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Quorum pars parva fui

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The trial of Socrates will serve as a classical precedent, if there must be one, for the paradox that so often has marked societies which approximate democracy in their government: that is, where the state is the collective body of its individuals, and yet where the individual is theoretically supreme as against the state, still the state from time to time finds it expedient to compel from the individual actions or public statements of loyalty which may in fact violate the the conscience of the individual and therefore the fundamental principle of the state. The parallel with Socrates is less than absolutely exact, but the purpose of this document is to put on record a catalogue of those members of the American Philological Association who followed the dictates of their conscience during the anti-Communist McCarthy era or in other situations of that time where resistance to authoritarian rule put them in personal jeopardy.

Attacks on the political, economic, social, scientific or religious beliefs of individuals in the professoriate are nothing new. Even before the United States existed as a nation, the first president of Harvard was hounded from his position and from the Massachusetts Bay colony because of the position he took on infant baptism. The Alien and Sedition Acts of the late 1790s were a flagrant attempt to destroy the political party Jefferson had founded. For pamphleteering against these Acts, Jefferson's supporter Thomas Cooper was imprisoned and fined $400. He later taught at Dickinson College, the University of Pennsylvania, and at South Carolina College (now the University of South Carolina), of which he became President. In southern institutions during the Civil War, college presidents, faculty members, even whole faculties with abolitionist leanings, were dismissed right and left. At the University of North Carolina a Professor Hedrick was fired for supporting a subversive organization—the Republican Party. In the North many antislavery professors fared no better and lost their positions. (As he gave an antislavery lecture, Ralph Waldo Emerson suffered only a pelting of eggs from Harvard undergraduates.) At the end of the nineteenth century the public-academic debate centered on the teaching of evolution,

a conflict which flared up most fiercely in the 1920s (the Scopes trial) and which continues to this day with only slightly abated heat.

Among the issues in the first quarter of this century that subjected academics to attack were unorthodox views on race and labor relations, monopolism, religious allegiance, slum clearance, and even the history of the American Revolution. But during the Great Depression all these questions paled before the alleged danger of Socialist or Communist subversion of the government, the media, and the universities, a fear which after World War II grew to startling proportions when the threat of communist economic infiltration metamorphosed into fear of Russian Communist imperialism.[1]

In March of 1947, President Truman, faced with real evidence of Communist espionage in several government agencies, and under heavy pressure from those who believed that General George Marshall and a State Department infiltrated by Reds had "lost" China to the Chinese Communists, promulgated the

[1]This paragraph and the one that precedes it are largely derived from Howard K. Beale, "Teacher as Rebel," *Nation*, 16 May 1953, 412–14. Elsewhere, there is testimony, oral or written, for every fact in this paper. Research into these matters is quite difficult since there persists the feeling from the McCarthy era that the cardinal sin was and is "to name names," with the result that some people will not speak of what they know, that some university archives are still closed, and that what might now be taken as a badge of honor is often still concealed because of fears of exposure, humiliation or embarrassment. See the remarks (in the *Boston Sunday Herald* of 10 December 2000, p. 26) of another classicist, Nathan Pusey, the former president of Harvard and still a strong defender of sealing the records, concluding with his statement "A university deserves some privacy." I have no interest in whether the persons mentioned in this account were Communists or Communist-sympathizers. What I admire was their integrity. The opinions expressed are, of course, my own. A shorter version of this paper was presented as part of a panel on "The Personal Voice in Classical Scholarship" at the meeting of the American Philological Association in Chicago, 28 December 1997. I have made extensive use of Ward W. Briggs. Jr., ed., *Biographical Dictionary of North American Classicists* (Westport, Ct., 1994) and gratefully received assistance from William S. Anderson, Ward W. Briggs, Jr., Louis Cohn-Haft, Stephen Daitz, Barbara Dunlap, Julio Hernandez-Delgado, George Kennedy, Bernard M. W. Knox, Naphtali Lewis, Anthony A. Long, Michelle McKenna, Jane Rafferty Mueller, Robert E. A. Palmer, Jennifer and Anthony Podlecki, Marcia Ra, Helen and Douglas Rollins, David Sansone, William Willis, Susan Ford Wiltshire, Diana and Peter White, Ethyle R. Wolfe, and the immediate past and present editors of *TAPA*, Marilyn Skinner and Cynthia Damon. Although it includes only the case of Moses Finley among classicists, the most complete coverage of this subject and period in U.S. academia is Ellen Schrecker, *No Ivory Tower: McCarthyism and the Universities* (New York, 1986), with its excellent critical bibliography.

Loyalty Order, under which government employees were screened for disqualification "on reasonable grounds for belief of disloyalty." This standard was later changed for the worse to "reasonable doubt of loyalty." No precise standards of "loyalty" or "disloyalty" were formulated for the various governmental boards set up to administer the Loyalty Order, so the result was little more than a form of thought control. This federal program, amid the growing anti-Communist hysteria, doubtless encouraged the states to create their own countermeasures to the threat.

The anti-Communist net had actually been woven in the mid-'30s, grew wider with Congressional Un-American Activities Committees under chairmen such as Jenner, Veldt, Mundt, Dies, McCarran, et alii, reached its greatest extent under Senator Joseph McCarthy, onto whom it finally collapsed, and yet has never since disappeared. The quarry was fourfold: the labor movement, agencies of government, Hollywood and the media, and academia. In this net's snares a small number of classicists found themselves enmeshed, either at its center or on the periphery. Each of the cases differs as to date, cause, relationship to the anti-Communist crusade, and outcome, but each of the individuals did in fact suffer some attention or reprisal, severe or mild, because of some alleged attachment to or sympathy with an extremist cause.

Moses Finley, later Sir Moses Finley, who had been let go from CCNY in 1942 (partially as a result of the efforts of the early anti-Red Rapp-Coudert New York State Committee) and was suspect because of his activities on behalf of Russian war relief, was later, in 1953, after a series of betrayals worthy of Kafka, dismissed from Rutgers by its trustees for his refusal to answer the questions of the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations. He emigrated to England where, at Cambridge, he distinguished himelf as one of the greatest ancient historians of the 20th century. He became a British citizen in 1962, was knighted in 1979, and died in 1986, loaded with honors.

Harold Cherniss, rather than sign a loyalty oath imposed by the California State Legislature, resigned from the University of California at Berkeley in 1948 and accepted a professorship at the Institute for Advanced Study, where he remained until his death in 1987, indisputably one of the American giants in the study of Hellenic and Hellenistic philosophy, and, not incidentally, a winner of this Association's Goodwin Award.

Another but later victim of the Year of the Oath, as it is known in Berkeley circles, was Ludwig Edelstein. German-born, he came to the United States in 1933, lodged first at The Johns Hopkins University and then moved to Berkeley. Thence he, along with twenty other professors, was dismissed by the Board of Regents in 1950 for refusing to sign a loyalty oath, something in this case better

described as a non-disloyalty oath. Back at Hopkins he became famous for his work on the quasi-mythical figures of Hippocrates and Asclepius and for establishing Greek philosophy, rather than "science," as the foundation of Greco-Roman medicine.

There were other consequences of the dismissal of Edelstein: George M. A. Grube at Trinity College of the University of Toronto, a distinguished authority on Plato and ancient literary criticism, was approached to be Edelstein's replacement. But in 1939, well before the McCarthy era, Grube had been fiercely criticized and charged with "seditious utterances" in the Canadian Parliament for vigorously advocating that some of the funds Canada was about to contribute to Great Britain's war effort would better be spent in remedying some of Canada's social ills. This was taken as disloyalty to the Crown and a fire storm raged across Canada, pro and con. Trinity College came strongly to Grube's defense, and charges of sedition and threats of dismissal came to naught. But in the '50s, in McCarthy's heyday, Grube could not bring himself to go to Berkeley as the replacement of a man who had been fired for his political principles. In the '60s he was still wary of the volatility of United States political movements. When he was being interviewed for a prestigious post at Johns Hopkins by its president, Milton Eisenhower, he felt compelled to make it clear that he had long been involved in social democratic politics. Eisenhower greeted the confession with comforting understatement: "Don't worry. I have connections." But Grube stuck by Trinity, as it had stuck by him.

When the plague struck at Brooklyn College, one of the first faculty members to lose his position was a classicist, Paul A. Gipfel, who had established his reputation as an excellent teacher during nearly a quarter-century of service. As the investigation in New York went on into June of 1953, papyrologist Naphtali Lewis and his wife found themselves facing the infamous Senator. Mrs. Lewis pled the Fifth Amendment; her husband, who in April of that year had been given a Fulbright award for study in Italy, denied any connection with the Communist Party. But appearance and denial before the Committee were to count for little: as he left for the hearing, Lewis received notification from the State Department that it had canceled the Fulbright award. The letter was dated the day before the hearing.

In October of 1952, Henrietta V. Friedman, who had taught Classics as an Instructor at Hunter College for twenty-five years and who had a long record of service to the College, was brought before the U.S. Senate's Subcommittee on Investigation. For her refusal on Fifth Amendment grounds to testify as to her membership in the Communist Party, she was suspended and then dismissed. In April of 1954, her ouster was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals.

In late 1953, at CCNY, where he had taught for 26 years, John Bridge, an Assistant Professor of Classics, was forced to resign when evidence of his possible affiliation with the Communist Party surfaced. The President of CCNY at that time, Buell Gallaher, was later heard to remark that the most painful act of his career was to have to let John Bridge go.

One other distinguished classicist suffered a profound blow to his career in the McCarthy era because, as a point of honor, he stood firm on the principles of democracy, justice, fair play, and his unwillingness to name names. Over his lifetime he has steadfastly refused to make any public statement of the circumstances or details of his travail. I will honor his silence.

A still earlier instance of principled resistance to dictatorial rule was the case of Kurt von Fritz. In Germany, in 1934, von Fritz did under duress sign an oath of allegiance to Hitler, but added such personal reservations to his signing that he was immediately suspended and soon dismissed from the University of Rostock. He emigrated to Oxford and then to the United States in 1936. At Columbia he flourished for almost two decades as a leading exponent of ancient Greek philosophy and culture, and in 1956 was the winner of the Association's Goodwin Award. (He had gone to the Free University of Berlin in 1954, and then finally to Munich in 1958 to be a mentor to the rising generation of classicists in the resurrected Germany.)

Brooks Otis, 1966 winner of the Goodwin Award for his *Virgil: A Study in Civilized Poetry*, in 1957 resigned his professorship at Hobart College on principle, because Hobart's trustees had dismissed a younger colleague (a Communist) without any consultation with the faculty. The faculty in response threatened mass resignations, but when the trustees refused reconsideration, only Brooks Otis followed through, kept his word, and lost his job. After a year at American University, Beirut, he returned to the United States and began a distinguished career at Stanford (where he was largely responsible for founding the Intercollegiate Center for Classical Studies in Rome) and later at the University of North Carolina.

Not every instance was so traumatic, nor perhaps even a "case." In 1943, Eugene O'Neill, Jr., an instructor in Classics at Yale, was denied the opportunity for military service in World War II, possibly for reasons of health, but perhaps also because of his one-time membership in the Communist Party. Bernard Knox, in his later years Director of the Center for Hellenic Studies and a president of the APA, might in his earlier days at Yale have had reason to fear a hostile vetting at a luncheon to which he had been invited (or summoned) by Willmoore Kendall, now best known, if known at all, as the mentor of William Buckley. Knox had, after all, previously fought and been wounded on the Re-

publican side in Spain in 1936. As a later consequence, he had, as an OSS officer in World War II, been known to the possibly overenthusiastic Italian partisans as a "filocommunista." However, the lunch at the Yale Faculty Club went well, the conversation was forthright, largely devoted to an article Knox had published in *The New Masses*, and he was soon given to understand that he had passed muster.

By way of balance I have found only one other case from the opposite point of view, which nevertheless had a similar conclusion. Revilo P. Oliver, whose scholarly acumen I have always admired, was one of the founders of the John Birch Society and a member of its National Commission. After President Kennedy's assassination, Oliver suddenly burst out with articles in *American Opinion* (February and March, 1964) whose thesis was that JFK was a part of the Communist conspiracy, a dupe of and a collaborator with the Communists in a number of specific events, but that he became a political liability when he failed to meet the Communists' timetable for the capture of the United States and was therefore assassinated. For these statements Oliver was hung in effigy by the students at Illinois, and there were calls for his resignation, but he was defended by the AAUP. The University's trustees and administration, while deploring Oliver's "offensive remarks," took no official action. In a very real sense, he was both a perpetrator and a victim of the excesses the country had come to expect from McCarthy and the right wing. He later resigned from the John Birch Society in a dispute with Robert Welch, the head of the organization, over administrative policy.

Two other classicists merit inclusion in this catalogue for the courage they displayed in a different sphere. In 1963, upon the integration of the University of Mississippi, William Willis, another past president of this organization, formed a faculty Committee of Nine to patrol the campus and provide psychological support and physical protection for the newly admitted James Meredith. Joining him on the Committee was a younger member of his department, Richard Stewart. Their activities were quickly noticed and both men were soon forcefully advised by the President of Ole Miss that it would be better for them, and better for Mississippi, if they were to seek employment elsewhere. They did.

My own story, hardly comparable to the ones that have preceded, commences in the summer of 1949. Before I begin it, however, a few words of background may serve as a reminder of the intensity with which anything with a leftward tinge was feared and despised.

North Carolina is a conservative state—self-described as a "vale of humility between two mountains of pride"—where manufacturing and agrarian interests generally combine to dominate the political atmosphere. On the other side, there

is also in the state a long populist tradition, not without a liberalizing protestant religious element, reacting against oppressive government, aristocratic landholders, or grasping mill-owners.

One aftereffect of the Civil War had been to turn the state strongly Democratic (with a capital "D"), leaving only pockets of hard-bitten antislavery Republicans in the mountains (now, of course, there are Republicans everywhere). After the Civil War and up until the beginning of World War II both these forces, manufacturing and populist, formed the two wings of the Democratic Party, one somewhat right of center, the other far to the right.

The University of North Carolina, chartered in 1789, is the oldest state university in the nation. Its site in Chapel Hill, deliberately chosen to be at the geographical center of the state, might once have reflected a centrist ideological stance, but with the Depression, and especially because of the work in social, racial, and economic relations of a prominent sociologist, Howard W. Odum, it gained a justified reputation as the South's most progressive university. This alarmed some people, and their fears were not assuaged by the selection of Frank Porter Graham as President of the University. He was a man of great charity and charisma, of impeccable North Carolina lineage and academic credentials, armed with the invulnerable humility and infuriating goodwill of the true Christian. But he was also a hopeless idealist who believed, for example, that intercollegiate football could be restored to the truly amateur game he had played as an undergraduate, and he came within an ace of persuading his neighboring fellow college presidents to go along with him.

Dr. Frank, as the students affectionately called him, had a weakness for joining purportedly liberal and humane organizations. Conservatives saw some of the groups as having been infiltrated and some even dominated by Communists. Somebody collected a list of eighteen such Graham memberships, and when it was argued that he had joined most of them at the instance of Eleanor Roosevelt, the wife of the President, that only made matters worse. And it was not just the President of the University who aroused the suspicion and anger of the populace, and not just a faculty assembled from across the nation and the world, but also, in the late '40s and early '50s, a student body which had largely been to war and had developed a broader world view than that of their parents. Back in their small towns, they were said "to have gone wrong in Chapel Hill," but they wore that castigation as a quiet badge of honor. Whatever went against the state's conservative grain—labor's advances in the South's number one manufacturing state, efforts to benefit migrant workers or the miners in Kentucky, warnings of the harm caused by tobacco, support for the United Nations, attempts to consolidate the state's educational system, or to end racial discrimi-

nation, or to provide equal opportunities for education, and, most threatening of all, to integrate public facilities, especially the schools—all this could somehow be traced to the corrupting influence of Chapel Hill, an influence which extended even to the shockingly abbreviated length of the cheerleaders' miniskirts.

Behind these alien and subversive notions were, of course, the liberals, and behind them, of course, the Communists. And, to be sure, there were some Communists in Chapel Hill—a very few, but they had a perfect genius for getting under the skin of respectable North Carolinians and an irritating influence out of all proportion to their tiny numbers. (When the investigations got going strong, the FBI first estimated the total number of Communists in the whole state at something like 167; on another occasion the figure was 238.) But such was the ruckus these few raised that a poll taken in the early '50s showed that 80% of the population believed that the center of Communism in North Carolina was Chapel Hill, and 16% felt it was Durham, leaving only 4% to vote for Charlotte, Greensboro, Winston-Salem, and the rest of the state.

One of the most naturally inflammatory issues raised was racial discrimination: Jim Crow in public areas, unequal opportunity in employment and education. It was obvious that on every level in the South "separate but equal" was a myth, but the time to do something about it had not quite come. The clearer the issue became, the closer that time approached, the more impatient and forthright blacks became, the more the opponents of integration sought palliatives and means of evasion. This was an issue made to order for the advocates of world revolution, and they made the most of it, pressing for integration everywhere and acting as an advance guard for what we now call political correctness. There were legal battles and foot-dragging but now, fifty years later, the whole struggle seems a lttle absurd. The logjam was broken, not by wild-eyed Communist radicals, but by college student sit-ins in Greensboro restaurants—most of them carried out by young black women—and by the peaceful admission of several Afro-American males to the UNC Law School. The efforts to resist integration at UNC today look all the more ironic, mistaken, and backward, when one realizes that now the University's best known living graduate, who does it great credit far beyond his prowess as a basketball player and is probably the most easily recognized man on the planet, is Michael Jordan.

The currents that I describe as flowing strong in Chapel Hill among politically-minded undergraduates were the same issues as those being fought out on the national level: isolationism or One World and the United Nations; the "loss" of Nationalist China to the Communists; atomic warfare and atomic secrets stolen by Klaus Fuchs and the Rosenbergs; Communist imperialism and the beginnings of the Cold War.

Responding to these growing concerns, in the late summer of 1949 the administration of the University of North Carolina instituted, with the connivance of the trustees, a disclaimer loyalty oath in order to forestall more drastic action by the trustees or even by the state legislature. This disclaimer oath was imposed quietly, in the summer, and, according to first reports, directed only against those graduate students who were teaching fellows or assistants. In fact it then appeared, to me, to be aimed at a single graduate student in Romance languages whose Communist leanings were well known. (Another TA in physics, openly Communist, with an Atomic Energy Commission Fellowship, had already lost his position after hearings in Washington.) I was incensed that this program not only attacked the group—graduate students—who were least able to protest or resist, but was also as a practical matter a *privilegium* in the classical sense, a law for the loss or benefit of one person. (I had been reading A. H. J. Greenidge's *Legal Procedure in Cicero's Time*). So I refused to sign, joining the one other individual who could not (and did not). After refusing, I learned that the oath document had been commingled with what amounted to payroll information for all new low-level faculty hirings and a check-off sheet of various organizations labeled subversive by the U.S. Attorney General. This did not change my resolve.

I was not really concerned by questions of academic freedom, or the applicability of the First and Fifth Amendments. I was interested in freedom of thought and in fair play and insulted that I would be forced to state my loyalty in such a negative way. I was a fourth generation academic; I had been brought up in Charlottesville, Virginia, breathed the same air, drank the same water, and roamed the same hills as Thomas Jefferson, and his influence upon me, as upon many others, had been palpable. I even at times attended his University, but was actually graduated from Davidson College, a small Presbyterian college in North Carolina, so faithful in practice and principle to the precepts of John Knox that it bestowed upon its alumni throughout the South an odor almost of sanctity. It was the sort of place Woodrow Wilson would have gone to college, and in fact did. I had just spent four years in the Navy, and at the end of that time I had been the commanding officer of a ship of the line. In graduate school I had a fair reputation as student and classroom teacher. There was no question of wrecking my "career," since at that point I had no career, and, if I were not to have one in Classics, I could have quite happily gone back into the Navy. Finally, I knew about as much about Marxism as I knew about Luwian. It seemed inconceivable to me that anyone would require me to disclaim my non-loyalty. In sum, without quite realizing it at the time, I was presenting myself as, in Horace's words, *integer vitae scelerisque purus.*

Naiveté, hubris, ignorance, call it what you will, I firmly believed that the senior faculty of this famously progressive university would rise up in protest and demand the retraction of the disclaimer, even if they were to be unaffected by it, and that my case would serve as an example for them.

I was mistaken. Instead, almost all kept silence. Some who did take notice praised my position and determination, but advised me to make a more "realistic" assessment of the maneuvers behind the disclaimer, in short, to "go along." Instead, I kept silent when I should have raised hell, but I persisted in refusing, lost my miserable part-time teaching stipend, and yet, by some oversight, remained on the UNC payroll during 1949–50, grading correspondence course papers—doubtless a fitting punishment. There were no other adverse consequences. I had no difficulty in securing a job for the next year. (The Navy's reaction, if it was a reaction, was to promote me to lieutenant commander.)

My tongue-in-cheek position on these events is as follows: recognizing that one of the most common and vicious techniques of McCarthy and the various investigating committees was to "prove" guilt by association, I assert that I can claim a certain amount of honor as a classicist by adopting the same tactic and associating myself with the likes of such prominent scholars as Edelstein, Cherniss, Finley, Grube, Knox, Lewis, Otis, Willis, et alii. (It truly is a remarkable company.) I trust the reader will quickly see through the spurious logic of my argument, and take it as lightly as I do.

Yet without the histories of those true heroes, my own experience would fail to convey the real atmosphere of those days: the baying of the "110 per cent patriots," the violations of constitutional rights, the slimy techniques of self-aggrandizing politicians, the helplessness of the victims, the fear that one could betray a friend, the feeble outrage among people of conscience, and the general timidity and cowardice of most of the academic community. Even Hollywood put up a better fight.

To conclude: painful as they were, *sub specie aeternitatis* the travails of a few American classicists in the twentieth century hardly bear comparison with the sufferings of the thirty-one or so refugee classicists who joined us from abroad, or with the ill-fortune of the Tacitean scholar American-born Alfred Gudeman, who, probably because he was Jewish, never held a permanent position in the United States, and who returned to Germany during World War I, became a German citizen, and then died in a concentration camp; nor finally, with the fate of the millions of victims—past and present, worldwide—of religious, economic, or political persecution.