

Martha Jackson Gallery, N.Y.C.

Collections: Phillips Gallery, Washington, D.C., Art Institute, Chicago; Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg; Whitney Museum, N.Y.; Museum of Modern Art, N.Y.; Musee d'Art Moderne, Paris, et. al. "Joan Mitchell has been true all along to abstract expressionism. Historically, she belongs to the so-called second generation of painters belonging to that movement.... Perfectly aware of and friendly with many of the painters of the New York scene, she has nevertheless been able to keep her distance from much of the merely fashionable and trendy....[T]he paintings that have resulted from Mitchell's independence are wonderfully fresh and individual while clearly within the abstract expressionist idiom. There is definitely a kind of Joan Mitchell painting."--Ralph Pomeroy.

Harold D. Lasswell:

A graduate of the University of Chicago, receiving Ph.D. in 1926. Taught political science there from 1922 to 1938 when he studied at Washington (D.C.) School of Psychiatry. During W.W.II, was director

**A PORTRAIT OF THE PUBLISHER AS A YOUNG MAN:**  
-- Parker High School Days --

by

Edward de Grazia

✓  
Young Barney Rosset;  
Publisher

Al - And  
I'll pay  
any taxes  
you might  
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### Note on Interviews

The conversational passages were transcribed verbatim from the author's interviews with the individuals named, as follows:

Barney Rosset:

Interview March 12, 1983 at New York City  
Interview March 28, 1983 at New York City  
Interview March 31, 1983 at New York City  
Interview June 20, 1983 at New York City  
Interview June 25, 1983 at East Hampton, L.I.  
Interview July 9, 1983 at East Hampton, L.I.  
Interview August 14, 1983 at East Hampton, L.I.

Haskell Wexler:

Interview May 23, 1983 at New York City

Quentin Young:

Interview June 10, 1983 at Chicago, Ill.

Jack Ellison:

Interview June 10, 1983 at Chicago, Ill.

Joan Mitchell:

Interview July 26, 1983 at Vetheuil, France

Alfred Adler:

Interview August 16, 1983 at Chicago, Ill.

Part One: SCHOOL DAYS

1.JOAN MITCHELL:\*

Barney took me to see Citizen Kane, when I was in the 10th grade, and he was older. First date. I wasn't sure I understood it but anyway he was an upper classman, so I was very flattered. Sure, he was proselytizing. They all were, at Parker High School. Was all of 90 students. Everybody knew each other. Barney did track and football. Some of the students were very radical, people like Barney.

He was extremely bright, uh, yes, he stood out. He wasn't a dummy and I liked him and Haskell was Barney's best friend. And was very attractive and not as bright. Their class was very political and they were investigated by the Dies Committee, the whole school, because of that class. There were a lot of leftish teachers. And Barney's class, they put a red flag up in the tower of the school, the clock tower. And the Dies Committee investigated his class.

The English teacher was a communist, in Freshman class. I remember how furious I was because all she taught us was about propaganda where I wanted to learn about Shakespeare, or something. I was only half the time in school. I painted and skated.

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\* Painter

HAROLD LASSWELL\* AND DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK\*\*: \*WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPOGANDA

There are several terms which are closely allied in popular usage with propaganda and from which propaganda may properly be distinguished. It is convenient to distinguish between propaganda and education as follows: propaganda is the manipulation of symbols to control controversial attitudes; education is the manipulation of symbols (and of other means) to transmit accepted attitudes (and skills). This means that the advocacy of Communism in America is propaganda, but the inculcation of traditional Americanism is education. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, Communism is presumably the accepted tradition by this time, and the transmission of Communism is therefore education. The spread of individualism in the Soviet Union would be propaganda....

JOAN MITCHELL:

Anyway, I didn't get along with anybody who told me what to think. And...I don't know...I just wasn't a joiner. I wouldn't have anything to do with the Student Government, or A.S.U. ~~I~~ ~~don't know, you go into~~ English class, I wanted to learn about writing. I didn't want to learn about Communist propaganda. Isabelle Cerney, that was her name. We learned a lot about labor unions and history. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, I was impressed and upset by all those things. And about the depression. Oh God, I remember that! People sleeping under bridges, and on newspapers. Soup lines and oh, my God....

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\* Political Philosopher  
 \*\* Political Scientist

BARNEY ROSSET:\*

We were quite radicalized by the time we were in eighth grade, ~~I can tell you that.~~ My eighth grade teacher, whose name was Sarah Greenbaum, was a very unusual person. Today, there's a memorial foundation for her at the Francis Parker School. She was a marvelous teacher, and quite radical. She had us study Robinson Crusoe, but a different Robinson Crusoe, it was one she wrote. She made Robinson Crusoe into a villain who was taking all the money away from the people. She made a Socialist thing out of it, where a group of people on an Island, they decide to have their own economic system, and Robinson Crusoe was a capitalist and the Socialists threw him out. And some parents got very upset about that, they read it, it was like a book, mimeographed, and the kids took it home . . . .

And, in the eighth grade we had student newspapers, and Haskell Wexler and I put out a paper called the "SOMMUNIST"--for socialist-communist. Later, we changed it to the "ANTI-EVERYTHING." And, at that time, also, we became members of the American Student Union: in the eighth grade; and I was a delegate to the American Student Union's convention held at Vassar College, that year, for college students! I went there with another eighth-grader from the Hyde Park School, Quentin Young, who later became Medical Director of Cook County Hospital, in Chicago. We rode together on a bus to Vassar, with students from the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois.

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\* Publisher

That was only the eight grade, so we started early . . . .

HASKELL WEXLER:\*

They questioned the principal of our high school and our teachers. The people from the Dies Committee, in Chicago. The father of one of the kids in school was on the Dies Committee, a guy named Joerns. And some of the people we knew, and some of our teachers, were in the "Red Book," Elizabeth Dillon's Red Network, it was called. With well-known communists....

We had a big thing in our school because we were taking strong pacifist positions and we were part of the American Student Union and we opposed aid to Finland because at that time one of the big issues was because the Soviet Union invaded a section of Finland, on its border, claiming that the Finns were in collusion with the Nazis, building up fortifications to possibly invade Russia. And so there was a big campaign to send aid to Finland and I remember we opposed that. Which caused quite a stir. They called Parent-Teachers meetings, asking "What are these students doing"? "How un-American they are"! And so forth. "How Communist they are"!

We were for Republican Spain; we were pacifists; we were Socialist-oriented. In high school, we thought highly of the Soviet Union. We were critical of the capitalist system, but in an abstract way. I mean, we didn't feel like we wanted to give our cars away. Or move to a cheaper penthouse on Lake Shore Drive or something.

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\* Cinematographer

We did make efforts to be with poor people and both Barney and I and other kids from Parker worked from time to time in the Maxwell Street area of Chicago, worked through Hull House, and worked through different -- what the hell did they call them? -- different settlement houses. Jane Addams was still around, when we first started going there.

QUENTIN YOUNG\*

I went to Hyde Park and the connection with Barney was exclusively -- at least initially -- through the activities around the American Student Union, which peaked around the time we came on the scene. Basically it was a Left college student thing but, in a few places, including Chicago, it had a significant high school base, reflecting, the times, I guess; we're talking about '37, 38. And there was a group of students in this kind of upper-class progressive school, private school, and Barney and Haskell and others were examples of high school zealotry.

I was not as rich, certainly. Hyde Park's a public school. It had an earned reputation as a very good public school, it was in the shadow of the University of Chicago so I think that was a factor. A lot of students that went there were faculty children. We always used to win the Latin prize and the Math prize, city-wide.

The Lab School was another progressive school which had been in existence for a long time. It had a certain number of rich kids, I think, back then, but there was an Education Department

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\* Doctor

at the University of Chicago and it was their lab school for experimental things. I'm sure there was no American Student Union chapter at Lab School. It was more a kind of "captive" private school as opposed to a public school or a private school that was in a more open setting. I think it had a narrower base, with the biggest percentage in sons and daughters of the faculty. Whereas, at Parker private you had the sons and daughters of the rich, with all that that implies -- a lot of spoiling, a lot of permissiveness -- and, since the school itself was not conservative, the faculty was the big difference, there.

There were several teachers at Parker who were highly influential in shaping your mind and, I would imagine, stressing the importance of independent thought. With the obvious model patterning which the Barneys and Haskells of this world have. And since these people were so privileged, it was not doing a guilt trip, but reminding them -- as was appropriate in the late thirties -- about how many millions of their fellow citizens, young and old, were in dire straits.

The depression really wasn't over, it got over only with the war. National unemployment was big. And although Roosevelt was ameliorating the situation somewhat with everything from the WPA Theatre to the Civilian Conservation Corps, those were hard times. A little hard. And the contradictions between wealth and mass poverty were pretty much there to see if you were a sensitive young wealthy scion.

JACK ELLISON:\*

Barney was very much admired by both his friends and by quite a number of others, and very much disliked by those who felt he was ah...they didn't like his opinions. The more conservative ones thought that he was...a lousy radical. And the trouble was he was too smart for them. It's very unpleasant to be up against somebody who can outwit you. Through the A.S.U. and there was another group called the Liberal Club...it wasn't so liberal but it, like, you know, you have to be liberal or it would have been called The Conservative Club. And they were pretty sour on Barney. And, of course, some of their parents were very sour on the kid. Quite a number of them went to the Principal about the A.S.U. and said "something's got to be done about this. It's a terrible thing!"

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\* Former teacher and Principal at Francis Parker School

ALFRED ADLER: \*

You see, Francis Parker was, as far as I know, the only school where they had a chapter of the A.S.U., the American Student Union. They were all over colleges, but we were in a school. And for instance, the time came when Haskell and Barney said to Nancy Ashenhurst, both together: "Well, we're going to go to that meeting, that meeting they're having in Swarthmore"--and in this place or in that place--and that's what they did. And there the parents really got worried! The parents were very...all in all, conservative.

And, so Mr. Smith, who was the Principal at that time--a typical New England man, New England Harvard graduate, and so on--he got worried too, of course. Naturally. There are so many parents. They're going to ruin the school--those kids! You see? And so he had a fiendish device: all the parents and the faculty, they were invited for three evenings, and the idea was that each evening a third of those people would come in. And complain about the radical teachers. But I wasn't radical enough apparently, because there was no complaint against me.

So the idea was, Barney...you see, Haskell was not very active in that, but Barney was...Barney got himself under a table, uh, under a desk...and listened to what those parents and all these people had to say. And he did that in the second evening and the third evening. That made him a great hero!

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\* Educator-Author, Former teacher at Francis Parker School

MEMORANDUM FOR THE OFFICER IN CHARGE:

SUBJECT: BARNET LEE ROSSET, JR., PVT.

RE: Interview with [DELETED] acquaintance

On July 2, 1943, this agent interviewed [DELETED] Chicago, Illinois, concerning Subject, pursuant to request of Military Intelligence Division, War Department, Washington, D.C., Subject being suspected of disaffection.

[DELETED] described the subject as being about 20 years of age, 5 feet, 8 inches tall, weighing 155 pounds, with dark brown hair, a dark complexion, and wearing glasses. . . .

Informant related that Subject was a very courageous and aggressive young man; that he was one of the leaders in his high school class; that he was very active at high school, being a member of the track team, captain of the football team, and a public speaker.

[DELETED] then remarked that while attending the Parker High School, Subject absorbed many radical ideals of his classmates and some of his instructors. Many of these classmates were reported to be Communists. As a result of this Subject became a member of the American Student Union, read Communist literature, and entertained thoughts that there should not be any rich men in the world. However, Subject himself did not live in accordance with his radical ideas, inasmuch as he had everything he desired, including a riding horse, a highly-powered automobile, and spent money freely. . . .

[DELETED] noted that Subject's father was very disturbed by Subject's radical thoughts and activities and sternly opposed them. Subject's father is a wealthy banker in Chicago and is very much a capitalist. In fact Subject's actions in this regard have nearly broken his father's heart. . . .

NUNZIO GIABALVO  
Agent CIC

BARNEY ROSSET:

There was another kid at Parker whose name was James Bulloch Hathaway--very good looking. He started the Liberals Club, at school. We would joke because in our class, we had three boys, who had those names that were unbelievable--one was Styvessant Van Buren, another was Benjamin Franklin Roselle, and the third was James Bulloch Hathaway--all three of them had definite social and political aspirations. In a very conservative sense. Two were killed, very quickly, in World War II. As marines. And the third was in the Marine Corps., too, and, according to an article in the Saturday Evening Post, was the most wounded soldier in the United States military--in World War II. And I liked all three of them but they were very conservative.

We had a Student Government, and at one point Bulloch--we didn't use his first name--Bulloch and I were the final candidates to be President of the Student Government. And my campaign was that we should abolish it: the Student Government! I guess...I don't know...must have been in an anarchistic phase. Something. And Bulloch was: we must strengthen it, make it better, and so on. And he won! By, I think, by one vote. I had no anger towards him. And then I was elected President of the Senior Class. You couldn't have both. So, I mean, it was a sort of trade. So I was the President of my class and he was the head of Student Government. And we got along very well...

I was as politically sophisticated then, as I am now, for whatever that's worth. Don't get the idea that I was just sort of stumbling around. We were very actively involved. We conducted a peace movement at school. We organized a strike of the whole school every year, on behalf of peace, where we took the whole school out and paraded. We had manifestations in the neighborhood. But it was mainly in terms of peace.

HAROLD D. LASSWELL and DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK: WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA (1939)

During the last years of the depression period student strikes against war were organized on Armistice Day. At eleven o'clock students walked out of their classes and demonstrated against war. Such strikes and demonstrations against war were held in Chicago not only in the high schools, but also in colleges and universities throughout the city. The strikes were usually led by radical student organizations, but many non-radical groups participated in them.

BARNEY ROSSET:

It wasn't on Armistice Day, it was in April. It came out of England, it was something called the Oxford Movement. It was a pacifist movement that I think sort of fizzled, in the late 30's....Everyone in school joined that strike. It would have made them unpopular if they didn't. You have to remember that, at the same time, football was just as important to us as politics. If not more so. I mean, Haskell and I were the co-captains of the football team. Which was, let me tell you, equally important to anything else.

ALFRED ADLER:

One of the football heroes, and also very intelligent, was John Holabird, the son of an architect. Two years ahead of Barney. Now, he was also--in order to annoy his father, the architect--he was a little bit red, you know, leftist or Communistic; he was that. And at the same time, he made Harvard. That was for that Principal, Mr. Smith, the point of the whole show! That he could say: "See, these boys, Harvard; those girls, Vassar...and whatever...." And he John Holabird, the son, didn't particularly like Harvard.

Now, from the point of view of the Principal, the fact that we had educated this John Holabird in such a way that he isn't just...licking all ten fingers for Harvard--that shows what a failure we were! The conservative people said that this is a defeat of the school, the school is defeated in as much as the great alumni are not going out to Harvard, and so on. But then there were some of the others--the small leftist group--who said, "Well, the fact that he doesn't like Harvard shows that he still has something inside!"

And, then especially difficult was, two years later, Bulloch Hathaway. He wanted Harvard and his whole family wanted it, and at the same time, he--and that meant a lot of work--and at the same time, of course, well, it wasn't really what he thought was the important thing. So that was--it was almost tragic-comical--that was really the way out: to be shot and die.... He went in the Marines. He got shot and died.

BARNEY ROSSET:

The Dies Committee never came to Parker. No, it was a guy named Joerns, who was like their surrogate. Because he was a Chicago city councilman and he had a daughter at Parker, in Joan's class, and he thought his daughter was going to be, you know, "radicalised." What she was really doing was being corrupted into a lesbian. Nobody could have told him that. It had nothing to do with the radicals because we would have been in horror. I mean that was one of the sad things I discovered: that the Communists, instead of believing in that much flaunted "free love," were Puritans.

ALFRED ADLER:

There was a girl named Connie Joerns, an art major, at Francis Parker. And so was the sister of Bullock Hathaway-- an art major, you see. Those were two girls very much in love with each other, the two art majors. And Connie Joerns, I saw her several years ago, right here, and she...didn't seem to age....Didn't seem to age at all. And the other one, neither, the Hathaway girl...they would sit in our high school class, people would call on them, and finally, Barney hated them....Barney was a little bit like Proust, in the sense that Proust hated homosexuals. Full stop. He disliked even Andre Gide, and Andre Gide said in the Diaries that you can talk about anything as long as you can say that you yourself are that way....

QUENTIN YOUNG:

I don't want to psyche them out, but the phenomenon of radical brat isn't limited to the 30's. I think you could probably point to examples in history, certainly in the 60's, and today, when the scions of the Rockefellers and other major names of wealth have given large amounts to radical foundations, and so on. The Freudians would have us believe there's a little bit of an Oedipus drama there: they're slaying their parents. And I reckon guilt was a factor in their decisions what to do with their wealth if they had choices, which only wealth permits. And they chose to work hard, turning out leaflets and marching, and some of them even went to work in the steel mills, and so forth, I know that to be true.

It would take more than my insight to guess what radicalized them. A certain amount of guilt, a certain amount of anger at their parents who, like as not, were not the world's best parents--if there are such things; they probably were very busy with their work. In fact--take Barney, if you want to be concrete--I never met his old man, he died young. He was a very--I heard from people who knew him--he was a very aggressive classical bullish entrepreneur. I don't know exactly what his game was; but I think he had--by talent or other means--gotten control of the license to handle the federal reserve brokerage, and he would just --when the sales of monies would go--get a fraction of a percent. But a fraction of a percent when the top number is <sup>5</sup> in the millions? Anyhow the old man died in his early forties of a rare cause those days, at least. I guess it's more common now. He was a Jew who died of alcoholism . . . .

JOAN MITCHELL:

Barney's father drank. He had ulcers. He would go into rages. He was sort of scary. I remember one Thanksgiving and the father was drunk and carving the turkey and the turkey slid all the way onto the floor of the dining room that they had. And then the doors of the liquor closet would be locked, but then he'd get them off with their hinges....

He had a painting of mine, I don't know what he did with it. It had a frame on it. Barney has it now, I think. It fell on his head, oh dear! Yet, he was very bright and extremely competitive with Barney and visa versa. Daddy would call Barney His Nibs! His Nibs! And then they would fight--who could add a column faster than the other one? I think the father could do it quicker.

The father was very attractive, I thought. He had something in him very...maybe an exaggerated caricature of Frederick March, or something like that. I don't mean to put him down, by caricature...more, exaggerated....Very slick hair, slicked back and very, I don't know, he was a self-made man. He made his first million when he was 21. In those days it counted. Then he lost it, and then he made it again. He would be on the telephone, very paranoid, all the time. He had private lines to his office and, you know, somebody was stealing from him and...I don't know....

BARNEY ROSSET:

Sometimes my father would get infuriated. I had a beautiful book about Lenin and my father tore it in half. And I pasted it back together. But sometimes he would sort of soften, and at one point he even did something which he later regretted, he gave a pretty sizable contribution to the American Student Union....

The people we hated were the Trotskyites, they were much worse than capitalists. They were betrayers of revolution.

There was a famous book at that time, called The Red Network. Some woman, her name was Dillon, or somebody, had in it, you know, all the various people in America who she thought were Communist. One of my classmate's, Joan Asher's, father was in that book. I don't know why. I remember meeting him once. I don't even remember Joan Asher being particularly political. But, anyway, her father was in that book, which tremendously impressed me. I thought that made him very important and I had a feeling that my father thought that made him very unimportant. 'Cause I remember that's how I found it out. My father had a copy of that book. He had that book. And I was amazed, when I stumbled on Joan's father....Joan Asher's father...there.

KENNETH O'REILLY:\*

HOOVER AND THE UN-AMERICANS (1983)

In January 1934 the American Legion launched its own anti-communist educational campaign by indiscriminately listing people and organizations whose politics were radical and whose loyalty was therefore suspect. By the mid-1930's such listings were common. Elizabeth Dilling's The Red Network was perhaps the single most irresponsible example. Aiming directly at the "communistic" New Deal, Dilling accused some 500 organizations and 1,300 persons, from Eleanor Roosevelt to Chiang Kai-Shek, of participating in an international Communist conspiracy....

Federal Laboratories, Inc., which had a sixty percent share of the domestic tear gas market and distribution rights to the Thompson submachine gun, used the Communist issue for an even more explicit purpose--to increase its chemical munitions sales to strikebreakers. Federal Laboratories distributed to prospective customers copies of Dilling's The Red Network, which it advertised as "a handbook for the purchasers of tear gas," and sundry clippings from the Hearst press. It also commissioned the production of other anti-Communist literature....

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\* Assistant Professor of History at University of Alaska

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HASKELL WEXLER:

I never heard him say there shouldn't be any rich men in the world, or argue with his father, but he must have argued with him. The fights I had with my father were the same kind, believe it or not. When I was deep into my pacifism, I said "I don't believe anyone should kill anyone!" So my father said: "What if someone came into this house and attacked your mother? What would you do?" And so I was stuck. So I said, "Well, I'm a pacifist and I don't believe in violence." And then he got really furious at me and we had this big argument.

So I'm sure, at that time, Barney was having arguments of that nature about being rich and not being rich. We didn't consciously feel like we were betraying our parents, or anything, by being radicals. We just felt that we should have the best of both worlds. We would like to use our privilege to make a better world.... We were very interested in our cars. We always wanted good cars and if we wanted to travel to New York, we could always get money to travel to New York, or go to New Orleans. You know, do the things that wealthy kids can do. And we would not have liked it if someone said: "Look, if you want to believe in Socialism, screw you kid! Your allowance is fifty cents a week. Live on that!"

You know?

BARNEY ROSSET:

Haskell eventually interested his father...in politics. He radicalized his father. I mean, which I most certainly never did. Haskell's father, you know, finally went to an analyst, at an advanced age, and become a....During World War II he owned a big electrical company in Chicago and he

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had a terrible time unionizing it. Here was the boss trying to bring in the union and the electrical workers, which was a left wing union, right? Their workers didn't want it. And then they would have workers' picnics. Haskell and I would go and have sack races and things with the workers. Showing them the advantages of unionism; they said, "what do we need a union for? We're getting good wages, and everything is fine...."

ALFRED ADLER:

✓ One day, the principal...or was it one of the older teachers...told me that I should talk to Barney, as a counselor or advisor. I was a little bit of that, but not a hundred percent, you see. And that was somewhere in the Spring, 1938. Now, that's when I officially met <sup>the guy who</sup> ~~what~~ was going to be Barney Rosset. And I was amazed. He had a very good way...he had a very mature way, of talking about things, but at the same time...a sort of...as if he were...gnashing his teeth, you see, at everything. I mean, there was a kind of a...he was able to enjoy life acutely and also to suffer acutely--about practically everything.

BARNEY ROSSET:

The first two kids in Francis Parker who had cars were Haskell and me. It was not exactly your working class ethic. Now, Phil Smith was different. His father ran Hull House. The great settlement house. And he and his sister who went to Parker, too, lived there, in the worst section of Chicago. And Phil Smith, in the middle of the winter in Chicago--remember, it gets cold?--he came to class, to school, only in a T-shirt. He wore blue jeans and a T-shirt. I never saw him once in a shirt. I mean, he was a worker. He wasn't very bright either. But he was very nice....

ALFRED ADLER

Philip Smith he was one of the Communists. Or anyway, he was a student. And, of course, he was a Communist in the sense that when you walked into that building there was on one side, sitting in the office, Mrs. Polly Collier. Polly Collier--you couldn't help passing by her office, whoever it was. She knew who walked in or out, you see, she was sitting there. And, Philip Smith came in, throwing his...stuff, his books and whatever he had, sort of juggling it, and that, of course, made him a Communist.

HASKELL WEXLER:

I had run away from home, and lived on the run (?) with another girl that Barney went with at one time, Janet Smith. She was, I ran away with..The May Queen. She and I rode box cars out to the West Coast. She was in the high school but she lived in the Newberry Avenue Center. Her father ran the settlement house and she was in high school under scholarship.

First Barney would go with a girl and then I would go with a girl. This was Janet Smith; and her brother Phil Smith, was a very good friend of Barney's and mine. He was killed on the waterfront, in a fight. He was a merchant sailor, too.

BARNEY ROSSET:

I dated Janet Smith...a few times. Haskell, though, he was with her a long time. There was no time for me. I liked her. Phil Smith was in our class...got killed. Their father ran Hull House, but I don't know where her... Strange. I don't remember any mother. I have a feeling she was dead...or gone...something.

I remember the father. He was, like, a minister. A nice one. Very goateed...sort of a sad man....And Janet was like, politicalized. I think she knew Harry Bridges. In California. Longshoreman's Union. She ended up in San Francisco, I think. She was very pretty....

HASKELL WEXLER:

I'd had some big fight with my parents, just a political fight. I really don't remember what the subject was, but it was politics. And then Jan and I ran away and got the worst case of clap that was ever seen by mankind. There's a long story about who got what first: In those days it was nothing to laugh at. I mean, in those days-- I thought I was going to die. The way they treat it there is they take like a catheter, man, then they would ask us if it hurt.... Anyway, I figured I didn't have any money. We were drinking milk that we would steal from the dock area, and wine. So to make a long story

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short, my father had the cops looking for me all over, 'til finally I got in touch with him and I said: "Lookit, we need money, I need money, and if I can go to the University of California, I'll come home." I just wanted to have something to balance, you know. So he said "okay," and I flew home. At that time you had to stop three times to get from California to Chicago--you had to stop at Denver, Chicago, Kansas City. You know, everytime the plane stopped I had to go to the bathroom and try to pee and it burned and they were calling me on the p.a. systems....

I wanted to get money for Janet to get cured of the clap and I was really feeling pretty sick. And I must say, my father was great. He took me to the best doctor in Chicago and they gave me sulfa treatments. And then I went back and he bought me a new Mercury convertible.

BARNEY ROSSET:

I went to an A.S.U. summer camp, one summer, with Janet, About ten of us lived in a house, including Quentin. And, I was running a lot. At that time, I had the private school record, for Chicago, for the half-mile. And I was running and I really had delusions of...hopes...of becoming a great runner. And I was running all the time, even at that camp. And the President of the A.S.U., who replaced Joe Lash, came to the camp, and he said to me: "You know, you must go on running, 'cause it would be good for us, if we had a known athlete."

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.: Free Speech In the United States (1969)

Yetta Stromberg, an American-born girl of Russian parentage, was a supervisor of a summer camp in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains for children between ten and fifteen years old. She herself was nineteen and a member of the Young Communist League, which was affiliated with the Communist Party. She led the children in their daily study of history and economics, stressing class consciousness and the doctrine that "the workers of the world are of one blood and brothers all." The camp library contained a number of books and pamphlets, many of them hers; and quotations from these by the state court in affirming her conviction abundantly demonstrated that they contained incitements to violence and to "armed uprisings," teaching "the indispensability of a desperate bloody, destructive war as the immediate task of the coming action."

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The only charge against Yetta Stromberg concerned a ceremony which began every camp day. Under her direction a red flag was run up bearing a hammer and sickle--a camp-made reproduction of the flag of Soviet Russia and the Communist Party in this country. During this daily flag-raising, the children stood at salute by their cots and recited in unison: "I pledge allegiance to the workers' red flag and to the cause for which it stands, one aim throughout our lives, freedom for the working class."

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\* Late Langdell Professor of Law at Harvard University

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The California authorities....arrested Yetta Stromberg under the statute which made it a felony to display a red flag (or any flag or device) in a public assembly "(1) as a sign, symbol or emblem of opposition to organized government, or (2) as an invitation or stimulus to anarchistic action, or (3) as an aid to propaganda that is of a seditious character." The camp flag was charged with possessing all three characteristics, and the jury found her guilty without saying why.

JOAN MITCHELL:

Barney was very competetive, you know. He wanted to...what did he run? The 400? The 800 yards? I don't know. Very involved in competing....He's a very curious fucked-up man. No kidding. I think his brilliance also got in his way, somehow.... He was just too bright. He didn't have to work, at anything.

BARNEY ROSSET:

You could say our class was the most radical, but that was the end of it. I don't know why, just coincidence, that there were several of us, you know. There was Hugo Brandstetter, Haskell, me, and this guy, Philip Smith. We would have been the four leaders of the cause....

BARNEY ROSSET: Unfinished Story, circa 1940

He took a long drag on the cigarette, took it out of his mouth, s mashed it dead o n the ash tray and left it there. The phone was jangling and he snapped it up to his lips. "H ello,yes Jan, send them over right away, okay,okay , but right away." The voice on the other end was soft, quiet-feminine. A s a matter of fact it was a girl's voice. H<sup>i</sup>s

replies were sharp, clear, mabe tough, maybe just pretended tough. F inally he jammed the receiver down, and he strode over to the other side of the room to pick up a glass and ice from a small table. He picked up a whisky bottle sitting alongside the ice and poured acouple of shots into the glass. Then he added a little coke from a half empty bottle. He drained the drink in one gulp and carefully mixed another, picked the afternoon paper off of the floor and sat down in a soft chair, the drink in his hand and the pa er in his lap. STRIKERS RIOT? POLICE THREATEN TO SMASH MEETING. The headlines glared at him from the yello w page. H e took a swallow of the drink and started reading the strike story. Will Crossman had his byline at the top. G ood ol d W ill, the yellow livered sonof a bitch wh o made his living by trying to grind up the labor movement in his filthy column. W ell this time he really had something to chew on becaus e the boy s at A malgamated were not going to be scared by his shrill threats of "respectable people will not stand for this r ule of the mob any longer" crap. Th e boys knew who the "respectable" people were. They knew that Col. Arthur, publisher of the sheet, Nate Brandi ne, owner of A m al gamated, A nd A l Barbado and his thugs who were on both the big boy's payroll, were the best examples of erossman's respectability.

The doorbell rang and he slammed the paper down, finisheed the drink, and started for the door.of the two room fl at. H e opened it a little, let her in, and then closed and bolted the door with the little steel ball that slid into the socket. S he carried the bundle in her arms over to the little table and set it down beside the ice and whisky, and then she turned towards him. "God S teve, I've been worryi ng about you all

day. Barbado's out after you, and he says that if the po lice can't find you he can. I shouldn't have come over here, because they may have followed me. D ammit, I had to come." S he went over and put her arms around his waist and kissed him lightly on the mouth.

He pushed her away gently and picked up the bundle. He ripped the covering off of it and picked up one of the pamphlets which spill ed out on the table top. A fter looking at it for a moment he straightened up." This is good stuff. C ouldn't have done better if we had had a week. Now all w e have to do is get them distributed, jus t a small probl em." He smil ed a little smile, sort of to himself. " Just enough problem for us all to get our heads bashed in. S teve. D arling let's be careful. We a ren't playing with high school rowdies now. "

"D on't worry baby, we've got more college education than B arbados. W e wi ll figure this little deal out correctly. These have to be passed out before the meeting and that meeting has to be held- as sheduled. S a m and Hugo and maybe a couple more will be here later on. They are downtown now finishing up the details for the meeting.

He stopped abruptly and put the pamphlet down next to the ice. J an had taken off her coat and was sitting on a sofa opposite the l ow table, S h e was blond an d slim, a little on the cool looking side. M aybe she was very pretty, maybe she wa sn't. I t a ll depended on what was your conc eption of beauty. Her eyes were bl uish grey and set rather far apart, the nose was small, not perfect, and the her mouth was thin, well formed, and red against her white skin. Her forehead was rather high and the ash blond hair started up offof it imperceptibly....

ALFRED ADLER:

Barney and Haskell, and some of the other students, were very interested in politics. Nancy wasn't interested in politics; rather, she was interested in what boy she would go out with, and so on. But, there was, at that time, of course, those Leftist teachers, they were considered the great danger, you see. From the point of view of the conservative older people. They were good teachers, instinctively good teachers--men and women--but, of course, they were...they would never have thought that you could say something to the Principal, showing him...that you are...doubting something....

And when I came, I found that the Leftist teachers, they were the more exciting people. Now, that doesn't mean that I was 100 percent Left. I was either too lazy, or I didn't go out with a big halo, because of this, because of that.... But, of course, if I was able to make friends it was always on the Left Side, you see. And, those on the Right Side, there were very few who interested me, many of them looked to me like old fogies....

And there was the girl, Nancy Ashenhurst....Who was an unusual girl and she had definitely a sense for the drama, you know. She was able to stage a play better than the one of Mr. Marron (?) who was the drama teacher....Extremely talented and...to stage a play where there were only boys. And that was important, you see....She staged a play, especially a play, I can't think... maybe The Moon is Down, by Steinbeck, could that be? And she did it, really, in a manner that I was quite moved at what this girl was able to do. She was, at the age of fifteen...sixteen...

she was really...an adult. A completely...mature adult, which was, however, not good...because...uh...I mean it was good in a way, but in an other way was not at all good--because there were older men who were interested in her, you see, much older men. And she felt that those creatures there in the school, they're crawling--like babies, you see--with the exception of Barney and Haskell....

BARNEY ROSSET:

✓ Nancy came from a family of very literary people. Her grandfather was Robert Morse<sup>S</sup> Lovett, who was head of the English Department at the University of Chicago. I heard it said that he was, at that time, the foremost English professor of the United States. He wrote a lot of books and he attracted a great number of unusual students, to Chicago, and the English Department: a number of writers, many of whom became very well known, around the same time...people like James Farrell and John Gunther, people who were both fiction writers and non-fiction. Vincent Sheehan, a famous journalist writer at that time. And they were friends, and Nancy's father--whose name was Ashenhurst--had been the editor, I believe, of the Chicago Maroon. And her mother was at the University, also, I think, at the same time. And, if Nancy didn't go there, she was around there, because her grandfather was teaching there.

And, so, to me they were rather glamorous, the mother and father. I didn't even know about the grandfather 'til a little later, cause they never spoke about him. But the mother and father sort of reminded me of what would be the jazz age. They were good-looking, funny, drank a lot, and had a good time. The father wanted to be writer, also, but he didn't make it. He was in an advertising agency and, I think moderately successful. Which at that time to me also was sort of glamorous in the sense that you were...writing copy.

I was afraid of the grandfather. He was very austere. But the mother and father were very nice. And Nancy was a very good student. Except in Math. But in everything else she was good. She worked very hard. And I was very aware of her from the moment I got to Parker. Eighth grade. She was an outstanding student. Physically, I thought she was very beautiful. To me. She was very slim, blond, I felt, very pretty.

JOAN MITCHELL:

In high school, Barney was in love with Nancy, and most likely still is, except she's dead. She was very pretentious. I thought she was a jerk.

BARNEY ROSSET:

I think it's important to separate Nancy and Joan, because they were totally dissimilar people. They didn't, you know, like each other, and they had nothing in common. And...I don't think they ever spoke to each other...very much. Nancy was two years older, which is a lot, when you're in high school....

Joan Mitchell went with me to New York...I don't know how really shocked her parents were by anything she did. She was a free spirit. Before she knew me. And her mother was the editor of Poetry magazine which--I saw on TV the other morning--first published Carl Sandburg. That was Poetry magazine. So her mother had a mixture of being wealthy and sort of involved in so-called society things and at the same time very literate and knew many writers, poets, of the time. Important ones. People like Karl Shapiro who later was an editor, and others who were also friends of hers. So she was sort of a split person.

Joan's sister was much more...trying to be the society element. She quit Parker 'cause it wasn't social enough for her, she was really quite a social snob. and went to girl's Latin School, in the same class as Nancy Reagan, I think or one year's difference. Joan's sister died about a year ago.

Yeah, they were rich. Joan's mother's father built the Chicago Stadium. Joan's father was a very well known doctor, a very famous dermatologist; and he was connected to Presbyterian Hospital, which is sort of the fanciest in Chicago. But the wealth, I think, came from the mother. So they lived in the

best places. But they were not ostentatious, in their wealth, or anything. They just had it. They lived on North State Parkway, very near where I lived, one block. Two blocks. It dead-ends at North Avenue at 1600 North--Lincoln Park.

ALFRED ADLER:

Joan liked her father. The father was a dermatologist. who liked her especially, because his wife, Joan's mother, was practically jealous--as if Joan had been in...an...um...love affair with her father....

Yah...and when the family was sitting at dinner, Mama...Mama--a poet, Marion Stroebel was her name...Alright! And there was Mama, and there was Papa, and there was the sister, and there was Joan. And the Papa says--there was no guest, for a change--the Papa said: "Now, we are having dinner, in the best society."

This was dinner, at the house, in Chicago, when Joan Mitchell was still a school girl. I was invited by Mrs. Strobel, but I hated this, uh...underlying arrogance, you know? I couldn't stand her. And neither could Joan, her daughter, you see?

She never wanted to give the girl any money she would have needed: "It's a good thing for a painter to suffer."

JOAN MITCHELL:

My father knew Al Capone. How do you like that? Becuase he was treating him for syph! My father was a syph and skin man. Yeah. Dermotologist to you. He was, you know...Well, Roosevelt was a kike, and all that. He couldn't stand it. He was American First, or Right of it. So, of course, I would have a reaction to that, at home, you know. And then at school they didn't like me because they were Communists and they thought I came from a WASP background, which I did. I just couldn't win so to hell with it!

BARNEY ROSSET:

None of the teachers at Parker liked Joan because she's a very difficult person. Not in a political way, she just wasn't there a great deal of the time, and she was very antisocial. A very difficult person. And her mother was difficult, and her sister was difficult. So they really didn't like her and she became a very different kind of person, after she left Parker. More likable, more sociable. They wanted to throw her out. And it was the art teacher that stood up for her. I mean her mother took her out, all the time, to go iceskating. That rubbed them wrong. I mean out, out of school, totally out. For weeks, weeks, weeks!

ALFRED ADLER:

Joan, I didn't like, at first. You see, she...I mean... I misunderstood her arrogance. Her arrogance wasn't real. Now, for instance, she would say...about poor people, "Oh, don't worry so much about poor people? They're very used to that." And she knew that this would get my goat. And, of course, it did. I asked her to leave the room. But, now, I know: she didn't want that hypocrisy, to say nice things about the poor and then not to have done anything....And everything she did was that way....

Joan's parents had a very interesting point of view. They wanted their children to...how can I phrase that...to concentrate on few things, not on many, many, all over the place, you see.

But in those few things, to be...nobody can touch them! That was the idea. And, as far as Joan was concerned they had three things: uh, French--but, you see, French stayed with her all her life and French, that was also me, very much, you see, as an influence--French, and then...skating, yes, and thirdly, painting. Now, painting was encouraged very much by Malcolm Hackett who was the art teacher at Francis Parker, at the time when Joan was there in the high school....

JOAN MITCHELL:

Jerry Wexler, Haskell's brother, was in my class. Teru's brother, Timmie, was in my class. And a boyfriend of mine, Bulloch Hathaway--he's dead--was a conservative who started the Liberals Club. They were the WASPS, the male WASPS, all conservative, at Parker. Bulloch got killed in the Pacific, he went to Harvard, Barney didn't like him, no way....

I have a sister who died last summer. Yesterday, last summer. Pretty heavy. She left Parker and went to girl's Latin School. And Nancy Reagan was her lantern-bearer. Sally was a freshman and Nancy was a Senior. I remember Nancy Reagan very clearly but in those days Nancy was four years older than my sister....

Bobbie Adams, Robert McCormack Adams, also went to Parker. He's, I think, a disillusioned left-winger, worked at the Oriental Institute. I've seen him since. Very intelligent. Married somebody...Ruth...somebody. And Barney liked the woman. When Bobbie married Ruth, whatever-the-hell-who, she was in that left-wing group at the University of Chicago. I think Barney had eyes for her, and Bobbie married her....

Isn't it interesting how all of this meant so much to him? This crazy school and these...all those people. That school was like a womb, to so many people. And they all would return to it. And Barney, it had meant so much to him....A lot of them, they never left because it was a kind of womb. I don't know what it was. I've never been back there....

ALFRED ADLER:

The...funny thing was, for some students, their only really fulfilling experience was what they had in that school....Francis Parker School.

QUENTIN YOUNG:

We met and from my viewpoint, during the earliest days, our common denominator was we were 14 or 15 years old--that's pretty young. But it's a very "sensitized" age and we were all caught up in what we were doing, boycotting Japanese goods and calling for peace in the world. The Japanese were attacking the Chinese in Manchuria, and the Left slogans were mainly to boycott Japanese goods. It wasn't Toyotas then. For example, I remember the slogan, "No Concession to Fascist Aggression, Boycott Japanese Goods!" And the appropriate thing for the well-turned (?) college radical women was to wear lisle stockings, which are not silk, but a cotton product.

The Japanese invaded China, they slaughtered the Chinese, even now those pictures--after all the horrors we've seen--are terrible. There's a classic picture of a little Chinese baby, obviously injured, alone on a bridge, crying ....It was just

their first phase. They took in that part of China that went into Russia, near Vladivostok. (?) It was the first phase of the Japanese expansion, since 1905, it was quite brutal and aroused the passions of the Left. That was a big one.

And then, we were spitting distance from what was once the biggest steel capital in the world. And, in 1937 on Memorial Day, there was a Memorial Day massacre when the Chicago police attacked a picnic being run by the Union, and it was a mass assault at which at least eight people were killed, just shot down. There were policemen shooting right into the crowd.... You knew people there--if you were in the A.S.U. You had people who were at the picnic....

BARNEY ROSSET:

You have to remember Parker was a private school, the principals were very conservative, every one of them. Many ways of teaching were very new and different, but there weren't too many teachers who were really radical. The history of the school, it started as a liberal, free-thinking institution. But that didn't include this crazy idea that progressive school students don't do any work, they don't have anything to do, it's just not true.... We had a morning daily exercise which meant different groups, classes, had to give debates, lectures, performances, every morning. And those things were worked on, and the code word for the school--I remember

it was repeated over and over again--the motto of the school was Responsibility. And Responsibility meant to take care of everybody....

There was that Freshman English teacher, Jim Mitchell. Quite radical. He took a group of students who were older than we were, two years older, to the Inland Steel Company the day that they were on strike, demonstrating, and the policy murdered eleven. It's called the Memorial Day Massacre. He took about half of his class out there, a so-called Social Science Study Group. They were eye-witnesses, so they must have...I mean, if that didn't radicalize them, nothing in this world would....

GEORGE ROBBINS: Chicago's Memorial Day Massacre

(New Masses, June 15, 1937)

Thousand of men, women and children were congregated at the south end of the dance resort, waiting for a speaker to ascend the improvised platform. A long line of strikers filed into Sam's place [formerly a dine and dance resort, now used as headquarters by the strikers of Republic Steel], where members of the Women's Steel Auxiliary had set up a food kitchen. Joe Weber, field representative of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee and chairman of the meeting, announced that the gathering had assembled to protest police interference with peaceful picketing at the Republic plant, six blocks away from strike headquarters. He reviewed the events that led up to the meeting.

More than 25,000 workers, native Americans, Negro and white, Slavs and Mexicans, walked out on strike in the Chicago area on May 26 when Republic Steel, Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Inland Steel refused to sign a collective bargaining contract with the S.W.O.C. Several hundred scabs remained in the Republic plant, but the other two companies stopped almost all operations....

At the close of the meeting men and women fell into a marching line on Green Bay Avenue. There was a good deal of laughter and camaraderie; several strikers joked with news photographers. Marchers held up a forest of placards: "Republic Steel shall sign a union contract," "Win with the C.I.O." Some of the women took their children on the line....

[D]eep into the prairie they marched. You could see the blue-coated policemen, five hundred of them, their badges glistening in the sun. When the marchers came within two blocks of the Republic gates the police closed ranks; halted the picket line with menacing clubs....

"Hold your ranks," strikers shouted to each other. "We've got the right to peaceful picketing."

Tear-gas grenades sailed into the crowd, enveloping the strikers in a thick yellowish-blue cloud. The marchers quickly retreated, coughing and sputtering, and scattered in all directions on the rough and swampy prairie land. There was a crackle of pistol shots followed by a rapid volley of gunfire. The bullets danced in the field like grasshoppers...

The field was strewn with dead and wounded. Police swept over the prairie, pummeling half-conscious men and women, hauling them into patrol wagons. Half a dozen private cars from strike headquarters, red-cross signs on windshields, raced into the prairie to carry away the injured. Five hospitals in the South Chicago area were taxed beyond capacity. Dr. Nickamin, staff physician of the South Side Hospital said, "The wounded looked as if they had come from a virtual massacre." The most seriously wounded were taken by police to the Bridewell Hospital, attached to the criminal jail, at least thirty miles from the scene of the shooting. Two of the wounded pickets bled to death in the patrol wagon for lack of attention. Scores of the injured were treated in Sam's place, converted into a hospital by the Women's Auxiliary....

More than one hundred people were wounded in the massacre. Three strikers were killed on the spot, one was clubbed to death, three more succumbed to their wounds within the week. The seventy-five persons who were jailed were booked forty-eight hours later and charged with conspiracy to commit an illegal act, which carries a maximum sentence of five years and a \$2,000 fine.

Police officials and the Chicago Tribune were quick to place blame for the massacre on the C.I.O. leaders and the Communist Party....

EIGHTH VICTIM DIES FROM CHICAGO RIOT

\* \* \*

La Follette Committee Calls  
Public Officials and the Police  
Head to Washington Inquiry

CHICAGO, June 8--The eighth gunshot victim of the Memorial Day steel riot in South Chicago died today while public demands increased for official investigations of the clash between police and steelmill strikers, which also sent ninety persons to hospitals.

Bullet in Spine Kills Striker

Otis Jones, 43 years old, said by police to have been a striking employee of the Republic plant, was the eighth member of the mob of about 1,000 strikers and sympathizers to succumb to wounds from bullets fired when about 200 policemen sought to halt the demonstrators' march toward the Republic plant eleven days ago.

Jones died in Burnside Hospital, where it was said that death resulted from a bullet in his spine. An operation was performed nearly a week ago in an effort to save his life.

Tonight more than 5,000 persons jammed the Civic Opera House as a long list of speakers protested the action of the Chicago police in the Memorial Day riot and union members, wearing either bandages or crutches, told of their experiences in that clash.

The meeting was under the auspices of the Citizens Rights Committee, with Professor Paul Douglas of the University of Chicago as chairman. The speakers included the Rev. Dr. Albert

Palmer, president of the Chicago Church Federation, representing 1,000 Protestant churches and president of the Chicago Theological Seminary; Carl Sandberg, the author; Van A. Bittner, regional director for the S.W.O.C.; Robert Morse Lovett, retired professor of the University of Chicago, and Frank Palmer of The People's Press.

Professor Lovett, one of several speakers to assail one of Chicago's morning newspapers for its attitude in the strike, deplored the absence from the meeting of Mayor Edward J. Kelly.

ALFRED ADLER:

I taught that course called Applied Psychology. And Applied Psychology meant...well, gee, what did it mean? I didn't use a psychology textbook--maybe I used a short story by Chekov. And we saw what were the psychological issues, in it...and the kids loved that! And especially Nancy and Barney and Haskell, you see!

And they brought another boy, whom I liked very much, Bullock Hathaway. He was one of the early casualties...of the war. And he was a wonderful kid, but he also wanted to make Harvard. If he hadn't wanted so much to make Harvard, he may be still alive or something....

Well, as far as Nancy was concerned, Bullock was just a crawling baby...yeah, a baby. You know, a child that is just six months old and just crawling along....Oh, yeah, oh she could be ruthless. Well, anyway in that course, they made that course. Because they were the brightest in that class. And, I was so involved in that Applied Psychology, it made so much sense to me, at that time--1940, you mustn't forget, and my mother had just come from Vienna, and my brother had been there two years earlier--that I felt...I felt...terrible...when that semester was over, when that class was over, and you see....

BARNEY ROSSET:

Nancy was totally non-athletic. Which bothered me. Because I like girls that do a lot of athletics: they look better, that's all. Just purely physical. But Nancy was fortunate, she was naturally very slim....And she was also a leader, in anything to do with the theatre. And she wanted desperately to be a director. Which is very unusual for a girl. She wanted to be an actress. And she wanted to be a director. And she maneuvered everything in the school so that it came out that whenever a play was on she was either the director of it, or the lead. And if she was the lead, it was because it was a play that had a big part for a woman; or, otherwise, she directed.

I was in the plays with her, acting. I did anything she wanted. Acting. Stage manager. All-around helper. So, and, of course, the American Students Union thing was part of it: we put on plays. She was not political. Her whole thing was theatre. But if the only people doing theatre were left-wing or liberal, then she was that. Because the only people who put on plays, at Parker, outside of the school itself, you know, in each class, was the American Students Union. And it took a lot of organizing to do that. And I doubt if it would have been done, except for her. I mean, she found her medium, there. We were willing to put on plays if they had some sort of political message, and she didn't care if it had a political message: she wanted to put on plays....

ALFRED ADLER:

Nancy came from a literary background. Her grandfather was an old Professor at the University of Chicago and I can't recall his name, now. He was a man who would take only the street car, and not a car or something. He wasn't proud, you see. It's a funny thing, I can't recall the name of this charming old man who was retired from the University of Chicago and then went to uh...Nantucket or somewhere, on a vacation, and became dissipated....

Barney came pretty close to her, Nancy. She meant a great deal to him. But mainly, I thought, because...she seemed to move in the direction of Haskell, you see? Now, that is a trait which comes up again and again: there is a woman...and as long as he cannot have her, he is...as an Arthurian knight, which is on his knees. And, when he can have her, she is...neglected....And that happened even in the case of Joan Mitchell.

One time Nancy said to me, "You say that I'm playing out Haskell against Barney, and Barney against Haskell. But that is not true! You see, say, the weekend comes, and I'm having a date with Barney, and in the last moment Barney gets an idea he's going to go somewhere else, and then Haskell comes in. Now, of course, then I dress up and I arrange myself in favor of Haskell right from the beginning!" It is not easy to be a good-looking, intelligent girl, under such conditions. That's what she was saying....

HASKELL WEXLER:

We both had cars. we were co-captains of the high school football team, we were both on the track, team, too. We both ran a school newspaper, "THE SOMMUNIST." In eighth grade, we had that paper. We had those little pictures you take when you go into a little booth a little room, and you pull the curtain. Remember? They used to have those things and they'd spit out the pictures. And you'd sit there like this and you'd put your money in and it would take pictures of you. And out would come little square pictures, like, oily. Those pictures, you see, we had one of me and one of him, on the cover of this newspaper the "SOMMUNIST."

Barney wore glasses, but I always sort of admired his looks. He's always been pretty well-built. He was the first one I know that ever got contact lenses, when they were first invented. He was always interested in Buckminster Fuller when no one ever heard of him. Barney was terrific like, you know, for curiosity. Incredible. And he would know all the baseball scores all over the country. He would know the odds on horses. I mean he would know all kinds of diverse factual information, like that. And I always admired that ability....

ALFRED ADLER:

But of course, these two didn't love each other, they hated each other, you see. Now Haskell was intellectually quite inferior to Barney, I think. Absolutely. And, they

had a lot of money. The father of Haskell was a Jewish businessman who sent four...who paid the tuition for four kids in the school. But, at the same time, he wanted uh... just a touch of Orthodoxy about Mr. Wexler, the old dog...he meant very well, but he wanted to see Haskell as a Rothschild as a great uh...success economically. And, of course, Haskell was not interested in that, at all.

HASKELL WEXLER:

You know how the big question that was always asked of people, when you went to school or young people is "what are you going to be?" I mean, I don't hear it asked so much now but we, of course, asked it of ourselves: "What are we going to be?" And, I guess it was the summer after high school, Barney and I went out and sold electric fans which were made by one of the companies my father owned: Wexler Electric Company. But there was a big pressure on me, on "you're going into your father's business!" And the first business I remember Barney was in is he made this film called Strange Victory. After the war....It was a good film but it took forever to make and it cost more than it should have. I'm pretty sure I put money in there....And it would not be so bad if it just lost \$100,000 and all the critics in the country reviewed it, and favorably, but if you lose the money and you don't get any really good notice or notice enough to make you feel good, then you really get disillusioned....

ALFRED ADLER:

Barney was a friend who both liked and hated Haskell Wexler. Haskell Wexler had nice ways with girls, and Barney...not really! And Barney was also an athlete, and he was attracted...girls were attracted by him, there's no doubt about it. And then he had a lot of...came from a lot of money. The father apparently was a millionaire on La Salle Street. At that time a million was something. He was the owner of a bank.

HASKELL WEXLER

We both got a lot of nooky, I mean, you can be sure of that. I don't want to speak for Barney but I mean we always had a lot of girl friends and a lot of screwing. We used to drink too. Barney and I used to drink rum and Coca Cola. We used to go to a place, a bowling alley, where we used to set pins. We'd stay up all night, we'd go to school the next day, it was in high school, and go running. I mean to this day I wish I had that stamina. We'd eat, drink, run,....

I just feel this terrific bond with him. Even though we were the best of friends, there was an undercurrent of competition. Maybe it's just when you know somebody when you were kids. Or when you go through certain periods of life. If Barney were in trouble or if Barney asked me to do anything, I would do it. I mean that's the way I feel about him. Barney was always in my mind, a winner, you

know. And if I heard that something didn't go well for him, I would think, well, he'll do well, he'll hit three home runs after he strikes out once....

ALFRED ADLER:

Barney and Nancy were together already before that course. The course made it even more so, you see. And uh...Nancy explained things in certain Platonic dialogues, and...in other words, in a remarkable way. And I showed my interest, and Barney, of course, found her, therefore, that much more interesting.

And one of the issues was uh...sexual...sexual education, which was not so common as it is now, you know...and I would say, "Well, if you want to be cynical, you can say: Why can't you have an affair before you are married, and how would you know how you two are compatible?" And uh...well, I got a call that Mr. Rosset, the banker, wants to see me. There, at La Salle Street, was the bank. And he had absolutely... was not available to anybody. Then, I thought, well, of course, I'm going to be kicked out of that school, I might as well realize it. Certainly. And I saw him and we had lunch. And he...said: "You know what happened? I came into Barney's room, and there I saw a bunch of keys. And they were hotel keys, keys from a hotel. And then I talked to Barney about it, and he said that I said: How do you know if you don't try it out, first?"

And the old man...whose marriage was rotten...whose marriage with Mrs. Rosset was terrible...and so he thought, well, maybe this one wasn't so wrong, after all. Maybe he

should have done it....He was a Russian-Polish Jew. And she was a freckled Irish girl. She hated Jews and he...he...well, he didn't hate Irishmen but, anyway, he was completely on the outside, you see...For a Russian Jew...a Polish Jew... to get uh...such a completely blond and freckled girl...was uh...a social success!

And the only plan, at the end of that interview...he was so favorably disposed...that he said: "When you come to New York, you must be sure to have lunch with me." And that's what I did, in the Gotham, they were in the Gotham then. And only then, when I came, and said "How are you, Mr. Rosset?" he had already forgotten that lunch engagement we had....

The principal had no understanding for what we were doing. He wanted the school to be a preparatory school for Harvard and Princeton, Yale and all this. And everything else was no accomplishment. He didn't take it out against me. He expressed himself very nicely to all kind of people, in my favor, but as far as that course of mine, Applied Psychology, was concerned, he didn't like it...

#### BARNEY ROSSET:

I wasn't a wishy-washy radical but I wasn't devoting my life to it. None of us were....I was as interested in sex as I was in politics. More so. That's right. More so....

#### ALFRED ADLER

Barney was interested in...so-called WASP girls, very much so, yes, very much: in the blonde, freckles, and....That's the way it had to be....

BARNEY ROSSET: Unfinished Story, circa 1940

After a while Sam and Hugo left quietly. Steve and Nancy were left along again. Sam had said that there would be no going out for Steve, not even to eat, so Steve started pottering around in the kitchen of the little apt. By an unspoken agreement Nancy was staying for supper anyway. Nobody said she would stay, Steve felt that if he asked her she would leave, but if he said nothing she would remain.

The kitchen did not amount to much. It was small and cramped, but then Steve seldom used it, and steaks and potatoes tasted good when they came off the little grill. Steve put the meat on the fire and started mixing a salad. Nancy laughed at his clumsy movements in the kitchen and she finally walked over to his side and told him to sit down and read the paper. Deftly she pulled the head of lettuce apart, sprinkled oil and spices on it and put it all back in the refrigerator to cool.

He did sit down and pretend to read the paper, but every time her head was turned his eyes were on her. The trim legs and small hips tortured him as they moved in such liveness in the small room. The blond hair on her neck seemed so provocative against the white skin. God, he had to have her, he had to have his hands on her neck, on those long smooth legs which he had seen already more than once in their wonderful nakedness. There was something about her which kept her always a stranger, always the virgin waiting to be taken for the first time.

Finally the food was on the little table in the living room, and after Steve turned out the main light, so that the room was bathed only in the soft glow of one end table lamp they sat down to eat. He was hungry as usual but he did not taste the food, he wanted to get the meal over with quickly, before she disappeared. Whenever he was with Nancy it seemed he was engaged in a race with her, he to reach his objective before she tired and left him alone.

Finally the meal was over and the dishes stacked in the sink. She wanted to wash them, but Steve insisted that they be left for the maid in the morning, it seemed impossible to him to waste these moments at the sink.

Nancy came back into his room and sat down on the couch....

For a while they talked about the state of the theatre in New York, and the trend of motion pictures. The strike never came into the conversation. That was all right with Steve. Why talk about something that was so real, and therefore ugly. He wanted to drift away with Nancy into a world of vagueness which would let the apartment, the couch, the whole situation have the illusion of permanency and quiet.

Steve knew that when Nancy was speaking of the theatre she loved that sooner or later she would begin to transfer some of the affection to him, but that if he switched the conversation to politics she would still feign interest, but she would grow cold and distant.

Finally they began to plan there own little theatre, the plays they would give, the guest stars they would have, and the words seemed to draw them closer together. Steve became part of Nancy's world for the moment and it made her love him, at least then, and she took the hand that was offered and they sat closer together in the cool evening in Chicago.

The conversation never seemed to offer the opening for a kiss, but then suddenly it did and his arms were around her and his lips were against hers. This first kiss was not harshly passionate, but soft and explorative. Feelings had to be suppressed a little and the opponent felt out. His lips brushed against hers, and then pressed hard, and the slipped back, until she returned the pressure and put her arms around him tightly.

Steve was sitting on her left, and his left arm, accidentally it seemed, slipped below her waist, onto her leg and rested there. Nancy came up against her and his legs straightened out so that their bodies flattened out against each other and his left hand was lightly on her thigh. He ran his hand up and down her flanks and felt their softness and sex through the silk dress. His tongue was in her mouth playing against the roof of it and their abdomens were slowly rubbing against each other in a tantalizing rhythm. Steve slowly put his hand under her dress and ran it over the top of her hose to a point where he could feel the bare flesh between the girdle.

The material of the girdle felt rough against his hand and he pryed the elastic top away from her stomach and put his hand between it and her body. He worked his hand down as far as he could, over the buttocks and then the pubic hair. He pressed down hard on her crotch and let her wriggle her body against the hand and then the girdle gradually came off, an inch at a time, down over the firm flesh of her stomach and buttocks. Nancy slipped her own hand on the girdle when it had gotten down to the point where her legs were constricted and deftly shed it over her feet, taking the hose and shoes with it. She barely moved her head from his while she was doing it and now his hand had free play over the lower part of her body, which was still covered by her dress.

Passion seemed to fill her and she moved more rapidly against him, but as she pressed against him Steve pulled back a little and left her breathing hard and unsatisfied. Her hand groped for his trousers and steadily undid the fly buttons and caressed him within. Nancy made Steve weak with passion, like nobody else ever had before, or probably ever would again. Touching her with his hand and rubbing his body against hers seemed to make sex reach its highest peaks. For Nancy this by play of love seemed more gratifying than intercourse could ever be.

He pushed her back against the couch, and tremblingly told her to wait a minute. He got up and let down the inadoor bed which was concealed at one end of the room and then he half carried, half led her over to it and laid her down on top of the sheets.

Steve took off his shoes and trousers and got down beside her and began the process over again, only now they were lying down on the bed, instead of sitting on the couch. He unfastened the buttons on the back of her dress and with it thus loosened his hand was able to reach her breasts. They were small breasts, those of a young girl, but Steve liked them and he caressed them and mauled them with his fingers. Nancy quickly sat up, drew her dress over her head and placed it across the foot of the bed and then laid back down again.

At last nakedness for both of them was reached and they lay with legs twined, kissing madly. Steve kissed her breasts and bit them gently and Nancy pressed against him passionately, almost to the point of orgasm. Steve felt the moistness between her legs with his hand and he manipulated the flesh with his fingers until it seems certain she would have an orgasm, then he placed her on her back, helped the white legs to come apart and placed himself between them, and over her body. Slowly he penetrated into her as she whispered for him to be careful. Finally into the hilt he began moving to and fro, kissing her all the time, on the mouth and breasts.

Nancy did not move. She let him have intercourse with her, but she did not respond, her pleasure was in the preliminaries and now she was an inert body, awaiting his pleasure. Steve speeded his motion and with a shivering thrust he came to rest on top of her body, gripping her with a steely hold, and then finally relaxing and getting off of her.

During the next hours they repeated the whole process, excepting that Steve relented and let her have an orgasm in the preliminary rubbings, otherwise he knew that the night would leave her feeling frustrated and perhaps holding an unformed resentment against him.

At about 1 AM Nancy announced she had to leave and she....

ALFRED ADLER:

Nancy is the one who told me also that the sexual experiment with Barney was not such a success. She was very matter-of-fact. "Look, there was no purpose to it," she said, and I agreed with that. It was something which cannot be done, so--"Now, I'm going to do it and it's really going to be very binding." It had to be a commitment, and time, and so forth....It was a little bit my fault, that I rushed it, but, of course, fortunately, it didn't have any disagreeable consequences....

HASKELL WEXLER:

We were best friends. We were also, I would say, competitive in a lot of ways. And we were both in love with the same woman....And she went with both of us. She went with Barney for a long time...then with me. And I married her. After I married her, I often thought that Barney and Nancy would have been a better couple than me and Nancy. Barney was always very intellectual, actually, and Nancy too. And I was not high on the intellectual level. Both of them were very well read.

55

ALFRED ADLER:

Now, Haskell, he went to California, and back to Chicago and, of course, you know, he became a first-rate photographer... He wanted to annoy Barney.

One day Barney...I was sleeping...I had a room there... in one of those Village streets, in my early New York days.-- And about 2 a.m. Barney called me, from the Army, and said he just found out that Haskell married Nancy. And I felt then, and I responded, in a manner which he didn't like at all. I said, "Well, if they had time to come to a conclusion, one way or another, well, you know very well that this is not going to last. And you know, also, it's going to be replaced very soon, with nothing." And uh...he disliked that. He said it's a very nonchalant way of dealing with such an important problem. And then for quite a while we didn't see each other at all, for a couple of years...we didn't see each other at all. Well, I handled it very stupidly, I don't know why, really....

BARNEY ROSSET:

I thought they made a terrible error, by getting married. And I said so. I was in Oregon. I didn't know...that they were...He was out in the Merchant Marine, getting torpedoed! And, which happened to him twice. And he came back to Chicago, as I remember, and he was a hero. They had a big war Bond thing, at the Chicago Stadium. Which Joan's grandfather built, by the way. And he was like the guest of honor of the whole thing. And the next thing I know is he calls me on the phone, to tell me he's getting married. It struck me dumb. I mean, it put me into a catatonic state. I was writing to her all the time!

NANCY ASHENHURST: (letter to Barney Rosset, )

Darling--

Yes, I am getting all your letters. Two a day usually--it's wonderful. Letters are wonderful things anyway. You have no idea how it cheers me up, either to write or to receive.

What an awful shame about your car. It's a shame about John's suitcase too, of course, but I can't help feeling that it's a littler sadder about the car. I'm awfully glad, though, that you found such a nice place to live. It sounds just wonderful--rather like my grandparents' house in St. Thomas, as a matter of fact. They had a great huge bedroom, and some very little ones, and the bathroom was a dungeon-like place, with a cement floor and a bathtub sitting forlornly in the very middle of the room, looking very small and insignificant, with miles of space stretching round.

I hope you don't run out of money too fast, Of course the car must have cost you a terrible lot. I haven't spent nearly all the money--hardly any of it, in fact. It's not out of the goodness of my heart, either. There just isn't anything I want to buy.

I haven't seen Mary since that first day I wrote you about. When I do, I'll try to disabuse her about Teru, but I am rather afraid she is convinced that it's all Teru's fault. It's a little difficult to explain to her that if one gives people grounds for gossip, one must expect talk. I think Mary's really mad at Teru because Teru got in with a different crowd at college and they didn't see so much of each other. Mary refers to Teru's bunch as "pseudo-artistic," but no doubt that's just jealousy. As far as I can see there's nothing even remotely artistic about Mary's new friends, though their ideas do seem a bit on the Bohemian side.

Oh darling, I hope you don't have to go to any more bull fights. They sound just horrible. I hardly need say that I think it's absolutely typical of Stange and John to enjoy them--their reasons are typical too.

I'm sorry your hay fever shot made you uncomfortable. Have you had your other typhoid shot yet, and did it make you sick? I hope not--it sounds as though everything was awfully much fun and it would be a shame for you to miss anything by being sick. Write me more about the people and politics and the schools and everything, I like to hear about them.

You remember that horse High Renown that we bet on the day we were cleaned out? It showed in a race yesterday and paid \$30.40. We saw Employer run once I remember he won a race and paid \$69.40. It was a big day for long shots. Wise Barrister ran fifth yesterday--beaten by a lot of horses I never even heard of. Chance Sweet placed again. New Englander is going to run in the Futurity. Tell me if you think of anything special you'd like to have clippings about. It seems sort of useless to tell you about how much I love you and how I miss you. I don't like to think about missing you any more than I can help, so I pretend you're standing right beside me all the time, and I can just turn around and see you. I keep your little picture on the table beside my bed, and I look at it every time I wake up in the night. Don't forget me, darling, because I love you very very much. I can't wait to see you again. I want it to be time to go up to camp, partly cause I want to be there, but mostly because it will mean I'm that much closer to seeing you. Lots of love, darling.

Nancy

NANCY ASHENHURST: Letter to Barney Rosset, August 2, 1940

Dearest Barney:

You mustn't ever be afraid I'll think you're silly or too sentimental, no matter what you say. I love you darling. I'll watch for ten o'clock every night wherever I am or whatever I'm doing.

Oh sweetheart, I hate to think of you sick and alone and away from me. I hope it's nothing serious maybe you'll be better by the time you get this. Oh I don't want to have to wait to get married. I want to be with you now, all the time, and take care of you and love you and do housework for you--oh darling! and go on trips with you.

Lately everything I read seems to depress me unutterably. I don't even dare try. In "Dubious Battle." I just finished "Tono-Bungay" (The name of a patent-medicine) by H.G. Wells. I didn't realize Wells was such a foe of the English social and industrial system, but this is really quite a book. Just about my speed. You'd like it I think, though it's probably too inconclusive and cynical for your taste. While I was reading it I kept trying to pick out the places where you would have gotten mad and thrown it down. It gave me a very funny sensation to be able to recognize those places and yet not able entirely to disagree as you would have. I'll get there yet, though. I hope you don't think I'm a fool.

There isn't much news to send you. The draft bill is now fixed to take only the 21-35 group, so you are safe for a bit.

I wish I didn't feel so gloomy. And I wish I could refrain from telling you about it--I suppose I ought to write blatantly cheerful letters, but then you might not know how I love you and miss you. I can stand being gloomy, but I couldn't stand making you think I am having a particularly enjoyable time, for I'm not. I do look forward to camp--it will be a change, but it won't change my longing to see you, darling. I'll be able to leave camp without a tear at the end of three weeks, because I'll be going with you.

All my love

Nancy

Please get well. I can't bear it if you're really sick. Can't you get the Wells Fargo to forward your mail to that Oaxaca place?

NANCY ASHENHURST: Letter to Barney Rosset, Saturday, August 3, 1940)

Darling,

I have only just gotten up, so nothing at all has happened yet to tell you about. But the post-office closes at one o'clock today, so if I want to send a letter today I have to get it off without waiting for any astounding news to come along. Such is life--dictated to by the postal system. I had an extraordinary dream--the one I've just waked up from. I was out at Lake Zurich and I was going in to keep a date with you, but for some reason I didn't know exactly what time it was. So I kept on hanging around and doing unnecessary things, and suddenly I woke up to the fact that I'd be awfully late. So we got on the train, which took three-quarters of an hour, as it does, instead of the twenty minutes I'd evidently been counting on, and I got more and more worried, and all of a sudden I realized that I was supposed to meet you in that place in Field's. And it was seven o'clock in the evening when we got in town. And I didn't see how you could have stood outside Field's since five-thirty. Oh, it was awful. So I began to run, and there was Mary Carus with me, telling me all about her love-life etc. and delaying me most awfully. I remember we saw Mary Jane Hannon, and talked about her--why would I dream about her? Anyway, the outcome was that I got lost. I couldn't find the place, and it was getting later. I realize now that I kept telling Mary I was looking for the State and Wabash entrance, which of course is impossible. When she finally got around to telling me so, I woke up out of sheer

protest. Then I lay awake for a long time in bed and wondered how it would have come out. I wonder if you would have waited, either in the dream or in real life? Funny. This is a very dull letter, really, but I guess you don't mind. I think it's just as well dull, because you may not get it. I do hope Wells Fargo is intelligent, or that I hear from you soon. I think that by the time you get this it won't be worth your answering me here. You'd better write your next letter after this to camp. At least, I leave a week from next Tuesday, or the 13th, if you prefer dates. So if you are sure how long a letter takes from wherever you are, and if you get this one in time you might write the one letter and send it in town, where I'll be before I leave. But be sure any letters that are going to reach me after the 13th go to Camp Keehuwa, Michigamme, Mich. Only don't worry about it, if any of them go wrong they'll be forwarded and I will get them sometime. Lots of love to you darling.

Nancy

ALFRED ADLER:

Barney and Nancy would not have had a good marriage, No, not at all. He would have pushed her around, he wanted to force her to be interested...to have certain Leftist interests that she didn't have. Now when Mao Tse-tung appeared, the Chinese, you know, who went to try to crush China, then Barney said: "That is something! You should get yourself interested in it." And I found that rather childish....

A few years later, when Nancy was still married to Haskell, but apparently it didn't go well, I was still at Francis Parker and I was on my way out. Yes. She came to my room, you know, to say hello to me, that was a lot. And, she said: "Well, now, what are you doing?" And I said "Well, I think I'm wasting my time." And she said: "I thought so too, from the beginning...."

At that time, the war had started and there was no interest in any thing like Psychology of Art....All of this was nothing. One boy after another appeared in his uniform. End of 1930's....

BARNEY ROSSET:

After Parker, I went to Swarthmore and Haskell went to U.C.L.A. Teru had gone to Bennington. At first, I was going to go to Dartmouth. Then I thought: Oh my God I made a mistake! It's too cold there and there are no girls! So I switched to Swarthmore. Because I thought--mistakenly--that it was close to Vassar--where Nancy went.

Nancy went to Vassar and for reasons I don't know, she dropped out. After one year, I think. And she went back to Chicago, to Northwestern, don't even know what she studied there. She, also at some point or other, went back to Francis Parker. And taught. Drama. She got re-involved with some of the people that we'd known there. People who became very famous in the theatre. Paul Sills was one, at Parker. He started "The Second City." And they had a theatre group. Where they put on plays. Paul Sills, was younger, I knew him... just to say hello...

I mean, Nancy could never escape from Parker, she couldn't at all. So she went back there. It was her home, it was her world, it's where she was created...it's where she was admired and loved and...so she couldn't leave....And there were several others like that. Maybe she wanted to be loved, again. I dunno. She went back and she taught. Drama. At Parker. And, I don't really know what happened. I think she was thrown out. And I think it was for getting involved with boys there. And I think everybody thought it was very sad....It was obviously crazy....

So, she went back there and, I really don't know--it's a very hazy thing. By then, I was in the Army...

See, I don't know how long they were married. It was a mystery to me. I don't know when it happened, or why. He called me up when they were about to be married, not when they were divorced. He also called me up the day she died. I don't know...what year it was...I was in East Hampton when it happened.

ALFRED ADLER:

It was, and I think still is, an exciting school. Wherever I was before, and wherever I was afterwards, they never did anything in a school which interested me as much as this school in the beginning did interest me. You see, I'm quite humanistic, if you want to call it that. I do think they should have some literature and some history and I'm not just brushing that off. But, at the same time, it all should be presented in such a way that it really means something to the people, to whom, you present it. And not only mean something to the Officer of Admissions, you know? To the Officers of Admissions of those preferred schools....

BARNEY ROSSET:

There was only one attractive girl, at Parker really, and that was Nancy. See, that was another problem. Haskell and I, we both zeroed in on the same girl. She couldn't miss. She was all-around. She was beautiful and she was everything. She was strong. She wanted her own way. So her way of getting things was to make the boys who were the most important do what she wanted them to do. She wanted to be director of the theater, o.k. Well, she found out what kind of theater we were interested in and then used us. But when she left Haskell, they got that divorce, she married a very conservative guy at the University of Chicago and campaigned for Nixon. That showed how deep Nancy's liberalism was....

But at Parker to be involved with liberals or leftists was good! Because these were the people who were involved with the arts. By and large. You wouldn't meet many fascists who cared about painting. Or the theatre. I mean, the theatre, especially in the thirties, was a left-wing thing. Clifford Odets. Everybody. It was a very left-wing thing.

So, if that's what you were passionately involved in you naturally attached yourself to people who happened to have certain political leanings. Nancy would have attached herself to anything, in connection with the theatre. She didn't care. It was her passion in life--theatre.

TESTIMONY BEFORE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE, Dec. 6, 1938

MR. STARNES: I continue to read: "Where are these theaters to exist? According to the pamphlet I am quoting, everywhere."

MRS. FLANAGAN: Notice, please, that I am quoting.

MR. STARNES: I am quoting from you: "If you are a worker in a shop, a factory, or a mine, where struggle for existence makes one day as dark as the next, if you are oppressed by capitalism and want to cry out in protest--organize a dramatic group."

MRS. FLANAGAN: May I interrupt one minute? Please notice that this is a quotation.

MR. STARNES: That is correct. I said so. "Start dramatic groups in unions, in fraternal organizations, in social clubs, in company unions, in YMCAs. Start dramatic groups in the North, South, East, and West. Let dramatic groups dot the land from coast to coast. Don't expect profit in money. These theaters exist to awaken the workers." Now, you wrote that in your article? I mean, you quoted that with approval in your article, did you not?

MRS. FLANAGAN: I did. I quoted it in my article--

MR. STARNES: With approval?

MRS. FLANAGAN: I quoted it because it was a piece of reporting in which I was showing how these theaters came into being, and I was quoting from their own magazine.

BARNEY ROSSET:

In my life, Nancy was important. She brought in... the importance of drama, literature. She was a motivating force for me. If she had been interested in Math, I probably would have been a mathematician... Theatre is certainly where my interests lie. And it was right from her.

HALLIE FLANAGAN: TESTIMONY BEFORE HOUSE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES  
COMMITTEE, December 6, 1938

THE CHAIRMAN: Will you please state what your position is, Mrs. Flanagan.

MRS. FLANAGAN: I am national director of the Federal Theater Project under the Works Progress Administration.

THE CHAIRMAN: How long have you held that position?

MRS. FLANAGAN: Since the inception of the Project, Congressman Dies, on August 29, 1935....

THE CHAIRMAN: Now, will you just tell us briefly the duties of your position?

MRS. FLANAGAN: Yes, Congressman Dies. Since August 29, 1935, I have been concerned with combating un-American inactivity.

THE CHAIRMAN: Inactivity?

MRS. FLANAGAN: I refer to the inactivity of professional people who, at that time when I took office, were on the relief rolls, and it was my job to expend the appropriation laid aside by Congressional vote for the relief of the unemployed as it related to the field of the theater, and to set up projects in any city where twenty-five or more such professionals were found on the relief rolls.

BARNEY ROSSET:

At that time, to me, it was very cut and dried. Most things were supposed to say something. And most did. I never could understand the popularity of ballet, in the Soviet Union. To me, that was a really decadent art form. And here were the Russians, doing it. It didn't occur to me, maybe it was because they liked it. Football, I thought, was alright. No message.

I was very proud of the fact—I believe, I don't know if it's true or not--that in the Spanish Civil War the soccer players were Loyalists and the bull-fighters were Fascists. Now, whether I know that was true, or I made it up, I don't know. But that figures--right? I couldn't stand bull-fighting, so that meant soccer was good. So, okay, the same with football...

But I did read something that shook me up, by Joseph Lidam(?), the great British biologist. Also a philosopher, and one of the greatest non-Chinese scholars of Chinese that ever lived. And he talked about, wrote a book of essays, called Time, The Refreshing River. And he wrote an essay on going to a Commune in China. Where a group of actors came and put on Hamlet--for these peasants. And that peasants audience was very taken by the play. And when it was over, they went up and they told the actors, unsolicited: "Tomorrow, we are going to plant more acres of corn!"--They somehow translated that creative thing...into driving them into working harder. So, I thought, maybe there are more ways than one, to get a message across....

3.

SPXOM 201 - ROSSET, Barnet Lee, Jr.

Re: Check of Records, Francis W. Parker High School

Application for registration in the Parker High School made by subject when he was 12 years old stated that Benito Mussolini was the living person most admired by Subject; also that Subject had attended the Gateway Elementary School, Chicago, Illinois, for 8 years.

Report of teacher [DELETED] dated May, 1938:

"A shyness - general emotional confusion which often exhibit themselves in the form of a social, even ruthless behavior, such as wrecking school property - sabotaging of student meetings which he himself has fostered, occasionally being sarcastic, even slapstick, in his English class.

"Father a wealthy, successful, shy; covers his shyness with the same bold, almost ruthless front BARNEY sometimes displays. BARNEY very admiring of his father; very confused between liberal views of the A.S.U., which his best friends persuaded him to join, and his father's cautious, class-conscious politics.

"I believe BARNEY is the most serious problem and the greatest educational challenge in the 10th grade. . . . Potentially, since he is an extremist; he is an outstanding fascist or a fair, sensitive democratic leader."

Report of teacher [DELETED] dated June 6, 1939: "Being a spoiled boy - as a result he does nothing he doesn't want to do."

Results of "Scale of Beliefs" tests; given October 10, 1939:

<u>Subjects</u>	<u>Liberal</u>	<u>Conservative</u>	<u>Uncertainty</u>
Democracy	85	0	15
Economic Relations	91	4	5-
Labor-Unemployment	94	3	3
Race	100	0	0
Nationalism	85	3	12
Militarism	72	3	25

Agent's Notes: The Gateway School was a private institution located on the north side of Chicago; it is no longer in existence, having ceased operating about 1935.

NUNZIO GIAMALVO  
Agent, CIC

BARNEY ROSSET:

I had a very terrible experience in the seventh grade. I mean a frightening one. An economic one.

I was going to a school that was even more progressive than Parker. From kindergarten through the seventh grade. It was a very, very experimental school that occupied a big old mansion on the North Side. It was called the Gateway School. It was first associated with the Teachers College, in Chicago. And it was a wonderful school and we only had about ten or twelve students in each class. And we had all sorts of experimental work. At that time, a lot of refugees had already come from Germany to Chicago, the Bauhaus people were already there. And various others. And they were teachers, in that school! Also, my friend Teru Osato was in that school. Her mother was my second grade French teacher....And the Depression was on, this was at the height of the Depression, it must have been '33 or '34. And then one day, this terrible thing happened. I was in the seventh grade. They told me the school was closed, Gateway School, it went broke. Right in the middle of the year. The students were in fact abandoned. And that was terrifying. It was like being orphaned overnight. Cause that school was like a home.

And so we went to various other schools. Some of the other students and I went to Francis Parker, which to me was like a huge place, although, really, in the whole twelve grades, there were probably only 300 or so students. There was, like, twenty-five students to a class. My parents found that school, I had no idea how they did. So then I went to Parker, which they found too....

It was in seventh grade too that I read the book on Mussolini, written by George Shelby, called Sawdust Caesar, I remember reading it and it impressed me very strongly. Not that I liked Mussolini. I detested him.

The person I really liked was John Dillinger. It was a whole time of the great Robin Hood-type gangsters. It was Pretty Boy Floyd, Ma Barker and John Dillinger. They were people mainly from, let's say, Oklahoma, Texas, and they were robbing banks and so forth. They were against the system. And Dillinger was the most spectacular because he would get caught and escape. And he would make a wooden gun and paint it with shoe polish and get out, get the sheriff and everybody and, get their picture (?) and congratulate them and leave. And I thought that was a fantastic person.

And I remember organizing my school, Gateway, with petitions to give to the government, saying: "Let Dillinger

alone, don't arrest him, he's too important! We need people like that at this time in our history!" Because we were in big trouble....

KENNETH O'REILLY: Hoover and the Un-Americans (1983)

Gangsters of the 1930's were mobile, opportunistic, and itching for something to do. After the repeal of prohibition, they exploited the limited jurisdiction of local and state police by fleeing across city, county, and state lines after robbing banks and trains. The most colorful gangster of all, John Dillinger, robbed at least ten banks between May and October 1933. Following several spectacular jail breaks, where Dillinger and his confederates alternately rescued each other, the FBI was finally called in--but only because Dillinger had fled to Chicago in a stolen car after escaping from the "escape proof" Crown Point County Jail in Indiana.

Roosevelt responded to the wave of crimes on January 3, 1934, in his annual message to Congress, by identifying crime as a threat to "our security." "These . . . violations of ethics," Roosevelt added, "call on the strong arm of Government for their immediate suppression; they call also on the country for an aroused public opinion." (Attorney General) Cummings was even more explicit. "We are now engaged in a war that threatens the safety of our country," he announced to the DAR in a widely publicized speech, "a war with the organized forces of crime." Then, at the height of the Dillinger investigation, Cummings issued a stark order to Bureau agents: "Shoot to kill--then count ten."

In May 1934, Congress approved six bills requested by Cummings and drafted by the Justice Department without even taking a record vote. In June, three more bills passed giving Bureau agents full arrest power and the authority to carry any kind of firearm. More importantly, the Bureau's jurisdiction was radically expanded.

\* \* \*

Though lamely professing an aversion to becoming a symbol of the New Deal crime control crusade, Hoover quickly and enthusiastically accepted this new responsibility. And the Bureau's publicity efforts continued long after Congress passed the Justice Department's crime bills in May and June 1934. The era's most notorious gangster, for instance, met an untimely end in July--gunned down near Chicago's Biograph Theater by some fifteen Bureau agents directed by Melvin Purvis. (The Bureau agents had gathered outside the Biograph waiting for the feature film, Manhattan Melodrama with Clark Gable and William Powell, to end and John Dillinger to come out into the street.) Hoover responded, according to one critic, by hanging "up Dillinger's picture, like a scalp, in [Bureau] offices all over the country and [posing] for the newspapers with Dillinger's hat, gun and perhaps an ear."

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ALFRED ADLER:

The personality of the teachers, mainly, made Francis Parker so important to those students. The parents were well-to-do people, touched by the Depression, not ruined by the Depression. And, of course, the Administration had to be more alert, you see, than they would have been, otherwise....

Now, the school--the elementary school--for a long time had very good, creative teachers. And they were trained by the wonderful woman who was Principal for many years, Flora Cook. Now Flora Cook was Principal and she had the point of view: there is no bad child. You must be able to find the child interesting in a certain way--not necessarily just Arithmetic, or this or that--that's okay, if that comes. But there must be something that is really good. And she was the person of whom Alfred Adler--this distant relative of mine--said: "She is one of the great educators, of all time! She has confidence in the human nature!" He didn't mean that in the political way. Oh, well, he was a little bit on the Left, on the Left side, but not significantly. "You must find something in this child that is worthwhile, that is within him!" He died in 1936, innocuously. He had the same views...as Flora Cook.

And then after she got retired--she was in her seventies, when she retired--they, for one year, they had Mr. Osborn, who had been for about twenty years her assistant. And now, to be the assistant of Flora Cook for twenty years, that is ruining, that can ruin a person completely. And it did ruin him--he

had poor co-ordination, he didn't know whether he was going to use the left foot or the right foot, or so....And then, they were looking all over the map and they found Herbert Winslow Smith! Who was...had been before, Principal in the Ethical Culture School. In 1938.

That Mr. Smith drove me home one day and said to me: "If I have any claim that I can do something uniquely well, that nobody else can do it, that is to make it possible for deserving Jewish students to make the college of their choice." For somebody whose first choice would be Princeton, he would know how to get him there--even though he's Jewish. Yah. And, you see, that was, of course, terrible. There are a good many Jewish parents to whom that means a great deal....but that--as an educational philosophy?--Terrible.

He had to fill them up, he had to find the money...I mean, you see, when he came they were always worried about the enrollment. And if there isn't enough, that was the way to also force....He knows how to do that. And I asked him, I said "Well, but why do you think really, ultimately that that is so important?" And here was really his whole political philosophy, in a nutshell. He said, "Well, you know, if you don't get them into those Eastern colleges they go...they turn into unkempt Jews in New York. And then you have them as your enemies...."

#### BARNEY ROSSET:

My father started making his own living when he was about seven. But he got through high school. He was a C.P.A. He took various courses, at Northwestern and other places. He had no real college education, outside of accounting. He was born in Chicago. His parents came from--one, I think came from Moscow. Or, both of them. But his mother died when he was

very young. My grandfather lived in Chicago. My father used to take me to his house, once in a while. He also took me, one day, to see a woman he knew. Yeah, it could have been a girlfriend or something, I don't know....

I think my grandfather was in the Russian army, and they were Jewish, which was a primary reason why they came here, like, there was a huge migration. Just like the Irish got the hell out of Ireland cause they were starving to death, the Jews got out of Russia cause they'd get killed. He was in the Russian army. He may have deserted, or gotten out of there some other way.

My mother was born in a town in Northern Michigan, called Marquette. But her parents were born in Ireland. They spoke Gaelic. And so did she. My mother's discussions with me were mainly about Ireland.

That was, see, another thing that I was brought up with, that my mother was very Irish. Her parents, my grandparents, who I liked very much, were violently anti-English. So I adopted that feeling when I was, like, seven, eight years old. The English were monsters who persecuted the Irish. And that made a deep impression on me.

I loved my mother very much until I was about twelve or so and then, for reasons I don't understand, I felt very estranged from her. I think she was . . . it was difficult to communicate with her. A very difficult person. . . . But he stayed with her all of his life, you know.

JOAN MITCHELL:

Barney's mother was statuesque. I would say Barney was built more like his mother, but without the tits. Same wide shoulders....She was good-looking. Very big, red-headed woman with a stature about her. And Barney was terribly embarrassed by her. Well, she drank and she was strange and I felt sorry for her. I liked her. After the war--and after Barney'd married, you know, Loly--his mother'd say to me: "What's he doing with that Heine?" Cause his mother was violently anti-German and here was this German she couldn't bear....

She would get high on one drink. And she used to bet on the horses and then win all kinds of \$1 bills. And she'd stuff them on me, and say: "Now, take that, Joan!" She liked me. And I liked her and...well, I felt sorry for her.

My God, her old man treated her as though she was an opaque nothing. So did Barney. Well, I think, to her husband she was a sex object. Yeah. And I think any woman would have been not much more, to that old man. I mean: "What are women for? Bring me the drink! Bring me the this, bring me the that!"

There was nothing vulgar about her at all. She wore green alot. She had red hair, which was...touched up. Why not? She certainly didn't come from a fancy background of any sort, and she felt miserable all her life. Because

they were shits to her. Both the son and the father!  
And her husband, I mean. They treated her like she couldn't get through first grade. Ignored her. Ignored her. And then she drank, well why not? If Barney says he loved her very much, that's a lot of shit. And if he doesn't know why he and she stopped communicating, it's because he went to that utterly horrible psycho shrink. Saeger. He took... milked...Barney for all of his millions. Went to him before and after we were married, and years and years after. And didn't help him.

I think that's criminal. But Barney didn't want somebody that might do him some good. I went to that man, and I quit. He was really for the birds....And Alfred Adler? What a nut. He was another one...like Ellison...who didn't like me either. Didn't like women. Ellison's a motherfucking shit, you ask me.

Barney's parents sure didn't give Barney what a kid needs. God! Talk about permissiveness! And rich, without love or whatever! I mean he, in high school, among other things, he had a car, he had a this, he had a that....

BARNEY ROSSET:

My mother was supposed to be very beautiful. She won some sort of beauty or charm contest or something. And there was this desire of the people of Northern Michigan to get to Chicago.

Marquette was a very unusual town, it had its own Opera House. People like Caruso and Gallicurghi went to that town because it had some real wealth and culture. My mother got to know a family, the Kaufman family, they owned a big hotel in Chicago. And she came to Chicago and -- I don't know -- maybe through them, got a job in the Northern Trust Company. As a teller. And my father was an up and coming young man and he fell in love with her. She was very beautiful.

My mother voiced a great deal of anti-Semitism, all the time. And I never knew that I was Jewish. It never really impinged on my consciousness until I was in my teens. And for a long time I liked the Irish very much. I think my overwhelming feelings were I didn't like either of them, finally -- Jews or the Irish. Sort of sick of both. I felt romantically close to the Irish, but as people they annoyed me.

My mother would say: "You're French." She said it because my father was supposed to be French. You see it's a French name, Rosset! We've never been able to trace it, though. I don't think it's French as much as Jewish. She would say to other people my father's background was French.

I don't know. It was so strange that it was like something out of her consciousness. I finally asked her about it, much later, and she vehemently denied that she had ever had any anti-Jewish feelings. I mean, I somehow got the idea that she had a lot of them.

When I was thirteen my father said "I don't care who you get married to just so long as she's not Jewish." So that was

I mean it's very hard now to understand what was going on. You know, one began to think of Miami Beach, for example, at some point, as being the most typical resort area where a lot of Jewish people would go to the hotels. Well, when I was a kid a Jew was not allowed in a hotel at Miami Beach. Maybe that's why we all ended up being there, finally. As a means of revenge. So it was one of the biggest jokes we knew. My mother used to laugh about it. . . .

We were living at a place, it was on the near North Side, called Sheridan Road and Diversey, not far from Francis Parker School. There were two apartment buildings that had been built on something called Commonwealth Avenue. And there were no other buildings around them, they were surrounded by vacant lots. They were the first sort of co-op buildings, I believe. It was as near to Lakeshore Drive as a Jew could get, then. No Jews were allowed to live on Lakeshore Drive. The address was 2920. And they were the first co-op buildings. And they went broke, also. So, it was a bad moment. The depression.

ALFRED ADLER:

Well, he, Barney, described that big house in Chicago, near the Lake, you see, and uh...well...on top of it was the Rosset...residence. And there, if you walked in, they were sitting in a hall, you know...a very, very spacious hall: On one end, Mr. Rosset, with uh...a gin bottle, or whatever it is; and way, way on the other end, Mrs. Rosset, with another gin bottle.

Now, and, of course, Barney wanted to...well, he was unhappy about it, when he told me that, he said--he was thinking in educational terms--"How could I have had a good education, as a child, with that background?"

QUENTIN YOUNG:

The top apartment was theirs. Impressive. It had this high, vaulted ceiling like something out of King Arthur's Court. A duplex, it must be on the 20th or 25th floor. Very--even today--very imposing. They've knocked down most of the things around it. Each family had a floor and Barney's had two floors. It was a huge apartment. And Barney had his room way in the back, a huge room, and it had to be air-conditioned all the time because he had bad allergies. And he still does. It probably contributed to being a little bit medical and psychological. And without glasses he was blind. I'm sure he did things, athletics, but it's a limiting factor. You can't go very far if you can't see.... The poor little rich boy stuck in my mind. He had this big room, this empty huge apartment, servants; the mother was nothing, you know. She was a very immature person. She wasn't capable....

She could have been a chorus girl, some kind of entertainer, but, I mean, no ballerina. I don't think she was in the arts. I think she was in show-biz, which could be a streetwalker, one day....She must have had something--the old man, Barney's father, had his choice.

There are interesting Christian women. I'm sure he had a lot of....the guy was tormented. You take the alcoholism. You take the meaningless marriage. Unless I missed something, they didn't "find each other" out of two alien cultures.

Barney must have had very mixed emotions about his mother. She was a denying mother--mainly 'cause she didn't have anything to give. So he didn't have the profound ancient maternal love, I don't believe. I never had any sense that there was any bond between them. Overall, I have this lingering, and very strong, recollection of how lonely he was in this rich apartment. A poor little rich boy....

She was, as I saw her in senescence, just a nice old Irish woman who drank way too much and had this strange terminal friendship with a woman who had been over the years--first her maid, then her companion, and then, at the end of it, just two sisters dying together, barely able to look after each other, in her apartment in the Hancock. But she was absolutely durable because she'd slosh away more than I could handle in her late-seventies, when she died. She was very, not an unpleasant person, but, you know, she was kind of--if she hadn't met the old man she probably would have been, you know, a sales person or scouring maid. Pleasant looking, not a stunner. So, there was nothing much there....

BARNEY ROSSET:

My father just somehow was very attracted by Catholic Church people. I think he was more attracted to them than my mother was. They were there, all the time, in our apartment. Um, he felt very close to them, I think he actually went on some retreats or some god damn thing, where you go and sit for a week. He must have thought about becoming Catholic. I never asked. I can't stand it. But I liked Shield, Bishop Shield, he was the first one that made me....

Very young, it terrified me. They frightened me, I don't know why. There was something about the church that frightened me, the guys in their black suits, the nuns, they were frightening to me. I went to church for a while, and one day I just left.

It must have been when I was around 9, 10, 11. I would go with my mother but then she was too lazy to go, or something, and I was supposed to go alone and I did that for a very brief time, and I thought this was crazy. I pretended I went.... I was afraid all the time all the time. I don't even remember the name of the church. It was a neighborhood church, in Chicago, nothing special about it.

I didn't know any other Catholic kids, oh, I knew a couple, that's not true. My mother's dearest friend was a woman whose name was Hazel Turner, and who lived with my mother until my mother died. Hazel was Irish Catholic and her sister had two

daughters who I liked very much, who are a little older than me. And they were like the closest things to sisters I ever had. And they were Catholic, and I don't remember them going to church, too much. They'd had a Swedish father, who disappeared. Maybe he wasn't Catholic. But anyway, they were Catholic, but they were the only ones I knew, the only ones.

That woman was a life long friend of my mother, life long. All the way from Marquette, when she was a young child, they went to Chicago, together. They lived together....Quentin had gone to see her....Very sweet....Getting a doctor to come and see you...is impossible.

ALFRED ADLER:

Barney's parents: on one side, the gin bottle of the freckled lady and way, way on the other side, he, also, drunk, both of them quite rude to each other. And then, of course, what was it really that was, in a sense remarkable--about those parents? There was something nice and loveable about them which they never dared to develop. You see, now he invited me there to that Gotham thing, then he forgot that he had invited me. And then, of course, the mother she was glad when he asked her to live in New York for awhile. She loved Barney, you see.

But of course, you see, he complained to me about this: he could never invite people. "How can you invite people if you have a drunk here and a drunk there!" And, you see, he noticed that.

But the idea is this...yah! You cannot change those basic things. He had ulcers, stomach ulcers, the father. And that was the reason given by him that he cannot invite people. Because you see, most of the things they would serve, he couldn't eat. And, then, on the other hand, she invited certain people--the Irishmen who hated the Jews....And she had also difficulty in the stomach, and abdominal affairs, and uh...couldn't...they couldn't eat much. Each one of the two couldn't invite a certain group. And that is to show--that's what I thought--how functionally important stomach ulcers can be. Because if they hadn't had those ulcers, they would have had to invite somebody, eventually....

BARNEY ROSSET:

My father was not a womanizer, but I think that there were, was, one woman, or two, but I really don't know too much about it. I was very shocked once. My mother and I were to meet my father in Los Angeles, at the Townhouse Hotel, and they have this in the files. FBI files, it tells the room we were in, in 1938, it even gives the room number! Why they were interested in me then, I don't know, because this was when I was in high school. I was out in California, basically--I don't know--to get....I had hayfever. It was a good place to be, and I think my father had some business out there.

Whatever it was, my mother and I arrived, and I know it was when Poland was invaded, while we were there, I guess '38, '39. Anyway, there was a letter came and I opened the letter--I thought it was for me, and it was for my father. A long, long, letter in longhand written by a woman, to my father, a love letter. A long letter--I mean, I don't even know if I read the whole letter. I thought it was for me until I had gone through like a page, and saying she loved him all these years, or something or other, and she lived in California. It was from California, San Francisco, somewhere like that.

So I took the letter and I folded it back up and I put it back in the envelope and I didn't know what to do with it. So what I did finally was: I sealed it and I put it in my suit coat. Hung it in the closet, tried to pretend to myself that I never saw it, didn't exist. Then my father arrived and he said was there any mail for me. And I said no. Why I said no I don't know. He said are you sure there wasn't a letter for me? Nope, no letter. The next day I went to check my suit coat and the letter was gone.

We never mentioned that to each other again. Somehow I took it for granted that my father found it, but there is no reason to think that.

One of them found it. And it so embarrassed me that I never could say a word about it....So obviously there was somebody.

Also, in Chicago, my father would take me once in a while to meet a woman who was very sympathetic, very warm, nice person. I never heard him mention that woman's name to my mother. I just sat in her apartment, in the kitchen or wherever, and talked, and she was very friendly, nice. Sort of pretty, nothing spectacular, you know.

#### HASKELL WEXLER

His father was Jewish and his mother was not. I mean that was all there was in this building we lived in at 2920 Commonwealth. It was just mostly all Jewish. That particular thing is what separated them--in my view, unfortunately--because I always liked his mother very much. But I also felt sorry for her because I felt like the Jews in the building were discriminating against her. We lived in the same building, and we played baseball every day after school. But the Rossets were sort of separate. I mean, they were not as involved in the community or the building. The people were not very friendly with his mother, because she was not Jewish.

See, that was a big problem. I think, because his father, by marrying a Gentile at that time, it was really something. He was, I think, exhibiting a lack of prejudice... that everyone around him one way or another was infected with. And I think he transmitted that same color-blindness or religion-blindness to Barney. There must have been a maverick aspect to his father's person which would say: "Look! I love this woman, and I'm going to marry this woman, and her name is Mary and she's a Gentile and I don't give a shit!" You know? It did take a little nerve, I guess.

I remember her with red hair and sort of tall and I always remember, very quiet. And pretty. She wasn't like the other mothers. Like my mother, you know: "Come up to dinner; why don't you eat? Clean up yourself!" You know, that Jewish <sup>mother</sup> stuff. I don't think Barney had any of that. I mean Barney had good maids, and I'm not saying his parents weren't nice to him. But I mean it wasn't that smothering kind of nice stuff that we had.

His father always seemed rather austere to me. Rather quiet and he always seemed rather well-dressed, in suits and ties. I think his father was an accountant in the early days. My father knew him as an accountant. My father was a businessman. He was a lawyer. I mean he graduated from law school but he never practiced law. But, you know, most all the people in that building were from the West Side of Chicago and went to law school and struggled and fought their way up when there was a time when people would, you know, just go up the ladder.

My father was rich too, but he never liked to show it. I don't know that Barney's father exhibited wealth, but there was something like I mentioned. He was always dressed well. They had the best apartment at 2920 Commonwealth. And Barney always wanted to see how much he could push himself farther. How far he could run until he was exhausted; how long he could hold his breath. How much booze he could drink before he passed out. Oh, it was incredible....

I have very strong memories of Barney as a kid, you know. Because he had a lot of characteristics which I didn't have or I don't have, but which I admire.... He read a lot. I could never read a lot. He read easily and quickly, and he assimilated what he read. He was very self-assured in most ways. He was always a very good athlete and.... Yeah, Barney was an only child. Oh, there was a stigma among the Jews, believe it or not. Before they even knew Barney, he was a spoiled kid by the nature of the fact that he had no brothers and sisters. Because everybody had brothers and sisters, you know.

His self-assurance, that could come from being an only child, from not getting all that Jewish-mother stuff laid on you. If you want to function and you're basically alone, you either have to develop that self-assurance or you become a lox. And he developed a terrific self-assurance. And, oh yeah, Barney had a hell of a temper. I remember many times him blowing up and punching, you know....

BARNEY ROSSET:

Brothers or sisters? I felt two ways, one I felt I was lucky, that I didn't. Then, all the attention could be on me; I was conscious of that, I really felt that. And I was shocked when my father said that....when my father told me they wanted to have more. I was shocked. I was hurt....

But at the same time I invented brothers and sisters. I had a little roulette wheel somebody gave me when I was a kid, and it had six numbers, 1 through 6. I became number 3 and my brother was number 4 and then 1, 2 and 5 and 6 were very close friends and enemies and they became, six of us, became absolutely real people and I hated my brother number 4. I don't know why. I was number three. That remained my lucky number. Always, always. And when I played football in high school, my number was 33; we didn't have single numbers. And Waiting For Godot's number was 33. Not by accident.

That's not abnormal to dislike the brother or sibling that comes after you. The ones who come before they're there, when you get there. You were just lucky you were left alive by them. The one that comes after you gets all the attention.

QUENTIN YOUNG:

I'm sure Barney had next to no intellectual stimulus, stimulating, models, from his parents. And yet there's all the money. I think he was more neglected than anything. They just threw a bunch of money at him--if you think about it, if you let yourself think about it, you really can come up with a poignant absence of support; despite the apparent ultra support--car, money, was never an object. Dollars were different then but if Barney needed something, a hundred dollars, he'd get it. If I'd had to raise a hundred dollars, I'd have to scheme a real long time. I don't even carry money like that today. The standard was, you know, you felt sorry for him; he was so rich. 'Cause you were against the rich, right? Yeah. And, see, his father didn't teach him how to hustle money....

THE NEW YORK TIMES: June 3, 1932

BUYS COOK COUNTY TRUST

Group Identified With Philip State

Bank Gets Control

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES

CHICAGO, June 2. -- The Cook County Trust Company has been purchased by interests identified with the Philip State Bank and Trust Company, Barnet L. Rosset, chairman of the bank, announced today. Mr. Rosset was named president and C. A. Beutel, president of Philip State, was made vice president. Frank B. Lambert, S. Rogers Touhy and Walter Shaw, directors of the bank, together with Messrs. Rosset and Beutel, will constitute the directorate.

Control was obtained by the acquisition of \$200,000 of preferred stock and 10,000 shares of common, all held by Moe Rosenberg, except qualifying shares of old directors. All officers of the old concern have resigned, Mr. Rosset said.

ANNEX B: [C.I.A. RECORD]

SUBJECT: GROVE PRESS [DELETED]      DATE: [DELETED]

1. [DELETED]

(ROSSET, Sr., c. 1932 ran an accounting firm in Chicago, and through connections secured auditing jobs on banks that had closed. He reportedly was involved in some shady deals. He was tied in closely with the Cook County Trust Company, started and owned by gangster Moe ROSENBERG, who died under mysterious circumstances. ROSENBERG's brother was President of Cook County Trust Company. After some publicity the name of the Trust Company was changed to Metropolitan Trust Company and ROSSET, Sr. was named President. . . .)

QUENTIN YOUNG:

Barney never talked about his mother. When we talked about his father it was for us radicals to kid him about the old man. We didn't know too much about it except it was funny to say: "Metropolitan Trust & Kill the Workers."

His son, a "Jr." That's very tabu among the Jewish religion. That's very modern, it isn't done very much. Well: marrying an Irish woman, having no Jewishness in the home, concealing it from a son, what more do you need to say? Eventually, moving out of that Commonwealth place into a building that I'm almost certain was all non-Jewish. And possibly doing it by buying the building, or something....

I don't know what kind of down-and-out shouting matches he and Barney had, or whether the distance was so great there was no arena in which to have a match. But he had this feeling, the father, that his son was an extension of him. He wanted him to have whatever he wanted.

The father, I gather, was a real womanizer. That's important, it may account for some of Barney's....actions. But, you know, really, in the old-fashioned sense. No hint of stability, just girls. And he married one of them. I think Barney's mother was one of those things. He had women, in the modern parlance, as an object, something to screw.

I'm sure, from all the getting and spending, the father just emerged from the slime of the Depression. There was money to be made and deals to be done....

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: Sept. 16, 1933

TRUST CO. UNDER FIRE IN TAX DEBT  
OF \$1,200,000

Push Inquiry Against Old  
Rosenberg Concern

An examination of records of tax receivership petitions filed before County Judge Edmund K. Jarecki disclosed that the Metropolitan Trust company is named defendant, either as receiver or trustee for properties, in more than seventy cases. The aggregate of delinquent taxes owed by this real estate amounts to more than \$1,200,000, officials in the office of County Treasurer McDonough said....

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Metropolitan Trust company is the successor of the Cook County Trust company and is receiver and trustee for the most of the properties controlled by the older concern. The name of the Cook County Trust company was changed to the Metropolitan Trust company after it was sold in the spring of 1932 by Moe Rosenberg, ex-convict, former junk dealer, and Democratic political power, who is under federal indictment on income tax charges.

#### Charge Use of Influence

Allegations that political influence was used to obtain large profits were frequently made against the Cook County Trust company. Most of the business of this company was said to have been in receiverships on appointments made by Circuit and Superior court chancellors.

Rosenberg announced on June 2, 1932, that he had sold the company to Barnet L. Rosset, head of a firm of certified public accountants bearing his name and chairman of the board of the Philips State bank, then a going institution, and a C. A. Beutel, president of the bank. The purchase price was announced as \$200,000 for the preferred stock of the company and an unnamed sum for 10,000 shares of common stock.

Nineteen days after the purchase of the trust company by Rosset the Philips State Bank closed its doors with deposits of \$2,100,000. When the last report was made on the bank's condition by the state auditor on June 20, more than a year after closing, the bank still owed its creditors \$2,051,371. Secured claims amounting to \$555,000 had been paid, but no dividend had been made to depositors.

Meanwhile Rosset and Beutel continued to operate the trust concern, which became the Metropolitan Trust company soon after the bank failure. It has continued to operate its receivership and trust business. The company's officials remain unchanged.

#### Auditor Urges Action

It became known yesterday that an auditor who made an examination of the Philips State Bank's books had recommended that criminal action be taken against several high officials of the institution....

4.

ALFRED ADLER:

There was always the idea, just the way you have it now, in every place there has to be a woman and one from a minority group. I said to a friend of the Sorbonne, I said, "Now when you have an opening in the Sorbonne, the one who is going to get the job will be some Noire. A black woman will get the job because she's black and because she's a woman. We had reached that. And this was, already in those days, there had to be, the token thing. And there was a woman who had her children, these Japanese children, I don't know. But he had enough money--I don't know, he was able to make life comfortable for her. The father of Teru and Timmie. Osato. And, of course, they were intelligent kids, but...they never knew where they belonged and why they belonged, and so on. When they came to Parker....

There were no blacks in my days, but once, later, in the 60's when I visited Jack Ellison when he was principal, there was one black boy, who had a well-to-do home, you see, and who was in football and all kind of things--he was quite a hero. But he looked around and he noticed that all those people thought he was not quite Kosher--as the Jewish would say--you see, and...he was a very good friend of Jack's and one day he came into his office and said: "I disapprove of the manner in which the school is run." He had to disapprove of something: only the white people have the power.

That's where I have a problem, and always had it. You see, once I start that--you look around, and there's no blacks--there is the danger that that's all you ever talk about and that will wreck you,...there would be nothing else. If you try to bring up something else you are already a traitor....

HAROLD D. LASSWELL and DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK: WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA (1939)

For many years the Communist Party in Chicago has concerned itself with conditions in the public schools. Indeed, one of the earliest issues taken up by the party in Chicago in the days when the Daily Worker was being published in the city concerned fire-trap schools in poor neighborhoods (1924). The first record of an attempted school strike, however, is in 1934; it developed around the issue of racial discrimination in the public schools and was organized and promoted by the YCL (Young Communists League). Although not widely successful, the strike was given much newspaper publicity.

JOAN MITCHELL:

I had a way over-exaggerated but horrible thing against Hitler. Because I had a German nurse when I was a kid. She went back to Hitler Germany and she used to beat me up and tie me up and all that. My German nurse, when I was a little kid. So I thought Hitler was going to invade the world and my God he almost did! So I was very conscious of the war. More than conscious. This was the method. She was....Yeah.... Gosh she destroyed me.

So I was very aware of Jews and everything else in the early thirties, and Hitler. So when Barney came back, I got out of the house. He pulled up his fancy station wagon, in the middle of the night. And I took all my books and everything else, left a note, and bye-bye! And we drove to New York. That's how I left home. He drove me with my books and my paints. Still, it's not very admirable to leave a home, in the middle of the night, and just leave a note for the cook. Which I did. Soon as they woke, I was well and gone. Well, why not leave in the broad daylight?

There were only four Gentiles in my class. I was one of them. But, Jews had money during the depression and the rest were on scholarships. There were only 30 people in my class. I paid tuition, although there was just an enormous amount of Jews there...still are, at Parker. My sister went to Latin school with Nancy Reagan, where there was one token Jew. No blacks, when I was there, at Parker....

BARNEY ROSSET:

Several from my class went to Harvard. Out of a class of thirty-two, with say sixteen or eighteen boys, maybe five went to Harvard. And a couple of them were Jews. Swarthmore had other Jewish kids. Had no blacks. Not one black. Not one. There wasn't one black at Parker! See that! I don't know where our heads were, at that time, that we didn't make a fuss about that. Native Son, the book of Richard Wright, drove me crazy. Why I didn't relate that to school.... A strange omission: that I never thought of complaining at Parker that there weren't any black students. Nor at Swarthmore....

RICHARD WRIGHT: \* Native Son

"Now, Bigger," said Mr. Dalton, "since that's settled, let's see what you'll have to do every day. I leave every morning for my office at nine. It's a twenty-minute drive. You are to be back at ten and take Miss Dalton to school. At twelve, you call for Miss Dalton at the University. From then until night you are more or less free. If either Miss Dalton or I go out at night, of course, you do the driving. You work every day, but we don't get up till noon on Sundays. So you will have Sunday mornings to yourself, unless something unexpected happens. You get one full day off every two weeks."

"Yessuh."

"You think you can handle that?"

"Oh, yessuh."

"And any time you're bothered about anything, come and see me. Let's talk it over."

"Yessuh."

"Oh, Father!" a girl's voice sang out.

"Yes, Mary," said Mr. Dalton.

Bigger turned and saw a white girl walk into the room. She was very slender.

"Oh, I didn't know you were busy."

"That's all right, Mary. What is it?"

Bigger saw that the girl was looking at him.

"Is this the new chauffeur, Father?"

"What do you want, Mary?"

---

\* Author

"Will you get the tickets for the Thursday concert?"

"At Orchestra Hall?"

"Yes."

"Yes. I'll get them."

"Is this the new chauffeur?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dalton. "This is Bigger Thomas."

"Hello, Bigger," the girl said.

Bigger swallowed. He looked at Mr. Dalton, then felt that he should not have looked.

"Good evening, mam."

The girl came close to him and stopped just opposite his chair.

"Bigger, do you belong to a union?" she asked.

"Now, Mary!" said Mr. Dalton, frowning.

"Well, Father, he should," the girl said, turning to him, then back to Bigger. "Do you?"

"Mary...." said Mr. Dalton.

"I'm just asking him a question, Father!"

Bigger hesitated. He hated the girl then. Why did she have to do this when he was trying to get a job?

"No'm," he mumbled, his head down and his eyes glowering.

"And why not?" the girl asked.

Bigger heard Mr. Dalton mumble something. He wished Mr. Dalton would speak and end this thing. He looked up and saw Mr. Dalton staring at the girl. She's making me lose my job! he thought. Goddamn! He knew nothing about unions, except that they were considered bad. And what did she mean by

talking to him this way in front of Mr. Dalton, who, surely, didn't like unions?

"We can settle about the union later, Mary," said Mr. Dalton.

"But you wouldn't mind belonging to a union, would you?" the girl asked.

"I don't know, mam," Bigger said.

"Now, Mary, you can see that the boy is new," said Mr. Dalton. "Leave him alone."

The girl turned and poked out a red tongue at him.

"All right, Mr. Capitalist!" She turned again to Bigger. "Isn't he a capitalist, Bigger?"

Bigger looked at the floor and did not answer. He did not know what a capitalist was....

\* \* \*

"I'm Irish, you know," she said. "My folks in the old country feel about England like the colored folks feel about this country. So I know something about colored people. Oh, these are fine people, fine as silk. Even the girl. Did you meet her yet?"

"Yessum."

"Tonight?"

"Yessum."

Peggy turned and looked at him sharply.

"She's a sweet thing, she is," she said. "I've known her since she was two years old. To me she's still a baby and will

always be one. But she's kind of wild, she is. Always in hot water. Keeps her folks worried to death, she does. She runs around with a wild and crazy bunch of reds...."

"Reds!" Bigger exclaimed.

"Yes. But she don't mean nothing by it," Peggy said.

"Like her mother and father, she feels sorry for people and she thinks the reds'll do something for 'em. The Lord only knows where she got her wild ways, but she's got 'em. If you stay around here, you'll get to know her. But don't you pay no attention to her red friends. They just keep up a lot of fuss."

Bigger wanted to ask her to tell him more about the girl, but thought that he had better not do that now....

She was an odd girl, all right. He felt something in her over and above the fear she inspired in him. She responded to him as if he were human, as if he lived in the same world as she. And he had never felt that before in a white person. But why? Was this some kind of game? The guarded feeling of freedom he had while listening to her was tangled with the hard fact that she was white and rich, a part of the world of people who told him what he could and could not do.

He looked at the building into which she had gone; it was old and unpainted; there were no lights in the windows or doorway. Maybe she was meeting her sweetheart? If that was all, then things would straighten out. But if she had gone to meet those Communists? And what are Communists like, anyway? Was she one? What made people Communists? He remembered seeing many cartoons of Communists in newspapers and always they had flaming torches in their hands and

wore beards and were trying to commit murder or set things on fire. People who acted that way were crazy. All he could recall having heard about Communists was associated in his mind with darkness, old houses, people speaking in whispers, and trade unions on strike. And this was something like it.

He stiffened; the door into which she had gone opened. She came out, followed by a young white man. They walked to the car; but, instead of getting into the back seat, they came to the side of the car and stood, facing him.

"Oh, Bigger, this is Jan. And Jan, this is Bigger Thomas."

Jan smiled broadly, then extended an open palm toward him. Bigger's entire body tightened with suspense and dread.

"How are you, Bigger?"

Bigger's right hand gripped the steering wheel and he wondered if he ought to shake hands with this white man.

"I'm fine," he mumbled.

Jan's hand was still extended. Bigger's right hand raised itself about three inches, then stopped in mid-air.

"Come on and shake," Jan said.

Bigger extended a limp palm, his mouth open in astonishment. He felt Jan's fingers tighten about his own. He tried to pull his hand away, every so gently, but Jan held on, firmly, smiling.

"We may as well get to know each other," Jan said. "I'm a friend of Mary's."

"Yessuh," he mumbled.

"First of all," Jan continued, putting his foot upon the running-board, "don't say sir to me. I'll call you Bigger and you'll call me Jan. That's the way it'll be between us. How's that?"

Bigger did not answer. Mary was smiling. Jan still gripped his hand and Bigger held his head at an oblique angle, so that he could, by merely shifting his eyes, look at Jan and then out into the street whenever he did not wish to meet Jan's gaze. He heard Mary laughing softly.

"It's all right, Bigger," she said. "Jan means it."

\* \* \*

"Let me drive awhile," Jan said, letting go of his hand and opening the door.

Bigger looked at Mary. She came forward and touched his arm.

"It's all right, Bigger," she said.

He turned in the seat to get out, but Jan stopped him.

"No; stay in and move over."

He slid over and Jan took his place at the wheel. He was still feeling his hand strangely; it seemed that the pressure of Jan's fingers had left an indelible imprint. Mary was getting into the front seat, too.

"Move over, Bigger," she said.

He moved closer to Jan. Mary pushed herself in, wedging tightly between him and the outer door of the car. There were white people to either side of him; he was sitting between two vast white looming walls. Never in his life had he been

so close to a white woman. He smelt the odor of her hair and felt the soft pressure of her thigh against his own. Jan headed the car back to the Outer Drive, weaving in and out of the line of traffic. Soon they were speeding along the lake front, past a huge flat sheet of dully gleaming water. The sky was heavy with snow clouds and the wind was blowing strong. ●

"Isn't it glorious tonight?" she asked.

"God, yes!" Jan said.

Bigger listened to the tone of their voices, to their strange accents, to the exuberant phrases that flowed so freely from their lips.

"That sky!"

"And that water!"

"It's so beautiful it makes you ache just to look at it," said Mary.

"This is a beautiful world, Bigger," Jan said, turning to him. "Look at that skyline!"

Bigger looked without turning his head; he just rolled his eyes. Stretching to one side of him was a vast sweep of tall buildings flecked with tiny squares of yellow light.

"We'll own all that some day, Bigger," Jan said with a wave of his hand. "After the revolution it'll be ours. But we'll have to fight for it. What a world to win, Bigger! And when that day comes, things'll be different. There'll be no white and no black; there'll be no rich and no poor."

HAROLD D. LASSWELL and DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK:      WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA

In October 1934 another school strike was held which was more successful. It also developed around the issue of racial discrimination in the public schools of Negro neighborhoods and spread to three or four schools. All the students of these schools were not affected by the strike, but the mass absence of students from classes gave grave concern to school authorities.

THE NEW YORK TIMES

October 9, 1934

CHICAGO PUPILS STRIKE

Protesting Negro Attendance, 1,700  
Quit Morgan Park High School  
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CHICAGO. Oct. 8 (AP) -- More than 1,700 pupils of Morgan Park High School struck today, seemingly without parental support, in protest against Negro attendance at classes.

Only fifty-eight students, two-third of them Negroes, were on hand. Three policemen strolled through the school corridors and three more paced the sidewalks. Several reserve squads were in readiness at the Morgan Park station.

More than 100 parents of students went to Superintendent of Schools William J. Bogan last week and told him that unless the Negro and white pupils were segregated they would keep their children at home.

Principal William Schoch said teachers would report for duty and conduct classes as long as students were present.

ALFRED ADLER:

Well, the girl, Teru, tragically enough, there were several mothers warning that one of the former Parker graduates was going to marry her, and that was John Holabird, the son, you see. But, of course, they wanted somebody who comes from... Rockefeller, or something like that....That was always the thing. The Important Mothers of that circle could say: "Don't say we are prejudiced, we have Timmie and we have Teru Osato."

But Mrs. Holabird, that is then the mother, of John Holabird, well we went to a concert once...I don't know...a violinist, you see. And, I was sitting in the car, of Mrs. Holabird, the mother, and she was really quite a lady. But she brought up that subject. "Do you know that John and Osato?"--she meant that Teru Osato, you see, the one who was Japanese--"Well, they go about together quite a bit." And I said "yes, we all are together, especially in that place where Malcolm Hackett, he has an art studio, you know." "Well," said Mrs. Holabird, "I think that she is not good enough for him."

And that shows how much confidence she had in me....And I was supposed to work in that direction, which I couldn't have done. Because Holabird would have been...more so, probably....

Now, Timmie was a specialist in warfare. He was reading one book after another with warfare, in the 18th Century, and this and that, and knowing what kind of...cannons they used and who was shooting. If Timmie committed suicide, I wouldn't be surprised. After this war and that war and the Vietnam war--there was nobody left in his life...to shoot.

You see, I think, those two kids came to the school when they were very young. They were surrounded by people--by students and parents and faculty who breathed the suggestion that you have to walk around on tip-toes--because this is a school for very distinguished people. You don't really belong here, but we're going to look the other way if you really know how to behave. And that atmosphere, you see, was there from the first day, and there were people who just couldn't...endure them....

JOAN MITCHELL:

Teru died of cancer when she was 24. I think she would have done something. She went to Bennington....Teru was...there were only two Japanese in the school. Barney went around with Teru and I went around with her brother. Timmie. That's as close as I came to any other race.

Teru was lovely. Wonderful. Beautiful. Well, she was a hell of a lot more attractive than Nancy Ashenhurst, with her dirty hair. Blonde, stringy, hair. Uh...They're both dead....

HASKELL WEXLER:

And we both also went out with Teru, although he went out with Teru more than I did.

TERU OSATO: (Letter to Barney Rosset, November 7, 1941)

Barney My Sweet-

It was wonderful hearing from you--I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer my letter--I'm glad it was only because you didn't get it right away.

Life is pleasant--The apartment is nice. I'm living with my old room mate from college, Mary Carus. We had an awful time with Mary but we've broken her in now. I think she's realized what the words patience and cooperation mean--And she was different at first. The three of us are completely broke and I'm still without a job but I'm not blue or discouraged yet--

If you come to N.Y. and don't look me up I'll be furious. Our telephone number is Plaza 5-1993-- Call me anytime--I always love seeing you--It's been nearly a year--How about it? I must say our friendship is an exceptional one. How long have we known each other? My God--for years!! I never knew whether you went around with me spasmodically to make Ashenhurst jealous or not--As you know things like that don't bother me--To me you were someone who was fun to be with who was a slightly spoiled brat with too much money, more than a few good brains, and who seemed ashamed to acknowledge to himself or to reveal to others a very good warm heart-- I love to remember (doubt if I'll ever forget) Harues

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Woods--The North Shore Water Works hang-out--Foreign  
Legion--Coolies' Cupward--Riverview --the Mexican sandals--  
(I'm still wearing them)--lord, I could go on for hours--  
How, with a year of such good times, could we not  
continue writing each other often, and seeing each other  
once in a while--The little Chinese stamp box is a  
constant reminder of you and sits on my bureau--

I'm glad you're happy at Chicago U.--glad you have  
a lot of friends--with them you never need be lonely-

I don't know anything about this war business-  
but I do feel strongly for our entrance into it--  
the boost of morale would be terrific abroad--being  
a female I think morale is as important as equipment--  
I also think Japan is making a fool of herself--  
They're trying for too much, and they'll be sorry  
for it when it's too late. It's all pretty messy--  
What will the outcome be?

---

Come to see me-

Call me up-

Whatever you do--Write

Be good

Be well

Be happy,

Love,

Ophelia

WAR DEPARTMENT - M. I. D.

May 28, 1943

Subject: ROSSET, Barnet Lee, Jr.

Information has been received by the Military Intelligence Division which indicates that Barnet Lee Rosset, Jr. is in mail communication with the Osato sisters, Teru and Sono, of 234 Est 52nd Street, New York City, New York, both of whom are under suspicion as possible espionage agents for Japan.

Source: ONI S11 MID 201, Elmalek, Victor

TERU OSATO: (Letter to Barney Rosset, November 25, 1941)

Barney my darling--

My God but you are sweet. I opened your letter twice, read it twice and put it back in the envelope twice. It was such a nice letter I thought I'd read it again--only this time when I opened it all the three cent stamps fell out--I hadn't noticed them before--Once again your little stamp box is full and all the leaves on it are greener than ever. I've always thought of you as a very kind swell person but your offer to help me financially surpasses anything I've ever heard of before--Barney--you're beautifully generous and kind and thoughtful and I do appreciate it--Bless you--always.

Things have come to a head here--and I'm moving out sometime before the first week in December--so I'll have a new address for you soon--living together just doesn't work--especially if one of the three happens to be Mary Carus--Such is life--I'm moving and will probably be staying with Creigh Collins. Do you remember

My love life is nil at the moment. I'm still fond of the same person that I spoke to you about--but he left last week for Mt. Ranier in Washington state. He has joined the ski patrol for something like three years so when I see him again we'll both probably be old and grey. He used to be the captain of the Dartmouth ski team and one of the best skiers in the East so I have no doubt that he shall make good.

I go on job hunting--wish me luck--so far I've had none--

I can't say you seemed terribly happy. What's the matter with Chicago U? Did you spend Thanksgiving in Chailevoix, or were you just hibernating?

Please let me know when you come to N.Y. I'd love to see you--

Be good Barney--have fun and please the next time music reminds you of me--let it be Shostakovitch's first symphony--not his fifth.

Thanks again for everything--

Love,

Teru

POTENTIAL SUBVERSIVE PERSONNEL:

ROSSET, BARNET L. Cpl.

Camp Adair, Oregon 2-17-43

<u>Complaint:</u>	<u>Surveillance</u>	<u>Mail Cover</u>
Suspected Subversion	Yes	Yes
Remarks: Subject wrote letter (air mail) to Teru Osato, 455 Webster Ave., Chicago, who with her sister, Sono Osato, are suspected of subversive activity.		

(UNTITLED)

[DELETED]

Basic: Ltr fr DID, 6th Service Command, dtd 1-21-43.

To: A Cofs, G-2, WDC & 4th Army Pres. of  
S.F. Calif. Subject: B. ROSSET, Pfc., Co. I  
363rd Inf. Camp Adair, Oregon, A.P.O. #96.

To: Intelligence Officer, Camp Adair, Oregon.

1. It is requested that Subject be placed under surveillance. . . .
2. It is also requested that a mail cover be placed in Subject's unit and the results forwarded to this office.

For the AC of S, G-2:

BORIS T. PASH  
Lt. Col., M.I.  
Chief, Counter-Intelligence Branch

TERU OSATO: (Letter to Barney Rosset, January 10, 1942)

Dearest Barney-

You're beautifully prompt. The money order got here before Sono even missed it.

It was sweet of you to call me. I was so tight I can't remember what I said--I hope I behaved well.

Where are you now and what are your plans? I wish you luck Barney--no matter what you do.

It was wonderful seeing you--I had a very nice time--

Be good and be well and write me soon. I still haven't read that pamphlet you gave me.

Love,

Teru

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REPORT OF THE COMMISSION ON WARTIME RELOCATION AND  
INTERMENT OF CIVILIANS: PERSONAL JUSTICE DENIED (1983) pages

The American Legion first demanded the removal of enemy aliens, but by late January and early February<sup>[12]</sup> the cry for removal of all ethnic Japanese had spread through Washington and Oregon. The Portland post of the Legion appealed for help in securing "the removal from the Pacific Coast areas of all Japanese, both alien and native-born, to points at least 300 miles inland," and resolved that "this is no time for namby-pamby pussyfooting, fear of hurting the feelings of our enemies; that it is not the time for consideration of minute constitutional rights of those enemies but that it is time for vigorous, whole-hearted and concerted action...." At least 38 Legion Posts in Washington passed resolutions urging evacuation.

These traditional voices of anti-Japanese agitation were joined by economic competitors of the Nikkei. The Grower-Shipper Vegetable Association was beginning to find a voice in January, although its bluntest statement can be found in a Saturday Evening Post article in May:

"We're charged with wanting to get rid of the Japs for selfish reasons. We might as well be honest. We do. It's a question of whether the white man lives on the Pacific Coast or the brown man. They came into this valley to work, and they stayed to

take over....If all the Japs were removed tomorrow, we'd never miss them in two weeks, because the white farmer can take over and produce everything the Jap grows. And we don't want them back when the war ends, either."

Through January and early February, the Western Growers Protective Association, the Grower-Shippers, and the California Farm Bureau Federation all demanded stern measures against the ethnic Japanese. All assured the newspapers and politicians to whom they wrote that the removal of the ethnic Japanese would in no way harm or diminish agricultural production....

This wave of self-assured demands for a firm solution to the "Japanese problem" encountered no vigorous, widespread defense of the Issei and Nissei. Those concerned with civil liberties and civil rights were silent. For instance, a poll of the Northern California Civil Liberties Union in the spring of 1942 showed a majority in favor of the evacuation orders.

West Coast politicians were not slow to demand action against ethnic Japanese. Fletcher Bowron, reform mayor of Los Angeles, went to Washington in mid-January to discuss with Attorney General Biddle the general protection of Los Angeles as well as the removal of all ethnic Japanese from Terminal Island in Los Angeles Harbor. By February 5, in a radio address, the Mayor was unequivocally supporting mass evacuation. In the meantime, all Nisei had been removed from the city payrolls. The Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors fired all its Nisei employees and adopted a resolution urging the federal government to transport all Japanese aliens from the

coast. Following Los Angeles, 16 other California counties passed formal resolutions urging evacuation; Imperial County required the fingerprinting, registration and abandoning of farming by all enemy aliens; San Francisco demanded suppression of all Japanese language newspapers. Portland, Oregon, revoked the licenses of all Japanese nationals doing business in the city. The California State Personnel Board ordered all "descendants" of enemy aliens barred from civil service positions, and Governor Olson authorized the State Department of Agriculture to revoke the produce-handling licenses of enemy aliens. Attorney General Warren found these measures unlawful, but he sympathized with their basic aim, laboring to persuade federal officials that the military should remove ethnic Japanese from what Warren thought sensitive areas on the West Coast.

In Washington, most West Coast Congressman and Senators began to express similar views, Congressman Leland Ford of Los Angeles taking the early lead. On January 16, 1942, he wrote the Secretaries of War and Navy and the FBI Director informing them that his California mail was running heavily in favor of evacuation and internment:

"I know that there will be some complications in connection with a matter like this, particularly where there are native born Japanese, who are citizens. My suggestions in connection with this are as follow: .

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1. That these native born Japanese either are or are not loyal to the United States.
2. That all Japanese, whether citizens or not, be placed in inland concentration camps. As justification for this, I submit that if an American born Japanese, is a citizen, is really patriotic and wishes to make his contribution to the safety and welfare of this country, right here is his opportunity to do so, namely, that by permitting himself to be placed in a concentration camp, he would be making his sacrifice and he should be willing to do it if he is patriotic and is working for us. As against his sacrifice, millions of other native born citizens are willing to lay down their lives, which is a far greater sacrifice, of course, than being placed in a concentration camp."

WAR DEPARTMENT: MILITARY INTELLIGENCE DIVISION

Subject: Barnet Lee Rosset, Jr., Cpl.

Investigation requested by . . . MIS, G-2, WD, Wash. D.C.

Character of investigation: Disaffection

Status of Case . . . R.U.C.

Reason For Investigation:

By letter dated 30 August 1943, investigation of Subject in this area was requested by the OAC of S, G-2, WDC & Fourth Army, Presidio of San Francisco, California. Subject allegedly communicated with two Japanese girls in New York, both of whom

are under suspicion as possible agents for Japan. Indices of OAC of S, G-2, WDC & Fourth Army, Presidio of San Francisco, California discloses information indicating possible Communist sympathies of subject. . . .

Details:

Fourteen Point Outline:

1. Personal Data:

Birth: Chicago, Illinois, 28 May 1922 (Memos A, M)  
 Present Age: 21  
 Description: Male, White 5'8 1/2", 150 pounds, blue eyes (Memos A, M)  
 Characteristics: Boyish, unusual resources, keen and habitual analyst, impetuous, courageous, popular, melancholy, intelligent, well-poised, well-mannered, loyal, mild and quiet, retiring, sober, level-headed, liberal, idealist (Memos A, B, C, D, E, F, G, I, K)  
 Marital Status: Unknown

2. Family Data:

Father: Barnet Rosset, executive, Metropolitan Trust Co., 11 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois (Memos A, M)

Adverse Information:

1. Subject mentioned in FBI report dated 7/23/42, by informants regarded by FBI as probably reliable, to be among a group of radical Jewish students at University of California at Los Angeles reportedly influenced by Communist documents and that this group has become pro-Communist in thought. (Memo M)

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2. Subject wrote Virginia Louise Walter expressing a desire to learn Russian and forwarding her Communistic literature on 6/4/42, some of which was determined to be:
- a. June 1942 issue of "The Communist," published by Workers Library Publishers, New York, N.Y.
  - b. "The Communist Manifesto" by Karl Marx and Friederich Engles.
  - c. "Attack Now! Knock Out Hitler in 1942" by Dave Grant.
  - d. "The Soviets Expected It" by Anna Louise Strong.
  - e. "International Literature," December 1938, published by the State Literary Art Publishing House, Moscow, U.S.S.R.
  - f. "Bright and Morning Star" by Richard Wright which first appeared as a story in the magazine "New Masses" in about the year 1938, the forward of this book written by James W. Ford.
3. [DELETED] Subject's friends are mentioned in FBI Report dated 1/23/42. They are further mentioned in FBI Report of 4/30/42. [DELETED] reported as Y.C.L. member who held "Free Browder" meetings. Literature secured from these men's apartments revealed [DELETED] subscribed to "People's World." Other literature found at the apartment was "In Fact," notes on publication of "Weekly Review," petitions for Earl Browder release and pamphlets entitled "Let Freedom Ring for Earl Browder."

ARTHUR C. HURT, JR.  
Major, M.I.  
Executive Officer, Intelligence Branch

RONALD STEEL: Walter Lippman and the American Century (1980)  
at 393-95.

Biddle's efforts to calm the situation had little effect. On February 19, 1942, Roosevelt authorized the War Department to set up military zones on the West Coast and remove any person it chose. Secretary of War Henry Stimson, who had said that "their racial characteristics are such that we cannot understand or even trust even the citizen Japanese," carried out the order through McCloy, Interior Under Secretary Abe Fortas, and the War Relocation Authority director, Milton Eisenhower. The army gave people of Japanese descent forty-eight hours to dispose of their homes and businesses (snatched by speculators for a fraction of their worth), herded them into trucks, and shipped them to federal "relocation centers" in remote areas of the West. Some 120,000 people, the majority of them American citizens, were confined to barracks surrounded by barbed-wire fences with searchlights mounted on watch-towers. Although they were never physically harmed, their only crime, like that of the Jews in the Nazi concentration camps, was their race.

Virtually no one protested....

BARNEY ROSSET:

Yeah, Teru was of half-Japanese descent. Her sister, Sono, became a famous ballerina. And her brother Timmie, was in the Nisei regiment in Italy. He gave the young Japanese men a chance to get out of the camps, by joining the Army. Tim didn't have to do that, but he did. And he got every medal himself personally, in his unit, it was possible to get, and after the war he came out a paratrooper sergeant. He, then, stayed in the regular Army, became an officer, taught history at West Point, as an officer, went to the war in Korea where he got the Silver Star for bravery. He finally became a captain, a major and so forth, and finally he went to the war in Vietnam and after that he committed suicide. The whole thing was just too much for him....

The sister, Sono, became a ballerina with the Ballet Russe in Monte Carlo and then became a Broadway star. After the war, she was in On The Town with Gene Kelly and something called One Touch of Venus, and so forth. And she married a guy named Victor Amalek, who is a father, and then himself, a wealthy importer: they got the Volkswagen franchise for the whole Eastern United States.

Now, during the war, Teru was married to a lieutenant commander in the Navy, and Victor Amalek, who Sono married, was in the Army as an enlisted man. Timmy was a member of the United States Army, and a part of this fancy regiment that eventually went off to Italy. And I was in the Army.

So in some of those reports it says they were known prostitutes who entertained armed forces personnel. Sure they did. I can remember going to a big Broadway musical with Teru's husband and a couple of his naval officer friends, and I mean it was very glamorous and wonderful because they had entry into all sorts of things, through Teru and Sono....

I saw Teru when I was in the Army. I was stationed in Oregon and I went to New York while she lived in New York. That was the only time. I saw her once, once during all those Army years. Then I saw her again after the war, when she was dying. . . . No, it upsets me, I loved her. . . . I liked her very much. And she died, of cancer, at the age of 32. She gave me her apartment. After she died, I, like, inherited it. And she was 32. I lived in it. In One Fulton Street, Brooklyn. After she died. . . . And Joan, Joan Mitchell, came to live with me there, too....

She was a Bennington girl. I didn't think of her being Japanese. I mean she looked half-Japanese. Very beautiful. And very amusing. And not at all Japanese. She didn't speak a word of Japanese, for example. I mean they were like me. I didn't learn Hebrew.

They didn't learn Japanese. And the father had not lived with them for many years. The father and mother separated.

She was poor. She was at Parker on scholarship. Frances, her mother had to live by dress-making and teaching French, but her mother was an incredible person who, I mean, well, her closest friends were the Lewisoohn (?) family, a family of hundreds of millions of dollars, I mean, literally. Her mother's best friend almost married Adlai Stevenson. And she was killed on a Parkway here. Frances was a remarkable person who had no money but somehow lived with the greatest sense of aristocratic bearing and pride....

Teru got married, she had a baby. I think she was quite content just to...I dunno, sort of be normal. Her life had been so strange...She had a bizarre life...suddenly she was just regular. Bizarre upbringing. Half-Japanese, when nobody else was, and a sister in the ballet. And all that, you know...I mean they were very proper people, and so forth, but strange. It was not secure, they never had any money. They were outcasts, in certain ways. And, I think, for her to get married to a guy from the Midwest, who was a regular guy, it was very safe, nice, middle class... She, I think, was happy just to stay that way. And I think she lived and died that way...

Her sister's autobiography was published last year. Sono's. She's still married to Victor Amalek...Lives in New York. He's the one that they claimed was the one who named me...I showed it to him, gave it to him, we had lunch, and I'm still puzzled...He did not give me any satisfactory answer. He said no, nobody had

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ever asked him about me...nothing. He couldn't imagine how that got there...Me being in air-mail communication, you know, with two suspected Japanese spies. And prostitute...His wife Sono...and...Teru....

CONVERSATION BETWEEN COL. PASH AND COL. QUINN, G-2, FOURTH  
ARMY CORPS.

June 2, 1943  
TIME: 1550 PWT

Q: \*\*\*\*and his name is ROCHESTER (?)

P: What is the name?

Q. ROSSET..

P: R-U what?

Q: R-O-S-S-E-T and he is a Corporal. However, he is a friend of Lt. Col. James ROOSEVFLT and I have on my desk here a letter from the White House to General BRADLEY 96 (?) Division requesting that something be done for the lad. He has his OCS or rather his Quartermaster. General BRADLEY transferred this man into the Quartermaster. So much for that. The man wanted to go to OCS, but he was under investigation, and he was under investigation which was initiated by the Sixth Service Command Post Office and the thing which he did was he sent an airmail letter to a couple of Japanese whores. That merely was forwarded to your office on January 21st of this year, a copy of which I have in front of me.

Now it would appear that the man was qualified for OCS but no vacancies will occur up until October, so now he has applied for the Army Specialized Training Program and within six (6) days he is due to go to some college. Now the point is that this man--we have put checks on him--and the Detachment Commander of the Detachment from the 96th Division is in my office now and what is the point of the whole thing is this man is still under investigation--or, it has closed so far as we are concerned--he is concerned--he has no more information. Now, as he is afraid for General Bradley that when General BRADLEY says "No, you can't go to College" he will want to know and he can't be told why. Consequently he will probably write to the White House to find out why. Now, what we are trying to do, Colonel, is to--what it amounts to in fact--is "passing-the-buck" to you.

P: Yes.

Q: I think you thought that was coming, didn't you?

P: Oh, yes.

Q: Well, actually, physically, we have got a stack of stuff here, that we have done, we have covered his mail for months, and the Detachment feels that they can get no more information, so, in accordance with our policy, actually we are through, and there are many undeveloped

things for the outside. Now, what we would like for you to do, if you will, we'll put this in the airmail to you, and if you consider that the statements by all the people in the case [deletion] His father was a partner-former partner--of ROOSEVELT and that's where this tie comes. And he's fine of--everything looks good except this airmail letter that he got from those two Japanese whores. He sent it to them. So it looks like he is okeh, however, in accordance with various W.D. letters we can't let him go to either of these schools unless the case is closed. So that's why we are sending it to you for you to look it over and if you feel that the case can be closed, okeh. If not, okeh

P: Could you give me his full name.

Q YES. BARNEY ROSSET. B-A-R-N-E-Y R-O-S-S-E-T.

P: He's a Corporal in the 96th Division.

Q: That's right. Corporal BARNEY ROSSET, Jr.

P: All right, Colonel, we'll look it up. I mean, we expect situations like that and I have been out of touch with the authorities so long that while I have perfect reverence for all our superiors I feel it's my duty to perform it regardless of any ties so I will look into it very impartially.

Q: Okeh, well listen, I'm going to airmail this thing to you and (direct mark) it to your attention and (rest indistinguishable)

P: All Right, sir. I'd appreciate it if you would put on the inner envelope "To be opened by" me.

Q: Okeh, sir.

P: All right, sir

Q: Thanks a lot, Colonel

P: Thank you very much, Colonel. Goodbye.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN COL. PASH AND GENERAL JOYCE, Commanding General, Ninth Service Command, 3 JUNE 1943, at 1105 PWT

J: Hello, Pash?

P: Yes, sir, General

J: Well, look here, what about that individual that was--  
that I had a telephone call about yesterday?

P: Well, sir, I had a call from Colonel QUINN, G-2 of the Fourth Army Corps, and we have checked through the files--we have reviewed the file and were in a position to inform Colonel QUINN this morning that there is no reason to hold the man under any investigative action and the man can be cleared for any future assignments.

J: I see. Well, that's all right then. I had a call from Washington about him, they want to send him to Camp Lee and so I just wondered. I called the 96th Division up there about it and they said that he was under investigation. Well, that startled me, because the call was relayed to me from a very high source in Washington.

P: Yes, I understand.

J: And--well, all right then, it's all clear?

P: Yes, sir. It was an investigation which originated outside of your service command and was carried into this Service Command and we have put a little tempo on it the last couple of days and have cleared it up so there is no reason to consider the man from an adverse point of view.

J: Was it--had it to do with German or--? between Russian people?

P: No, sir. I think it was just a misunderstanding with the man's youth causing more trouble in connection with some Japanese young ladies.

J: Oh.

P: But it was just youth I think more than subversive.

J: Oh, yes. Yes, yes, yes. Japanese people where?

P: In the United States.

J: Oh, yes. Well, then there is--the best of your belief is that there is just nothing to it.

P: That's right, sir

J: Well, then I'll act accordingly.

THE NEW YORK TIMES: December 25, 1982

HUNT SAYS C.I.A. HAD ASSASSIN UNIT--Watergate Figure Tells  
Of Small Group Set Up to Slay Double Agents--by John M.  
Crewdson (Special to the New York Times) Washington, Dec. 25-

E. Howard Hunt, Jr. the former Central Intelligence Agency officer who was convicted of helping carry out the 1972 Watergate break-in, says he was told in the mid-50's that the CIA had a small unit set up to arrange the assassination of suspected double agents and similar low-ranking officials.

In a recent interview at the Federal correctional institution at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida, where he is serving an eight year sentence imposed for his role in the Watergate conspiracy, Mr. Hunt said he recalled being told by the C.I.A. superiors in 1954 or 1955 that Boris T. Pash, an agency official, was in charge of the assassination unit....

But a committee spokesman said that no reference to Mr. Pash, an Army colonel who is understood to have died, had been included by the C.I.A. in the information on the agency's role in assassination plots supplied to the panel....

C.I.A. spokesman declined comment when asked whether Colonel Pash had ever been employed by the agency or what his capacity there might have been.

The Army's register of retired officers shows, however, that Colonel Pash left the service with an undescribed "permanent disability" in November 1957, about two years after Mr. Hunt said he first met the colonel....

BARNEY ROSSET:

It seemed to me the Communists were the people who were the most committed to doing something. I didn't particularly like them, but they were the most committed, they put everything on the line, and, I don't know, these were the people who said we'll do anything to accomplish getting rid of racism, monetary inequality and various things. Whether it was true or not was another thing. They were people who had been doing the same thing for years and years, who were in the tradition of radicalism....

I didn't know anything about the Communist Party, then. I mean I had read about it. The Communist party was very vague to me. Something that wasn't as vague was the Young Communist League. Which I was not a member of. There was the YCL and then there was the Young Peoples Socialist League...deadly enemies. The YCL would have been to the left of the students union. I really had no contact with them, that I know of. They existed and I was curious about them, but I didn't go looking for them....

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.: Free Speech in the United States  
at 384-397 (1969)

The Communist Party in 1934 organized a public meeting in Portland, advertised by handbills, to protest against the shooting of striking longshoremen by the police and against illegal raids on workers' halls and homes. Some members estimated that not over 15 per cent of those present were Communists. The meeting was conducted

in an orderly manner. De Jonge and the other speakers stuck closely to the subjects for which it was called, except for asking the audience to do more work in obtaining members for the party and to purchase some communist literature sold at the meeting; this did not advocate criminal syndicalism or any other unlawful conduct. While the meeting was in progress; it was raided by the police, who arrested De Jonge and several others who were conducting it....

De Jonge was indicted under the Oregon Syndicalism Act on the ground that on this specified day he "did then and there... conduct and assist in conducting an assemblage of persons, organization, society and group, to-wit: the Communist Party,... which said assemblage of persons, organizations, society and group did then and there...teach and advocate the doctrine of criminal syndicalism and sabotage...." His defense was that the meeting was public and orderly and held for a lawful purpose; and that neither criminal syndicalism nor any unlawful conduct was taught or advocated at the meeting either by him or by others. The evidence at the trial, as already summarized, failed to show anything unlawful done or spoken at the meeting. The prosecution proceeded to introduce communist literature found somewhere else to show that the party advocated criminal syndicalism. De Jonge, on the theory that the charge was that unlawful doctrines were urged at the meeting, moved for an acquittal, which was denied. So he was convicted and sentenced to seven years in prison. De Jonge was a Communist anyhow, and that was enough. All I can think of is the remark of an aristocratic Kentuckian in post-Reconstruction days, that when he saw a Negro out after dark he always shot him because he knew he wasn't out for any good.

HAROLD LASSWELL AND DOROTHY BLUMENSTOCK: WORLD REVOLUTIONARY PROPOGANDA

There is no question about the alertness and self-sacrifice of Communists during the depression. Since they specialized in the circulation of protest symbols long before the depression began, they were able to respond quickly to the changes in the environment, striving to leap to the forefront of mass protest and to capture it for Communist slogans:...

The Unemployed Councils, chief agencies of Communist activity among the unemployed, can be credited with getting prompt results on several occasions when relief cuts were made or threatened. In certain cases there was nothing more tangible than a rumor that relief cuts were imminent, and protest demonstrations were organized at once.

However undecided we may be about the net effect of Communist propaganda on the position of the unemployed within the income pyramid, we may be sure that Communist propaganda increased self-deference among the unemployed, and deference toward the unemployed on the part of other elements in the community. Communist propaganda put the blame for economic distress on the "system" and not the "individual," thus rejecting an axiom of America's individualistic symbolism. The intensity of the personal crises which were precipitated by the deprivations of the depression were alleviated when the sufferers attributed responsibility to forces outside themselves (especially when they failed to recognize that such symbols were part of a counter-mores symbolism). Communist propaganda often utilized methods

which brought the unemployed to the focus of public attention and increased the extent to which they were taken into consideration in public affairs. Communist propaganda contributed to the appearance of spokesmen of the unemployed as factors to be reckoned with by relief and other authorities. As before, we must set against this result the hostility which was directed against the unemployed because of their association with "radicalism."

It seems probable that the Communist Party exercised an important influence in restricting the amount of violence against persons and property during the depression.... Illegal acts began to occur in more organized ways. When there were evictions, committees were sent to restore the furniture. Where gas or electricity was shut off, Unemployed Council electricians made the necessary connections, leaving their sign: "This light has been connected by the Unemployed Council."

BARNEY ROSSET:

Many of the things that Roosevelt did then would be considered Communist today. And there was an enormous thing against him. I mean he was called Rosenfeld or Jewfeld....

When Jack Ellison was interviewed in the Army, about me, he said, "Well, if Roosevelt is a Communist I guess you could say that Barney is a Communist." Roosevelt was, at that point, President. Well, there were many people in the United States who thought President Roosevelt was a Communist.

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J. EDGAR HOOVER: Confidential Memorandum on Meeting with  
President Franklin D. Roosevelt, August 24, 1936.

I likewise informed the President that I had received information to the effect that the Communist Internationale in Moscow had recently issued instructions for all Communists to vote for President Roosevelt and against Governor Landon because of the fact that Governor Landon is opposed to class warfare....

SELECT COMMITTEE TO STUDY GOVERNMENTAL OPERATIONS  
WITH RESPECT TO INTELLIGENCE ACTIVITIES: FINAL  
REPORT BOOK III, pp. 391-94

A. The 1936 Roosevelt Directive

In August 1936, President Roosevelt issued the first of a series of instructions establishing the basic domestic intelligence structure and policies for the federal government. The President used his executive authority to determine which of the several competing civilian agencies of the government would carry out domestic intelligence investigations, to set up machinery for coordination between military intelligence and the FBI, and to lay down the general objectives of domestic intelligence going beyond criminal investigation. From the beginning Roosevelt "desired the matter to be handled quite confidentially." When Attorney General Homer Cummings submitted to the President a joint FBI-military plan for domestic intelligence in 1938, he advised that additional legislation was not required and that the plan "should be handled in strictest confidence."

\* \* \*

Thus the President's orders were kept secret, and Congress was deliberately excluded from the policymaking process until after war broke out in Europe in 1939....

MEMORANDUM FOR THE OFFICER IN CHARGE:

SUBJECT: BARNET LEE ROSSET, JR. Cpl.

[DELETED] Swarthmore College, interviewed on 9 September, 1943, at his place of business, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, in connection with the disaffection investigation of SUBJECT who is reported to be in mail communication with persons suspected of being espionage agents for Japan.

Informant stated in substance:

"I recall BARNET LEE ROSSET very well. He was known here as BARNEY. He was a member of the Student's Union. His father is a wealthy Chicago manufacturer, and BARNEY is a spoiled child. . . .

"BARNEY's father impressed me very favorably. I understand he is quite wealthy, and is a successful member of the Board of Trade in Chicago. It is my impression that he has probably been too good to his son.

"One day he and another male student decided they would run away. They got an automobile somehow - we did not allow them to have a car at college - and started for Florida. Somewhere along the way they changed their minds and decided to return. I had telephoned to BARNEY's father in the meantime. The father came quite quickly, and the boys returned to school within a week. This an example of how wild he was.

"BARNEY never did very well in his studies. He could get by on the intelligence he was born with, but he never studied much. He was more of the 'hell-raising' type. For example, one day some of the students dared him to walk across the dam in his bare feet. This dam we have here is quite rough, and as a result BARNEY's feet were all cut and had to be treated."

"BARNEY was over emotional and temperamental. His father told me that the boy was restless and impatient at Swarthmore because of the fact that he was not as big a figure or as important as he had been at high school."

"In spite of all this I liked BARNEY. He was a 'hell-raiser' in a physical sense only. I never heard of him saying anything against his country or its form of government. . . . We have had radical students, and we have had a few Communists but I would not class BARNEY with them, and he never traveled with them."

"When I visited Chicago, I had a talk with the President of Francis Parker High School of that city. BARNEY had attended there. The President told me that he found it necessary to suppress the American Student Union activities in the school because of the radical ideas being put in the young student's minds."

BARNEY ROSSET:

The teacher who put the bug in our ear, intentionally or unintentionally, about that flag on the school tower-- really, to us it was more like a pirate flag but say, red--was Jim Mitchell. Like Joan...but, I mean, they weren't related. He said: "Well, if you want to have a revolution, why don't you start here?" So we took over the school as a sort of a prank. We did that, and then it enraged this Stuyvessant Van Buren, "Steve," and Ben Roselle and others, and Steve Van Buren was a militarist. He had guns. And he came to school with a gun in his hand and went up the stairs of the school. When Haskell and I were at the top of the staircase and I saw him coming up at me with a gun, a pistol. And I said, "Ah, come on, Steve, knock it off." See, Haskell was goin' to fight with him. I went and said, "Ah, come on, this is ridiculous! You know, you're my friend. What is this? A big joke!" And he dropped it. And that ended it....I was terrified. I saw the gun. I said this is going too far....But in a very naive, a rather sweet way....

Ben Roselle turned out to be the most wounded person in all of World War II. He was shot something like 300 times, in Saipan or somewhere. And the other two were killed in the South Pacific.

They all were of families from the Daughters of the American Revolution. And, I mean, of course, their parents got upset, when there was any hint of radicalism. But they weren't stupid people, these parents....

Jim Mitchell was the most radical of the teachers, and he was thrown out quietly. 'Cause there was a mixture of his being...you know, you could throw him out legitimately for being an alcoholic. Although we weren't too aware of that. And actually, after that, he became the head minister, of a perfectly conservative prep school. Years later. But he was, I think, the most overtly radical. It was he who took our class to the steel strike thing. He took his class to that, Memorial Day, they were right there when it happened....

When he left, we liked him very much, I mean the students had a great deal of affection for him. All of them. And so the interesting thing that happened about him was at the end of our school year. You were supposed to choose a speaker from outside. The senior class had the prerogative to have a guest speaker. And we chose him. Even though he'd been thrown out. And the Principal, Smith, said "No, you can't do that! This year, the students and the parents will decide." So we talked our parents into choosing him--to his utter astonishment. So then he said, "No, this year it will be still different--the speaker will be chosen by me and the students and the parents." So, in that case we said: "We won't have any speaker." And we didn't.

JACK ELLISON:

And uh...it wasn't suppressed, it was...quietly...uh...quietly negated...by making it.... Well, two things happened. One is it was put under the sponsorship of somebody who thought...you know, who could see to it....I forget all the ways it was hedged in. But very soon after that we were in the war. And that changed everything....

Well, we did what we could....No, not as much as we could have. We thought, afterward, at those meetings that were held, maybe some of us could have spoken up more-though I'm not sure that uh...with the parent body, feeling the way they did, and with the Principal feeling the way he did....Now, the way he did, was, I'm sure, he...uh...didn't want to rock the boat....But, he was no radical but...so...okay. Yeah, we did! Matter of fact I was...uh graded for one year, without pay.(?)

And Barney and Haskell called me, and they wanted this teacher of theirs, Jim Mitchell, to be speaker at their Commencement. And it was such an uproar about having him that a number of parents had the Principal decide that it was unwise to go ahead. And so they got somebody--the music teacher who they liked very much--to play--and he played--the Processional I think. But James Mitchell sent a telegram, which Barney very proudly read--during Commencement. Typical Barney, getting in his digs, at the same time. I was very much for the students on that....

MEMORANDUM TO OFFICER IN CHARGE

Subject: BARNET LEE ROSSET, JR., Pvt. 7 September 1943

Re: Interview with T/4 Jack L. Ellison

In compliance with request in Lead Sheet, dated 28 August, 1943, from Director of Intelligence Division, 8' SE ASP Dallas, Texas, the undersigned agent, this date, interviewed T/4 Jack L. Ellison, ASN 36355529, 10th Hq. Sp. Troops, 3rd Army, Fort Bliss, Texas, re Subject.

Sgt. Ellison stated that he remembered subject well as he (subject) was one of the best graduates in the school. Sgt. Ellison said that he did not think subject was particularly radical, but was very progressive and brilliant and would speak up for any ideal he thought was right. Subject was from a very rich family....and always had plenty of money and his own car, which some of the students and their families disapproved of; also some of the parents thought Subject radical in his being for the New Deal, as the majority of them were Republicans. Sgt. Ellison said subject did belong to the American Students Union and that the members were all for helping China, Loyalist Spain, and for boycotting Japan....

Charles C. Cox

Sgt. 38215523

Agent, S-2 Office

ALFRED ADLER:

In the last year of Barney, the ruling was that there isn't going to be a meeting of the A.S.U. unless there is a faculty advisor who is present. And then, of course, everybody who had any sense knew that this was the end of it, naturally. And the one who was supposed to be present--the faculty advisor--was Miss Hazel Cornell. She would stare, you know, she was very vertical. I mean, she was in love with verticalism. And she...oh boy! And, of course, when they came into her class they were paralyzed, you see. And, so that Principal, Mr. Smith, knew nothing would happen in that class during that meeting, as long as she was there. Only one thing happened: nobody came any more....

Clay Judson--a very very very conservative Southern gentleman--was the President of Francis Parker. He was a lawyer, Mr. Judson, it was an old family. Clay is a family name, but he had, his first name was Clay. Unfortunately, he was not very lucky with his children. A girl was very much in love with a person who is now an elderly gentleman lawyer in New York, okay, and Washington. Franz Oppenheimer. And the girl never got over that love affair. I understand they still see each other, occasionally....And then a boy was 100 percent schizophrenic, you see. Incurable schizophrenic. And, of course, some of the people said that that kind of father was responsible--because he discontinued the A.S.U., or something like that. Especially there was one teacher who

said that, Sarah Greenbaum was her name. She was a card-carrying Communist, you see. And there was James Mitchell, a card-carrying Communist. And there was said to be quite a group....Only, of course, the reason why, probably....I didn't have any trouble with that, I had trouble with sex, you see. Mainly, I went too far in the opinion of people....

Hazel Cornell, she's upstairs, in the Social Studies, the one who is so straight. By the way, she liked the boys much more than the girls. The girls had to sit, in her class, in front, in a row, or two rows, so that they're right under her nose, you see. Whereas the boys could be a little further behind and she was more tolerant toward the boys. I think she's still alive, in her nineties.... Hazel Cornell.

BARNEY ROSSET:

Take this woman Hazel Cornell. She taught in the seventh grade. I arrived at Parker in the middle of the seventh grade. My school had closed, Gateway. Something radicalizes you, you know, when you're at a school that you love, early and you go there one day, in the middle of the winter, in the middle of the week, and they say there'll be no school tomorrow. That was a terrible blow. I was not political there. Unless you call idolizing John Dillinger political. But once I got to Parker, there was this very conservative woman teacher, Hazel Cornell,

who did something very interesting. The classroom floor was laid, the city of Chicago was carved into the floor, each ward. You know, usually kids don't learn about their city like that. And she was very interested in government as such: You should know who you're working with; you should learn your social science from the ground up. And she divided the class into groups and we all went out and we interviewed our ward aldermen and so on. We really learned the mechanics of the city. Because she felt we lived in a democracy. This was now from a very old fashioned Republican point of view.

You live in a city and the city is divided into wards and this is where they are and there are different kinds of people in them and they're run by different kinds of people. Now go out and meet them and come back and write papers. And that we did. She certainly wasn't radical by any term we would know. And I say Haskell detested her because she was very stodgy and wanted her facts straight and so on. I thought that was a very good experience and it opened my eyes more to political nuances. I learned about Republicans and Democrats and crooks and thieves. The alderman that I went to was a murderer, a convicted murderer. Patty Bowler was his name, or something. A convicted murderer or not, he remained the alderman. And he ran a bar. But the man was interesting....

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: Jan. 13, 1934

POLITICAL CHIEF DIES SUDDENLY

AS TRIAL NEARS

In Hospital 2 Weeks

with Appendicitis

Moe Rosenberg, Democratic committeeman of the 24th ward, died suddenly at 3:50 p.m. yesterday in the Frances Willard hospital after an embolism [blood clot] formed in the heart. He underwent an emergency operation for appendicitis on New Year's day.

Rosenberg, who was 44 years old, was taken to the hospital the night of Dec. 31, and the operation and his subsequent death precluded his trial in federal court on charges of income tax evasion. The trial had been set for Jan. 2, and a report on Rosenberg's condition was to have been made to Federal Judge James H. Wilkerson next Monday.

### Nephew Tells of Death

Less than two hours before Rosenberg's death attending physicians had announced that the patient was "resting comfortably."

Michal Rosenberg Jr., Rosenberg's nephew, who was alone at the bedside when the end came, said his uncle had been lying quietly in his bed. Suddenly, he said, Rosenberg rose to a sitting position.

"I want air--give me air"! Rosenberg gasped, according to his nephew. The the stricken man fell back and was dead in a few moments ....

Informed of her husband's death, Mrs. Rosenberg collapsed. She was taken to her home by her son, Norman, and Mort Kallis, a brother-in-law of Rosenberg.

Ald. Jacob M. Arvey [24th], a close friend and political associate of Rosenberg, arrived at the hospital soon after the death was announced....

After Rosenberg's death yesterday Dr. Marmor issued the following statement:

"Death was due, first of all, to appendicitis. In addition there was chronic colitis. When Mr. Rosenberg came to the hospital he had an embolism in the left leg. This traveled to the left lung, with a resultant pulmonary embolism. One of the heart muscles weakened and a third embolism took place directly in the heart."

THE NEW YORK TIMES: March 13, 1934

'CONFESSION' BARES GRAFT IN CHICAGO

Reported Statement by Junk Dealer, Now Dead, Names  
Democratic Leaders.

TELLS OF \$500,000 FUND

Cermak, City and County Officeholders and Legislators  
Listed as Beneficiaries

Special to The New York Times

CHICAGO, March 12--In an alleged confession made by Moe Rosengerg before he died, on Jan 12, and made public today, the charge is made that he divided \$500,000 among Chicago, Cook County and Illinois politicians. Rosenberg was a city Democratic leader....

The alleged confession, which names the late Mayor Cermak, Alderman and legislators as among the recipients of cash, was reported as made to the government at Washington on Dec. 27. At that time Rosenberg faced trial for concealing an income of more than \$500,000 in 1929 and 1930....

Because he had not kept the money which he averred he had distributed, Rosenberg is alleged to have told the government, he did not feel that he should have paid income tax on it. On this plea he asked the government to drop the case against him, which was set for trial in the Federal courts on Jan. 2.

Rosenberg was taken ill here and died on Jan. 12 after an operation for appendicitis....

Rosenberg is reported to have told the authorities that almost all of his income came from the junk business, the Rosenberg Iron and Metal Company. He is reputed to have stated that he obtained more than 90 per cent of all the utility junk business in Cook County and all the junk business of the Insull utility companies in Illinois. He was able to buy this junk on his own terms and to sell it at an enormous profit. Then he would make donations to candidates for office, particularly when legislation affecting the traction companies and the Illinois Bell Telephone Company was pending.

He told the government, according to The Chicago American that he never gave checks and never took receipts and paid the money in cash. Four of the Aldermen mentioned are dead.

HASKELL WEXLER:

I had applied to Swarthmore. They wouldn't let me in. There were two things. One is that Barney came in under their quota of Jews, believe it or not. Swarthmore could only take--I think it was--two Jews from the Midwest. And they had him, you see. I found that out from some guy that I met at Admissions, later on. Even though, you could say, Barney was only half Jewish, he counted for a full Jew, right?

I went to Berkeley, the University of California. After six months, I got kicked out for political activities. A big hoo-hah! A big case on the campus. I was leading the American Students Union and, then, I was very active. They had banned the American Students Union from meeting on the campus and I was living in a boarding house. So I asked the head of my boarding house if we could meet in the boarding house when we had a meeting of all the guys in our boarding house. I said, "Look! I want the Students' Union to have a meeting in our boarding house." And so they said "Okay!" So, we called a meeting in the boarding house and, before people came to the meeting, Joe Hill, who's the guy who ran the boarding house, that

was his name, said: "Lookit! Dean Stone said that if you guys meet in this boarding house they're going to withdraw university approval for the boarding house." So then I went to what they called the ASUC which is the student government meeting which is, like, the next day. The student government of the U. of Cal., it's very strong, you know. And I reported that. I said, "They've not only stopped us from meeting on campus, they won't even let us meet off campus, in our boarding house. Now, next thing they're gonna want us off the one-mile limit." That's where the bar places were, the gin mills. "They'll stop us from meeting in the gin mills, one mile off!"

Dean Stone was at the meeting so I just accused him right to his face. So, then Marguerite Higgins was a reporter for the Daily Californian. She said, "I'm writing this story. Come to the D. Cal. office and tell me everything that happened." So I sat down and told her. And she said, "Let's call up Joe Hill and get this verified and it's gonna be a great story, Haskell!" And she was very sympathetic. And we called up Joe Hill and Joe Hill says, "I don't know what you're talking about. Dean Stone never said anything like that to me." I said, "Joe, you told me that."

So that was it: out of school. I was bounced out of school. And they didn't carry the story, Marguerite Higgins' story about us, either.

NEW YORK TIMES: November 27, 1939

DIES IS TOLD REDS RUN TEACHER UNION

Control Here is Called Strong--Mrs. Roosevelt  
Says She is Willing to Testify

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27--Charges that New York City Local No. 5 of the American Federation of Teachers was controlled by Communists, that the entire federation appeared to be likewise dominated and that the American Student Union was the vehicle used to spread Communist doctrine in many colleges of the country, were made by three witnesses today before the House committee investigating un-American activities.

The testimony was offered as Mrs. Roosevelt told her weekly press conference, in response to a question, that she would be willing to testify before the committee if asked, but was not volunteering nor seeking to be called. Her comment arose from a recent suggestion of Alfred W. Lilienthal, vice chairman of the Provisional Committee for American Youth, that Mrs. Roosevelt appear before the committee and defend her support of the American Youth Congress, which he held to be under Communist influence.

\* \* \*

The student union was described by Major Hampden Wilson as the vehicle used by the Communist party to spread its doctrine among students in colleges of the country. Major Wilson, lent to the committee by the Veterans Administration, presented a summary

of an eight-months study of Communist activity in fifty educational institutions in forty-two states.

He characterized the union as a "secretive organization," and said that professors who sponsored it were "universally characterized as red, pink or so-called liberal." He added that, "according to common report," many leaders of locals of the American Federation of Teachers throughout the country were trying "zealously" to comply with instructions issued by the Communist party.

He listed six other methods which, he declared, were used by the party to spread its doctrine in educational institutions, these including free-speech and "peace" strikes, encouraging of students to picket and otherwise participate in off-campus industrial disputes, formation of so-called liberal clubs seeking the revamping of study courses "to show the glories of communism in Russia," and infiltration into parent-teacher associations and other school groups by party members.

\* \* \*

Joseph P. Lash, national secretary of the American Student Union, made the following statement in reply to testimony given before the Dies committee yesterday:

"The American Student Union is no more a transmission belt for Communism than it is for Republicanism, New Dealism, or Moslemism. We are not dominated by Communists nor have we ever expressed any beliefs in, or sympathies for, Communism.

"Our aim has been to voice the student's concern for his own and his country's welfare. With the world sick, deathly

sick, this is the last moment to limit the rights of students to organize and discuss problems of social policy.

"The A.S.U. has time and again been mentioned by hostile witnesses before the Dies committee. We trust opportunity will be given us to present our side of the case."

JACK ELLISON: Letter to Barney Rosset, Oct. 7, 1940

556 Arlington Pl.  
Sunday

Dear Barney:

Thanks for the letter, though the news therein is pretty bad. It seems just like a continuation of our last conversation. As I said then, tactics are a matter of local situations but I do have certain suggestions some of which you may have already carried out. Certainly, the first thing to do, is to get in touch with the Philadelphia District Office: perhaps a meeting could be arranged which would convince those who want to withdraw, that they are splitting the youth movement at a very critical period. It is true that the A.S.U. will be less and less popular with the powers-that-be as we move nearer to war, but, by holding to a strong anti-war position, it can provide leadership for young people, when other youth organizations betray them.

I do think you and Hugo should set-up an A.S.U. chapter if the other groups won't compromise. If they have the only organization for liberal and radical students on the campus and their organization takes a pro-British line then the whole campus is without leadership for peace. I believe the Wilkie-Roosevelt stand is less important to stress. You could omit

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that from your platform (it will be over 4 or 5 weeks till the election) and as individuals try to show Roosevelt's warlike policies and his desertion of the New Deal. Once the election is over and the argument of the 'lesser evil' is gone, then it will be easier I believe to point out F.D.R.'s new line. It will be harder at the same time, to influence him, however.

There is always the possibilities of an American Peace Mobilization group on your campus if that should seem the better step: it doesn't go as far as the A.S.U. but it is militantly opposed to war and for civil rights--and that's a lot--these days. The main thing is that there should be a peace organization on the campus because the young people are still the clearest on the subject of War. Also, point-out just where the "communist-dominated" argument has led, over and over again, France and Germany being spectacular examples. The latest New Masses - Oct. 8, has three splendid articles, relating to this; one on the retreat of the Liberals by Silles: one on the Chinese 8th Route Army, and one on the war and the U.S. I'm sure you'd find them worth reading.

School is well on its way: and all is calm so far. The A.S.U. has had two meetings. Patsy Eills is the new President. It seems rather half-hearted and I wouldn't be surprised if it results in a small and normally active chapter at Parker with a few people working closely with the District Office. At the second meeting, there were some efforts to disrupt the meeting with 'baiting' questions from Midge Wolfner mainly. Unfortunately, these showed the lack of a clear understanding of the structure of the A.S.U. on the part of the members and I had to speak which was not so good for an impartial advisor. The 11th and 12th grades are being loaded with academic work and that

seems to occupy most of their time.

The 9th grade is swell. I find each year how boundless are the potentialities of young people: and then, how little we can offer them as goals. These kids are very hardworking and intelligent, and have a fine group spirit. I have a Wexler, a Polin and a Kohn so it seems like a tie to last year.

I had a swell letter from Haskell, who sounds happy and busy. He is doing well in all subjects except Botany which he hates. He is having a particularly good time in public speaking. Shirley, I understand, is rather lonely in the deep south. About the rest, I haven't heard as yet.

Say hello to Hugo for me and also Peter, (just a dumb remark!)

Sincerely

Jack Ellisson

P.S. Parker played their first games, Saturday. A team won B team lost. The A team game was very exciting, every body played well; Frank Simpson did some swell running.

JACK ELLISON: Letter to Barney Rosset, dated Dec. 9, 1940

Sunday

Dear Barney:

I think I've kept you waiting long enough for an answer. When I realize that your letter was written the night Franklin D. was reelected President, I realize how much can happen in little more than a month. Does the speed with which we are moving toward war and fascism bring forth all your pessimism or do you find hopeful signs? I saw the Soviet film 'The Great Beginning' the other day and that made me much more hopeful. It's a wonderful film, so youthful and confident. It seems to me that only a people who felt deeply and sincerely that they were moving ahead in a social order that had regard for the decency and possibilities of human beings, could have made such a movie. It is such a contrast to the pessimism (but greater artistry) of the French film. This Soviet film has all the strengths and all the weaknesses of the U.S.S.R. and so is a good evaluation of what they are doing.

I also found Chaplin's 'Great Dictator' very swell. Of course, there is the last speech which is a nice blow at those who had hoped for a film which would stir up war hysteria. It left our downtown theatre after

only two weeks showing though box-office receipts were very good. I understand that there is great pressure being put on Chaplin to remove the last speech before the film goes to the smaller theatres.

School moves on, Now we are busy helping those less fortunate than ourselves and the school is full of Mamas. I'd like to know if they are doing as good a job as they did last year of determining how radical we are. The A.S.U. has revived somewhat and held two meetings last week. Bob Adams is the new chairman since Patsy Eills resigned. They are putting on a morning Ex. next week on the need for a 4 year City College in Chicago. They held a meeting at Jean Stern's one Sunday and had someone from the District Office there to discuss program with them. This proved to be a boomerang and all the subtle restrictions of the famed document came forth. It seems Miss Cornell and I have to give our consent to any meeting or have to be invited. Also we have to say whether they can have a person from the District come and speak to them. The grumbles of protest sounded just like last spring.

Jean Stern tells me you are finding Swarthmore somewhat more bearable. Which is a good thing since you are there at least for this year. I should think you could get some value out of it, if only in the reading which you can use according to your own

interpretation. I've always felt there were too few people who had much wide knowledge to back up their point of view. That's where Mr. Mitchell has such an advantage over his opponents--they can't beat him down on facts. From this point of view almost any knowledge is worth having: though I suspect that it is pretty sad as it appears in philosophy lectures etc.

I'm certainly looking forward to seeing you at vacation time. There is some news about school mainly centering around student Govt. which has become the focal point for rebellion this year. And the kids are putting up a pretty good fight.

My best to Hugo and Peter.

Yours,

Jack Ellison

QUENTIN YOUNG:

Barney liked Jack Ellison, that's the big one. Yeah, he liked Ellison a lot. I think that kind of person really, in a rush, made up for father, mother, religion, identity--he gave him a real cause....

ALFRED ADLER:

Ellison, well uh...he's worth knowing. He's a Canadian gentleman. He was an aristocrat, you know. He graduated from the University of Toronto, and when he came and taught at the Francis Parker School, definitely, for many years, a Leftist. And, a charming person whom the kids--especially adolescents--liked very much. He was as insecure as the kids who liked him. He was the permanently Insecure Adolescent, you see. And then, they finally made him Principal. And he was Principal for six years, and had one nervous breakdown after the other, during those six years, you see. But that was too much, to deal with the so-called Important Mothers--the Important Mothers--those who held the money and said this has to happen, this! This one has to be fired, this one has to be hired, and so on....

And he is a person who really also believes in the sanctity of life, I mean, and the important functioning of an individual, and not only the academic subjects, you see. He's still in Chicago. His wife, he married...Emily, a very fine woman, but she died, you see....

He was important to Barney but, Barney only would have wanted him to be a little more forceful.... He had children, boy and girl....Already, grandchildren were coming along and his wife was known to be a Communist, you see...Emily....And, of course, there was one woman who belonged to the educational council...and said: "Before we vote on whether we want Mr. Ellison as principal, we have to tell the group that for a while he was card-carrying." And there, I must say, John Holabird, the father--conservative as he was otherwise--he put his foot down and said "No. That is not necessary, or, even if you do it, it should not be in any way a hindrance."

HASKELL WEXLER:

Letter to Barney Rosset, May 20, 1941

[Envelope addressed: Rocky Rock-in-the-foot Rosset Swarthmore College? Swarthmore, Penna(tentiary)]

Dear Barney,

Just spent my first day in Chicago. Quite a city. Dirty, with slums and poor people and everything. Just like not in the movies.

We left Berkeley at six A.M. in the morning Friday and pulled in 10:30 Chicago time Sunday. There were four of us, one living in Storm Lake Iowa and another in York Nebraska. A look at the map will tell you these locations are a little out of the way. We slept five hours the first night and the second we slept until 11 A.M. Did

930 miles the first day. In other words, to get down to the point, I'm bragin'. We made good time--racing across the country for what-Chicago? Shit.

Fred Vast, head of the Cal Campus Committee for Peace Mobilization came all the way in to Chi with me. Showed him around Parker. Read some editorials you wrote back in the days when men were men and Miss Cornell a liberal.

Speaking of Cornell I haven't shit for two days now....

There is much too much to be done here and now in America, among the people we know and in the places where we have contacts to be running off on some hedonistic adventure. True perhaps, as you point out, if America is going fascist we won't stop the movement. But whether it be fact or modesty which makes you think we are insignificant, one must admit we have something to give and who can deny how much we have to learn!

Talked with Al Rubio, Ruth Brandstetter, Brit Harris-- and Chauncy general concensus (confirmed by my brother) Parker and the traditions of progressive education has been blown to, if I may pun Smithereens.

The AYC convention July 4 sounds like it ought to be something. That's all the paper. Shouldn't have double spaced. Keep that foot out of your mouth.

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BARNEY ROSSET:

It was the end of the student movement. I know that record says they tried to suppress the A.S.U., at Parker. But it was not going anywhere. A dead end. And I was saying, what the hell! It's all over anyway. But Haskell was saying no, no!

I was a hedonist, no doubt about it. I was lazy and I didn't want to spend all my time with a lot of these people I didn't like. And it was hard....I mean, I always had trouble being around any large number of these people. They drove me crazy. They were so fucking boring....

And everyone saying it was Communist. I didn't think that was bad. It was run by rather conservative people, until the very end. Like Jimmy Wexler of the New York Post; Joseph Lash, who was a protege of Eleanor Roosevelt--they ran it. Well, they were called Communists. So was President Roosevelt! Allard Lowenstein was called a Communist. At the same time, he was a CIA agent....There was a very virulent thing in the U.S., at that time--nothing like it became later, with McCarthy and Cohn and Schine and so on--but still a very anti-liberal or anti-left thing, which went under the heading of anti-Communists....

At Parker, the A.S.U. at that time...being suppressed. Sure it was but, you know, Parker was a part of the world.

Biographical Notes

Alfred Adler:

Born in Vienna, Austria, received degree in Romance Philology from the University of Vienna. Taught at the Francis Parker School in Chicago, the University of California at Berkeley, and the Brooklyn College of City University of New York, where he was Professor of Education. Author of books on literature and Education And The Individual.

Haskell Wexler:

Cinematographer of One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest, Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf, Days of Heaven, In The Heat of The Night, American Graffiti, Coming Home, Introduction to the Enemy, Brazil: A Report on Torture, Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang, Land of Our Birth, and Underground--which featured interviews with fugitive Weathermen whom Wexler filmed from behind, for their own protection; writer-director of Medium Cool; producer of The Loved One. He has won two Academy Awards for his camera work.

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Quentin Young:

Medical Director of Cook County Hospital,  
Chicago.

Jack Ellison:

Born in a small town in Canada, attended  
a teacher-training school in Ontario  
and the Graduate Teachers College of  
Winnetka (Illinois); joined the Francis  
Parker School Faculty in 1937 as a  
teacher of English and social studies  
in the ninth and twelfth grades, where  
he introduced a cultural anthropology  
course, the first in an American secondary  
school. Was principal of Francis Parker  
from 1967 to 1972.

Joan Mitchell:

Studied at Smith College, Art Institute  
of Chicago and Columbia University.  
Lived in Europe 1948-49. Returned to  
New York 1950; painted in studio, St.  
Marks Place. Attended meetings at The  
Club, frequenting Cedar Tavern (with  
Willem de Kooning, Philip Guston, Franz  
Kline et al.) Travelled to Paris 1955;  
in the circle of Jean-Paul Riopella,  
Kimber Smith, Shirley Jaffee. Moved to  
Vetheuil, France, 1964. Honorary Doctorate,  
Ohio Wesleyan College, 1971. Dealer,

of war communications research, at Library of Congress. Lectured at New School for Social Research and became Edward J. Phelps Professor of Law and Political Science at Yale Law School. Wrote a large number of influential books and developed, in association with others, the notion of "policy sciences"--an amalgam of law, political science, sociology and psychology into one great overarching discipline on public choice and decision-making.

Richard Wright:

Born in 1908 near Natchez, Mississippi, was the son of a Negro farm and mill worker and a country school teacher. After "bumming all over the country," working at what he could get, he turned up in Chicago in 1934, and there joined the John Reed Club and won a place on the Federal Writer's Project in 1935. Wrote for the New Masses and in 1938 won Story magazine's prize for best story written by a worker on the Writer's Project with the novelette Uncle Tom's Children. Wrote Native Son in eight months in Brooklyn, selected as Book