

One Writer's Encounter with Communism—Part II

My Confession

MARY McCARTHY

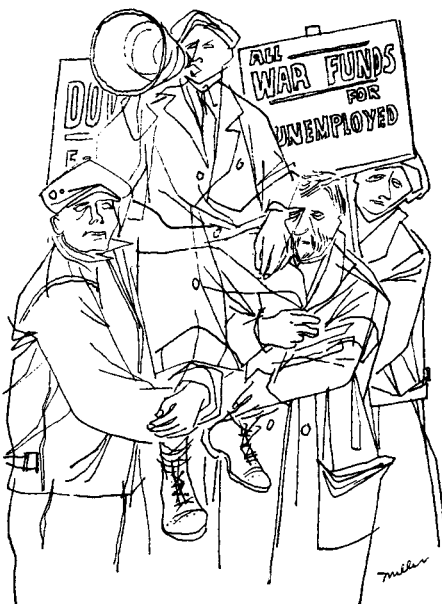
The first section of Miss McCarthy's memoir (see The Reporter, December 22, 1953) closed with her description of how, in the summer of 1936, a Communist organizer invited her to join the Party. He then went to California to organize migrant fruit pickers, leaving Miss McCarthy very thoughtful.

THIS PARTING GLIMPSE of Ansel through the car's back window was, as it turned out, ultimate. Politically speaking, we reached a watershed that summer. The first Moscow trial took place in August. I knew nothing of this event, because I was in Reno getting a divorce and did not see the New York papers. Nor did I know that the Party line had veered to the right and that all the fellow travelers would be voting, not for Browder as I was now prepared to do (if only I remembered to register), but for Roosevelt. Isolated from these developments, in the mountain altitudes, I was blossoming, like a lone winter rose overlooked by the frost, into a revolutionary thinker of the pure, uncompromising strain. The detached particles of the past three years' experience suddenly "made sense," and I saw myself as a radical.

"Book Bites Mary," wrote back a surprised literary editor when I sent him, from Reno, a radiant review of a novel about the Paris Commune that ended with the heroine sitting down to read *The Communist Manifesto*. In Seattle, when I came to stay with my grandparents, I found a strike on and instantly wired the *Nation* to ask if I could cover it. Every night I was off to the Labor Temple or a longshoremen's hall, while my grandparents, left with their double Canfield, took comfort from the fact that I seemed to be

against Roosevelt, the Democrats, and the czars of the AFL; they did not quite grasp my explanation that I was criticizing "from the left."

Right here, I come up against a puzzle: Why didn't I take the next step? But it is only a puzzle if one thinks of me not as a concrete entity but as a term in a logical operation: You agree with the Communist Party; ergo, you join it. I reasoned



that way but I did not behave so. There was something in me that capriciously resisted being a term in logic, and the very fact that I cannot elicit any specific reason why I did not join the Party shows that I was never really contemplating it, though I can still hear my own voice, raised very authoritatively at a cafeteria table at the Central Park Zoo, pointing out to a group of young intellectuals that if we were serious we would join the Communists.

This was in September and I was back in New York. The Spanish Civil War had begun. The pay-as-

you-go parties were now all for the Loyalists, and young men were volunteering to go and fight in Spain. I read the paper every morning with tears of exaltation in my eyes, and my sympathies rained equally on Communists, Socialists, Anarchists, and the brave Catholic Basques. My heart was tense and swollen with Popular Front solidarity. I applauded the Lincoln Brigade, protested nonintervention, hurried into Wanamaker's to look for cotton-lace stockings (I was boycotting silk on account of Japan in China). I was careful to smoke only union-made cigarettes; the white package with Sir Walter Raleigh's portrait came proudly out of my pocketbook to rebuke Chesterfields and Luckies.

IT WAS a period of intense happiness; the news from the battlefield was often encouraging and the practice of virtue was surprisingly easy. I moved into a one-room apartment on a crooked street in the Village and exulted in being poor and alone—I had decided not to marry my intended. I had a part-time job and read manuscripts for a publisher; the very riskiness of my situation was zestful. The first month or so was scarifyingly lonely, but I survived this, and starting early in November I began to feel the first stirrings of popularity. A new set of people, rather smart and moneyed, young Communists with a little "name," progressive hosts and modernist hostesses, had discovered me. The fact I was poor and lived in such a funny little apartment increased the interest felt; I was passed from hand to hand, as a novelty, like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. During those first days in November, I was chiefly conscious of what a wonderful time I was starting

to have. All this while I had remained ignorant of the fissure that was opening. Nobody had told me of the trial of Zinoviev and Kamenev—the trial of the Sixteen—or of the new trial that was being prepared in Moscow, the trial of Pyatakov and Radek.

THEN, ONE AFTERNOON in November, I was taken to a cocktail party in honor of Art Young, the old *Masses* cartoonist, whose book, *The Best of Art Young*, was being published that day. It was the first publisher's party I had ever been to, and my immediate sensation was one of disappointment; nearly all these people were strangers and, to me, quite unattractive. Art Young, a white-haired little kewpie, sitting in a corner, was pointed out to me, and I turned a respectful gaze on him, though I had no clear idea who he was or how he had distinguished himself. I presumed he was a veteran Communist, like a number of the stalwarts in the room, survivors of the old *Masses* and the *Liberator*. Their names were whispered to me and I nodded; this seemed to be a commemorative occasion, and the young men hovered in groups around the old men, as if to catch a word for posterity. On the outskirts of certain groups, I noticed a few poorly dressed young men, bolder spirits, nervously flexing their lips, framing sentences that would propel them into the conversational center, like actors with a single line to speak.

The solemnity of these proceedings made me feel terribly ill at ease. It was some time before I became aware that it was not just me who was nervous; the whole room was under a constraint. Some groups were avoiding other groups, and now and then an arrow of sarcasm would wing like a sniper's bullet from one conversation to another.

I was standing, rather bleakly, by the refreshment table, when a question was thrust at me: Did I think Trotsky was entitled to a hearing? It was a novelist friend of mine, dimple-faced, shaggy-headed, earnest, with a whole train of people, like a deputation, behind him. Trotsky? I glanced for help at a sour little man I had been talking with, but he merely shrugged. My friend made a

beckoning gesture and a circle closed in. What had Trotsky done? Alas, I had to ask. A tumult of voices proffered explanations. My friend raised a hand for silence. Leaning on the table, he supplied the background, speaking very slowly in his dragging, disconsolate voice, like a schoolteacher wearied of his subject. Trotsky, it appeared, had been accused of fostering a counter-revolutionary plot in the Soviet Union—organizing terrorist centers and conspiring with the Gestapo to murder the Soviet leaders. Sixteen Old Bolsheviks had confessed and implicated him. It had been in the press since August.

I blushed; everybody seemed to be looking at me strangely. "Where has she *been*?" said a voice. I made a violent effort to take in what had been said. The enormity of the charge dazed me, and I supposed that some sort of poll was being taken and that I was being asked to pronounce on whether Trotsky was guilty or innocent. I could tell from my friend's low, even, melancholy tone that he regarded the charges as derisory.

"What do you want me to say?" I protested. "I don't know anything about it." "Trotsky denies the charges," patiently intoned my friend. "He declares it's a GPU fabrication. Do you think he's entitled to a hearing?" My mind cleared. "Why, of course." I laughed—were there people who would say that Trotsky was *not* entitled to a hearing? But my friend's voice tolled a rebuke to this levity. "She says Trotsky is entitled to his day in court."

The sour little man beside me made a peculiar sucking noise. "You disagree?" I demanded, wondering. "I'm smart," he retorted. "I don't let anybody ask me. You notice he doesn't ask me?" "Shut up, George," said my novelist friend impatiently. "I'm asking *her*. One thing more, Mary," he continued gravely. "Do you believe that Trotsky should have the right of asylum?" The right of asylum! I looked for someone to share my amusement—were we in ancient Greece or the Middle Ages? I was sure the U.S. government would be delighted to harbor such a distinguished foreigner. But nobody smiled back. Everybody watched dispassionately as for form's sake

I assented to the phrasing: Yes, Trotsky, in my opinion, was entitled to the right of asylum.

I went home with the serene feeling that all these people were slightly crazy. *Right of asylum, his day in court!* In a few hours I had forgotten the whole thing.

FOUR DAYS later, I tore open an envelope addressed to me by something that called itself "Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky," and idly scanned the contents: "We demand for Leon Trotsky the right of a fair hearing and the right of asylum." Who were these demanders, I wondered, and, glancing down the letterhead, I discovered my own name. I sat down on my unmade studio couch, shaking—how dared they help themselves to my signature? This was the kind of thing the Communists were always being accused of pulling; apparently Trotsky's admirers had gone to the same school. I had paid so little heed to the incident at the party that a connection was slow to establish itself. Reading over the list of signers, I recognized "names" that had been present there and remembered my novelist friend going from person to person, methodically polling.

How were they feeling, I wondered, when they opened their mail this morning? My own feelings were crisp. In two minutes I had decided to withdraw my name and write a note of protest. Trotsky had a right to a hearing, but I had a right to my signature. For even if there had been a legitimate misunderstanding (it occurred to me that perhaps I had been the only person there not to see the import of my answers), nothing I had said committed me to Trotsky's *defense*.

The "decision" was made, but according to my habit I procrastinated. The severe letter I proposed to write got put off till the next day and then the next. Probably I was not eager to offend somebody who had been a good friend to me. Nevertheless, the letter would undoubtedly have been written had I been left to myself. But within the next forty-eight hours the phone calls began. People whom I had not seen for months or whom I knew very slightly telephoned to advise me to get off the newly formed Committee. These

calls were not precisely threatening. Indeed, the caller often sounded terribly weak and awkward, as if he did not like the mission he had been assigned. But they were peculiar. For one thing, they always came after nightfall and sometimes quite late, when I was already in bed. Another thing, there was no real effort at persuasion: The caller stated his purpose in standardized phrases, usually plaintive in tone (the Committee was the tool of reaction, and all liberal people should dissociate themselves from its activities, which were an unwarranted intervention in the domestic affairs of the Soviet Union), and then hung up almost immediately, before I had a proper chance to answer. Odd, too—the voices were not those of my Communist friends but of virtual strangers. These people who admonished me to “think about it” were not people whose individual opinions could have had any weight with me. And when I did think about it, this very fact took on an ominous character: I was not being appealed to personally but impersonally warned. Behind these phone calls there was a sense of massed power, as if all over the city the Party were wheeling its forces into disciplined formations, like a fleet or an army maneuvering. This, I later found, was true: A systematic telephone campaign was going on to dislodge members from the Committee. The phone calls generally came after dark and sometimes (especially when the recipient was elderly) in the small hours of the morning. The more prominent signers got anonymous messages and threats.

And in the morning papers and the columns of the liberal magazines, I saw the results. During the first week, name after name fell off the Committee’s letterhead. Prominent liberals and literary figures issued statements deploring their mistake. And a number of people protested that their names had been used without permission. . . .

There but for the grace of God went I, I whispered, awestruck, to myself, hugging my guilty knowledge. Only Heaven—I plainly saw—by making me dilatory had preserved me from joining this sorry band. Here was the occasion when I should have been wrestling with

my conscience or standing, floodlit, at the crossroads of choice. But in fact I was only aware that I had had a providential escape. I had been saved from having to decide about the Committee; I did not decide it—the Communists with their pressure tactics took the matter out of my hands. We all have an instinct that makes us side with the weak, if we do not stop to reason about it—the instinct that makes a householder shield a wounded fugitive without first conducting an inquiry into the rights and wrongs of his case. Such “decisions” are simple reflexes; they do not require courage; if they did, there would be fewer of them. When I saw what was happening, I rebounded to the defense of the Committee without a single hesitation—it was nobody’s business, I felt, how I happened to be on it, and if anybody had asked me, I should have lied without a scruple.

OF COURSE I did not foresee the far-reaching consequences of my act—how it would change my life. I had no notion that I was now an anti-Communist, where before I had been either indifferent or pro-Communist. I did, however, soon recognize that I was in a rather awkward predicament—not a moral quandary but a social one. I knew nothing about the cause I had espoused; I had never read a word of Lenin or Trotsky, nothing of Marx but *The Communist Manifesto*, nothing of

Soviet history; the very names of the Old Bolsheviks who had confessed were strange and almost barbarous in my ears. As for Trotsky, the only thing that made me think that he might be innocent was the odd behavior of the Communists and the fellow-traveling liberals, who seemed to be infuriated at the idea of a free inquiry. All around me, in the fashionable Stalinist circles I was now frequenting, I began to meet with suppressed excitement and just-withheld disapproval. Jeweled lady authors turned white and shook their bracelets angrily when I came into a soiree; rising young men in publishing or advertising tightened their neckties dubiously when I urged them to examine the case for themselves; out dancing in a night club, tall, collegiate young Party members would press me to their shirt bosoms and tell me not to be silly, honey.

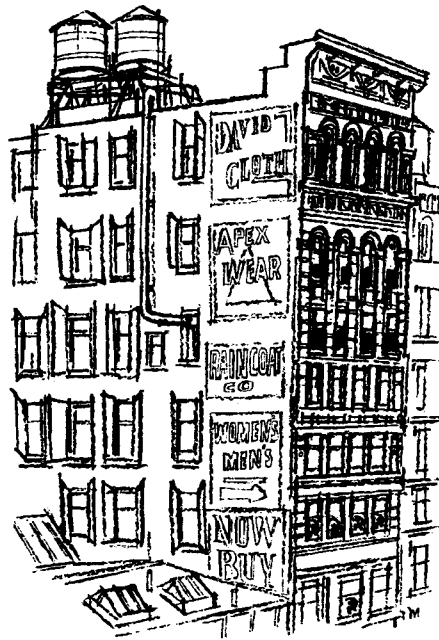
And since I seemed to meet more Stalinists every day, I saw that I was going to have to get some arguments with which to defend myself. It was not enough, apparently, to say you were for a fair hearing; you had to rebut the entire case of the prosecution to get anybody to incline an ear in your direction. I began to read, headlong, the literature on the case—the pamphlets issued by Trotsky’s adherents, the *Verbatim Report* of the second trial published by the Soviet Union, the bourgeois press, the Communist press, the liberal press. To my astonishment



(for I had scarcely dared think it), the trials did indeed seem to be a monstrous frame-up. The defendant Pyatakoff fled to Oslo to “conspire” with Trotsky during a winter when, according to the authorities, no planes landed at the Oslo airfield; the defendant Holtzmann met Trotsky’s son, Sedov, in 1936, at the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen, which had burned down in 1912; the witness Romm met Trotsky in Paris at a time when numerous depositions testified that he had been in Royan, among clouds of witnesses, or on the way there from the south of France.

These were only the most glaring discrepancies—the ones that got in the newspapers. Everywhere you touched the case something crumbled. The carelessness of the case’s manufacture was to me its most terrifying aspect; the slovenly disregard for credibility defied credence in its turn. How did they dare? I think I was more shaken by finding that I was on the right side than I would have been the other way round. And yet, except for a very few people, nobody seemed to mind whether the Hotel Bristol had burned down or not, whether a real plane had landed, whether Trotsky’s life and writings were congruent with the picture given of him in the trials. When confronted with the facts of the case, people’s minds sheered off from it like jelly from a spoon.

ANYBODY who has ever tried to rectify an injustice or set a record straight comes to feel that he is going mad. And from a social point of view he *is* crazy, for he is trying to undo something that is finished, to unravel the social fabric. That is why my liberal friends looked so grave and solemn when I would press them to come to a meeting and listen to a presentation of the facts—for them this was a Decision, too awful to be approached lightly. The Moscow trials were a historical fact, and those of us who tried to undo them were uneasily felt to be crackpots who were trying to turn the clock back. And of course, the less we were listened to, the more insistent and earnest we became, even while we realized we were doing our cause harm. It is impossible to take a moderate tone under such condi-



tions. If I admitted, though, to being a little bit hipped on the subject of Trotsky, I could sometimes gain an indulgent if flickering attention—the kind of attention that stipulates, “She’s a bit off but let’s hear her story.” And now and then, by sheer chance, one of my hearers would be arrested by some stray point in my narrative; the disparaging smile would slowly fade from his features, leaving a look of blank consternation. He would go off and investigate for himself, and in a few days, when we met again, he would be a crackpot too.

Most of us who became anti-Communists at the time of the trials were drawn in, like me, by accident and almost unwillingly. Looking back, as on a love affair, a man could say that if he had not had lunch in a certain restaurant on a certain day, he might not have been led to ponder the facts of the Moscow trials. Or not then at any rate. And had he pondered them at a later date, other considerations would have entered and his conversion would have had a different style. On the whole, those of us who became anti-Communists during that year, 1936-1937, have remained liberals—a thing that is less true of people of our generation who were converted earlier or later. A certain doubt of orthodoxy and independence of mass opinion was riveted into our anti-Communism by the heat of the period. As soon as I make this statement, ex-

ceptions leap into my mind, but I think as a generality it will stand. Those who became anti-Communist earlier fell into two classes: the experts and those to whom any socialist ideal was repugnant. Those whose eyes were opened later, by the Nazi-Soviet pact, or still later, by God knows what, were left bruised and full of self-hatred or self-commiseration, because they had palliated so much and truckled to a power center; to them, Communism’s chief sin seems to be that it deceived *them*, and their public atonement takes on both a vindicating and a vindictive character.

WE WERE luckier. Our anti-Communism came to us neither as the fruit of a special wisdom nor as a humiliating awakening from a prolonged deception, but as a natural event, the product of chance and propinquity. One thing followed another, and the will had little to say about it. For my part, during that year I realized, with a certain wistfulness, that it was too late for me to become any kind of Marxist. Marxism, I saw, from the learned young men I listened to at Committee meetings, was something you had to take up young, like ballet dancing; it was a training that permeated you, starting when you were in high school or college, and at twenty-four I was too old.

So I did not try to be a Marxist or a Trotskyite, though for the first time I read a little in the Marxist canon. But I got the name of being a Trotskyite, which meant, in the end, that I saw less of the conventional Stalinists I had been mingling with and less of conventional people generally. My definition of a conventional person was quite broad: It included anyone who could hear of the Moscow trials and maintain an unruffled serenity. This, then, was a break or a rupture, not very noticeable at first, that gradually widened and widened, without any conscious effort on my part, sometimes to my regret. This estrangement was not marked by any definite stages; it was a matter of tiny choices. Shortly after the Moscow trials, for instance, I changed from the *Herald Tribune* to the *Times*; soon I had stopped doing crossword puzzles, playing bridge, reading detective stories and

popular novels. I did not “give up” these things; they departed from me, as it were, on tiptoe, seeing that my thoughts were elsewhere, that I had lost interest in the pastimes of the middle class. I had become “alienated.”

To change from the *Herald Tribune* to the *Times* is not, I am aware, as serious a step as breaking with international Communism when you have been its agent; and it occurs to me that Mr. Chambers and Miss Bentley might well protest the comparison, pointing out that they were profoundly dedicated people while I was a mere trifler, that their decisions partook of the sublime where mine descended to the ridiculous—as Mr. Chambers says, he was ready to give his life for his beliefs. Fortunately (though I could argue the point, for we all give our lives for our beliefs, piecemeal or whole), I have a surprise witness to call for my side, who did literally die for his political views.

I AM REFERRING to Trotsky, the small, frail, pertinacious old man who wore whiskers, wrinkles, glasses, shock of grizzled hair like a gleeful disguise for the erect young student, the dangerous revolutionary within him. Nothing could be more alien to the convulsed and tormented moonscapes of the true confessions of ex-Communists than Trotsky's populous, matter-of-fact recollections set out in *My Life*. I have just been rereading this volume, and though I no longer subscribe to its views, which have certainly an authoritarian and doctrinaire cast that troubles me today, nevertheless I experience a sense of recognition here that I cannot find in the mealy pages of our own repentant “revolutionaries.” The old man remained unregenerate; he never admitted that he had sinned. That is probably why nobody seems to care or feel apologetic to his memory, despite the fact that his innocence was vindicated, less by the efforts of our Committee and the Dewey Commission that grew out of it than by Soviet developments, and most of all perhaps by the GPU man's alpenstock, descending, in Trotsky's study, when his elderly back was turned. It is an interesting point—and relevant, I think, to my story—that many people today actually

have the impression that Trotsky died a natural death.

In a certain sense, this is perfectly true. I do not mean that he lived by violence and therefore might reasonably be expected to die by violence. He was a man of words primarily, a pamphleteer and orator. He was armed, as he said, with a pen and peppered his enemies with a fusillade of articles. Hear the concluding passages of his autobiography: “Since my exile, I have more than once read musings in the newspapers on the subject of the ‘tragedy’ that has befallen me. I know no *personal* tragedy. I know the change of two chapters of the revolution. One American paper which published an article of mine accompanied it with a profound note to the effect that in spite of the blows the author had suffered, he had, as evidenced by his article, preserved his clarity of reason. I can only express my astonishment at the philistine attempt to establish a connection between the power of reasoning and a government post, between mental balance and the present situation. I do not know, and I never have, of any such connection. In prison, with a book or pen in my hand, I experienced the same sense of deep satisfaction that I did at mass-meetings of the revolution. I felt the mechanics of power as an inescapable burden, rather than as a spiritual satisfaction.”

THIS WAS not a man of violence. Nevertheless, one can say that he died a natural death—a death that was in keeping with the open manner of his life. There was nothing arcane in Trotsky; everything about him, including his beloved “archives,” lay exposed to what he called “the court of world-opinion.” That was his charm. Like an ordinary person, he was hospitably open to hazard and accident. It was natural that he should receive a murderer in his study in order to look over an article; when questioned by the Dewey Commission, he gave his occupation as “author.” He underwent no political soul struggles; in his autobiography he cannot date the moment when he became a socialist. Nor was there a “decision” to go into opposition against Stalin. One would not respect Trotsky if he

had seen this as a matter of choice.

One factor in his losing out in the power struggle at the time of Lenin's death was a delayed telegram, which should have called him home from the Caucasus, where he was convalescing, to appear at Lenin's funeral. Had the telegram been on time, perhaps the outcome would have been different. Or again, perhaps not. It may be that the whims of chance are really the importunities of design. But if there is a Design, it aims, in real lives, like the reader's or mine or Trotsky's, to look natural and fortuitous; that is how it gets us into its web.

Trotsky himself, looking at his life in retrospect, was struck, as most of us are on such occasions, by the role chance had played in it. He tells how, one day during Lenin's last illness, he went duck shooting with an old hunter in a canoe on the River Dubna, walked through a bog in felt boots—only a hundred steps—and contracted influenza. This was the reason he was ordered to Sukhum for the cure, missed Lenin's funeral, and had to stay in bed during the struggle for primacy that raged that autumn and winter. “I cannot help noting,” he says, “how obligingly the accidental helps the historical law. Broadly speaking, the entire historical process is a refraction of historical law through the accidental. In the language of biology, one might say that the historical law is realized through the natural selection of accidents.”

And with a faint touch of quizzical gaiety he sums up the problem as a Marxian: “One can foresee the consequences of a revolution or a war, but it is impossible to foresee the consequences of an autumn shooting-trip for wild ducks.” This shrug before the unforeseen implies an acceptance of consequences that is a far cry from penance and prophecy. Such, it concedes, is life. Bravo, old sport, I say—even though the hall is empty.



CHANNELS:

Tidings of Joy?

MARYA MANNES

DURING the same calendar week on three successive years, a group of trained masochists under the direction of Dr. Dallas W. Smythe of the University of Illinois have monitored every minute of New York television on seven stations, providing the doctor with the basis for a 161-page report which was instigated and supported, respectively, by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters and the Fund for Adult Education of the Ford Foundation.

Here are some of the findings:

Entertainment-type programs increased their predominance in 1953 to 78 per cent of all TV time. Of these, dramas showed the sharpest increase, from 33 to 47 per cent. Of these, in turn, Crime Drama, 15.3 per cent of the total, more than doubled its share of children's-hour time.

Information for the general audience decreased to 2.4 per cent of the total time. News Reports took one-fourth less time than a year ago (4.3 per cent). Children's Information and Instruction remained constant at about 1 per cent.

In 1953, Religion became, for the first time, the largest class of orientation-type programming. Discussion and debate dwindled in proportion.

The average saturation of acts and threats of violence increased from 5.8 per hour in 1952 to 6.2 per hour in 1953. The highest frequency for violent acts was in Comedy Drama for Children, where they averaged 36.6 per hour. There were 3,421 acts and threats of violence during the week.

The children's hours, representing

one-fourth of the total time on the air, contained two-fifths of acts of violence in 1953. The rate of violent acts and threats in 1953 was twice as high for programs aimed at children as for those aimed at domestic or general audiences. Any questions?

Live programming decreased in the last year, recorded material pro-



viding 53 per cent of the total New York TV time.

Advertising increased by more than half and now occupies 18 per cent of program time. Primary advertisements (interrupting the flow of the program) are 22 per cent more numerous and take 27 per cent more time. The bulk of the increase in primary advertising fell in the children's hours, which in 1953 devoted 78 per cent more time to it than in 1951.

'... That Has Such People in It'

Now for some lighter moments—if you laugh easily. Here is life in the world of TV drama as compared with the actual world:

Males outnumber females on TV by two to one, whereas in the real world the population is almost equally divided.

The TV world is peopled predominantly with characters at the peak of their sexually attractive ages—an average of thirty-eight for males, thirty-three for females. In apposition with this heavy overrepresentation of the courting, child-bearing ages was the consistent neglect of the real population under twenty and over sixty.

In the field of nationality and race, the most striking inference to be drawn is the fact that serial drama was concerned almost exclusively with American whites. "The largest degree of underrepresentation was that of the Negroes, who constitute 10 per cent of the United States population and 2 per cent of the TV population."

Males in serial dramas were 90.9 per cent white Americans, with characters from other planets amounting to 4.5 per cent, Danes and Germans to 2.3 per cent each. Females in serial dramas were 95.7 per cent white American; the remainder, representing only one character, was extraplanetary.

Pursuing this line, the report comes up with the suggestion that there is a latent scale of nationality values, roughly classified as "desirable" and "undesirable." "Desirable" are American White, English, German, Australian, Norwegian, and Irish; "undesirable" includes American Negro, Mexican, Italian, Yugoslav, Russian, and Chinese.

There is one added touch: "It would appear then that a selective mechanism was operative to concentrate more than a chance proportion of males in a 'desirable' nationalities group, and of the females in an 'undesirable' nationalities group, but the exact criteria for the two groups was not discerned."

LEAVING YOU with this substantial cud, we proceed to some equally fascinating aspects of the TV drama world. "If TV drama is an image of the real world, the version of the real American at work presented to TV viewers in New York was one which over-represented Managers, Officials, and Proprietors, Professionals, Unemployed (but employ-