

Literary Quislings (Part 3 of 3)

by Earl P. Holt III

To his eternal credit, George Orwell once remarked that "*some ideas are so absurd that only an intellectual would believe them.*" By the 1930s for example, it became evident that many of the committees that awarded the more prestigious literary prizes often consisted of elitist dilettantes who had adopted the "*fashionable*" ideology of Marxism. As a result, many celebrated American authors pursued a subtly Marxist agenda to improve their chances of winning such awards.

Among these celebrated authors were Ernest Hemingway, William Inge, Tennessee Williams, John Steinbeck, Harper Lee, and Arthur Miller. Most usually found their *niche* by obsessing on some trivial or peripheral aspect of American society, and then portraying it in an exaggerated and skewed manner that inevitably led to the conclusion that things were certainly rotten in America. Many had honors heaped upon them in return for their loyal service to what was essentially, a propaganda effort and an early manifestation of Cultural Marxism.

Harper Lee's novel *To Kill a Mockingbird* was a brilliantly written work, but it may be the most dishonest piece of propaganda ever fabricated outside the old USSR. Race relations in the Southland have always been an easy and vulnerable target for ambitious writers, and the subject was like moonshine to Yankees on the *Pulitzer Committee* in 1961. In her novel, Lee portrays most whites as racist straw-men and all blacks as stoic, decent, honorable and chivalrous.

By virtue of the greater concentration of blacks in the South and the greater frequency of their inevitable interactions with whites, Southern whites have always been in a more advantageous position to assess the individual character of blacks than their Yankee "*cousins*" in the North.

As a result, Southerners have always been far better able to distinguish the decent ones from the thieving and violent majority.

A bright man raised in Memphis once told me that Southern whites are often capable of loving and accepting individual blacks into the bosom of their "*family*," while feeling primarily contempt for blacks in general. *(Editor's Note: I am NOT unfamiliar with this seeming paradox.)* In contrast, Yankees tend to love blacks in the abstract, but rarely like them as individuals. This ambiguity stems from the greater familiarity with blacks that distinguishes Southerners from Yankees.

A perfect example of this is *Calpurnia*, *Atticus Finch's* housekeeper. Her relationship with *Atticus* and his two children was probably the most honest relationship portrayed between whites and blacks in the film. Over the years, *Calpurnia* had **EARNED** the trust and respect of *Atticus*, including significant amounts of authority. She even had discretion to discipline his kids when necessary, and essentially became "*family*."



Calpurnia and Finch Children



Tom Robinson

If all black men were like Tom Robinson, **AMERICA WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD A "RACE PROBLEM."** As portrayed in the book, Tom Robinson is a dignified, honorable and hard-working black family man, the sort who would often have earned the respect of most rural and small-town Southern white men. In stark contrast to Lee's embellished depictions of race in the South, such chivalrous and law-abiding blacks rarely ran afoul of whites. That was true then and it's true now.

Another particularly galling depiction was the idea that "*12 good men and true*" would idly sit by and allow an obvious miscarriage of justice to occur like the criminal conviction of Tom Robinson. Even "*hard-liners*" I've known in the **CofCC** or **Citizens' Councils of America** would not have tolerated such an injustice as that done to a clearly innocent man. While serving as jurors they might have dealt harshly with criminals -- both black and white -- but none I've known even came close to the hollow men depicted in her book. Christianity and a strong sense of justice would have militated against such a thing.

Another truly dishonest element in the book occurred during Atticus Finch's closing remarks near the end of Tom Robinson's criminal trial. He made the following statement in his summation: it is an "*evil assumption...that all negroes lie, all negroes are basically immoral beings, all negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption that...is in itself, a lie that I do not need to point out to you.*"

I wish Atticus Finch HAD bothered to point out his evidence for rejecting what he termed all those "evil assumptions." I'd really like to hear it. My conclusions are starkly different from his own, and the evidence that I offer is pretty compelling, in contrast to the vague assertions he makes.

Blacks are only 13 percent of the U.S. population, but dominate the FBI's **Uniform Crime Reports** each year, particularly those categories involving the violent crimes of robbery, rape, murder and aggravated assault.

They are practically synonymous with murder in the U.S. and commit 90% or more of all murders perpetrated each year. They also commit a majority of all property crimes.



Another index of black immorality is the black illegitimacy rate, which is over 70% nationwide and over 90% in our large urban cesspools. That black illegitimacy rate is pretty compelling evidence that -- contrary to the assumptions of Atticus Finch and every leftist -- most blacks DO tend to be immoral beings. The overwhelmingly-black populations in our state prison systems reiterate this fact.

Moreover, blacks are approximately 50 times as likely to commit an inter-racial violent crime against a white as the reverse. The most recent evidence is from 2018, which is typical. That year blacks committed 537,000 violent crimes against whites, while whites committed only 56,400 violent crimes against blacks. **Thus, blacks commit TEN TIMES as many violent crimes against whites as the reverse, despite their**

numbers being about one-fifth the white population in the U.S. Thus, blacks are 50 times (5 X 10) more likely to commit a violent crime against whites than the reverse.

Like its film adaptation, *To Kill a Mockingbird* is a brilliant and charmingly beautiful book from the standpoint of its artistic and aesthetic merits, but it is a very skewed and dishonest depiction of the relationship between blacks and whites in the South during the *Great Depression*. To rely on Harper Lee's "straw-man" portrayal of Southern whites as historically accurate -- and her sanitized depiction of blacks -- would be to pile on one more gross miscarriage of justice.

Tennessee Williams also harbored an unmistakable contempt for the South, which was evident throughout such works as "*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*" and "*Streetcar Named Desire*," both of which won *Pulitzers*. He considered the Southland a quaint and eccentric region characterized by patriarchal tyranny, self-delusion, sibling rivalry, greed, guileful women, weird nicknames, betrayal, alcoholism, parental rejection, and lust. Williams' blanket dismissal of the South is similar to William Inge's slanderous mischaracterization of the Midwest in *Picnic*, which should come as no surprise, since Williams was Inge's mentor -- and probably his homosexual lover as well -- when both lived in St. Louis.

Those particular human failings that Williams illustrates are hardly unique to the South, but the South afforded a convenient and vulnerable target for Williams due to its complicated history of race relations. Much like William Inge's depictions of the Midwest, both authors lusted for literary awards doled out by New York's leftist "*intelligentsia*" on the *Pulitzer Awards Committee*, whose members were rarely-if-ever fans of the South. Not too surprisingly, *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* won the *Pulitzer* for Drama in 1955.

As if to emphasize Williams' contempt for what he perceives as the eccentricity of the South, Williams gave nearly every character in "*Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*" a bizarre nickname. These include **Big-Daddy** (the patriarch,) **Brick** (the favorite son and former professional football-player,) **Gooper** (the first son, now a corporate lawyer,) **Sister-Woman** (*Gooper's* greedy, nosey and guileful wife,) **Big-Momma** (the patriarch's wife,) **Maggie-the-Cat** (*Brick's* wife,) and **Skipper** (*Brick's* best friend who had earlier committed suicide.) It appears only the family physician was fortunate enough to dodge any nickname beyond "**Doc.**"



Maggie

Brick

Big Daddy

How each family member reacts to *Big-Daddy's* cancer is the focus of the plot, but there is a parallel plot that involves *Brick's* stubborn rejection of romantic overtures from his lovely wife, *Maggie-the-Cat* (played by Liz Taylor.) Its origins are murky and elliptical, but in the past, *Maggie* once attempted to seduce *Skipper* in a clumsy effort to expose *Skipper's* disloyalty to *Brick*. *Brick* had idolized *Skipper* since their heroic high school and college football days, and they later starred together on their own semi-pro football team. It appears that *Skipper's* affections for *Brick* may have exceeded mere friendship, causing *Maggie* to feel excluded and jealous of the time they spent together during the football season.

Here, Williams suggests a latent homosexual basis for male athletic camaraderie. *Skipper* was apparently in love with *Brick*, a fact that *Brick* stubbornly denies to himself and others, but its possibility has driven him to heavy drinking to purge the thought from his mind. It is the basis for *Brick's* alienation from *Maggie*, whom he won't forgive for trying to seduce his idol, *Skipper*, and for planting the nagging suspicion in his mind that she drove *Skipper* to suicide, as well.



Williams would have us believe that *Skipper's* failure to consummate his romantic interlude with *Maggie* prompted him to throw himself out of the eleventh story window of a Chicago hotel. That event transpired following *Maggie's* attempted seduction of Skipper, and soon after she departed their hotel and left him alone. *Skipper* then repeatedly telephoned *Brick*, possibly divulging his undying love to *Brick* for the first

time when he did so. After the initial call, *Brick* became disgusted with *Skipper* and refused to answer any further calls from him.

We are expected to accept at face value the contrived absurdity of a character thinking as *Maggie* apparently did, that she could expose *Skipper's* disloyalty to *Brick* by going to bed with *Skipper*! Few women could be that obtuse, nor fail to recognize its immense **IRONY**! This subplot merely demonstrates how totally alien heterosexual relationships and male athletic camaraderie must have appeared to a lifelong homosexual like Williams.

There should be little doubt that Tennessee Williams' homosexuality repeatedly skewed his perception of many heterosexual relationships that appear in his works. His perspective is clearly distorted by an appalling lack of empathy for heterosexuals, and is particularly evident in his attempt to suggest that male athletic camaraderie can have its origins in latent homosexuality.

It's not my intent to demean Williams as an author: he's actually one of my favorites, and I'll watch any of the films based on his work when they appear on cable TV. My point is simply that when homosexuals attempt to depict heterosexual relationships, their efforts often appear contrived and inauthentic. The same principle applies to authors who are critics of the South but don't reside there: both are the literary equivalent of men writing about the pain of childbirth.

Thus, while Ernest Hemingway was propagandizing for Stalinism, William Inge was busily attacking the culture of America's Heartland. And, while Tennessee Williams and Harper Lee were slandering the South, John Steinbeck and Arthur Miller were attacking democratic capitalism as an insidious malignancy. They were each rewarded with numerous literary awards and financial blessings for their contributions to the Marxist assault on American institutions

The paradox of celebrated American authors traitorously enlisting in early battles of the Marxist "*Culture War*" was neatly captured in an exquisite quote by a Fordham University Professor named Angela O'Donnell, who wrote: "*We are forced to face the troubling fact that the gods of art often use the least worthy among us to be their vessels...*"