love all the time. The true lover is satisfied with moments and suggestions; the false lover is satisfied with nothing less than hours of titillating praise and a hot breath crawling down his spine all the time. *Ugh!* Let that be a lesson to you, the only one you'll get from your father: to love well is to love appropriately! to love poorly is to love without selectivity which is to loose the backbone of any artistic process.
PHILIP: That's not what the military handbook says!
THADDEUS: So much more then, for the cause of pacifism. But you still haven't told me, why were you about to shoot this gentleman?
PHILIP: He and his fellows insulted me by intimating that I was no better than anyone else, the dirty democrat.
THADDEUS: You call that democracy?
PHILIP: What else is it?
THADDEUS: *True* democracy does not consider everyone equals, I assure you of that, but quite the contrary. True democracy accepts, the key word is accepts, the idea that everyone is unequal. Its only assumption, which is a flagrant lie, is that everyone *could* be equal. It never stops hoping so. On the other hand the true republican—your mother's caller, considers all classes equal before the law and in fact, which is a most heinous lie. Your aristocracy considers only the upper-class equal to itself. As I said, true democracy considers everyone un-equal.
PHILIP: You mean to say then that he isn't really a democrat?
THADDEUS: Not if he says everyone is equal.
PHILIP: Then he isn't so bad after all.
THADDEUS: Or rather, he is considerably worse after all.
PHILIP: Yes, of course. Isn't it grand?
THADDEUS: You agree with him now, do you?
PHILIP: Of course, of course.
THADDEUS: Then there"s no hope for you either.
PHILIP: Why, what are you taking about?
THADDEUS: As I said to my friend, Mr. Jefferson, only recently: In the course of eventful humans, it necessarily becomes such people to dissolve bands of politicians which have connected themselves to all others, and who assume the early powers, namely, the equally separate stations which nature's laws and god's nature entitle us to. But I said it as I was departing in a bit of a hurry, so tho' he attempted to copy it down, I fear Tom will get it a bit confused.

HILIP: That is a bit thick. But never you mind; wait here, I want
› fetch mother, and apologize to Mr. Adams.

HADDEUS: But . . .

HILIP: Just wait . . . (*He runs out.* THADDEUS *looks sadly about.*
hen, picking up his sea chest, he exits. The other three return.)

HILIP: He's gone!

RISCILLA: Are you sure he was here?

HILIP: Yes, he was. I'm sure of it. He said something about your
ishing to be prime minister . . .

RISCILLA: The coward, he wouldn't stay to admit that I was right.

HILIP: (*To* ADAMS) But sir, he showed me how right you are. (*He*
ulls off his jacket) I'll never take up the cause of reaction—British
eaction—again.

DAMS: Good man! You'll make your fortune in no time!

HILIP: And, sire, he said he met a man who claimed that the British
ere coming by sea . . .

DAMS: By sea!!!!!

RISCILLA: What does it mean?

DAMS: Mean, why good lord, boy, it means that at last we are at war.
hank God! Quickly, there's not a moment to lose. It only proves that
rayers are answered.

HILIP: We must organize the men on Breed's Hill.

DAMS: Careful, son, the servants are listening: Bunker Hill.

RISCILLA: And you would leave me here, alone?

HILIP: Mother, you shall make us a flag!

DAMS: Perfect!

RISCILLA: I have just the idea. Alternating stripes of red and white:
e red for the revolution, but the white to indicate the limits of revo-
ition. In a corner—stars—one for each colony. The stars because they
e limitless, and so shall our colonies be infinite. The stars will be placed
1 a field of blue—for the sky—for we shall conquer that too!

DAMS: Inspiration!

HILIP: Hurrah!

DAMS: Long live George Washington; Upholder of Law, Order, and
ecency! The American way of life.

LL: Hurrah!

They exit in great haste, but not before dancing a bit of a minuet to
e music of fife and drum playing America's greatest spiritual: The Star
pangled Banner—sung by a wavering contralto voice)

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RiGhT FaCe

God Forbid

Medical and psychiatric missionaries for communism may become potent influence in the "uncommitted and newly developing" nation an American psychiatrist warned.

The psychiatrist, Dr. Nathan S. Kline, said any Soviet bid to becom family doctor to Asian, African or South American nations where med cal skills were scarce could mean disaster for the United States. D Kline is director of research at Rockland State Hospital, Orang burg, N. Y.

"There exist no more dramatic or understandable type of 'prop ganda' than the direct saving or lives or the correction of disabilities he said. He declared that the Soviet Union was increasingly ou doing the United States in the number of medical personnel it traine and he asserted that 2,000 Soviet medical trainees a year were becomi available for service in underprivileged nations.

"There should and can exist no surprise if within a matter of yea we find that the USSR is willing and able to supply trained psychiatris as well as physicians in other specialties to India, Southeast Asia, the Ne East, Africa, and South America," Dr. Kline said.

"The military propaganda advantages of the Soviet in the spa race," he added, "will shrink to insignificance compared with what w happen if they are prepared and allowed to provide medical care f the two-thirds of the world where it is not available."—The *New Yo Times.*

Palace Revolution

An advertising expert asserted that Communist propagandists h distorted the world-wide 'image" of America by depicting it as t leader of a dying, "bad" capitalism.

Theodore S. Repplier, president of the Advertising Council, sa

he Communists had misrepresented the American system by saying hat it caused oppression and slavery and that it was an outmoded sysem that must inevitably be replaced by communism. . . .

"We must show ourselves as we are, as the real champions of the ommon man, as the true revolutionaries, as the riders of the wave of he future, and as the dynamic leaders of the coming—not dying—soiety," Mr. Repplier declared. . . .

He said it should be made "crystal clear that a new kind of capialism has been born in which the working man is king."—The *Vew York Times.*

Vo Coddler He

A bill exempting a large number of landlords from the requirement o provide central heating has been sent to Albany by Mayor Wagner. . . .

"In some places three or four years could be required to reach the lemolition stage, and yet we know the buildings are coming down ventually and it would be economically wasteful to put improvements n something like that," a spokesman for the City Planning Commision said.

Asked whether it would not be hard on occupants of the buildings o fail to install central heating, he said, "They haven't frozen for the ast 100 years."—The *New York Times.*

'njunction Upheld

San Francisco—An Appeals Court judge, changing his mind, has orlered two unwed mothers back to jail while the court decides whether hey violated a lawful court order by becoming pregnant. . . .

Justice A. F. Bray of the Second District Appeals Court ordered he women, both 24 years old, released without bail yesterday, pending he appeal. But after consulting with two associate justices, the judge escinded the order and directed that the women be returned to jail. . . .

A probation order said they should not bear more children until hey had married.—A P dispatch.

Scotch Broth to the Rescue

The Crusade for Freedom announced the election of W. B. Murphy, resident of the Campbell Soup Company, as board chairman. Mr. Murphy succeeds Gwilym A. Price, board chairman of the Westingouse Electric Corporation.—The *New York Times.*

books in review

Building Freedom

MANSART BUILDS A SCHOOL, by W. E. B. DuBois. *Mainstream.* $4.00.

THE review of the first volume of the DuBois trilogy, *The Black Flame,* in these pages concluded: "This is not a restful book, a book in which to lose oneself. It is rather a book in which to begin finding oneself—and one's country."

This is just as true of the second volume, *Mansart Builds a School,* which continues the story of Manuel Mansart from 1912 to 1932, beginning with the tensions of what is so often described as an idyllic pre-war United States, and ending with the major crisis of American life that brought F.D.R. to the White House.

Like the first volume, this one tells the story of the period it covers through a series of individual narratives, centering about the life of Manuel Mansart, his four children, and many of the characters, both historical and fictional, wh paths cross theirs.

The most important single line in great and colorful tapestry is that Mansart's heroic, almost lifelong, ef to learn what kind of a school the Ne most needs—and to build such a sch His limited but real early success i small rural area, the few years of tented middle age, the almost accide contact with a dynamic white busi man concerned at the general backw ness of his adopted city, Macon, Mansart's half reluctant consequent sumption of new responsibilities powers, all serve merely as a prelud the detailed story of his essential dertaking. This entails a stubb never-ending, patient conflict with w bigots, corrupt contractors, fearful leagues, well-meaning white libe and poorly prepared uncomprehen students. But through success and ure Mansart advances steadily, direc an ever more conscious, more con trated and more effective effort to

the achievement of an institution which can offer his young people the liberal education they need.

This story is more fully and intimately told than that of Manuel's relation to his own family, but the summary account of his four children's fortunes are also threads in the vari-textured fabric of Negro life in early twentieth-century America.

The oldest son, Douglass, torn by conflicts between his idealistic upbringing and the amoral reality of life around him, turns from his father's dedication to plunge into the unrewarding business world.

The "sensitive and beautiful brown boy," Bruce, beloved youngest son and brother, never altogether recovers from his brutalization at the hands of a mob angered by his friendship with a white girl. His subsequent experience during the war, vagabondage, and, finally, defiant participation in a violent robbery, lead to the wasteful legal destruction of another valuable young life by the public executioner. And in his story we learn too of the moral destruction of his childhood friend which illustrates the plight of the white woman in the South, "bound hand and foot . . . alone in a lonely world."

The thoughtful second son, Revels, does succeed through a combination of unusual ability, determined effort, and good luck, in making a real career for himself as a lawyer and even in becoming an honest judge. And "the homely black girl," Sojourner, introverted and shy, also at last achieves love, happiness, and fame through the music which has long comforted her loneliness.

The fortunes of these and other fictional characters are not only used to lead us through a large variety of real, and significant, backgrounds. They are further deftly interwoven with those of such important Negro figures as Booker T. Washington, long revered race leader who was also "an outspoken enemy of union labor and a friend of white capital," Kelly Miller, Madame C. J. Walker, Monroe Trotter, Carter G. Woodson, Stanley Braithwaite, Mary McLeod Bethune and George Washington Carver. Such great artists as Paul Robeson, Charles Gilpin, Florence Mills, Roland Hayes, Jules Bledsoe, Marian Anderson, Will Marion Cook, James Weldon Johnson, his brother Rosamond, and Shirley Graham (to whom the book is dedicated) also star its pages.

Here too we find intimate glimpses of many white Americans who, for good or ill, played substantial roles in the life of the Negro. Such men as Smedley Butler, Oswald Garrison Villard, John Haynes Holmes, Eugene Talmadge and Huey Long are seen in a new and often startling light. One of the longest and perhaps most controversial discussions is that of Harry Hopkins whose early relationship with George Washington Carver, and subsequent (one might almost say consequent) influence on the most progressive policies of the "New Deal" is presented in persuasive detail.

It is impossible even to indicate all the interesting historical excursions we make in company with one or another of Dr. DuBois' characters. But the most fascinating is that on which we accompany a young "radical" who is, in a double sense, his character: the young Dr. Burghardt.

This section of the book deals with the origin and development of the N.A.A.C.P. and of its monthly, *The*

Crisis. In the hands of the young radical, "Burghardt," this became a leader of advanced thought in America, talking to liberal white people as they had never been talked to before and presenting thoughtful Negroes with an uncompromising attack on all the problems that confronted them—an attack that combined incisive logic with a fierce emotional insistence on justice. During the first world war this publication actually achieved a circulation of 100,000, and its widespread influence enabled its editor to resist control by the conservative board members who deplored his crisply expressed, uncompromising views while they revelled in the popularity these won for the organization.

Under the militant young scholar's editorship the magazine played a vital role in the Negro Renaissance, in analyzing the situation of the returned Negro soldier, in presenting the plight of the black sharecropper, and (in 1932) in debating the widely publicized, explosively controversial question: "Is Communism Good for the Negro?"

All this Dr. (Burghardt) DuBois vividly recalls in these pages, though he refrains from saying (as he well might have) that when, after 20 years, the magazine was taken out of "Burghardt's" hands, it rapidly became what it is today—a house organ filled with inconsequential chit chat.

Mansart Builds a School, like its predecessor, *The Ordeal of Mansart,* is an imposing work whose accumulated momentum leaves one breathless with the excitement of a rapid excursion into truth. Only Dr. DuBois, whose life itself is the history of the Negro in America—indeed, in the world—and who is the architect of many movements of international importance, coul have conceived this massive and im portant trilogy. And this second volum leaves us waiting with Manuel Mansar President of the Georgia Colored Stat College in Macon, who has begun t believe that somewhere in the vagu future there "burned the Black Flam . . ." which would bind "his heart an world into one whole of Power an Peace, of Freedom and Law, of Forc and Love."

It is both ironical and significant tha this volume should have appeared a time of new crisis when racist warn ings in Little Rock, race riots at Nottin Hill, and swastikas on synagogue wall all over the "free world" give new poin to the book's concluding sentence: "Bu not yet, not for a long time yet, an [Manuel's] tears blurred the mist tha hid the stars."

MARVEL COOKE

Socialist and Realist

HOWELLS: HIS LIFE AND WORLD by Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutto $5.75.

VAN WYCK BROOKS' presen work is not as complete an ex amination of Howells as its title woul suggest. The book is heavier on Howell "life" than on his "world"; and b "life" Mr. Brooks means primaril Howells' literary relationships. Whe one compares Brooks' book with thos already on the small shelf of Howell criticism, one finds it somewhat thi on the social and economic aspects o that writer's life and world. In par this is the result of too much attentio

o Howells' years at the *Atlantic.* Iowells was a Westerner (Ohio) and newspaper man before he was a Bostonian and an editor of the *Atlantic.* We need to go farther than Iowells' literary life to understand his adicalism in politics and his realism n literature.

Thomas Wentworth Higgenson said hat to "trace American society in its ormative process, you must go to Iowells. He alone shows you the essenial forces in action." Howells' central haracters are frequently in a state of ocial transition, trying to pass from ne class to another and from one way f life to another. The road which these haracters travel is usually from a rural o an urban, middle-class environment. This, of course, is the road Howells imself took. Silas Lapham, the paint nanufacturer, is a former Vermont boy vho makes good in and then is broken y the city. In *A Modern Instance,* too, he main elements of conflict are beween a commercial and a rural civilzation. The divorce of the country girl y the city boy in this novel is a grim omment on the inability of the rural nd urban worlds to accommodate to ach other. The violent death of Bartey Hubbard and the retreat of his ormer wife to Maine and the village n which she grew up would indicate hat conflicting values as well as temeraments made the marriage imposible. Howells does not idealize the ural life. He had lived in it and known ts isolation and frustration. He knew hat Bartley Hubbard and Silas Lapham oth had to speculate on the stock narket; he knew that it was not solely heir fault that honesty and success eemed incompatible in business; he knew that they were driven by a necessity which was perhaps beyond being judged by the innocent morality, of their wives.

The social movement is not always from country to city, or from lower to upper class in Howells. In *A Woman's Reason,* a book which opens with the depression of the 1870's, a young woman is forced to think about her own livelihood after the death of her father. Mr. Harkness was one of a class of capitalists in Boston whose old fashioned methods of trade resulted in the loss of the lucrative India trade to New York. But we know even at the outset of the novel that Helen Harkness, his daughter, is in no danger of becoming part of the working classes among whom she is thrown for a time. We know that the handsome young naval man will return home eventually and rescue her from a life of wage slavery.

There are middle-class idealists in Howells' novels who intentionally try to identify themselves with the lower classes. But if we take Ben Halleck in *A Modern Instance* as our clue, idealism limps. Despite his desire to act, Ben Halleck suffers from a paralysis of the will as well as the body. In *Annie Kilburn,* the liberal preacher Peck breaks with his own class and sets off for Fall River to live among the mill-workers. But he is killed at the train station, thereby relieving Howells of the problems of how Peck, or any idealist, is to end the exploitation at Fall River.

Howells considered himself a socialist. But his socialism was rooted in the unscientific, Utopian theories of the age. When the dream of a democratic America collapsed after the Civil War,

Howells was, politically speaking, like Peck at the railroad station, in a precarious position. Howells conveyed this black mood in an essay on Zola, in which he wrote:

> It is really no concern of mine whether he solves his problems or not; generally, I see that he does not solve them, and I see that life does not; the longer I live the more I am persuaded that the problems of this life are to be solved elsewhere or never.

If Howells' Utopian socialism prevented him from seeing what, in the final analysis, had to be done, he knew nevertheless that capitalism was America's cancer, and that only the most fundamental changes could cure it. Mr. Brooks quotes a letter Howells wrote to his sister:

> After the war [Spanish-American] will come the piling up of big fortunes again; the craze for wealth will fill all brains, and every good cause will be set back. We shall have an era of blood-bought prosperity, and the chains of capitalism will be welded on the nation more firmly than ever.

Howells was a socialist in politics and a realist in literature. Mr. Brooks' book is concerned mainly with showing how, under Howells' influence, American literature became national and realistic. Howells knew that idealism had been somewhat discredited by science. What he called the "aristocratic spirit" was "disappearing from politics and society, and is now seeking to shelter itself in aesthetics." Howells demanded that literature provide men not with ideals to die for but a philosophy to live by. He looked on good and evil not as moral absolutes but as interrelated aspects of the same process. He was struck by "how near the best and worst were to each other, and how they sometimes touched without absolute divisio[n] in texture and color."

Howells' essay "Criticism and Fi[c]tion" can stand as the manifesto [of] American realism. With its anti-r[o]mantic, anti-idealistic thrust, the ess[ay] stands in direct opposition to what H[ow]wells described as "the conception [of] literature as something apart from lif[e], superfinely aloof. . . ." Unfortunate[ly] Mr. Brooks omits any discussion of th[is] important essay. But he does show H[ow]wells as a leader in the internation[al] as well as national school of realism. He shows how Howells brought fo[r]eign as well as native authors into co[n]tact with each other. In Mr. Brook[s'] words, Howells was "the one America[n] who was aware of all the others." "[It] was evident," he says in another se[c]tion, "that Howells understood all sor[ts] and conditions of men. Only one [so] organized could have been equally int[i]mate with both Mark Twain and Hen[ry] James."

Mr. Brooks' own prose forms an im[portant] page in the history of America[n] letters. Perhaps only one who has e[n]joyed as long and as illustrious a care[er] in letters as Mr. Brooks could bring [to] bear the affection, respect and schola[r]ship necessary to do justice to the li[fe] of the former dean of American letter[s], William Dean Howells.

ROBERT OLSO[N]

Advice to Churchmen

HOW TO SERVE GOD IN A MAR[X]IST LAND, by Karl Barth an[d] Johannes Hamel. Association Pres[s] $2.50.

IF the publishers of this small bo[ok] (126 pp.) had read it carefully an[d]

wanted to present Karl Barth's views with full justice, they would have made the title a trifle longer and called it "How to Serve God in a Marxist or in a Capitalist Land." The eminent theologian, Karl Barth, makes a most pertinent contribution to the real issue: how does any religious person or religious institution maintain integrity and usefulness in an imperfect social order?

Karl Barth, in the correspondence published here, between himself and an East Zone German pastor, Johannes Hamel, reveals a far greater grasp of the issues than Dr. Robert M. Brown seems to fully appreciate in his opening section, or on the jacket blurbs for the book. This book is more than a handbook on how Christians can fight Communism. A venerable scholar and theologian, with memories of Nazism still alive in his mind, tells his East German pastor friend some homely truths that American clergymen and laymen of all faiths could well ponder.

In spite of many barriers of orthodox theology, far from significant to liberal western clergy, this book reports on the several ways the Christian, in the mid-twentieth century world, with its struggles between capitalism and socialism far from resolved, can handle himself. An American reader can, if he takes a little trouble, penetrate through the dense Bibliolatry of German Protestantism to the issues that are common to all churchmen and women. One does need to appreciate the presuppositions of orthodox Biblical Christianity to read this book intelligently, but once this is done, the insights are very rewarding. If one reads only the *New York Times* stories on the church in East Germany, he would conclude that Bishop Otto Dibelius represented the Christian conscience of those living there. This vehemently anti-Communist Bishop in recent months has refused to honor even the traffic laws of the German Democratic Republic. Karl Barth's correspondence with Pastor Hamel wil reveal far more penetrating discussions of the problems of "serving God in a Marxist Land."

American readers should reffect on Karl Barth's statement in this book: "How can I write you (Pastor Hamel) without revealing that I disapprove just as much the spirit, the words, the methods, and the practices of the system under which you live, as I do the dominions that rule us here in the West? But how can I speak my mind without unwillingly casting all kinds of fuel in the fire of anti-Communism which flares up glaringly enough in our part of the world and no doubt constantly glimmers in yours? How could I avoid being praised and used by people whom I consider to be notoriously the worst enemies of all truth, all justice and all peace?" Barth obviously wishes no one to associate him with Bishop Dibelius of Berlin or Conrad Adenauer.

Barth refers his correspondent to a New Testament passage in I Peter 5:9 about resisting your adversary the devil, but the more one reads Barth's words the less he equates the devil, as does Bishop Dibelius, with Communism. He even points out that the real anti-Christ may be the gentle, colorless, irrelevant figure of Christ (symbolized by Thorwaldson's effeminate statue) presented today in the Christian churches of both East and West. Barth

grapples with the real difficulty of a church proclaiming fearlessly its ethical and moral insights on either side of the "Iron Curtain" today if it contradicts the established authorities. This is a problem in the United States, in Czechoslovakia, in Hungary and doubtless all nations today of every ideology. It has always been a vexing problem for a non-established church with a sensitive conscience. Power always resents criticism.

Karl Barth (p. 52) reminds Pastor Hamel that "hostility" to the church exists not only in East Germany but also in the "free West," though in a different guise. "Who knows," says Barth, "perhaps the gospel is even more repugnant and more embarrassing to the West. An adverse spirit and power is at work against this testimony not only in the East, but in the West also."

He reminds Pastor Hamel and the Christians of East Germany: "The West German brethren have been engaged now for years in a strenuous hand to hand fight with the principalities and powers, the spirits and demons in the land of 'the economic miracle' with its thoughtless participation in NATO, with its remilitarization, its military chaplaincy contract, its preparation for atomic armament, its panicky fear of Russia, its crusading methods, its old Nazis. . . ."

This was written before the January outburst of anti-Semitism in Cologne, Germany and hundreds of other spots on the planet, or Barth might well have included it in his damning catalog of Christian "collaboration" with Adenauer's Bonn Republic and its policies.

There is more to the story of church and state relations in East Germany than the very orthodox Pastor Ham reflects in his letter to Karl Barth. O should remember the statement Bishop Moritz of Thuringia (GDF October 6, 1959: "I want to dispel t illusion that those who follow t teaching of the Gospels must lead a li isolated from the great tasks of our ag or even that they are obliged, becau of the religious convictions, to suppo a different order from that existing the German Democratic Republic."

One who has studied the problen that John Milton faced during the da of the Cromwellian Commonwealth 17th century England and that Je ferson faced in separating the chur from the state in colonial America w understand this reviewer's sceptici about many of the ambitions of t German Christians, East and West, the temper of Pastor Hamel. The Christians have appallingly little i terest in the humanistic values of t new socialist societies anywhere; th seem to be preoccupied with a Biblic gospel of salvation celestial diamete away from the humanitarian teachin of the Jewish prophet, Jesus Nazareth, as reported in the Sermon the Mount. If one is correct in readi Karl Barth (p. 63) he is proper chiding Pastor Hamel and all like hi who seem to be yearning for a stat supported church apparatus such as e isted for centuries in Germany a made all other Christians and infide second-class citizens, annoying dissente and troublesome non-conformists.

Since the 20th Congress the Sovi authorities and those in East Germa have initiated and encouraged f greater self-criticism and reshaping policy in all areas of life than prevail

ince 1917. Americans, with McCarthy-sm fresh in their minds, can hardly ake a posture of great superiority over he socialist lands. There is room for ast improvement in Marxist and non-Iarxist lands. This reviewer under-tands the Marxist's profound scepticism bout the church as a friend of social hange, going by the record of history.)ne gets very little feeling of concern n Pastor Hamel's part with the social ssues of our age. There is not any clear vidence he knows the meaning of Naz-sm and fascism. Karl Barth also seems) sense this fatal weakness.

This little book is not limited in its ppeal to European churchmen. It aises problems for Americans in a day f so-called "religious revival" which re acute and profound. The effort to ewrite American history so as to blur ne separation of church and state, the ffort to portray America as a "Chris-an nation" when the founding fathers bored so painstakingly to prevent ich intolerance, makes Karl Barth's tter (for all of its orthodox presup-ositions) a piercing rebuke to church adership in many places, high and w, in the United States.

STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN

ndignant Giant

HADDEUS STEVENS: SCOURGE OF THE SOUTH, by Fawn M. Brodie. W. W. Norton & Co. $7.50.

N the 92 years that have elapsed since the death of Thaddeus Stevens even biographies have been written bout him (six of which this reviewer s read). Such attention to this mag-ficent historic figure is gratifying to American patriots and libertarians, and is particularly significant in the present period, for Stevens is recognized as the father of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, the first abolishing Negro slavery, the second guaranteeing to the freedmen citizenship and equal rights. Stevens did not live to see the Fifteenth Amendment drawn up, but he is known to have had in mind also a guarantee of the right to vote.

While it is true that many historians and some biographers have been antagonistic to Stevens and have tried to lower his place in history, it is now generally agreed that he was second as a national leader only to Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War period. In fact it would be truer to say that they shared equally in that leadership, for each complemented and corrected the other.

Of the successive biographers whom I have read, each in turn has contributed not only a fresh viewpoint but fresh information on Stevens' life. E. B. Callender's *Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner,* written only fourteen years after Stevens' death, gave emphasis to his battles for free public schools and against slavery, but was frankly a hero-worshipping book. Samuel W. McCall's *Thaddeus Stevens* gave somewhat more detailed attention to his congressional career in the Civil War and Reconstruction periods. Thomas Frederick Woodley made a splendid effort at a definitive biography in the two editions of his *Great Leveler.* This, however, was superseded a score of years later by Ralph Korngold's *Thaddeus Stevens* (1955), which went thoroughly into the relations between Stevens and Lincoln and between Stevens and Andrew Johnson, bringing to light many pre-

viously misunderstood facts about the Emancipation Proclamation and the various programs for civil rights and Reconstruction. (Elsie Singmaster, in her *I Speak for Thaddeus Stevens* (1947), had already recreated in realistic semi-fiction form the significant background and neighboring events of Stevens' boyhood in Vermont, his law practice in Gettysburg, his political career in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and his family situation in Washington, D. C.)

The new book by Fawn M. Brodie, *Thaddeus Stevens: Scourge of the South*, only four years later than Korngold's, is a significant all-round advance on his and the others. It is what we might call a superlative example of modern biography technique, constituting a rounded picture of the man and his period, constantly verified with quotations and evidence, the whole backed by a bibliography and reference notes that carry conviction and clarity. Her bibliography includes not only the recorded speeches of Stevens, voluminous government documents, numerous memoirs and the preceding biographical studies of Stevens, but also, interestingly, *Black Reconstruction* by W. E. B. Du Bois; *Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, Written by Himself; American Negro Slave Revolts*, by Herbert Aptheker, *Reconstruction, The Battle for Democracy*, by James S. Allen; and *Business and Slavery*, by Philip S. Foner.

I would say that Mrs. Brodie has two signal achievements to her credit. One is the running down of all available facts about certain disputed personal allegations in the life of Stevens. An instance of this is her analysis of the case of Lydia Hamilton Smith, h
Negro housekeeper who, as she ind
cates, seems definitely to have been h
mistress. This was one of the ho
rendous sins of which he was suppos
to be guilty. To modern ears, howeve
and taking into account conditions
the time, the "sin" seems rather mino
especially when one examines the cha
acter of the evidence that Mrs. Brod
has assembled: that Stevens' relativ
were instructed to call her "Mrs. Smith
(*not* by her first name, Lydia); that h
had her portrait painted by the sam
artist who painted his; and so on.
is just as well to have the real facts.

Another and greater achievement
that of managing without ostentation
put vivid drama into this story of St
vens, by placing other historic chara
ters around him, in depth, showin
their relationships, their intertwine
emnities and friendships, their pe
sonal and political ambitions, ideal
jealousies, and development. True, th
story of Stevens is high drama in i
self. But in this book we see, on a n
tional scale, Wendell Phillips, Joh
Brown, William Lloyd Garrison, Joh
Greenleaf Whittier, General Georg
McClellan, Abraham Lincoln, Cla
Barton, Jefferson Davis, General Ro
ert E. Lee, and a score of others, n
merely listed, but playing a part again
or alongside Thaddeus Stevens.

All of them have roles, good
bad, in freedom's historic battle again
slavery and its heritage and towa
greater democracy: wavering, haltin
backsliding, then going forward agai
just as freedom's leaders, from Linco
on down, wavered, halted, backsli
then again went forward. And M
Brodie takes pains to show very clear

e anti-democratic, racial, pre-fascist aracter of that upper-class South of iich Stevens was the "scourge," the me upper-class white supremacy uth that continues to hold back Ne- o freedom today.

Although Mrs. Brodie's work is for e most part masterful and entirely objectionable, this reviewer felt some ersion toward her tendency to refer ermuch to an alleged "capacity for tred" on the part of Stevens. There a distinct tinge of psychoanalytic doc- nairism in the over-stress on the ef- t of his club foot and his childhood entment at the father who ran away. ese things are treated with an im- cation that they somehow deformed character. Despite this assumed ality of bitterness and ruthlessness Stevens, Mrs. Brodie recognizes that, er all, he lived and strove on the side the angels, and she pays him an elo- ent and moving tribute.

"Indignation served him instead of e," she writes, "and a sense of in- tice was his substitute for hope. It sobering and disquieting to realize t if he had truly possessed both love d hope, the Negro might well have d no such champion."

OAKLEY C. JOHNSON

ity Lights Poets

BERT DUNCAN SELECTED POEMS, The Pocket Poet Series No. 10, City Lights Books, San Francisco. $1.00.

OBERT DUNCAN is a 41-year-old San Francisco poet well recognized the minority in such matters. The sent paper-bound volume, put out with Ferlinghetti's usual care, gathers poetry from his various books and from magazines where it first appeared; it is sufficient to reveal the author's dexterity and elegant power as well as his vacuity in such matters as the age we live in and the number of unpleasant why's that we must answer to the satisfaction of both children and conscience.

Duncan's poetry is a fastidious guide to the fanciful past of myth and artful rite, it revels in crystal shapes, the velvet of the female, the labyrinth of the rose; it adds substantial foliage to the tapestry to which it clings. But those who seek new life or need fresh air better seek elsewhere.

Often one catches a faded Elizabethan mannerism, a turn of phrase or thought that could or should have been stated back in the days when a few ladies were meant to puzzle over your delicate offertory. At times, however, he approximates the sense of his subject and communicates real emotion. Worthy poems in this vein are: *Among My Friends,* which admits:

Among my friends love is a great sorrow.
It has become a daily burden, a feast,
a gluttony for fools, a heart's famine.
We visit one another asking, telling one another.
We do not burn hotly, we question the fire. . . .

Among my friends love is a payment.
It is an old debt for a borrowing foolishly spent,
And we go on, borrowing and borrowing from each other.
Among my friends love is a wage
that one might have for an honest living.

Also the poem: *The Drinking Fountain* which has a superfluous last line. Here is the entire poem:

Garcia Lorca tasted
death at this drinking fountain,
saw a dead bird
sing inside this mountain,
heard a childless woman
curse this drinking fountain.

Garcia Lorca drank
life from this drinking fountain,
witnessed the witless poor
sleeping inside this mountain,
returned at night to praise
this public drinking fountain.

Garcia Lorca stole
poetry from this drinking fountain,
sang and twanged the mandolin of
this slumbering Spanish mountain,
fell down and cried in Granada.

This is the drinking mountain.

His satire, of which there is one long sample in the book, attempts contemporaneity but falls flat on its face. Perhaps Duncan belongs to the past and should continue to exploit its endless treasures for the sake of those who love a jewel.

SECOND APRIL, by Bob Kaufman. City Lights Books. San Francisco. 35 cents.

PUT out in a folded sheet, three feet long when extended, this single poem in the *Howl* tradition is characterized by the prose-length stanza, the strident language, hysterical level of emotion without contrast and brutalized scene portrayal within a mechanical structure that betrays the whole thing as a pose, the attitude as faked, the mystic intensity as a forgery.

The main part of the poem is made up of a sequence of stanza divisions named session one, session two, etc., obviously referring to the atom bomb bit in what the publisher calls ". . .
autobiographical journey springing
of the blind conjunction of such eve
as Christ's April crucifixion, death
resurrection by A-bomb., and the
thor's own birth." This is not so m
a journey as an exhibit kit on a
hypnotis. Kaufman has charmed h
self and in that state allowed his ima
nation to create a Babel of images
frustrations of the shock-value vari
The interesting thing is that there
poetic beginning and a poetic end
to *Second April.* It is as if the p
had trouble inducing the state and t
had also had to finish the work a
returning to normalcy. Only then
he forced to rely on his *senses,* only t
does he produce poetry. I first qu
two stanzas from the middle:

Session six . . . is cancered doctors,
jected volunteers, too
young, two lungs, too far away
searching, eyes ransacked
first, naturalized afterbirths, no pr
lems, fear blows too,
strips of mother hate, we get in toni
problem out now,
silver is not spoons only, dress ev
now, god getting married,
funny fun in cassocks, and hoods
spitballs spiked on ribs
are attractive abstracts eating poets, t
watch, God eats
crying, smooth nine month grave fa
bent, me, you, man, thirsting.

Session seven . . . they watch, we sh
they catch,
pushing, bluing, swinging, digging,
won't say, they wash
windows, we break them and wind
breaking us, fresh lobes to
come drunker, they watch, look out
green, we drink drunker fumes,
look out for green, smoke god da
soppy wet on the flood toilet
paper.

Compare that to the beautiful so
of the ending:

. . . we illuminate the hidden December,
seen, flamelit in the on
core of the second April, come for the
skeleton of time.

Kissed at wintertide, alone in a lemming
world,
Green bitches, harlequin men, shadowed
babes,
Dumped on the galvez greens, burned
with grass.

A pity that talent like this has to fall into the vanity of vanities: imagining that it is so great that it can function by itself, of itself, without heart, voice, lung or sanity; purely and exclusively in that region of nightmares that is so great one half the modern coin but which is less than an abstraction without the other side, laughter, peace—without the metallic flesh of artistic balance and scientific perspective . . . without us, finally, readers, audience, users of the common coin of experience.

ALVARO CARDONA-HINE.

JOHN STUART

Last month's issue of *Mainstream* had already gone to press when we learned of the untimely death of John Stuart, at the age of 48. We take this occasion to pay tribute to his memory.

John Stuart was an editor of *New Masses* for eight years until its suspension in 1948. He was in charge of its foreign affairs department for six years. In collaboration with Bruce Minton, he was the author of two important books: *Men Who Lead Labor* and *The Fat Years and the Lean,* the latter being a Marxist economic and political history of the United States and the development of imperialism following the First World War. He also edited *The Education of John Reed,* a selection of the latter's writings, for which he wrote a sensitive and perceptive introduction.

Always a quiet and judicious worker, John Stuart was one of those rare men who know the meaning of disciplined collective effort and are able to put their understanding, self-effacingly, into practice. Those of us who knew him honor his qualities as well as his accomplishments.

TWO IMPORTANT MARCH BOOKS

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: 1763-1783

By Herbert Aptheker Price $3.50

This second book in Dr. Aptheker's History of the American People answers such questions as: Was the American Revolution really a REVOLUTION? What were its sources? Did class divisions within the colonies determine its nature? Did the majority of American people support it? How did the Committees of Correspondence and the Continental Congress come into being? How were Tories and traitors treated by the military? What was the role of the Negro people, free and slave? What was the relation of slavery to the independence struggle? These and many other questions are answered in a Marxist analysis that makes this book indispensable. An International title.

COMPOSER AND NATION: THE FOLK HERITAGE IN MUSIC

By Sidney Finkelstein Price $4.00

This study surveys four centuries of music, focusing not only on the great 19th century composers who consciously allied their art with national tradition, such as Smetana, Dvorak, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky and Rimsy-Korsakov, but throws light on the masters who wrote during the period of the rise of modern nations, such as Vivaldi, Handel and Bach. The author treats in a new and fresh way with the classic era of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, and uncovers the social and psychological issues that affected the work of the romantic composers like Schuman, Chopin, Berlioz, Wagner and Brahms. He also discusses the moderns, like Debussy, Mahler, Stravinsky and others, and appraises American jazz, contemporary Soviet music and other musical developments. An International book.

New Century Publishers, 832 Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.