Mainstream

IN PRAISE OF LEARNING

FIDEL CASTRO

THE SOU

Arnold Zweig

I SAY PEACE

Alfredo Cardona Pena

THE DESTROYERS

John R. Salter, Jr.

SUMMER JUMPS THE GUN

Constance Hills

A Thoreau For Today: II Edwin S. Smith

ay, 1960 50 cents

Vol. 13, No. 5

Mainstream

APRIL, 1960

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

'O THE CUBAN CHILDREN

FIDEL CASTRO

In his great speech of October 16, 1953, to the judges who sent him to prison for his first attempt to free his country from dictatorship, Fidel Castro told them that he thought the chief military fortress of Cuba should be converted into a school.

Now that the Revolution has been won, the Premier of Cuba has kept his promise. The following is a speech made by him to the elementary and junior high school children of Havana when the Columbia Military Headquarters became an institution of learning and peace.—*Ed. note.*

'TUDENT FRIENDS:

I know it is a little late, and that you have already been standing re for hours. So I am going to speak briefly. I just want to let you ow some of the things that I feel at this moment.

For a long time—and I want you to hear this—we have been looking rward to this occasion. Of all that we have done and of all of the blic meetings we have attended since we began the struggle of our volution there has never been a moment happier for us than this e. Let me tell you why.

This assembly of Cuban children with us today is the most beauti- ceremony that has been held since we began our Revolution because means that you are not going to have to live as we had to live. It ans that you are not going to suffer what we suffered.

When we were children, we could never come here to this fortress. e only knew that thousands of soldiers were garrisoned here—armed n who committed the worst abuses, the worst injustices.

We never had the privilege of seeing the inside of a military fortress. e wondered what military fortresses were for. We asked ourselves

why there were so many soldiers in here, why there were so many companies and so many regiments, what did it all mean, what were these soldiers trying to do, what was their purpose?

We, who were once children like you, were given an opportunity to find out the purpose of those soldiers. To find out we had to suffer.

All of us are against injustice and abuse. Nobody approves when one of the bigger boys at school mistreats one of the little ones. Nobody approves when the stronger ones at school take advantage of the weaker ones. Everybody despises anyone who tries to impose his will by bullying.

Bullying is what used to take place all over our country. The strong —because they had weapons in their hands—constantly abused the people who were weak. So we were expressing the deepest wish of all of us when, one day, while we were speaking about the way those soldiers behaved, we made the promise that someday we would change Columbia Headquarters into a school.

It was not easy to take over this fortress. Thousands of rebels died in the attempt. To overcome this fortress cost a lot of blood, many battles and many lives.

At the beginning it seemed impossible. We were a small group. This fortress was full of cannons, full of tanks, full of soldiers, full of guns. Nobody believed that we, who were just a few, would someday overcome this gigantic military camp that was a symbol of power and a symbol of the dictatorship.

However we had faith and we are gathered here today with you because we had faith. It was necessary to struggle greatly. It was necessary to win many battles. But we knew that we would win them because right was on our side and because we were defending a just cause.

That is how finally one day the rebel troops entered Columbia after having beaten the forces of the dictatorship. And we are keeping our promise today. What do we want fortresses for, fortresses surrounding the city? What we need are schools. What we need are athletic camps. What we need is for all the world to live without fear so that everybody can live in peace.

What we always wanted to happen is happening today. That is to say, we always wanted to get rid of this fortress, but we were not able to see our dream come true, when we were as young as you are. Many young people who were students like you had to give their lives for this victory. That is why your greatest thanks should always go to those of our rebels who died in the struggle. Your greatest reverence must be for the rebels who died, for the rebels who died in order to make a reality

of this dream of someday changing Columbia Military Camp into a scholastic center.

We had first intended to make a collegé campus but we have come to the conclusion that it would be better to create an Institute of Science and Technology—a center of learning to teach engineers, to train experts who will know about factories and who will acquire from engineering, physics, and chemistry all the technical and scientific knowledge necessary to industrialize our country.

WE HAVE many things to do and nevertheless we fail at some of them. Do you know why? Because we do not have enough well-trained people. Many things turn out badly for us . Do you know why? Because we do not have people who know how to do things well. Do you know why we do not have people trained well enough? Because nobody ever took the trouble to train them. Many of you children are very poor today. Many of you are poorly dressed. The parents of many of you have hardly enough money to buy food, and the blame for all this belongs to those who did not take the trouble to educate our people and to work for the good of our people.

You children are suffering the consequences of all the neglect in which the people of our nation have lived. However you will not suffer many things that we have suffered because we are going to educate you so that things will turn out right in the future.

Do you believe that we are doing well?

[*Children*: *"Yes. Yes."*]

Well, I don't think so. The reason is that we do not know the things that you are going to know tomorrow since nobody taught us what we are going to teach to you.

There are many rebels who are fine boys, marvelous soldiers and very brave, who learned how to win battles and won them, but who had never been able to go to school.

Right now many of those *barbudos* that you admire so much have to do just what you are doing—that is, study, because they did not have the good fortune to go to school when they were your age.

You are certain to do things tomorrow better than we do now. We had to bear many blows, to stand up under a lot of abuse and to endure terrible things. Now we have great dreams and ideas but we can not do all the things that we want to do because there are not enough people trained to help us. That is why we are so concerned that you should do things tomorrow better than we do.

Do you believe that the revolutionary reconstruction and reform of

Cuba is finished now?

[*Children*: *"No."*]

Then if it is not yet finished, who is going to finish it?

[*Children: "We are."*]

You are the ones who must rebuild and reform Cuba.

Do you want to be good patriotic citizens?

[*Children*: *"Yes, Yes."*]

Then what is the first thing you must do?

[*Children: "Study."*]

Yes. Study! Any child who does *not* study is not a good citizen because any child who does not study will not know how to do things well, and he will have the same trouble we are having. In other words the things he tries to do will not turn out as well as he wants them to

Any child who does not study is not a good citizen. If you want to help Cuba, if you want to help us who were rebels, if you want to help your country, you must study. Anybody who doesn't know how to do things well will be unable to help anybody else. He will make mistakes, and even though he *wants* to do things well, he will be unable to do them because he will not know how.

I want all you children to play games. I want you to have athletic fields. I want you to have beaches so you can enjoy yourselves and to make excursions to the country. But I want you to study, also. To study is not unpleasant.

[*Children: "No."*]

Then why are you happier when I speak about going to the beach than when I speak of studying? In history haven't you read the life of Maceo, and about all the battles that Maceo* won?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Haven't you read the life of Martí** and about all the sacrifices that he made, about how kind, how generous and how noble he was?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Don't you like to read the story of what the Cubans had to do in order to be free?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

You enjoy that, don't you? History is interesting, isn't it?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Wouldn't you like to visit all the places where the rebels fought?

---

* Antonio Maceo (1848-1896), known as the "Titan of Bronze," he was the most spectacular fighter of Cuba's War of Independence from Spanish rule.

** Jose Martí (1853-1895), Cuban author and patriot in the War of Independence. Elsewhere Castro refers to him as *Maestro*, or the Teacher.

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Wouldn't you like to visit the Sierra Maestra?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Why? To learn, isn't that right? To see. Well, that is why we study. To learn and to see.

Wouldn't you like to go to Zapata Swamp and to Treasure Lake?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Well, all that is in books, too. The Sierra Maestra, Treasure Lakes, Viñales Valley, the caves, the rivers, the mountains, the bays and all of Nature. It is all in books.

WHEN we take you to Viñales Valley, if you have not studied and if you have not heard about Viñales Valley, you won't enjoy it. It would be the same as taking some child to the Sierra Maestra if he had never heard of the Sierra Maestra. He would not find the Sierra Maestra interesting because he would not know what took place there, who used to be there, what those who used to be there did there, nor why.

We who sometimes wasted time when we were in school, sometimes come to a river and we don't know what river it is, because we have forgotten and we must have forgotten because we didn't study well.

If you want to enjoy life, you must study. You must study, because if you don't study, you won't understand anything.

Have you heard about our farmer's aid program—the Land Reform?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Are you in favor of it?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Well, if you don't know how to plant a seed or why a seed grows or how a seed can produce more or less, and if you don't study the rain plants and other natural science subjects you won't be able to understand the Land Reform.

If you don't study arithmetic, you won't be able to understand the Land Reform, either. Also, if you fail to learn grammar and then some day you have a good idea to suggest to us and you don't know how to write it correctly, we will open a letter that is poorly written and we may not pay enough attention to you.

If you want to understand the revolutionary reform of Cuba and if you want to understand all the things that we speak about, you must study literature. You must study *everything* because every chapter in your books is there for a good reason, not just to keep you busy as we ourselves sometimes used to think. We used to think that botany was a bore and arithmetic was a big nuisance because we did not realize that

ıese subjects were important to us.

It should not be necessary to force any of you to study. All of you ıould want to study because anybody who doesn't study won't be able ɔ enjoy life fully.

Any child who can spend all his time amusing himself will not enjoy imself the day that he has vacation because he will have been vacationing ɔnstantly. When he gets to the end of the school term and has three ıonths to travel, to ride horseback, to go to the beach, and to go sight-ɛeing, then he will not enjoy himself.

Imagine a boy going to the zoo every day of the year. He would ecome so accustomed to see the zoo that it would no longer appeal to im. A boy who is on vacation every day cannot enjoy himself Satur-ay and Sunday because Saturdays and Sundays are the same as any other ay of the week for him. The same thing will be true of the summer acation, and as a result he will know nothing, he will not be able to elp anybody, and he will not be a good patriotic citizen.

Anybody who refuses to study is not patriotic and cannot be one of s nor help us, because we all have a lot of important things to do and ı order to do them it is necessary to learn *how* to do them.

If you study, we will take you to have a good time in the summer nd on your vacations. We will build ball parks and stadiums for basket-all and volley-ball and all the other sports fields that you want. If you tudy we will also take you to the Sierra Maestra.

If you study we will make beaches for you so that you can have a ood time on your vacations. If you study we will give you all the books hat you need.

Keep in mind that many children out in the country do not have the ood fortune to be able to go to school. There are many children who till do not know their ABC's. Although they are as old as you are, they till do not know how to read and write. So is it fair for any child *not* o study when he *can* go to school, and when a teacher is paid to teach im, and when he is given books?

IT IS very sad that some boys waste the opportunity to learn while there are children in the country who still have not had the chance to go o school at all. But we are going to take care of this problem. We are oing to take care of it, thanks to the teachers. We have ten thousand eachers who are going to help us by teaching four hundred thousand hildren who have not had schools.

During the last fifty years the Government built only five thousand chools for the country children. Do you know how many we are going

to build in a year? Ten thousand schools!

We are going to teach those neglected children to read and write. And we are going to teach them agriculture and botany and electricity and all the other subjects they need so that tomorrow they can be good citizens and can build up their country and can help others.

Remember if it were not for the way the rebels struggled, if it were not for all that the rebels endured, these four hundred thousand children would not have teachers now. If it were not for the rebels who died, those four hundred thousand children would not have teachers and today on the 4th of September there would have been a big parade here at Camp Columbia with tanks and airplanes. Instead of children there would be soldiers here. These grounds would be full of soldiers and full of tanks and the people passing by in the street would be worried, worried that they might be shot at from here and that they might be mistreated from here.

When you used to come down Columbia Avenue what did you think? Did you look over this way?

[*Children: "No."*]

Why not? Because the people in here were bullies and you believed that you might be victims of some kind of abuse and besides you despised the soldiers because they were bullies. Now when you come down here do you look in?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Why? Because this place belongs to you now.

This place belongs to you because our Army belongs to you. Its purpose is to protect you children, not to bully you nor your parents nor your families.

All the children of Cuba can go to our schools even though their fathers may have been some of those soldiers who used to be here in this camp. They can go to our schools even if their fathers committed crimes and even if their fathers killed somebody.

Those children are not to blame for that. You know yourselves that the children themselves are innocent. At school even though some child may be the son of one of the soldiers from before, he should be treated as a brother. Any child so unfortunate as to have had a father who committed crimes is not to blame for that. The child is a victim himself.

At school you must not have bitter feelings toward any of your classmates, because all children are innocent. If their families at home speak bad about us and speak against the Cuban Revolutionary Reform you must win them over with friendliness, not with contempt.

I MENTIONED how the people of Cuba used to come by and see a fortress here where now they will see a scholastic center. Cuba is the only country in the world that has been able to do this—to conquer a military fortress and convert it into a school. What do we need fortresses for? What we need are institutions of learning.

If it should become necessary to fight to defend the Cuban Revolutionary Reform, who would defend it? Everybody. Now there are more soldiers than there used to be, because all our citizens are defenders of the Cuban Revolutionary Reform. There used to be thirty thousand soldiers in Cuba. Now we have six million defenders of our revolutionary reform because it is supported by children, old people, farmers, laborers, students and teachers.

All our civilians can be counted as soldiers of the revolutionary reform. Now it is really true that this fortress will never be seized by anybody else. This is no longer the headquarters of a gang of bullies. It is the fortress of the Cuban people. In order to change this place back into what it used to be it would be necessary to defeat six million Cubans at war.

That is why we feel safe. Because this place is defended by the entire nation. The fortress was overcome by civilians. None of us rebels even had a gun when we began fighting against the dictatorship. We had to take guns away from Batista's soldiers. When we were still civilians like all of you we rebels had to get our weapons that way. So it was the civilian people who beat the military men at war because the military men were supporting a wrongful cause.

And all this was accomplished, as I said before, by those who sacrificed themselves.

YOU must understand that if you want to help others you must study and you must work. You must make the most of your time in school.

In exchange for all that we have done for you, in exchange for this fortress that we are turning over to you today and for all the others that we are going to turn over to you, in exchange for the beaches that we are going to give you and for everything else we are going to do for you children, there is only one thing that we want from you and that is that you should study.

We always keep our promises. I hope that you children will also keep your promise of studying. A little work every day! The students who are most outstanding will be given awards and prizes. We are going to send the outstanding students on vacation and we are going to send

them to the Sierra Maestra. We are going to build camps where you can put up tents. But you must climb the hills!

[*Children: "Yes."*]

So the more you study, the more of these advantages you will have. The more you study the more you can enjoy yourselves and the more you will be able to help your country.

Remember: any child who does not study is not a patriotic citizen.

Now it's time to close this ceremony.

[*Children: "Go on. Don't leave."*]

I'm not leaving. Who said I was leaving? I'm going to go on back to work. You know I have to. Doesn't the school term start today?

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Aren't you going to school? When are you going to school?

[*Children: "Tomorrow."*]

Everybody on time at school!

[*Children: "Yes."*]

Don't forget that we still have a lot to do to make a success of our Farmer's Aid program. Do you like mangos?

Do you like pineapples? Do you like bananas? Do you like ice cream?

[*Children applaud.*]

Well, without the Land Reform—the Farmers' Aid program—there can be none of these things. Besides don't you also want to help the Forest Building Program?

Do you want us to have a lot of mangos, custard apples and oranges? Then at home you must collect all the seeds of these fruits and keep them and send them to the Minister of Agriculture so that he can plant them.

When you go to the country do you like to find shady places? And do you like to find fruit trees so that you won't have to do more than reach out your hand to pick a mango or a custard apple when you want a piece of fruit. Or do you like to find the countryside barren? Today the countrysides of Cuba are barren. Until now the men who ruled Cuba never cared. They never loved the land and nobody took the trouble to beautify it, nor to provide shade and fruit trees. If you want Cuba within a few years to be planted—all of Cuba that is not planted with rice and sugar and other food crops—to be planted with trees for your excursions, then you must collect the fruit seeds and save them, because if you help us, within five or six years we will have millions and millions of fruit trees. Some of them can be grown from the little seeds that you are going to collect at home. At the same time we will be helping rebuild the forest.

[*Children: "Yes."*]

You must ask your teacher how to save the seeds. That means your teachers must ask the Minister of Agriculture how the different seeds should be saved. If you keep them in the wrong kind of place they will spoil. And you must ask where to send them. For example, students in Oriente province can send them to some place there so they will not have to be sent in to Havana just to be sent right back to Oriente. All of you must ask your teachers and then at home you must save all the seeds you can. You will see that with the help of you children we will fill the entire island with fruit trees and there will not be a child unable to find a piece of fruit when he wants it.

YOU know that we are going to make a big beach so that more than a hundred thousand children from all over our island can go there every year. We want all our children to become acquainted with the ocean and to learn to fish and to enjoy all the beautiful things of Cuba. You all know that Columbus said, "Cuba is the most beautiful land that human eyes have ever seen."

[*Children: "Yes."*]

We have the good fortune to live in the most beautiful country in the world but what we have never had was the good fortune for our own people to be able to see and enjoy it. Now we *are* going to have that good fortune.

Don't forget. We have an agreement with you. You are going to help us with the Revolutionary Reconstruction and Reform in every way you can, because our work still remains to be finished and you are the ones who must help us carry it out. To help carry it out you must study.

For you to study is what is most important to me and I'm going to be checking on how the children are studying at school. We are going to ask every teacher about every school, in order to find out which are the schools where you study the most and which are the schools where you study the least.

Next year we are going to get together here again.

[*Children: "Yes."*]

[*They all sing the patriotic anthem "26th of July Revolutionary Movement."*]

My friend and Minister of Education, we are turning this fortress over to you. Above it we raise our victorious flag in order to deliver this conquered military camp into the hands of educators.

We hope that this ceremony will mark the beginning of a new era in education and that the institution of high learning established here will become an example for all the Hemisphere.

[*Children applaud.*]

THE SOU

ARNOLD ZWEIG

IT is the season when the days become shorter and dimmer. Even Paris offers little compensation for that feeling of life ebbing. The emigrant thinks: "My own life is also ebbing, depressed and leading nowhere." He puts his hands in the pockets of his coat and draws his black cap deeper over his eyes. He is surrounded by a stream of people, dark and speckled, that stream of human beings who go to and fro in October towards five o'clock in the afternoon on the broad Champs Elysées. Cars are shooting like unleashed dogs towards the Arc de Triomphe, at the signal of the traffic policeman; on the other side of the avenue more cars speed towards the Place de la Concorde. The shop-windows are already illuminated; they throw big spots of light over the people, making groups of human beings visible for a moment and silhouetting the backs of the shop-window gazers. But a man who is struggling to keep himself alive till the moment when, in his fatherland, the hated and vile regime will break down—how should he show interest in the sparkling and tempting products of the French capital!

The emigrant, one of the restless hundred thousand who sought refuge in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower after the end of the first European War, refuge from political persecution and escape from the ruin of his class—this outlawed, homeless man may be forty-five years of age, or less. His thin face, his expressive tight-lipped mouth, the curved brows, the long-tipped nose suggest a southern origin and a cultural background. Don Pablo has nothing to do with politics, although, by profession as well as by predilection, he is occupied with history. His native town is Palermo,

Sicily. His Spanish ancestors acquired native rights long ago. In a certain vague way they have determined his inclinations and his profession. He started as a student of history, turned soon towards the chronicles and exploits of the families of the nobility who determined the local development of southern Italy. More by chance than by intention he had become an inquirer into family-trees and relationships. And in this way he earned his livelihood. For there are many people who burn with a desire to trace their ancestry from generation to generation. Establishing their origin, they want to separate themselves from the masses of the nameless; they are ready to pay modest fees for this.

Don Pablo would have been able to carry on his work in Naples also or in Rome where he tried to settle in the first years after the war. But he did not like the changes that were going on there. He would have been capable of suffering injustice, even the employment of cruel methods of enforcing new systems. For someone who enjoys the history of ancient and medieval times as much as he does, who is at home in the 17th and the 18th century, who has suffered the terrors of war for more than two years, such a man is not, in his opinion, entitled to lose countenance if power expresses itself by force in order to create a new way of living. But what he could not bear was the claim of the state to get hold of the whole human being. His pride revolted against the tyranny exercised by local authorities or young ruffians. He refused to submit his ideas for approval to a village-mayor—and three fifths of the new authorities seemed to him nothing else. He used to think: "Some freedom must be left to a man, and this remnant must be real, at least within his own four walls. All the great and the small tyrants of the nineteenth century were destined to perish as a result of their zeal for persecution." Therefore, after short reflection, of his own free will, without fuss, he decided to settle in Paris, that place where the rights of mankind had been proclaimed. At first he had thought of going to Munich, having studied there before the War. But the news of upheavals in that town boded no good. He needed to work steadily, in the calmness of libraries and museums. So he had made his choice and never had cause to regert it. Paris captured him completely, not so much the modern capital as the historic city, reflecting the atmosphere of ten centuries of struggle in churches, palaces, squares, street names and memorable sites, high trees, hidden corners. He knew these parts of the town best of all. In order not to dull his love by familiarity he did not live in any of them. Every first day of the month he thought that it was time to move to the left bank, for financial reasons. But again he decided to remain in his

small hotel that was quietly and scrupulously managed, in the neighborhood of the "Grande Etoile."

Today certain important ideas have ripened in Don Pablo's mind, ripened sufficiently to be put down in writing, a chain of thoughts concerning the reasons for the Norman migration from Scandinavian, later from Normandy—reasons of an economic nature, shrinking of the yields of the pastures, fields and waters at home. He is in a hurry to write them down, upstairs in his small hotel room, in easy reach of the elevator; his fountain-pen is ready on the paper. He looks forward to the moment when he will dive into the light of the small lamp which illuminates his writing-desk in the surrounding darkness of the room.

With a kindly greeting he passes Madame Thérèse. She is sitting behind a wooden barrier over the big ledger, dividing her attention between her entries and the rattling of the telephone box. Madame Thérèse greets the guest, bending her pretty, pale face and answers her little daughter 'To' in a subdued voice, 'To' playing in front of the barrier.

But Madame Thérèse soon vanishes from the thoughts of Don Pablo who is now in the elevator, on his way upstairs. The hotel, containing approximately thirty rooms, is run with only four servants. Madame Thérèse does the bookkeeping, her husband, Monsieur Griaud, is manager and everything else rolled into one. His exactness is as great as his reserve and his politeness. Don Pablo likes to tell his acquaintances: "In my hotel there is no boy in livery running about. The hall is a mere entrance and we have only one reception room, incidentally a rather dark one. But each telephone call received during my absence is noted and I find slips in my box. You know what that means?" And the friends do know. For hotels in Paris have many charming qualities, but exactness concerning communications with the outer world are not usually among them; and literary people suffer from this to the point of frenzy, despair.

Entering his room in the third floor, Don Pablo switches on the light and settles down at his writing desk. On taking up his pen he discovers that something has happened to it. It is broken, this whitish gold nib from which the ideas flow; half of it is bent like a sore finger and the other half stabs the paper like a needle. A blot might have upset his whole chain of ideas on the theme he was treating. He was dealing with the climatic conditions capable of reducing the fishing yield on the coasts of Denmark and Norway during the eighth century, causing a decline serious enough to make the young people less afraid of the dangers of emigration to the country of the Franks than of the hunger at home.

Coat, cap and shawl not yet removed, the historian has his eyes fixed upon the small, cherished tool that has been ruined. His thoughts are whirring like a flight of sparrows. Who can have been in the room? Had somebody come in to write? Had the pen dropped on the floor, nib down, in the carpet? Had such things happened before but not been noticed? Was the hotel deteriorating—was it a sign of new unrest? Should he inform Monsieur Griaud and claim damages? Should he demand that the culprit be traced?

But first, my dear friend, master your irritation, get on with your work. If need be you can write what is necessary with a pencil. A certain balance is expected of an intellectual man; and furthermore, in contrast to the door, one relies on oneself for protection; one does not call in the police or a kindly defender. Undress! Forget the incident until the time is ripe to reveal it. This penholder may be dear to you, parting gift of friends you had to leave in Rome. The expense of this repair may disturb your delicate, meticulously calculated budget; but now you have to think of herring migration, of spawning seasons, sea currents, of the manning of rowing barges with high bows and clumsy serpent heads, called sea-dragons by the Vikings.

Having written everything evoked by such thoughts, Don Servato stretches himself on his bed, having darkened the room except for the corner lighted by the lamp on the writing desk, and concentrates his thoughts on the question: "Who can have done it?" Only somebody whose habitual duties brought him into the room in the course of the afternoon. As he lies, he conjures up in turn all the personnel so well known to him since he spends so much time in the hotel. But as, during the last few months, everything has been entirely satisfactory, he hesitates to accuse any one. After some short hesitation his thoughts, like the light of a torch, pounce on the recollection that in the afternoon the char-woman had taken the laundry away. Was it possible that she had not found the washing list, carefully prepared by Don Servato? That she had written out a new one, and being unpractised had let the pen drop? But the small slip of paper has disappeared with the laundry.

After some brief meditation it occurs to Don Pablo that it must have been a particularly unpracticed hand which has been at work here—the hand of a child. Everything supports the supposition that 'To,' the small, charming 'To' has broken the pen.

Two or three small indications have led Don Pablo to this conclusion. Once he had met 'To' in his room when the servant was tidying the room in haste. A second time he had missed his sponge from the bath-

room. It had simply disappeared. When he asked Victoire for it the next morning she opened her eyes wide: on his return from lunch he found the sponge back in its cup, but very dry. A third time a trouser-hanger was missing. Looking for it took precious minutes of Don Pablo's time. An object made of steel, with wood and red cloth inside cannot vanish into thin air. Next morning the thing reappeared; returning from his breakfast Don Pablo found it hanging in the wardrobe, inocently swinging on its curved hook. Don Servato completes his reflections: "It must have been 'To.' This repair must be paid for by Monsieur Griaud, not out of my own pocket." To put an end to any uncertainty is a rule of life with Don Pablo. Up, out, and downstairs! In the Champs Elysées, not far from the hotel, he has noticed a shop where they sell fountain-pens. If he hurries he will find the doors still open; afterwards he can take his evening meal.

It is already past seven, but the shops are not very strict. A pale faced girl examines the broken pen and her pretty mouth expresses her regret: "The repair will be finished by the day after tomorrow. You require a new nib, of course, price seventy-eight francs." "Seventy-eight?" Don Pablo holds himself in. "Certainly, Sir, you cannot possibly have a bad pen. Gold, iridium tipped, that will cost money." "Well then, Saturday evening," Don Pablo repeats. He thanks the girl, says good night and disappears into the throng of pedestrians.

Mechanically Don Servato finds his way to the small restaurant where he is accustomed to dine on four of the seven evenings of the week; the other three he dines in his room on bread, cheese, wine and fruit. One who has to make ends meet on a haphazard income derived from intellectual work somewhat resembles a tightrope dancer. All movements on the narrow rope have to be minutely watched by the brain. The repair of his fountain-pen is an accident threatening him with disaster. The values of the European currencies are constantly changing. If they decline they raise the cost of living—slowly but inevitably prices climb. He thinks bitterly: "Human skill is declining. At home they would have made a repair instead of replacing the nib. But raw materials have to be used, even gold. Your exploit, little 'To,' is costing me the equivalent of four meals, many metro rides, and new soles to my shoes. Monsieur Griaud will be angry; there are disagreeable explanations to be given. Parents love their children, but they resent being involved in unexpected outlay through their children's fault and are obliged to punish them. It is for this reason that they revenge themselves on the child's accuser. Even proof cannot affect this attitude, and, so far, I have not even proof.

O! If there were any chance of improving my income! But the family trees I supply to my customers have fixed prices; and the hunt for the Jewish ancestors of our higher officials can become more lucrative only gradually. In the meantime the franc may decline further. Woe to him who has had to escape from his country. He has scarcely anything but his naked body to offer to the arrows of fate; his armour is weak, his shield is small. . . . Well, let us harden our heart. Let us return to the homely hotel that has suddenly become hostile territory. Let us try to probe the secret in 'To,' little soul, secrets almost impossible to reveal."

Crossing the hall of his hotel with soft footsteps, Don Servato's searching eyes notice neither Monsieur nor Madame Griaud on the chair behind the wooden barrier. But 'To' is sitting there, writing. Her index-finger eagerly pressed upon the penholder which usually lies on the ink-stand, she pushes the pen into the ink-pot, and copies numbers into an exercise book. Don Servato watches her with wonder, almost with joy. 'To' is playing at Mummy. As he passes her with a nod he sees that her untidy scribbling of numbers and strokes cannot possibly be a school task. For him, the trained thinker, the sight of the child at play has the character of evidence. At his writing desk too 'To' must have imitated the occupation of her mother, with his fountain-pen. But what could he do to make her confess to the accident? If she did, he might make light of the whole disagreeable event and avoid any unpleasantness with her parents. 'To,' little 'To,' can you show me how to touch your little soul? Are you not merely a charming child, but also a growing human being who must some time be ready to admit faults? And to atone for them? To ease the heart by confession, to make practical amends to the injured person? Little daughter of a civilized nation that is suffering through the barbarism of her neighbors, will you guide me through the wilderness of confusion that you have brought about by your carelessness?

With these thoughts passing through his mind Don Servato has passed the child and is already standing in front of the entrance to the lift which he can bring down by pressing the button. But in the short interval of waiting Don Servato decides to act, to ask questions. 'To' and he are alone in the little room. When will such an opportunity for a confidential chat recur? Pablo turns toward the child and speaks to her, easily, in as friendly and unforced a maner as usual. For he and 'To' know each other well, they might even had been called friends, if the parents had not brought the little girl up to a kind of polite reserve. 'To' is perhaps five years old; she spends her mornings in a Kindergarten

or with her mother in the few private rooms of the house. Pablo Servato knows how to talk to a child: as to an adult with a more sensitive and tender soul. He is far from using the baby talk of stupid adults.

"There is a lot of work to do, 'To,' isn't there?" The child looks up for a moment at her old friend, nods gravely and returns to her paper. Her long, dark eyelashes beneath the fine brows are raised to reveal the clear eyes and then close over them again like a butterfly raising and lowering its wings. "Even upstairs in the rooms one must write if one finds a pen. What a pity if the pen sometimes drops. But what is to be done about it?"

Just at this moment the lift touches the ground with a soft, hollow bump. Don Servato turns round. 'To's' cheeks are flushed pink, even her lowered forehead is red, but she gives no answer. She only presses her finger harder against the penholder and her eyes rest with greater attention upon the rows of numbers.

"What a pity, 'To,' that it is broken. Now, good night! What can we do to keep Papa from getting angry and Mummy from being sad?" And he nods once again, opens the door of the lift, closes it again; and by the magic play of the familiar buttons he moves upstairs, to his room with the high windows. He puts coat, scarf and cap away in his orderly manner; he fills his pipe and prepares to get to work before going to bed. As he sits down to his paper to collect his thoughts, 'To's' small face appears before him, the delicate curve of her cheek, the small pointed chin, the graceful mouth, destined to turn into a woman's mouth with the power to ordain happiness or misery. But now Don Servato pulls himself together, takes out his notes copied during the morning from historical archives. In shorthand he jots down the outline of a certificate ordered by an Italian family. By slavish imitation of German methods on the part of the Italians, just as hitherto the Barbarians had imitated the Italians, reputable families from Leghorn are forced to provide evidence that their ancestors have been Catholics, not Jews, from the middle of the eighteenth century. As if that were worth proving! The only thing that does matter is the revealed character of the human being and his contribution to the public weal. Nothing is less important in a hybrid Europe than the racial mania.

Next morning Don Pablo comes down just in time to find Monsieur Griaud arguing with the postman about registered letters. There may be something for Don Servato; an exiled scientist regards a money-order or a check as a most agreeable morning greeting. He therefore decides to wait for the end of the ceremony, to settle himself in a basket chair

and have a look at the newspaper.

On the wicker bench which is part of the furniture of the entrance hall, a company of dolls, is already sitting staring with wide opened eyes. A gentleman doll in black with a top hat is leaning back in the corner, keeping guard over a lady with fair curls who is bending her little head on the arm of the bench. Don Servato, although he is really trying to concentrate on the latest developments in the European collapse, cannot help thinking: "What a strange, fishlike company! They are sitting there, mute and staring, like fish in an aquarium, just imitating human beings in a harmless way. They show off their red cheeks and regular features as if they have been ordered to do so by that gentleman who has been tormenting my poor fatherland now for fifteen years. His sweetish smile and his small, fat figure always remind me of a confectioner from the Engadine." He goes on thinking: "Dolls! Are we human beings anything more or less for those dictators? The only thing is that we are flesh and blood and have a voice. The greater number of Europeans are puppets now. Would it not be much better today to be stuffed with saw-dust and to have thread instead of nerves?—Be that as it may, what seems to me certain is that my little friend 'To' has already been here.—Look! There she comes out of the small reception room pushing her doll's pram. How serious she looks! And what is she so busy pushing when mummy and daddy are already waiting for her here on the bench?"

'To,' already dressed for the Kindergarten, with coat and hat, greets Don Servato with a kind glance and a shy 'Good Morning.' Then she turns immediately towards her two waiting play-fellows and tries to persuade them to go for a walk. There is only one more doll in the pram, the biggest of all, representing the child. 'To' makes conversation between the three small creatures as if there were no guest present. Don Servato listens. He notices that for the first time 'To' continues her play in his presence. Hitherto she had retired immediately into the living-room as soon as she had met a guest in the hall. Don Servato has lived long enough in this hotel to know the customs of the inhabitants. Even more than other French people, Monsieur and Madame take great care to keep their private life separated from their business activity. No false familiarity! Nobody knows whether guests like it. And besides, one does not give one's soul in the bargain with rooms and breakfast. 'To,' the small Antoinette, is accustomed to obey the same code carefully.

There must be something intentional in the fact that she did not retire to the backroom when Don Servato sat down at the table. Does she want to give him a hint, treating him as a confidant? Does the chain of her

thoughts run somewhat like this: "This is my family, Sir. You are sitting with us just as our friends sit with Daddy and Mummy. Please realize this privilege and prize it. And you must not give away our secret." The child goes on pretending a conversation between the dolls and puts all three of them into the pram. Don Sevato, full of astonishment, hears words from her sweet lips that, in former times, no child would have uttered: "Monsieur has to meet a bill. Madame has already written out the checks. Here they are." And 'To' lifts the pink arm of the baby doll; between its fingers are pressed some of To's scraps of paper. "But there is a war and a bomb could destroy the house immediately after we have paid the whole sum!" By gesture of head and body the girl indicates that it is the doll playing the part of Mummy which, with maternal apprehension, utters this premonitory disaster. "That would ruin us all," the gentleman doll replies, "and the child will be taken to Granny. She may be brought up as well at Port Saint-André."

In the meantime Monsieur, the grown-up, has finished with the postman; he approaches with a sealed and a registered letter. Don Servato identifies the latter as printed matter, the proofs of his treatise on the Borgia family from the *Journal of Heraldry*. Monsieur expresses the hope that 'To' with her chattering has not disturbed Don Servato. And he smiles gratefully, because the protest of the guest sounds so genuine. Now he takes 'To's hand and together they disappear through the big front door in the direction of the street, not without Monsieur's admonition to his daughter to wish Don Servato au revoir and good morning.

Don Servato remains in his seat. He has taken out of his pocket a grey parcel of tobacco and his pipe which he fills and lights; then, through the smoke-clouds he reviews what he has just heard. He must go out, buy stamps, read his proofs, examine the letter containing the money-order. But more important than all this appears to him the revelation of the feelings, sorrows and struggle of hotel-keepers, never before considered by him. This is our glorious twentieth century, with confectioners and Austrian drivers—flotsam and jetsam—raised to positions of leadership among great nations, mere dilettantes of politics forced continually to threaten with the cannon in the last resort. Monsieur Griaud, the thin taciturn man and the pale young Madame under her crown of hair, they make decisions and carry them into effect, they try to increase their business, invest wisely the savings from their work that never ceases. Their child witnesses all this whether they like it or not, such is the atmosphere in which this child must grow up. But the simple commercial factors are interwoven with the danger of war, a continual threat, a faint hovering

cloud. The brains of such people are preoccupied with more important problems than the repair of a fountain-pen that has fallen from the hands of a little girl. Really, it is difficult to make ends meet if you are an emigrant scientist. Every human being tries to avoid undeserved paying for damage. But is it not, nevertheless, true that the unostentatious, friendly concern of such hosts for such a guest has an incalculable value, is worth extra payment? Don Servato is not married and he has no children. His destiny would have been the life of a monk if he had been capable of submission to an almighty and all-bounteous God and to the discipline of a religious order. . . . The sealed letter comes from America with two five-dollar notes in it. An Italian journal appearing over there has printed his article concerning the foundation of states by the Normans and sends the fee for the reprint. That is most welcome to Don Servato, now he can easily avoid any controversy with Monsieur Griaud. After a thousand years the bloodthirsty Vikings have served him well. All periods following great wars were terrible. After the Thirty-Years, the Seven-Years, the Napoleonic Wars—there was nothing else but fear, debts, slaughter. Why should it be different now with the masses of men swollen to such great numbers and in so much easier reach of their instigators? But the 'To' question is settled. That is a consolation of the kind offered to people like ourselves by the children of strangers.

But the 'To' question was not settled at all. Don Servato realizes this with surprise on his return to his hotel from lunch for a nap. Monsieur Griaud, pale and intent, is sitting between the telephone-boxes and his writing-desk and 'To' is playing in front of the barrier. She is dropping a coin on to the floor, enjoying the ringing sound it makes. Don Pablo exchanges some phrases with Monsieur Griaud as it is the custom between them if nobody else is in the small hall. As they are chatting the noise of the lift is suddenly heard. The little girl, with a significant glance towards the guest, the confidential friend who might turn out an accuser, with her coin in her hand, had tiptoed to the lift and pressed the button which is just in reach of her short arms. She had never done that before. The elevator, that wonderful, somewhat diabolic servant, is no plaything. When it takes people up, To's eyes follow it with a sort of reverence.

Monsieur Griaud raises his eyes; he wonders and rejoices at the politeness of his little daughter. He smiles: 'To' has guessed that you want to have a rest." But Don Servato, smiling agreement, interprets 'To's action otherwise, thinking: " 'To' does not like me talking to her father, I might give her away and so she expedites my ascent. Safe is safe! A child today is unlike a child of our time. Its actions are the result of

reflection and resemble those of adults." And with these thoughts he takes the few steps to the lift, enters and closes the latticed door. He presses the button which commands the golem to stop at the third floor.

And then something happens. Just as the lift is about to leave the ground, 'To,' stretching out her small hand, puts the coin, the big copper-piece, through the lattice and it drops noiselessly on to the carpet of the elevator. Simultaneously she nods, her face gravely lifted towards Don Servato who is stopping to pick up the sou. It is a big piece of copper, like a small moon, the design on it only half visible, the head of a man with a turned up moustache in the style of rulers seventy or eighty years ago, Napoléon III or Victor Emmanuel I. "This was once the twentieth part of a franc" is the thought of Don Servato as he studies the copper coin, the date of which is 1857, the color pale brown. 'To' has given me her riches to compensate me for the broken pen. Here I have her confession lying in my hand, and I will keep it, be worthy of her confidence. I must not fall short of her faith in me. Little has remained to us but our confidence in children and theirs in us. When I was a boy, a sou like this one was valid in France and Italy, in Switzerland and Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria and Rumania. Was this not a certain unifying force in Europe, this Latin currency? Was very much lacking to bring about a United States of Europe? Oh 'To,' if only we had so far progressed that we had no need of reckoning with aircraft bombs that might ruin your parents and banish you to Granny! You have tried to atone for the damage wrought by your carelessness. You are a human being, you justify the one hope that keeps me alive. Decay is conquered by time, just as it was time which brought decay upon us. Your sou is a pledge that, though moral values may become shadowy, submerged, they are as little capable of destruction as this sou here, outliving generations, war, revolutions. There are powers strong enough to resist the wicked, to struggle against the evil and the base and mean, and to overcome them by action over and over again. Oh, it will be good to rest now, to stretch my limbs and to go to sleep. Even though men continue to be foolish enough to destroy the precious blessing called culture, there will always be little women to treasure in their souls what has been achieved, that is, the sense of right, of good, of what is decent. Let us not have lived in vain, little 'To'!"

(*Translation by Margaret Noe*)

SAY PEACE

ALFREDO CARDONA PENA

I am going to say, covering corpses of roses
and whirling my arcs to the promised place,
a poem to the word that educates the fields
and signs the signature of the dominions of man.
I am going to say, mocking the sirens of alarm:

"Peace is a word like mother.
Life is a torch, and she the finer incense;
Move the green leaves of history
and in her figures repose the wine and the soldier."

This I say sharing my voice with my brothers,
making a little coffee in the cold,
and at once now the lepers believe me leprous
and the viper breaks his vial of insults.
Because to some, peace is accursed
and freezes like lime in the veins.

Now Gabriela,* teacher with murmurs of oak,
you have noted signs of this painful time;
and the strong, and those in the sleeping clay
cast off your voice like clean nets
that indicate peace, that fortify peace,
washing with your songs the eyes of the land.

* Gabriela Mistral.

Bomb of love, oh enchanted sound
that explodes on the lips disintegrating hatred
and rises through life like a tender young mushroom.
Today peace, lately so sweet, is a sad token
of shame and anxiety, and no one
is able to say her name without being marked.
Yet she like a molten seal burns at the core of day,
naked and all alone like a glowing petal,
and we say peace like making a child
in the middle of night, while bridges fall
we dream of peace and all the dead bless us.

Brothers of peace, here I am with you,
pardon me, I do not know much, but I have my bells
to announce the weddings, the fires, and the day;
and I ruffle them now so that my lips
may let loose the peaceful letters of peace at even
in the same way as doves are scattered over the plains:
P beginning out of the blue,
A of the dawn of day,
Z of that old juice in the veins.
The three ardent ones like three sisters
Wedded!
They fly and move just as I desire:
distaff wheels of love, scales of fortune,
water and bandages for the wounds
of the bloody and purulent earth.

You there, little scandalmongers of hatred,
fly from the sacred motives of the bee,
tremble before millions of the future coming to birth.
Make the daylight black, yet ours is the day
with this great word that calls soon
to everyone in the world like a hoarse ocean-liner.

Beware with the magic force of peace,
She guards an invincible power under her breath;
She demolishes tanks with a lily,
the needle of the housewife becomes a sword
and man is her armor, her victory, and her star.

Translated from the Spanish by Stanley Kurn

THE DESTROYERS

JOHN R. SALTER, JR.

IN THE middle of that summer, when there had been no rain for weeks, and the forest was tinder dry, and the winds were high, a sheepherder built a cooking fire on the slope of Bear Sign Mountain. He then lay down and slept, waiting for the blazing pitchy pine knots to burn down to hot coals. While he slept, the wind aided the fire in jumping its bounds and the flying sparks touched off the dead pine needles on the ground; exploding sheets of flame climbed into the tops of the living trees; the holocaust lashed out in every direction; the herder escaped but his flock was destroyed. And when I came to the fire, only a day after its beginning—to work, as befitted my scant sixteen years, as camp flunkey—the blaze had already consumed twelve thousand acres of yellow pine and was completely out of control; every available north Arizona man who was fit had gone to the Bear Sign to fight.

The Forest Service fire camp was a collection of hastily erected tents, in a tiny semi-clearing surrounded by heavy concentrations of timber, as close to the fire as it could exist with some safety. Over the ridges to the north and west of it, twenty odd miles away, was a solid mass of black smoke with a fiery colored base; the acrid smell of burning wood puckered the nostrils of everyone in the district. I was put to work as soon as I arrived and checked in; there were seven of us there—before Junior came—four cooks, the coffee-maker, the camp boss, and I. I knew none of them at all from before the fire; and, with the exception of the camp boss Engstrom, who I discovered later normally worked as woods foreman for a logging company, the others were all transients.

Nor did my duties allow me to become much acquainted with any of them, that first day and most of the second; as the youngest, I was made bull cook, and I worked steadily peeling vegetables and stirring pots, washing and wiping dishes and cups and pans and other utensils after the meals were finished. The first day was a hard day for me, I occasionally fell behind, and in the evening, when it was all over, Engstrom, a big man in bib-overalls, who spoke with more than a trace of a Swedish accent, came over to me and said, "Before long we'll have a helper for you, boy—when we can find someone."

But I worked as hard the next day, as I had the first, until, as I was beginning the supper dishwashing in the early twilight, a green government truck loaded with men arrived, one climbed off, and then the truck turned around and, carrying the remainder of the men, moved off toward the fire lines.

I stopped my work for a minute and looked closely at the small, denim-clad man who had gotten off—actually not much older than I—for he was a Negro, and I had seen very, very few of them in my life. He walked slowly toward the tents, limping just a little, and then stopped and looked around. There was no one but me in sight; the coffeemaker, whose small fire and pots were just a few feet away from my dishwashing stand and who, from the little that I had seen of him, struck me as being kind of strange, had gone somewhere; the four cooks, who looked so commonplace and who had so few distinguishing characteristics that I could scarcely remember them or ever tell them apart, were playing poker in the kitchen tent; the camp boss was in the tent which served as his office, and the off-shift crew of firefighters was bedded down in the woods nearby.

"Can I do something for you?" I called.

He looked at me. "The camp boss. Where is he?"

I gestured toward Engstrom's tent and then the big man himself came out and I began work again on my dishes. Occasionally I glanced up and saw him talking to the newcomer, and then the Swede walked over to me, by himself, and said, "I hope you got nothing against working with that kind of man," and he pointed to the Negro.

"What kind is he?" I asked. "I don't know what you mean, Mr. Engstrom."

He stared at me for a long time. "A black man," he finally said. "A Nigra. That's what I mean."

"A black man," I repeated. "No. I've got nothing against him."

"Then he's your helper," Engstrom said. He turned away and I heard him mutter, "Short of men. That's why they hired him. And because

he's little and a crip, they give him to me. God knows I don't want him here." I still wasn't certain what he meant, and I watched him, puzzled, as he walked back to the newcomer, pointed toward me, and then began to light the gasoline lanterns.

The young Negro came over and stood by me, and then picked up a dish towel. He looked at me, and I looked back at him, and then I put down the frying pan I was working on and reached out my hand and said, "Jack's my name."

He grinned, and we shook hands, and he said, "Junior's mine. Just call me that."

I had learned some time before how to roll a cigarette, and I took out my sack of Durham tobacco and the papers, and offered them to Junior. He rolled one quickly, and I made myself one, and we lit them. "You roll a good cigarette," I told him. "A damn good one."

"You make a good one, too," he answered. "Not bad at all."

"Is this your first fire?" I asked.

"Yeah," he replied. "It is."

Knowing that he wasn't, but being curious, I asked, "You from around here?"

He shook his head. "No," he said. "From a long ways off. I'm just a tramp wanderer." He took the towel and began wiping the tin plates, and I started back on the frying pan. When, with the exception of the light of the lanterns, it was fully dark, the two of us had almost finished our task, and all that was left were the knives and forks and spoons. I lifted my head, and suddenly, in the pale light, I saw the coffeemaker, whom I had heard called Clyde, standing a few feet away, looking steadily at both of us. I returned his stare, and then I noticed Junior looking at him for a second before lowering his head and going on with his work.

The coffeemaker viewed us for a long, long time without speaking a word, his eyes glittering and shining with an emotion that I had never seen before, and a curious feeling of tightness began to course through my body. I watched him there in the lantern light, a tall, lean, hawk-nosed individual, with a face as heavily lined as dry, cracked adobe. There was something that was not right about him. In the two days that I had been in camp I had heard him several times, and for no apparent reason, muttering to himself as he sat by his coffee pots; sometimes he would curse and double up his fists; and the muscles in his face would twist and jump and jerk. And then, his face would grow hard and cold and stony and he would look quickly around the camp and I would pretend that I hadn't been watching him. Now, as the silence between the three of us deepened, I knew that I was afraid of the coffeemaker Clyde.

My voice was tense as I asked him, "What do you want? What do you want, Clyde?"

The coffeemaker still was silent, and when he spoke at last, it was at Junior, not at myself, and he sounded icy and rasping.

"I'll tell you what I want," he said. "Get out of this camp. Right now." Junior looked up at him and then back down again.

"What do you mean, Clyde?" I asked, tenser than ever. "Just what is wrong with you?"

The coffeemaker gave me a quick glance, and then he narrowed his eyes and fixed them on Junior, who was still looking down, fumbling with the spoons. "He knows what I mean," said the lean man. "And he knows I mean it." His voice rose as he said, "Get the hell out of here! Damn your soul!" And still Junior said nothing.

I started to ask, "Why?" and then I heard a noise over in the direction of the tents, and I turned partly around and saw the four cooks standing there, watching us. The coffeemaker and Junior both looked also, and then Clyde walked a few steps away, picked up a lantern that hung on the broken branch of a tree, and returned. He held it by Junior's head and the Negro flinched slightly.

"See him!" said Clyde to the four, and the muscles in his face were frantic. "See him for what he is! His black hide!" And that was when I first really began to understand about the hate that springs from caves within the souls of men.

The four cooks neither moved nor spoke, and the coffeemaker talked again. "Do you want him here? Working with us? By us? Do you?"

Then one of the four shook his head, and each of the others said with loud and measured harshness, "No."

Engstrom came out of his tent and stood there for a moment, his arms hanging down at his sides and his hands doubled into fists, He said, "I know how it is, and it isn't my fault. But I want no trouble. None at all. Not in my camp!" He looked at everyone, and then the four cooks went back into their tent, and the coffeemaker walked to his smouldering fire and his pots and sat down, and Engstrom moved back into his office tent.

I looked at Junior, but he said nothing, and neither did I. We continued our work; and when we finished and were wiping our hands, I heard a low, wordless snarl from the direction of Clyde; I looked and saw him sitting by his coffee, lantern light illuminating his burning eyes, again staring at us.

In a voice so nearly a whisper that I strained my ears to hear, he said to Junior, "Remember, black man. There is nothing here for you. Not

that you'll want. Better leave." His lips drew back in a curl and, very slowly, he said, "While you can."

Hate crawled into my bones, then, and mixed with fear. I began to form words but my throat was stiff and dry and I choked; Junior said, quietly, "Let's get some sleep."

We turned our backs on Clyde and walked across the camp to the piles of blankets which lay on the ground; taking several apiece, we made our beds on soft needles under a pine tree away from the light of the lanterns, and climbed in.

Without talking, we rolled cigarettes and smoked and I gazed up at the stars, blurred from the light haze of the fire smoke drifting through the night sky. Next, I turned my head and looked for a long time at the tall, grim figure of the coffeemaker, sitting on the other side of the camp. I hated him, but then moisture sprang to the palms of my hands, and a trembling came to my legs, and suddenly I hated myself for my fear; then anger at it all arose within, and a struggle gripped every part of me.

I finally shifted my head again and saw Junior half-raised in his bed, looking over at the lean man who sat by the pots. I forced myself to tell him, "Don't worry about Clyde. Or any of them. It'll be O.K."

Junior looked at me slowly and answered, "I've seen them before. People like him."

Half to myself, I asked, "Why? Why should they?"

He heard me and replied, "It's the way things are. Just the way they are."

"Do you think you'll decide to leave?" I asked, not knowing what I wished him to do, and feeling my whole struggle well up to an even higher pitch.

"I can't run," he said, still looking at me.

"What they say and think and do," I said. "It must bother you."

But he was silent.

I slept after a time, in a troubled manner, and once I awakened in the middle of the night, and the smell of the smoke of the great fire seemed much stronger, and I could feel the wind blowing on my face, coming from the direction of the burning timber. Some distance away, close to the kitchen tent, men were talking and someone said, "It's blown up worse than ever, now. Really crowned out." And another man said, "If it keeps up this way, this camp'll be in trouble."

Although I could sense that Junior was awake also, I said nothing to him, and made myself not think of him or the coffeemaker or any of it. I finally slept again and awakened only when I heard the gong

sound for the camp crew, early in the morning. I arose, and so did Junior.

It was still before dawn, and the smoke was thicker, there in the lantern light, and stronger than ever, and away up on the ridges to the north and west of the camp, where it had never been visible before, we could see the fire sparkling and shining in the darkness. "Close," I said, and Junior nodded. We each had a cigarette, and then we walked to the kitchen tent.

They were all inside, the coffeemaker, the cooks, and Engstrom, and they stared at us as we entered, and then Engstrom said sharply to the two of us, "Help out with making the breakfast." We nodded and went to work. No one said anything, but from time to time I could see their eyes drilling into us, and especially at Junior; again, the struggle between my fear and anger began to rise up inside of me; I hammered it down, trying to forget everything concerning it.

When breakfast was prepared, all of us in the camp crew served ourselves at the stove, and hurriedly ate our steak and eggs and toast. By the time we had finished our meal and had set up the food lines just outside the tent, the day shift men were coming up from the sleeping area, down in the thick timber, close to camp. We fed them and gave each one a box lunch, and then they climbed into trucks and went out to the fire lines. We brought forth more food, and in a while the night shift, dirty and tired, and with smoke and sweat in their eyes, came back in the trucks; after they had eaten, they took blankets and bedded down in the woods. Junior and I began to wash the breakfast dishes.

We worked quickly and without saying a word or looking at anyone, and the camp was quiet. The four cooks began work on the noon meal in the kitchen tent, and Engstrom was in his office, and the coffeemaker was out gathering wood for his fire. Finally, I allowed myself to think just a little about the trouble, and I told myself, "It'll be all right. Probably they were just bluffing," and even though the wind and the smoke and the fire coming down from the ridges toward our camp troubled me, I began to feel increasingly calm and relieved.

Then the coffeemaker returned to his fire with an armload of kindling. He dumped it, poured himself a cup of coffee, and sat down, staring into the flames under the pots. Junior went on with his work; I watched Clyde guardedly for a few moments, and then I too continued with what I was doing. And then I heard him mutter to himself again; I looked up to see him toss his cup, still partly filled with coffee, on the ground. He rose and came over to us.

My whole body stiffened with a jerk; we kept on working. When he was very close to us, I looked up and stared at him.

For a moment or two, he stared back at me. Then he gave a strange, rattling and vicous laugh. He turned slightly and faced Junior, who had not looked up, and, reaching into his pocket, look out a long, heavy clasp knife and pulled the blade out. Again, fear and anger closed in on me; my head began to ache.

"You," he said. Junior looked at him.

"They tell me you folks always carry one of these," said Clyde, holding the knife in the flat of his hand, and hefting it. Then he gripped the handle. "Why don't you take yours out?" he asked.

I looked quickly at Junior, and I could see him shaking slightly, but he seemed to be paying no attention to anything now but his dish towel and a plate. I looked at the coffeemaker and saw him with his knife and the smile on his face; and then the two sides of me were suddenly struggling with everything that each could muster up; my head was filled with sharp, stabbing pains; there was sweat all over me; I yelled aloud at myself, "Damn you!" And then I told Clyde, choking, "And damn you too! If we have to we'll use these eating knives!" And I picked one up. And then my headache was gone.

The coffeemaker was staring at me. "You know what you're doing?" he asked. "You better stay the hell out of this, sonny."

The knife in my hand was jerking back and forth like tree limbs driven by a powerful wind. "Damn you," I said in a hoarse voice. "Damn you to hell! You leave us alone!"

He was smiling again. "Yellow, both of you," he said, and then was strangely silent, and looked past us. I followed his gaze and saw Engstrom standing in the door of his tent, his glowering face dark with anger. The coffeemaker slipped his knife away and went back to his fire; I put down mine and, feeling more tired than I ever had, but still savoring my anger, returned to work. When I looked again, Engstom had disappeared.

Junior turned to me. "Look," he said. "You don't have to do this."

"I have to," I told him. "It's mixed up. It's all mixed up. But I have to."

I worked for a moment longer, thinking, and then I took my hands out of the big dishpan, wiped them on my sides, and said, "I'm going to talk to Engstrom."

Junior's voice was strained and low. "Don't," he said. "It won't do any good." But I walked away, turning my head for a second to look at the watching Clyde, before continuing on.

I went into the tent of the big man. He was sitting behind a makeshift food-carton desk, working on a sheaf of papers. We looked at each other, and he asked, "What do you want?"

"Mr. Engstrom," I said to him and then stopped. He said nothing, and I began once more. "Mr. Engstrom. There's going to be trouble. You saw what just happened. Clyde. The knife."

The camp boss was silent for a long time, and he looked down at his papers, thumbed through them, and then looked back at me. "Look, boy," he said quietly. "There's a lot about this that you don't understand. Don't mix in it."

"I think I understand it," I told him. "Most of it, anyway."

He looked at me for a long, long time. Finally he said, "If there's trouble, I'll get rid of the Nigra. Much as we need men. There'll be no trouble here."

"But it isn't Junior's fault," I told him. "It isn't his. You know that."

Engstrom was silent again. Then he said, "Go on. Do your work."

I went to the door of his tent and turned. "You?" I asked. "You hate him, too?"

"I don't know," he said and his voice was sharp. He lifted his papers and dropped them and stared at me. "Don't stand around here!" he said.

I went back to the dishwashing stand, and Junior looked at me, and I shook my head. The coffeemaker, over by his pots, laughed. "I know what you just did," he said. "Didn't do any good, did it?" He laughed again. "Could have told you that." His face hardened, and he jerked his head toward Junior. "You're as bad as he is," he continued. "Just as bad."

"You're a rotten ——" I started to tell him, and then Junior said quickly, "Don't." I stopped, shaking hard again.

"Not much longer," said Clyde. "Not much longer at all. I think you'll both be heading out of here, or . . ." He clenched his fist and brought it sharply downward. I felt fear slash into me like the bitter wind of the winter; and then the anger came again in full force and as fiercely as a tornado, and the fear fled.

At high noon the wind was blowing much harder than at any time before, and the sun was hidden from us by the smoke; the fire was away down off the ridges and was now but half a dozen miles from the camp. The night shift men had come out of their blankets down in the timber to eat. Some had already finished, and Junior and I were just pouring the hot water, preparing to start on the dishes, when a green, government pickup drove into the camp and stopped.

A tall man dressed in ash-covered clothes and with grime over both

his face and his Stetson hat climbed out of the truck. Engstrom walked over to him, and they talked for a few moments; then both looked up for a long, long time at the swirling, boiling cloud of reddish-black smoke. I heard someone say, "That's the fire boss," and then the tall man and Engstrom walked to the coffeemaker's pots, and Clyde poured them each a cup of coffee. The two came over near Junior and me and stood, sipping coffee and smoking.

The tall man said, "I don't know what'll happen; and no one does anymore. It's three times bigger than it was yesterday, and it's out of control on every side." He drained his cup. "But it's worse on this end," he went on. "I'm taking the night shift back with me now. We've called for more help from all over the West. I don't know if it'll come in time." He looked at Engstrom. "You say things are all on an even keel here?"

The camp boss began to nod, and then suddenly, without even really realizing what I was going to do, I said to the tall man, "No. It's not on an even keel here."

Both men looked at me, and Engstrom's face was like the granite rocks of a mountain. The tall man asked me, "Now what was that?"

I spoke again, and my head was very light. "It's not all right here." I pointed to the coffeemaker, and the tall man turned and looked at him and then back to me. "He hates this man," I said, and I pointed to Junior. "Hates him enough to threaten him with a knife."

The fire boss looked at Engstrom. "What's this?" he asked the big man.

Engstrom was still looking at me, and then he shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing much."

"I hope to God it isn't," the tall man said. He looked in the direction of the fire. "Our biggest problem is that," he continued to Engstrom. "I want the camp to stay here as long as it can. Close by and handy. But get it ready to move. Keep close to your radio. Unless we can hold this thing, and damn soon at that, you'll have to pull out. I'll leave you one truck."

He walkèd away and began gathering up the night shift. Engstrom glared at me and asked, "And just why did you have to do that?" Then he turned and left.

I could almost feel the stare of Clyde. I looked over at him. He was watching me, the muscles on his face were moving, and his eyes were widened and wild. For a moment, his lips formed silent words, and then he said aloud, "I won't forget."

I looked away from him and said quietly to Junior, "I'm sorry it didn't help."

"Thanks," he murmured, still working. "Don't try anymore. It won't do any good."

The tall fire boss began to call out his orders, and the night shift men finished their noon meal hurriedly; by the time they had loaded into the trucks with their tools and had all departed for the fire, the reddish-black smoke was so close that fine ash began to drift through the woods like snow upon our now almost deserted camp. Junior and I went to work silently on the dinner dishes, and the four cooks and the coffee-maker began to pile equipment onto the back of the one truck which had been left behind; Engstrom paced back and forth, occasionally directing the work, and holding a radio, with the long aerial pulled fully out, glued to his ear. At times I would look over at the other men, and I'd see the coffeemaker and the four cooks often pausing and staring at Junior and me, and whispering together, and I thought again and again, the anger high inside of me, "Something's going to happen. Before this is all over. Something's going to." And Junior too would glance up quickly at them, and somewhow I knew with certainty that he was aware of the same thing.

We were nearly finished with the dishes, and the cooks and the coffee-maker were taking down the tents and folding and tying them up, when I heard Engstrom speaking on the radio. I looked at him and then saw him shove the aerial down into the instrument, then place the radio in the cab of the truck. He cleared his voice and said to all of us, "It's official now. We're going to get out of here. They can't get help to this fire in time; what they have now can never hold it. We've got to leave damn fast." To Junior and me, he called, "Don't wash anything more! Throw the dirty ones with the clean ones and pile 'em all into the truck!" He pointed to some gunny sacks on the ground, and I went over and picked them up, and Junior and I filled the sacks with the cooking utensils and loaded them.

The fire was very close now, and the falling ashes were thicker, and the wind moving toward us from the direction of the blazing timber came so steadily and strongly that all of us began to cough from the thickening smoke. The cooks and the coffeemaker and Engstrom were beginning to fold up the last remaining tent, and the camp boss told Junior and me, "Help here and hurry it up." The two of us knelt on the ground by the spread-out tent on a side away from the others and began to fold it.

We had almost finished the folding and were preparing to tie it, when

I saw Engstrom stand up and look through the haze, down toward the far side of the camp, at a small, forgotten bundle of blankets. I watched him start toward it and then hesitate briefly, and then he said, "I'll be right back. Tie the tent and load it," and he half-walked, half-ran away.

I stared at his back for a second, and then I looked at Junior and saw his head turned in the direction of the camp boss; then I saw him look toward the coffeemaker and the cooks, and I followed his gaze and saw them looking at both of us. Junior lowered his head quickly, but I continued to face them; the air and the smoke were hot and so was that emotion which lay within me. Suddenly, less than half a mile away, a burning pine tree exploded with a sharp, loud noise, and we all began to tie up the tent.

Within minutes, the seven of us working quickly with the folded tent and the ropes, had finished the tying and were just lifting the heavy, canvas bundle and maneuvering it up toward the top of the piled equipment in the rear of the truck. I remember that I had just looked through the smoke and had seen Engstrom, with the blankets in his arms, hurrying toward us, when suddenly, under the weight of his portion of the tent, Junior stumbled and fell, the tied bundle dropped off balance, and slipped from the grasp of the rest of us, and tumbled to the ground. I helped Junior up, and we both began to stoop down to pick the tent up again, and then I felt the silence, and perhaps Junior did too, for we both looked over at the same time at the coffeemaker and the four cooks, who were staring at us with pure hate in their faces.

The two of us stood fully up, and then suddenly the coffeemaker moved forward and with a smashing blow of his fist struck Junior and knocked him down, and as he lay there, Clyde lifted his boot to kick at him; I threw myself at the coffeemaker, and he fell back, cursing, and the four cooks pulled me from him. "Hold him tight," Clyde said to the four. "I'll get him in a minute."

Engstrom came up and dropped the blankets, his face flushed and his voice harsh. "Stop this!" he said. "And damn you all for a bunch of fools!"

He began to say something further, but then the coffeemaker looked down at Junior, who was beginnig to rise from the ground, and Clyde said, "Yellow! Fight why don't you! Fight!" Then Engstrom ordered the coffeemaker to be quiet, and Clyde jerked out his knife, and as he opened the blade, his face trembling with rage, he told Engstrom, "You keep out of this!" and then he said to Junior, "Get out your knife! I'm going to cut you up!"

Junior stood there, and I saw him shaking and sweat poured from his

face, and he said in an agonized voice, "I've got no knife; I've never had one." And then a weird light came into the eyes of the coffeemaker, and the big camp boss must have noticed it also, for the Swede jumped toward Clyde; the coffeemaker held the knife out toward Engstrom, forcing him off, and then two of the cooks left me and leaped onto the camp boss, and he went down to the ground, fighting and swearing. I tried to escape from those two who held me, but they shoved me to the ground, and I felt a heavy boot crash against my temple.

For a moment my eyes closed, and then I opened them, and as I lay on the ground with the two cooks holding me, I saw Engstrom, his nose bleeding, trying desperately to wrench himself from the grip of the other two; I shifted my eyes and saw the coffeemaker, the knife in his hand, moving toward the shaking and sweating Junior, and then I tried again to free myself but they held me down. I coughed violently in the thick smoke, and then, only a few hundred yards past Clyde and Junior, I saw a flashing red through the trees and heard a loud and crackling sound.

"Fire!" I thought. "The fire!"

The others saw and heard it also, every one of them, and I felt the grip of the two cooks on my arms and legs tense, and Engstrom on the ground began swearing louder and louder, and I saw those holding him down look first at the fire, and then, in a questioning manner, at the coffeemaker. I saw Junior take his wide, staring eyes away from Clyde's knife and shift his head in the direction of the fire for a split second before returning his eyes to the long, steel blade. And then I saw the coffeemaker himself turn his face slightly toward the crackling noise and the jumping, flashing red; he smiled in a warped and twisted manner, and I thought, "He's crazy! Crazy!"

The coffeemaker, still smiling, and with the knife held away out in front of him toward Junior, moved carefully and steadily around the Negro, who kept turning his own body to face the knife until his back was completely turned in the direction of the fire. Then the coffeemaker advanced toward Junior and in a strange, emotion-charged voice, he said, "Cold steel. You can't get away. Cold steel, black man." And Junior began limping away from the knife, toward the fire.

I yelled, "Not that way, Junior! Not that way!" and one of the cooks struck me in the face, but my call made no difference, for neither the advancing man, nor he who retreated, gave any sign that they had heard me. I watched, with my breath held and my eyes fixed and seeing nothing else, as Junior moved further and further backward; the slow, grim march was still continuing, when I heard Engstrom bellow.

"Sparks!" he yelled. "Sparks coming down! There'll be spot fires!"

I looked up into the air and saw that the ash was still there, but that now there were also tiny, glowing red coals falling all over us; then I felt them on my skin, and next I saw tiny wisps of smoke on the ground and then flames began to spring up in the pine needles and the grass all around us. The cooks who held me and those who held the camp boss suddenly released us and stepped back; I lay there for a moment gathering strength, and Engstrom lay there too. And then I saw the coffeemaker and Junior pause and look at the falling sparks, and then they looked back at one another. Clyde rushed toward Junior, and the Negro turned and ran blindly toward the great fire, his lame leg jerking, and the coffeemaker followed him with his knife raised high—and all around us were growing spot fires.

I climbed to my feet and ran through the patches of fire, straight toward the two smoke-dimmed figures and the tremendous red monster ahead, yelling, "Junior! Junior!" Behind me I heard the truck engine start, and I heard it driving away, and I thought, "They've left! They've left!" and then I felt someone jerk me around, and I saw the camp boss Engstrom.

"Get the hell out of here!" he yelled above the roaring of the fire. "Run for it! Get out! I'll try to get your friend!" He ran past me toward the thundering inferno, and I followed him, and then ahead I thought I heard screams; and suddenly Engstrom was running back, a solid wall of fire right behind him and even then in all of the smoke and hell I could see him shake his head, and I saw the anguish on his face and in his eyes, and then he grabbed me and shoved me, and with the searing red death behind us and dodging the spot fires to the sides and ahead, we fled.

SUMMER JUMPS THE GUN

CONSTANCE HILLS

AN ART ROOM CABINET SPEAKS

Dear public,
dear public-minded citizen,
here is a hollow shell of character
which grew a little while in the window
of world-hope and disappeared.
These plaster walls pinned with memorials,
these shelves where crumpled drawings lean,
and fall, these cupboard doors agape
smeared like children's faces, call,
"Come back, dear children, bring again
your cramped copies of autos, engines,
fashion modes, fancy lettering, greeting cards
for Mother's Day,
shadow crayons, cover designs,—come back."
They came to mould a childish dream, forget
a night's weeping, drugging with book-law,
symptoms of the grave's vise—then
they heard voices (as those before) and
slipped away to join Mortal Carnival. . . .
The Seven Seas will not give them up, nor
the Coral Islands where they fell down
in confusion of their five arteries' protest.

The bell rings exit in this classroom
of geography, they will stay
through their lesson to the janitor's lock-up.
"We cannot keep these files,"
the principal said, looking me over.
"Place must be made for new ones on trial."
Fire for the old. Paint makes all things new.
They do not know how like a mother
I hold in my cabinet heart the souvenirs
of your children's little fames.

ENTRANCE TO A WOOD: BRITISH COLUMBIA

. . . the dark blur, blunt blow
of new temperature, the sudden man
wrestles breath in air unlonely, unlovely,
former;
an ever waking slowness, bracken-
hollowed, shelf-hooded, leaves, no sky.

A vaporous core gently motioning as
on day of Indian uprising, wreaths,
feather fern, Saugatuck lily,
bloodroot, liquid bell, trillium,
winter-green
frozen stone, rocks, sticks, first weather.
The sudden man drops
his picnicking dispute, dual approvals,
holiday furioso, poisonous goodbyes,
plural pains, withholds his advertising index,
scuffs lies of silence.
O lovely look of round!
Of parallel! How meet the fern lives
with rain! Sweet straight, sweet round,
nothing said, nothing found. Man ducks
low fearful of a green sword.

THE POOR ALWAYS CARRY BUNDLES

Always the poor carry bundles, their arms
barreled around masses trussed to unspoken
bodies (fearful of escape, grace escapes).
A brown paper cumbrance squared into four
with cord, sags and laps on the hip
like a huge carbuncle (grace escaped
as perfume, as art).
The poor always carry bundles, their fingers
ribbed round parcels limp with secret sweat,
faces wired with anticipation
of desperate needs. The prodigal who gets
what he wants when he wants it will not carry
so much as a tea-bag desiring freedom
to be open for grace. The poor
carry their needs from butcher, from cobbler,
cleaner, home, nor letting down the load
except in an off moment when one looks wild,
screams what have I left behind to be lost. His
eyes race to cover every space before he remembers
it was there I left it at the grocery store.
Arm and hand, sphere, ladle accommodate uses
of wheel, block and tackle. The poor man
carries his every day need like one beginning
a journey who may not return for other provision.

SUMMER JUMPS THE GUN

Summer jumps the gun on us,
a tempest of leaves and larks
in iron-wrought paper trace-ons,
sweet benedict clouds passing
like floats in carnival; candy-
striped colonades of porch, and
chairs set out in the lively air where
watchers may watch the next move. The

willing light, as fall and rise
bends ship to shore, stone to loam,
a tune in bottle to sailor's fist.
Summer jumps the gun on us. The
tables are set, the predicate
of silence spoken. Whose are
these fires? whose the rockets?
Where are the people?
When will the festival begin?

TWO GIRLS IN A SWING

Abroad the cold sea, continents,
paper trees and lanterns
hold them here hung in shafts
of choice rocked over sweet grass
bent with bite of tenderness.
Straw-sweetly the dyed bird sings,
sweet the china dolls sleep
on their arm, their laugh, the
cough of stone in wells of wind, sweet
grass between their teeth, tongues
puckered bitter choke-cherry
chalked.

A THOREAU FOR TODAY: II

EDWIN S. SMITH

This is the concluding section of a two-part article.

THOREAU'S failure to identify himself actively with any branch of the anti-slavery movement was owing both to temperament and conviction. His transcendental doctrine that self-reform was the one and only road to social reform served as justification for his antipathy to acting in concert with others.

Moreover, Thoreau was a writer, an isolated vocation on which he placed a high value. Though ready to respond courageously to a call to assist an escaped slave to freedom, he was not, by nature, an activist like Alcott or Higginson. He truly could not see himself as a participant or leader in organized demonstrations, peaceful or violent. He followed "another drummer."

His role of "catalytic agent," as Stoller aptly describes it, was nevertheless an effective one in the localities where he was known.

In the *Civil Disobedience* speech he had denounced in strong terms the Mexican War, calling attention to the almost unchallenged power of the state to force its citizens into anti-social and repugnant acts.

Six years later, in 1854, stung by the plight of Anthony Burns, who was being driven back into slavery by the authority of courts and administrators, Thoreau in ringing language portrayed the ignominy of those who by their silence and inaction allowed themselves to become participants in a crime against humanity.

Now, in 1859, after Harpers Ferry, Thoreau, publicly and intrepidly, ranged himself on the side of a man who, at the risk of his life,

had defied the forces of law and order and the canons of respectability for his conscience' sake.

John Brown was a man after Thoreau's own heart. Even if he could not engage in direct action on a conspicuous public scale, Thoreau knew how to value it. Out of such feeling, he summoned his townsmen, at a time when the solid citizenry everywhere were horrified by what had happened at Harpers Ferry, to listen to one of the most forthright and forceful political speeches ever made. His defense of a man who had ventured all in behalf of his principles and for humanity was totally uncompromising.

Thoreau had met John Brown twice in Concord, in 1857 and again in 1859. He had followed with close attention his career in Kansas and in Virginia and, for the first and only time in his life, assiduously read all newspapers for the information he could get on the events at Harper's Ferry. By his own account Thoreau was so excited over the greatness of the blow struck by Brown against slavery, and so moved to contempt for the yelping forces of respectability which were hunting Brown down, that he partly prepared his speech in the bedtime hours, writing with a lead pencil in the dark. When the address was finished he took it upon himself to summon his townsmen to the meeting at the Universalist Church at which he delivered it.

Thoreau in his address specifically called Brown a Transcendentalist, and without doubt saw in his heroic action the kind of person which he as a Transcendentalist would like to have been. As Stoller aptly says, "It is this image of the man of principle in elemental direct struggle with evil that informs Thoreau's incisive sentences." In his "Plea for Captain John Brown" Thoreau spoke his most vigorous words on behalf of the single individual who dared to put himself against the congregated forces of evil.

THE days succeeding Harper's Ferry were momentous and stirring, and Thoreau was caught up in the wave of feeling that was shared by many of his countrymen when once the mesh of legalisms, constitutional restraint, hypocrisy, and just plain fear that had so long held back effective action against slavery had been ripped asunder as by a lightning stroke.

It is also characteristic of Thoreau that having delivered himself in this historic speech (twice repeated elsewhere) and, having later, with exemplary courage and adroitness assisted one of Brown's supporters who had escaped from Harper's Ferry to flee to Canada, he relapsed into his traditional skepticism and aloofness concerning the political happenings

now setting the stage for civil war.

Stoller gives us a picture of the mood of Thoreau in these months after Brown's execution:

> After reading his lecture twice to sympathetic audiences Thoreau refused to go further. In the summer of 1860 Parker's society (its leader now dead) [the reference is to Theodore Parker, the Unitarian preacher and libertarian] invited Thoreau to address its annual picnic at Waverly, a few miles from home, and Abolitionists asked him to speak at a memorial meeting near John Brown's grave in North Elba, New York. "Of course," he wrote to his sister, 'I did not go to North Elba, but I sent some reminiscences last fall," and "I do not go to picnics even in Concord, you know."

Here, even in a period of swiftly mounting crisis we observe that stubborn aloofness from social groups (partly prompted by shyness) which had become such a sign of Thoreau's deep reluctance to act together with his fellow man. The demands now being made on him to speak indicate how important was his role as a "catalyst." But, alas, he was never to transcend his transcendentalism. His refuge against joining his fellows in a righteous crusade was still the tenet that only as the individual purged himself of the taint of evil could the air of society be made sweet. We must acknowledge Thoreau in this respect as he was. Fortunately the "catalysis" of his vision of right and wrong is still working in the social ferment of our own time.

WALDEN as the greatest of Thoreau's books will probably always be the most likely to arouse critical comment and controversy. *Walden's* underlying purpose was to serve as a tract for the times, to warn people from inferior ways of living and encourage them to higher ways. It was written by a poor man who found life so rich in non-material things that financial lacks were no hardship. When Thoreau says in his second paragraph, "Perhaps these pages are more particularly addressed to poor students," he is inviting both sober and adventurous thinking on the part of young people who are hesitating between careers that lead to mere money-making and those that will help them to amass spiritual resources in themselves.

Walden was never intended as the opening gun in a back-to-the-woods movement, as has sometimes been assumed. Thoreau thoroughly believed in certain values in life which he thought his mild form of personal exploitation of the "primitive" would help to establish. When these values had been demonstrated to his own satisfaction he "left the words for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live and could not spare any more time

for that one."

Most people find the essence of *Walden* to be what Thoreau wished, a serious plea to men to break loose from the trammels of money-grubbing, debts, worry, and the lure of competitive ostentation in order to develop the fullness of their personalities. As a substitute for the "lives of quiet desperation" led by "the mass of men" he invites us to follow with him, close to nature, the procession of the seasons, to study the wonders of her working, and to fill the chambers of our spirit with her never-ending beauties. He bids us also contemplate the friendliness which so naturally appears in our human intercourse when we lead lives of simplicity free of the pressures and envies of "business" in all its forms.

The pilgrimage on which we follow our guide through the day-to-day life in *Walden* is aglow in almost every paragraph with serious thought and penetrating observation. Nor should its frequent spice of humor be overlooked. It is for these reasons that *Walden* is to many people their most frequently re-read book.

To me the greatest value to be derived from reading *Walden* is its sustained optimism respecting the future of man. One may question the solidity of the transcendental base for such optimism, but that any author should sound this clarion call to courage and hope, with no truckling to theological preconceptions of original sin or salvation through grace, is sufficient passport to our respect for his keen realization that man may rise to be what he will.

In *After Walden* Stoller shows how Thoreau's life experiences gradually formed in his consciousness, with frequent prods from his conscience, solutions to problems of man's relation to nature and society which departed broadly from the pattern of transcendentalism. These breakaways were not without backward looks and hesitancies, but his progress was steady and cumulative. No new philosophical concepts were voiced to explain these developments, but the evidence is clear that as he grew older and wiser a new materialist approach, *de facto* and unacknowledged, grew to underlie large areas of his action and thought.

Thoreau learned to distinguish true simplicity of living, the ideal to which he always clung, from mere backwardness. He learned to approve the civilized man's desire to draw from nature a more varied and substantial store of human comforts as against primitive man's dumb acceptance of his impoverished lot.

DESPITE such concessions toward worldly goods, hatred of the "unmanly love of wealth," which Thoreau had denounced in one of his

college essays, never left him. He remained an opponent of greed, and not alone because it injured the individual in his own successful living. Though Thoreau's statements on the social effects of greed as they manifested themselves in the working of the capitalist system did not come often, they were always vigorous and spoken from the heart.

Thoreau always retained as a symbol of an ideal way of life such farmers as his friend George Minott, one of a dwindling group, who chopped his own wood to maintain the "vital heat," and watered his crops with the sweat of his brow. Because of their closeness to nature farmers always appealed to him; but, with advancing years, came increasing disillusionment with them as a class. Stoller gives several illustrations of this. As a surveyor, Thoreau saw farmers almost daily and recorded their ways. Thus we have the farmers of Acton: "a mixture of quiet, respectable, and even gentlemanly farmer people, well-to-do in the world, with a rather boisterous, coarse, and a little self-willed class," and the Sudbury farmers: "almost exclusively, exceedingly rough and countrified and more illiterate than usual, very tenacious of their rights and dignities and difficult to deal with." (1851)

Thoreau's allusion to illiteracy just quoted should not mislead us on his attitude toward persons who were merely literate or were possessed of politeness and refinement, rather than being "rough." In this same year of 1851 he notes in his *Journal* that:

> Men are very generally spoiled by being so civil and well-disposed. You can have no profitable conversation with them, they are so conciliatory, determined to agree with you. I would meet with some provoking strangeness, so that we may be guest and host and refresh one another. It is possible for a man wholly to disappear and be merged in his manner. The thousand and one gentlemen whom I meet, I meet despairingly and but to part from them, for I am not cheered by hope of any rudeness from them. Your gentlemen, they are all alike. They utter their opinions as if it was not a man who uttered them. It is "just as you please"; they are indifferent to everything.

He contrasts such persons with "the laborers whom I know, the loafers, fishers and hunters. . . . They do not cast themselves on me for entertainment, they do not approach me with a flag of truce."

HIS strictures on rough and stubborn farmers reflect his changing attitude toward that pre-industrial society of farmers and mechanics, still largely preserved in the Concord of his youth. These groups he had idealized as representative of the self-sufficient independent individuals so dear to the transcendentalists. One of Stoller's most useful accom-

plishments is to record and document Thoreau's recognition that the railroad and the telegraph, the factory and commerce were not in themselves incompatible with leading a life of principle. It was not the tools man had devised to extract more wealth from his environment, it was the use of his wealth to debase his inner self which provoked Thoreau's criticism and aroused his ire.

An illuminating chapter in Stoller's book, making clear Thoreau's increasing attachment both to the scientific approach and to social realities, describes how his researches into the ways of forests were stimulated by the practice of his own trade. Surveying brought him into daily contact with woods and cleared land. This in turn led him into varied and useful speculation on economic botany and on silviculture.

Thoreau's attitude toward the practical care and development of trees was enhanced by his feeling for them as symbols of the wild, from whence comes men's own aspiration to tower. They symbolize also the eternal cycle of birth and death with which he was much preoccupied. Most of all, Thoreau valued trees for their natural beauty. His devotion to trees led him gradually to thoughts about the necessity of social responsibility for their planting and protection. He believed that towns should preserve wilderness tracts for the future enjoyment of their citizens. "Each town," he wrote toward the end of his life, "should have a park, or rather primitive forest, of five hundred or a thousand acres, where a stick should never be cut for fuel, a common possession forever, for instruction and recreation." In this same strain he advocated that the "town collectively" should see to it that the banks of rivers had public highways adorned with trees planted on each side with "frequent avenues . . . provided leading to it from the main street."

He saw the injury done to human beings through their exclusion from privately owned woodland, and also the social need to prevent wanton destruction of forests for private profit.

Along with thoughts on conservation as a means of preserving man's natural inheritance was mingled disapproval of individual wood-owners impoverishing themselves and their farm by ignorant, unscientific and over-greedy handling of their trees. He condemned these practices as preventing wood-lot owners from securing the greatest value from their timber as well as from other crops, then and in the future. Long-range projection, based on practical observation and reading about the succession of forests, the dispersal of seeds, methods of reforestation, etc., reveal the practical economic side of Thoreau's increasing concern with trees.

Thoreau never cultivated trees for his own use and profit. So far as is recorded, he never grew grains or other crops, except his famous

Walden bean field. Still, his Yankee upbringing was offended by the uneconomic use of a man's property, as he and his fellow townsmen would be offended if an artisan botched his work.

THOREAU could never reconcile his feeling for nature as the prime sustainer of the human spirit with a point of view which gave first importance to the individual's use of nature for personal gain. Referring to privately-owned blueberry fields, he says:

> When I pass such fields on the highway my heart sinks within me. I see a blight on the land. . . . As long as the berries are free to all comers they are beautiful, though they may be few and small, but tell me that this is a blueberry swamp that somebody has hired, and I should not want even to look at it.

It is in this connection that Thoreau (to quote Stoller) "carries the idea one step further to reach his extreme point in his critique of the industrial economy," when he writes:

> We have as good a right to make berries private property as to make wild grass and trees such—it is not worse than a thousand other practices which custom has sanctioned—but that is the worst of it, for it suggests how bad the rest are, and to what result civilization and division of labor naturally tend, to make all things venal.

Stoller then points out:

> The idea approached in this passage—the incompatibility between an economy of private property and aims higher than acquisition—Thoreau did not develop further. But it provides the final evidence about Thoreau's view of the coupled opposites, relation to spirit and relation to body and economy. It was the first which was absolute. In the union of principle and expediency it was the lower which was always to be accommodated to the higher.

At a later point Stoller discusses the "paradox" that Thoreau presents in "a movement toward the industrial mode of production contradicted by praise and practice of economic activities that antedate it." This paradox Stoller explains as resulting from the survival of the social philosophy which inspired Thoreau when he built his hut and planted his beans at Walden and which "lingered past its day to engage in rearguard skirmish with its successor." A "second fact" is that

> . . . the reconciliation between the simple life and the industrial mode of production which Thoreau groped for was a goal beyond his reaching. The essential reason for this was that Thoreau was unable to discover any

> germs in the industrialism he knew that would in maturity carry it beyond the division of labor classically described by Adam Smith and beyond the motive of acquisition. So long as industry could not transcend the division of labor, which resulted in the division of man, and so long as it was aimed at ends which were external, Thoreau would never be able to reconcile it with the integral development of the whole person which was essential to his doctrine of self-culture.

This is true and well put, and one detects a quite justifiable note of egret in Stoller's remarks that Thoreau was unable to extend himself far- ner to embrace some ultimate view of technological advance and the evelopment of the human individual proceeding in harmony instead of n contradiction to one another.

The idea that Thoreau should have attained such a concept is not reposterous from the point of his general time in history or his par- cular location in Concord. The Fruitlands and Brook Farm experiments ere certainly most familiar to him, and he could not therefore be a ranger to the hope which inspired their founders that if the workers wned the means of production collectively, the whole man and the whole ociety could be simultaneously developed, economically and spiritually. ctually, however, the movement came under Thoreau's general opposi- on to "reform" from outside the man himself, as well as his detestation f the individual's coercion by any government, whether the state or a elf-governing group. Reform of the individual was still his mainstay, s Stoller points out, in respect to the abuses of capitalism which he spe- ifically recognized. It was also, as we have seen, the basis of his hope or the ultimate abolition of slavery.

N *American Renaissance,* F. O. Matthiessen calls attention to Thoreau's special feeling for the ills of the working class. In Matthiessen's ords:

> Thoreau held it "only fair in judging society to look at that class by whose labor the works which distinguish this generation are accomplished." Even waiving the special problems that these new groups (immigrants) presented, he declared that "hardly any workingman in the country had the leisure for a true integrity day by day. . . . He has no time to be anything but a machine."

That Thoreau grasped the fundamental contradiction in capitalism etween the supplying of human economic needs and the amassing of ivate profit, is clearly set forth in a well-known quotation from the st chapter of *Walden.*

> I cannot believe that our factory system is the best mode by which men may get clothing. The condition of the operatives is becoming every day more like that of the English, and it cannot be wondered at, since, as far as I have heard or observed, the principal object is, not that mankind may be well and honestly clad, but, unquestionably, that the corporation may be enriched.

Complaints frequently voiced by Thoreau against the rich emphasize the drag exerted by the pursuit of wealth on the individual's spiritual development. Thoreau spoke out against wealth as a deterrent to decent manly behavior. He also recognized the misery and subjugation into which the whole money economy thrusts the small tradesman.

IN ANY sustained way Thoreau made no pretension to being either economist or historian. His emphasis on his proud isolation from the day-to-day affairs of his country and the world is in one respect pathetic. His disparagement of politics and the grasping commercialism of his time was a frequent theme. In 1851 Thoreau expressed his conviction that "trade curses everything it handles." Conversely his feeling for social justice was as strong as his transcendental approach to its attainment was weak and ineffective. Here lies the pathos. Had he been even somewhat aware of the breadth of the social program on public education and other matters which was being fought for by the nascent trade union movement in America, he might have glimpsed possibilities of practical social action, of a brand of "reform" which he could support. Stoller specifically calls attention to Thoreau's reluctance to go to the people. One may justly speculate on the degree of insight Thoreau might have gained into the problem of how to achieve beneficial social change had he participated, for example, in some committee to further his notion of setting aside a wilderness tract for the enjoyment and inspiration of the Concord residents. Here in microcosm he might have identified an example of the perpetual tug of war between social ideals and the vested interests of ownership. Such an experience might have taught him that the solution of this and kindred problems lay in organizing the collective weight of the have-nots to promote a more just and humane use of the products of nature.

There is no evidence that Thoreau had any knowledge of scientific socialism, as it was being developed by Marx and Engels, although if he had not been such a consistent non-reader of newspapers, he most probably would have read at least some of their contributions to Greeley's *Tribune*. Conceivably such knowledge might have softened his skepticism of organized social action, but this is doubtful. Notions of the dynamic

f social change, of a forward movement of society impelled by the con-
ict of class interests, the conception of society as an organism subject
o definite scientific laws, would have been too deeply alien to the beliefs
nd tenets Thoreau had so long lived by.

At least, guided only by common sense and an observation unclouded
ither by prejudice or fear, he perceived clearly the moral degradation of
ne bourgeoisie, the exploitation of the working class, and the stunting
f the creativity of labor under capitalism. These convictions were never
naken.

Frequent relaxed contemplation of nature in order, so to speak,
o open the pores of one's spirit to the influence of the Over Soul, to
nose promptings out of which genius would become manifest, was a de-
berate technique of the transcendentalist. Because Thoreau was a practi-
ioner of such spiritual exercise, he has frequently been condemned as
n idler. Particularly in young bustling pioneer America his way of life
vas bound to encounter reproach. Even Emerson, who as a philosopher
dvocated such communion with nature, was disturbed at the degree to
vhich Thoreau appeared to avoid a settled occupation.

Thoreau sought out nature, to describe her in words, and to portray
er meanings for mankind, precisely as an artist sits down before nature
o depict her in paint. Nature was his workshop. Whether he sat down
r walked about in the presence of nature, whether he viewed her trans-
endentally or, as increasingly happened in his later years, as a scientific
aturalist, he was first and always about his business as a writer. More
nan this, as Matthiessen has pointed out, Thoreau's ability to write,
nd indeed the very texture of his prose, was intensely bound up with
xercise in general and walking in particular. He was rarely a saunterer.
Vhen he walked, or skated, it was with a purpose. He frequently pur-
ued both activities over many consecutive hours and came back with a
ood "head" of spiritual steam ready for commitment to his journal or
o a letter.

Emerson said, "The length of his walk uniformly made the length of
is writing. If shut up in the house he did not write at all." Matthies-
en remarks: "He never wavered in his belief that steady labor with
ne hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestionably the best
nethod of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style, both
f speaking and writing."

"He knew, like Anteus," says Matthiessen, "that his strength derived
rom ever-new contact with the earth," and he quotes Thoreau, "My
ody is all sentient. As I go here or there I am tickled by this or that I
ome in contact with as if I touched the wires of a battery."

In *The Service* Thoreau said, "A man's life should be a stately march to an unheard music," and in *Walden* comes the famous dictum, "Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away." This devotion to walking and marching was, he believed, a reflection of his own response to the rhythem of nature to be cherished as such, as a sign of bodily and spiritual health.

No wonder that the periods of illness in his later years which interfered with his outdoor activity, plus the tapering off of his youthful sensory responses, resulted in that occasional despondency of which Paul makes so much. That the vigor of Thoreau's prose writing remained still unimpaired we may credit largely to the fact that his growing scientific interest in nature, requiring as it did less vigorous exertion on his part, filled his sensory and emotional voids so satisfactorily.

THOREAU is one of those authors whose life as a man is especially important to our evaluation of his writing. A major preoccupation of his vocation as a writer is to advise others how to live better lives. One can learn from some exploration of his own life to interpret this advice either strictly or broadly. Again, some of his more extreme social commentary in the transcendental vein may be slightly softened by knowledge of personal attitudes and actions which point in another direction.

For example, during the severe depression of 1857 Thoreau wrote to Harrison Blake, "If thousands are thrown out of employment it suggests that they were not well employed. Why don't they take the hint? It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants." Here the self-conscious philosopher, writing to his chief disciple, seems to be both meanly and fatuously saying to the textile operative thrown out of work in a business crisis that this was a piece of his own folly. Why did he not live a life according to transcendental principles instead of getting mixed up in an evil system which, as Thoreau had pointed out just before in the same letter, had most justly involved avaricious merchants and bankers, the main supporters of the system, in financial disaster?

One must contrast with this seeming indifference the examples of Thoreau's practical assistance to other poor people, likewise presumably leading lives of misery and desperation as the result of their own "folly." Even more to the point was his clear recognition and condemnation of the money power's indifference to the injuries it inflicted.

Shocked by a powder mill disaster in the nearby town of Acton, he visited the scene and suggested practical measures to avoid such accidents in the future.

Stoller quotes from Thoreau's *Journal* a striking passage about a railroad bridge that had already caused a number of deaths. This situation, says Stoller, had become for Theoreau "a symbol of the inhumanity of the entire profit-centered economy." Thoreau wrote:

> Yesterday I walked under the murderous Lincoln Bridge, where at least ten men have been swept dead from the cars within as many years. I looked to see if their heads had indented the bridge, if there were sturdy blows given as well as received and if their brains lay about. But I could see neither the one nor the other. The bridge is quite unimpaired, even and straight, not even the paint worn off or discolored. The ground is clean, the snow spotless, and the place looks as innocent as a bank whereon the wild thyme grows. It does its work in an artistic manner.

THE recent publication of the most complete collection yet of Thoreau's letters is a literary event of major importance. The editors, Walter Harding and Carl Bode, after painstaking search, have turned up a number of new leters by Thoreau which add greatly to the collection's value.* The compilers are entitled to take pride in what they describe as "the first attempt to print in one collection every available surviving letter writen by and to Thoreau."

The letters are a particularly valuable source for acquainting us with Thoreau's attitudes toward his friends and vice versa. His relationship with Emerson suffered in later years from the fact that, in Thoreau's perspective, the older man was capable of being both a patron, which Thoreau accepted, and a patronizer, which he resented. Otherwise a warm cordiality and frankness distinguished Thoreau's friendships. The friends themselves were a well-varied lot of individuals but a constant mutual devotion was maintained at a high level with all involved. For a man who loved solitude and the flavor of his own thought and utterance, one might imagine difficulties in sustained intercourse with the sallies of such a roving dilettantish mind as Ellery Channing, his lifelong friend and future biographer, or the tireless, philosophic salvos of the ebullient Alcott. Nor could two disciples more contrasting be imagined than the sober-minded Blake, Worcester school teacher and former minister, and the genial Quaker and gentleman of leisure, Daniel Ricketson of New Bedford. With these friends and followers Thoreau was always at ease (sometimes, it must be admitted, by pointedly absenting himself from their society). But when he had his fill of solitude, the reunions were as agreeable as ever, with nobody's *amour propre* showing sign of having

* *The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau,* ed. Walter Harding and Carl Bode. New York University Press.

been subjected to strain.

Thoreau's deep and easy gift for friendship on a natural human level, revealed in the letters and elsewhere, is a refreshing antidote to the thoroughly transcendental and almost attitudinizing essay on friendship which he incorporated in the *Week*. Once more we are reminded that transcendentalism is never the last word on Thoreau. Perhaps one should say rather that in his hands, whether writing or otherwise living his life, transcendentalism could be brought down from the clouds and sufficiently adapted to the ordinary uses of mankind.

IF IN the ordinary affairs of life Thoreau's Transcendentalism could be sloughed off when occasions demanded, it remained a settled incubus on his social thinking and behavior. Most seriously of all, transcendentalism's emphasis on the isolated individual kept him from learning by experience. Stoller puts his finger on Thoreau's greatest lack when he says, ". . . since he withdrew from involvement with the people he acted upon, he could only teach them and not, as he needed, learn from them." On the slavery issue, to take the most important example, he could never test the validity of his conclusions by participating with others in an attempt to arrive at some useful *ad hoc* solution even to an immediate local problem.

We may be grateful at least that his common sense and human feeling enabled him to perceive as clearly as he did such social evils as imperialism, slavery and the exploitation of industrial workers for their employers' profit. Perhaps his transcendental devotion to the dignity of the individual even assisted him to recognize the depth of the injury to the worker's dignity when division of labor was undertaken to enhance private profit or when the worker was obliged to earn his livelihood by services performed for some rich idler. Had Thoreau attained a clearer understanding of the economic causes of these and other social evils which he deplored, he would have been by so much the greater figure.

A last word concerning Thoreau's freedom from cant and hypocrisy may not be amiss at this point. Idealist philosophy though it was, transcendentalism was quite free of such theological concepts as salvation by divine redemption and of personal immortality.

In his late essay, "Autumnal Tints," Thoreau says of the leaves,

> They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as

gracefully and as ripe—with such an Indian-summer serenity will shed their bodies as they do their hair and nails.

When he wrote this the "Indian summer" of his own short life was not far off. He worked until the end at his writing and died when his ripeness and time of falling was upon him. It so happened that death found him sitting upright on his couch. The end was peaceful, the actual moment of death hardly to be observed. It is related that in his final illness a female relative asked him if he had made his peace with God and he replied, with a touch of that humor that had so long adorned his life, that he did not know they had ever quarreled; when a ministerial friend inquired whether he had thought of the other world, he answered simply, "One world at a time."

THAT Thoreau should have a strong appeal to the America of today is not difficult to understand. We denizens of the "free world" live in a climate of shibboleths, insincerity and sham. We also live under the threat of a universal holocaust. Though what Thoreau has to say may not be specific to our troubles, we value him because he believed in truth and hated hypocrisy, because he knew that the real things in life were simple things, and that riches and power bring in their wake greed, corruption, and debasement of men. With all Thoreau's shyness and diffidence he was a lover of man and had absolute faith in man's inherent goodness and consequent benign destiny.

To an alarming degree the American consciousness is oppressed by cynicism and apathy. We have become so familiar with corruption and meanness in public and private life that a shrug of the shoulder is a common response to some new outrage. Obviously the evils that inhibit our moral growth can be effectively met only by the establishment of a new social order, an order wisely and justly based on institutions that call forth collective support for the achievement of responsible personal living.

But the will to attain such social change must first be built within the minds and hearts of individual men and women. Against all the shallow, false thinking and degradation of values foisted upon us by the commercial press and the mass media of entertainment, the individual must summon his own determination to live a life of moral responsibility and intellectual integrity. He must be resolved to live with himself and among his fellows according to his own highest capacities. This was Thoreau's constant and conscious aim, reflected in every page of his work. It is for this reason that so many now turn to him as a symbol of strength and hope.

RiGhT FaCe

Pioneer, O Pioneer

The jet age has speeded up the No. 1 female sport of collectin homes. Hardly a socialite these days who can't hang her clothes in a least three homes, and the challenge to space them in as far apart locale as possible. Though Mrs. Charles Engelhardt runs an apartment in th Waldorf Towers, a suburban home in New Jersey, a second house i Johannesburg, South Africa and a fishing camp in Canada, she hasn' a care line in her face or a hair out of place in her balloon-shaped hai do. At Lilian and Stephane Groueff's party the other night, wearin Mainbocher's mauve and white coat over a white satin dinner dres she was just back from hostessing a house party of thirteen in Sout Africa. . . . She gives a dinner for eighteen in New Jersey tonight an tomorrow is off to Canada with another group. Mrs. Engelhardt keep basic clothes—slacks, sweaters, suits, and hostess pants—in every hom but carries her latest evening clothes along with her. Besides houses sh runs five children, ages 4 to 19, and raises prize-winning golden re trievers. It's all a matter of organization and luckily she trained for as executive of a microfilming company during the war. Still a to level sport, round the world house collecting is soon due to become trend for all income levels. Nice to know that the little woman who onc shot off Indians from her one and only, can now rise to the challeng of keeping all serene on four or five fronts.

—The *New York Herald Tribun*

Greater Respect Hath No Man

President Chiang said the assembly had upheld the dignity of th

Constitution. He was re-elected despite a constitutional bar on a third term through the revision of "temporary provisions of the Constitution."
—The *New York Times.*

Come to Capetown for Kicks

Do the Bright Continent! That's right—it's the *bright* continent these days! There's certainly nothing dark about the sunny, fun-filled Africa of today!—Ad for Union Castle tours in the *Sunday Times Magazine.*

Friendship, Ltd.

Few Afghans are invited to parties given by most of the thirty-three American families who live in Kandahar, the major city in southern Afghanistan.

Most of the American men and many of their wives are with the United States International Cooperation Administration.—The *New York Times.*

Incorrect Address

A batch of South African canned steak which an importer said was intended for South Africa's "native market" was shipped to Bristol by mistake. Bristol health officials found some of the cans contained "a concoction of bone, liver and kidney, gristle, hairs, bits of arteries and veins."

The discovery created an uproar in Bristol's health committee. "It was horrible trash and rubbish," said City Medical Officer, Dr. R. C. Wofinden.

Bristol's Member of Parliament said he would raise the matter in the House of Commons.

Importer Edward Denny commented:

"It was all a mistake. Only part of the shipment was substandard and that was wrongly labeled.

"Code markings show the cans were destined for the native market." A representative of the Denny firm was flown to South Africa to investigate the error.—AP dispatch .

Kid Stuff

A Government attorney told the Court of Appeals that a witness before a Congressional Committee had no right to withhold the names of former associates in the Communist Party.

"This Boy Scout doctrine of not squealing on your friends simply does not exist in law," William Hitz said.—The *New York Times.*

books in review

Small Men Seen Large

A BIT OF BLOOD AND OTHER STORIES, by Arnold Zweig. Seven Seas Books.

SMALL men in a big world of pressures and cruelties: these are the materials of Arnold Zweig's stories; and the men loom large. A hair dresser, a clerk, the motorman of a train, a child and his widowed mother, these and others live in these pages, not, as in so many modern stories in minute, psychological inter-relations, but in the full experience of their time.

The time is from 1915 to 1933, the place is Germany and in writing of ordinary Germans and a few foreign tourists, Zweig has illuminated the period that led to catastrophe. It is not easy or pleasant for the reader to observe sympathetically the Germany of this period. But to observe the German people, as Zweig portrays them, is to understand a little better what happened to them as human beings, and to separate our attitudes toward the people from our attitudes to the forces that would destroy them.

It is the indestructibility of man that Zweig shows us, with insight, with humor, without sentimentality. His little men do not emerge glossy or falsely heroic; they come alive as real people, strong and weak together, subject to the inhuman pressures of their times but not crushed in their humanity.

The title story, *A Bit of Blood,* is typical. A German clerk and a Scottish traveler, both of them were in the war as enemies, meet on opposite sides of a counter, after the war, as salesman and customer, and eventually, as human beings. In the course of demonstrating a little gadget, the clerk cuts his finger. The accidental and intrinsically insignificant shedding of a few drops of blood arouses in the Scotsman a deep concern for his fellow human being

and former enemy. The incident brings the two together for a few minutes on a simple human level in an "aura of fellowship between men who would never meet again." The incident is trivial in itself; but the meaning it symbolizes is as large as the struggle for peace between nations. It is this ability to extract from the most elementary human actions and feelings the most profound and important meanings that makes Zweig's stories so memorable.

He is at his best in the shorter, more compact stories such as *A Bit of Blood* and *Old Man With a Stick,* a brief, moving account of the helplessness and yet hopefulness of an old man. He had been a model citizen. He had followed all the precepts of his government. He had bought insurance, paid his taxes, subscribed to war loans, been a prudent, conscientious citizen. War and inflation had destroyed all that he had saved, leaving him in old age abandoned and penniless. The story comes to an ironic but delicately hopeful conclusion, typical of Zweig's writing.

The author is less successful, in this reader's opinion, in the longer stories. He has a tendency in the more extended works to let himself be drawn into exposition and development of ideas, aphorisms, attitudes, to extend them outside the framework of the story itself, so that the reader is distracted from his identification with the people of the story. This distraction, acceptable and often exciting in the larger framework of the novel, detracts somewhat from the impact of one or two of the longer stories.

This is a minor critical point. This reader is grateful for the affirmative approach of these twelve stories and their interweaving of history and humanity. The little paperback volume should have a wide acceptance in this country, so barren of outlets for this kind of story.

RUTH KRONMAN

Greatly Human

THE FLOWERS OF HIROSHIMA, by Edita Morris. Viking. $3.50.

IN HER poignant novel, Edita Morris has made a distinguished contribution to those works which are concerned with the grand theme of peace. Her method is not to stand off and make large generalizations, but rather to let us see what is happening to a Hiroshima family years after the bomb has fallen. She brings us very close to their daily life by having a young American, Sam Willoughby, take temporary lodging with this Japanese family. As he learns, we learn.

I want to say here that I have read *The Flowers of Hiroshima* twice, and I know I will read parts of it many times again. The first time I read the novel I was swept through to its moving and inexorable conclusion, just as in a little boat in a fast moving stream one must continue to where the end may be. In my second reading I expected to study Mrs. Morris' technique, but about half way through the book I discovered I was once again so involved with the family that I was forgetting to look for artistry. I was, rather, conquered by it. I was feeling very much as I do in rereading *Hamlet.* Just before the end I become convinced that this time it

will somehow come out better.

Mrs. Morris allows her novel to unfold by taking us within the mind and heart of Yuka-san, the young wife of Fumio, a worker. She cherishes her home, her children, her husband, she adores her young sister, Ohatsu. We first see Yuka-san kneeling on the floor in her kitchen. While she sews, she listens to the tea water bubbling on the brazier, talks with Mrs. Bullfinch in her bird cage, and thinks how the extra yen from the new boarder will help, for who can tell what may happen to those who have survived the bomb?

With perfect Japanese courtesy Yuka-san tries to hold back from the young American visitor, Sam, what it means to be bomb victims. She prefers to let him see "the tranquil garden with its single cherry tree by the sleeping pond;" to let him enjoy family celebrations and the cherry-viewing excursion. But gradually he learns, from the artist and from the doctor at the hospital, and finally from Yuka-san herself.

In the course of their experiences they all grow. Ohatsu passes from an exquisite young girl in love, to a young woman who knows that her love can never be fulfilled, for her children or her children's children might be monstrously deformed, like the two-headed fish with four eyes.

Yuka-san, called to the hospital in the night, runs though the streets and in her frenzy relives the dreadful moment of the bomb blast. "I swear, Mama-san, I swear on your blackened face, on your flaming hair, that I will give the rest of my life to prevent such a thing from happening again. Ah, Mama-san, you're smiling at me?"

And Yuka-san's husband, Fumio, lying near death from radiation illness in the hospital, is able to feel joy in the young vigorous life of the squirrel that is making a nest outside his window. When Sam asks Fumio what he can do for him, Fumio says, quite without bitterness, "Ask him to buy the squirrel some nuts." Mrs. Morris lets us see, over and over, the precious feeling for life itself which the bomb victims share, whether it is for "glass-hoppers," slimy slugs, squirrels, or people.

Sam, no longer the casual visitor, wants Fumio to know he understands what Fumio is enduring. "You see, it's through you that I've learned the meaning of Hiroshima, and that's something not many people know. I'll tell—a few people. That's all I can do right now—tell people."

This is what Edita Morris has done, eloquently, tenderly, and with a terrible truth. She makes us realize the difference between knowing statistics, and living through the experiences on which statistics are based. She makes us realize that we who want peace don't need to feel individually so weak. We understand, suddenly, we are just the vast majority of the human race.

ALICE DUNHAM

The Poetry of Pity

KITTY, I HARDLY KNEW YOU, by Edward McSorley. Doubleday & Co., Inc. $3.95.

IN THIS, his third, novel Edward McSorley has written a well told, readable, and at times quite gripping story of what happens to a couple of

immigrants from Ireland.

Clune is working his way over, dodging the consequences of a murder arising out of one of Ireland's civil wars. His romance with Kitty, one of the passengers, comes to fruition before the ship arrives in New York. He promises to come for her to the address she gives him, her sister's home in Brooklyn, but courage fails and he runs out on the girl as he did on the murder. He never learns of the birth of his son, or of the troubles it causes Kitty.

She has to marry a man who later proves to be a gangster, and is rubbed out in some intergang rivalry. Kitty waits on tables to support herself and the child; when work fails during the depression she turns to prostitution. But after years of this and after the boy has grown up and been killed in war, she meets Dom, an Italian-American taxi driver, who offers her genuine love and a chance at marriage. They move into a Brooklyn rooming house. One of the lodgers on the top floor is an embittered, lonely man far gone in drink. His name is Clune.

As in *Our Own Kind* and *Young McDermott,* McSorley uses a bouncy, poetically-inspired prose that is close to the Irish idiom. He tells the story in the first person through the lips of several characters, switching from one to another and back again as Faulkner does in *As I Lay Dying.* In spite of the sensational plot elements it is a psychological portrayal of failure, for neither Clune nor Kitty manage to catch on to whatever is good or healthy in their new environment. Nor is their failure caused by anything in the environment itself. They simply lack courage.

On page one Clune admits "I would never be the man" another man is, and quickly proves his lack of manhood by chucking over his one and only love, rather than face even the small difficulty of a possible domestic row. Kitty does a little better at first, for instance refusing a solution that would mean giving up her baby. Soon she too becomes a suffering but passive spectator of her own fate. When she discovers her husband to be a gangster she neither says nor does anything to try and change him. "I hadn't the courage," she says at this and other points in the book. She drifts. She remains a prostitute after the propelling force of the depression has abated, having come to like it. Dom's efforts (he at least is a positive character) to make a wife out of her fail. She has lost, if she ever had, the will to take hold on life and try to shape it.

As for Clune, his last job is selling tokens in the subway—a symbol of the unlighted prison that is his state of mind. He ends by comparing himself with Bud, an ape in the Zoo which he observed, with pleasure, as it threw dung out of its cage at people passing by.

The author's lively style and evident sympathy with his characters counterbalances the drab impression such a story makes when summarized. He details and documents carefully all these failures, rendering the very gradation and tone of emotion evoked in each person by each turn of the harrowing situation. None of the pathetic rationalizations, flights of fancy, unrealistic hopes and lyrical outpourings that mask the collapse of personality are omitted. And the way is prepared for the appropriate ending.

For in the climax, too, Kitty fails. Mrs. Thompson, the acid-tongued landlady who more than anyone else personifies mean commercialism, unreasonably demands that she climb the stairs to Clune's room and deliver a message of eviction. After a few ineffective protests, Kitty meekly starts to climb. So the wheels begin moving toward the final fiasco. Nothing has happened, only that three motes of dust, blown together in a fierce wind of exploitation and indifference, are blown apart again in the same wind.

Still, the novel does portray life; the situations are real; the people are genuine, recognizable and likable, if rather limp, human beings.

RUTH MAHONEY

Pastiche

THE POSSESSED, by Albert Camus. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

ON THE title page of Camus's new work you are informed that *The Possessed* is "a play in three parts"; no credit is given to Dostoyevsky. But everything else proclaims the source: the title, the dramatis personae, the book jacket blurbs, Camus's short introduction, and even the plot. Yet that pretentious phrase—"a play in three parts"—is the real key to this adaptation; Camus's play is a kind of dramatic recipe for the novel. What has been left out is just the pinch of greatness, the knowledge of and compassion for human suffering, which is displayed, however intermittently, in this, the most reactionary of Dostoyevsky's novels.

Camus's play is such a fraudulent work—both as an adaptation of the novel and as a piece of theater writing —that one's first reaction is to dismis it entirely. Yet Camus is a Nobel Priz winner, and his work must be deal with serioulsy, for he has been sold t us by those who want us to see th world darkly and to have as dispirited view of the possibilities for huma freedom as Camus does. Certainly thi play is perhaps the easiest means h has given us for showing the way h works.

Let us take what only seems to be minor matter, the character and us made of the narrator of the story. I the novel, it is he who sets the ton of the events although he seldom parti cipates in them. "In undertaking to de scribe the recent and strange incident in our town, till lately wrapped in un eventful obscurity, I find myself force in the absence of literary skill to begi my story rather far back. . . ," he say at the beginning of the novel. Fron what he says and from his modes tone you know not only that he i privy to everything that occurs in th town but that the view of all the char acters and actions spring from an em pathetic young man who is curious an intelligent, capable of irony but not sophisticate.

Camus has a narrator too. He is young man who, hat in hand, stand urbanely in front of the curtain an guides you from scene to scene, "cour teous, calm and ironic," according t the stage directions. He is given to epi grammatic statements, like, "But it i hardly possible to love one's wife an justice at the same time." He is coo and worldly in tone and never convince you that he is more than gossipin about the people whose suffering he i recounting.

Now, it's true that the use of

alkative and rambling narrator in the novel is a clumsy device and shows, as Dostoyevsky disarmingly confesses, an "absence of literary skill"; Dostoyevsky could have learned technique from, say, Flaubert, but his narrator was a perfect device in other ways. His educated provincial is the most convincing vantage point Dostoyevsky could select from which to view the officials from the capital, the high society of the town, the liberals and the revolutionaries whom Dostoyevsky was out to condemn. To such a young man the nihilists and terrorists can appear as "devils" and still their predicaments can elicit his unworldly compassion.

Camus's narrator can only be superilious toward all these people and his involvement with them remains at an ttenuated, moralizing level at best. Camus, perhaps unconsciously, has thus ost the real center of *The Possessed* nd is left inadvertently with only device which is even more clumsy n the theater than in literature where lmost any device can be convincingly idden . The play is written in naturalistic scenes, clashing with the narator speaking directly to the audience n the technique of the epic theater; nd the narrator's appearances more and nore become a frantic means of telling he audience the complicated turns of Dostoyevsky's plot.

(Incidentally, Camus has had the play ublished with whole scenes and peeches printed within brackets to now that these sections were deleted n production due "to the necessities of age production." Since he was intimately involved in the production of he play, this bracketing of sections of he text is the first confession we know f from a serious writer that not everything one is reading is necessary to the work.)

It is difficult to answer the most important question any reader will ask: why Camus wrote and produced a bad adaptation of *The Possessed.* If it is difficult to be sympathetic with Dostoyevsky's motives, it is even more so with Camus's. Like Dostoyevsky, he makes the liberal Stepan Trofimovitch turn on his deathbed to religion for his personal salvation and for Russia's. Can this be Camus's comment on *our* world? In the novel this series of scenes is a logical development of Dostoyevsky's characterization of Stepan Trofimovitch but in the play it seems simply a gratuitous and forced happening. It is the climax of the play but it carries no conviction. Dostoyevsky believed in his "devils" and in his God, but we cannot believe that Camus does. If you're going to write a new *Macbeth,* the witches are going to be a problem.

FELIX GUTIERREZ

Books Received

A JOHN BROWN READER, edited by Louis Ruchames, Abelard-Schuman. $7.50.

THIS book does much to right an historic libel—that John Brown, who died on the gallows in his struggle for Negro freedom, was only an insane fanatic. Such a libel, depriving the American people of the noblest saga in their history, hurts not the dead but the living, maiming and weakening the American people by robbing them of a past whose courage might help solve problems of the present.

"This question," said John Brown, wounded and surrounded by enemies who shortly were to execute him for treason, "this Negro question, I mean, the end of that is not yet." A hundred years later each day's newspapers bring proof of that fact whether the source of the news is the American South or the awakening continent of Africa. And it is manifest that until the American people are right on this question, this Negro question, neither their foreign policy nor their domestic can be successful. If John Brown was insane would that others could achieve that state.

Both John Brown and the time of which he was representative were revolutionary and that is the fact upon which professional historians choke. They still try to eat their cake and have it, too, praising the wisdom of Thoreau and Emerson, for example, blithely ignoring the fact that both praised Brown and his deed, praised him at the moment when it was dangerous to speak, and praised him unequivocally. The professional traducing of a man who gave his life for his country in the knowledge that its fate depended upon freedom for the Negro is not unconnected, perhaps, with the passive lassitude still persisting among most white Americans as they regard the long-continuing struggle of the Negro people. The best of the past cannot be ignored without injury to the present.

This *Reader* is divided between John Brown's own words in letters and speeches and the words of others about him and his life. Part of its strength lies in the fact that much of its testimony comes from eye-witnesses and contemporaries. Despite the academicians and the text-book writers, John Brown is here hailed as hero and patrio by writers ranging from Emerson, Thor eau, Whitman and Alcott to Douglass W. E. B. Du Bois, William Dean How ells, John Jay Chapman and Truman Nelson, that is, by writers ranging in time from the days before John Brown's execution on December 2, 185 to late issues of *The Nation,* the *Na tional Guardian* and *Mainstream.*

The most eloquent words to be found in this valuable book are the words o John Brown, himself. "I know no more of grammar than that calf," he once said but here is proof that style is the man, that great character and great ac tion sometimes make for great words If John Brown's spelling is at fault his punctuation incorrect, his words nevertheless soar to the same grea height attained by Vanzetti. Both men were executed as a penalty for their fight for freedom and out of the agony of each came words more real and true than those ordinarily issuing from men who are writers alone.

MAX WEBER: AN INTELLECTUAL PORTRAIT, by Reinhard Bendix Doubleday. $5.75.

THE life and thought of Max Webe represent to modern students th classical dilemma of the sophisticate liberal. In a sense Weber's work le him to conclusions which put liberalism out of date, and brought the grea German scholar to a position of grav pessimism. On the one hand, moder capitalism represented the highest orde of rational impersonality; on the othe hand, Weber identified man's ques for freedom with irrational desire an antipathy toward efficient social organi

zation. Individualism in its humanist and cultural meaning—as opposed to economic liberalism—required a struggle against this bureaucratized capitalist routinization . This battle for freedom, associated with irrationality and charismatic leadership, would become submerged in the "polar world of icy darkness," which Weber foresaw after World War I.

In Reinhard Bendix's *Intellectual Portrait* much of the essence of Weber is lost; his meaning for the world of his time and for today's world is clouded behind the scholarly gimmick of the paraphrase: it is not paraphrase for the sake of analysis, but for exposition. In three chapters (117-264) Bendix condenses and summarizes three books, all of which had been translated into English by H. H. Gerth (*Religion of India, Ancient Judaism,* and *Religion of China*). Much of Weber's subtlety and richness are lost in this "boiling down" process.

Bendix makes one important contribution by synthesizing Weber's *Protestant Ethic* with his *General Economic Theory.* This places the famous former work in its context along with his other "wide ranging studies." Mr. Bendix sees Weber's overall purpose as one of "defining and explaining the distinguishing characteristics of Western civilization." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Bendix does not make use of Weber's untranslated material on Russia and her relations with western Europe.

Most of the biographical sections are taken from Marianne Weber's account of her husband. Little is added by the author to the work done on Weber's biography by H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills in *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology* (3-76). For a relatively readable introduction for those not interested in reading Weber himself Bendix's book is adequate. Many of Weber's important ideas are summarized accurately. But for a reader who really wants to know Weber in all his complexities and brilliance there is but one answer: read Weber.

* * *

Editor, *Mainstream*:

The Guardian Library, operated by the People's Progressive Party of British Guiana, provides the only source of progressive literature for the Guianese people. But, operated as it is by a party which, because of its socialist aims and policies, does not expect funds from the lucrative channels, the Guardian Library finds it difficult to acquire enough books which are not only current, but of relative importance.

We are for example rather short of books which deal with the social and economic problems facing under-developed countries like ours, books on economics, political science, history, art, literature and philosophy.

We shall be extremely grateful if your journal will make an appeal to its readers to send books and publications on the above subjects to the Guardian Library, Freedom House, 41 Robb St., Lacytown, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Yours fraternally,
Janet Jagan, General Secretary
People's Progressive Party

zation. Individualism in its humanist and cultural meaning—as opposed to economic liberalism—required a struggle against this bureaucratized capitalist routinization . This battle for freedom, associated with irrationality and charismatic leadership, would become submerged in the "polar world of icy darkness," which Weber foresaw after World War I.

In Reinhard Bendix's *Intellectual Portrait* much of the essence of Weber is lost; his meaning for the world of his time and for today's world is clouded behind the scholarly gimmick of the paraphrase: it is not paraphrase for the sake of analysis, but for exposition. In three chapters (117-264) Bendix condenses and summarizes three books, all of which had been translated into English by H. H. Gerth (*Religion of India, Ancient Judaism,* and *Religion of China*). Much of Weber's subtlety and richness are lost in this "boiling down" process.

Bendix makes one important contribution by synthesizing Weber's *Protestant Ethic* with his *General Economic Theory.* This places the famous former work in its context along with his other "wide ranging studies." Mr. Bendix sees Weber's overall purpose as one of "defining and explaining the distinguishing characteristics of Western civilization." Unfortunately, however, Mr. Bendix does not make use of Weber's untranslated material on Russia and her relations with western Europe.

Most of the biographical sections are taken from Marianne Weber's account of her husband. Little is added by the author to the work done on Weber's biography by H. H. Gerth and C. Wright Mills in *From Max Weber: Essays in Sociology* (3-76). For a relatively readable introduction for those not interested in reading Weber himself Bendix's book is adequate. Many of Weber's important ideas are summarized accurately. But for a reader who really wants to know Weber in all his complexities and brilliance there is but one answer: read Weber.

* * *

Editor, *Mainstream*:

The Guardian Library, operated by the People's Progressive Party of British Guiana, provides the only source of progressive literature for the Guianese people. But, operated as it is by a party which, because of its socialist aims and policies, does not expect funds from the lucrative channels, the Guardian Library finds it difficult to acquire enough books which are not only current, but of relative importance.

We are for example rather short of books which deal with the social and economic problems facing under-developed countries like ours, books on economics, political science, history, art, literature and philosophy.

We shall be extremely grateful if your journal will make an appeal to its readers to send books and publications on the above subjects to the Guardian Library, Freedom House, 41 Robb St., Lacytown, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Yours fraternally,
Janet Jagan, General Secretary
People's Progressive Party