

of the Coudert philosophy of education. In the past few weeks there has developed in New York City's schools a situation which, unless checked, can paralyze not only its educational system, but the whole city. While the antiquated machinery of the schools falters and groans under the oppressive load it has been starved into bearing, the seething crisis within breaks out into such ugly incidents as the recent anti-Negro riots at Benjamin Franklin High School. Karelson resigns from a Board of Education committee, disgusted with what he sees in the schools, and there is a little flurry of publicity. A popular movement, sparked by the Teachers Union, slowly—all too slowly—begins to take shape, but the school authorities refuse to budge. The crisis remains.

As in the case of City College, it would of course be crass over-simplification to attribute the current school situation solely to the persecution of Schappes. But the connection between the two is much less far-fetched than one might at first glance imagine. There is a deep and inexorable logic to such things. In 1941 the people of New York retreated before the Coudert Committee, allowing it to jail Schappes and ride roughshod over the schools. In 1945 they are paying the price.

Compared to what has happened to our schools and colleges, the immediate victims of the Coudert witch-hunt have fared very well indeed. Schappes himself turned adversity into advantage. His persecution only added steel and stature to his character. His indomitable will found ways for productive work and expression even in jail. The splendid poem

that appears in this issue is only one of the fruits of his sojourn behind prison bars. While at Walkill, he planned and carried out preparatory work on a project of ambitious proportions. The first results of this work will be made available in a volume, to be published in a few months, of source and documentary material on the history of the Jews in America.

As for the other Coudert victims, they too found ways of transforming the colleges' loss into the people's gain. Denied the right to teach in the city's schools, a number of them built a school of their own, the School for Democracy, which later was absorbed by the Jefferson School, now a flourishing giant giving leadership to the whole country in progressive adult education.

Thoughtful people, both in and outside of academic circles, have been expressing growing concern over what is going on in our schools and colleges. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* a few weeks ago there appeared an eloquent if confused piece by Prof. Joseph A. Brandt, entitled, "Is the Scientist-Scholar Ready for Leadership? The Responsibility of the University in Peace-Making." What heresy, Professor Brandt! Don't you know that the school system of the largest city in the country had to be "investigated" because men like Schappes said ten years ago that the university—its teachers and its students—did have a social responsibility for peace-making, and for other things, too? (And where, by the way, were you, Professor Brandt, when the fight for the very thing for which you are now pleading was raging in Mr. Coudert's star-chamber?)

The significant fact is that the forces that insist that school and society cannot be torn asunder are once more arising. Under the impact of a crystallizing imperialist reaction in America, the great democratic majority which gained strength and understanding in the anti-fascist fight will not allow the clock of history to be turned back. Teachers will be organizing, will be joining hands with the rest of the labor movement for adequate wages, for full employment, for a land in which there will be no paradox of thousands of teacherless schools and hundreds of thousands of jobless teachers. Students will be demonstrating for hands off China, for the abolition of Jim Crow, for every decent human cause—because our students will be learning in their classrooms that the world is their textbook, and that one cannot learn from such a textbook unless one is simultaneously taking part in creating it.

Efforts will be made to stop this tide. Just as the Rankin Committee is trying to muzzle radio broadcasters, movie script writers and other intellectuals, so there will be new Couderts who will seek to prevent our schools from speaking the truth. But today the Rankins and Couderts will not have such easy sledding. Organizations like the Teachers Union are much stronger than they were four years ago. There are Independent Citizens Committees. There is a powerful, militant CIO, whose New York State Chairman, Louis Hollander, has already indicated that the whole labor movement is going to take the offensive this year against the enemies of education.

The fight—Schappes' fight—the people's fight—goes on.

# TIME DONE!

By MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

## Doing Time

Time when bars screen the vision, sift and arrange it,  
Measuring landscapes into unlovely strips, unnatural,  
Reducing to parallelograms the fields, trees, mountains,  
clouds, the moon, morning mist, and dreams  
Until the lines seem grooved in the glasses I wear.

Time precious, measure of life, recorder of quality,  
Time the enemy of death, minutely leading to it,  
Time to be counted

Every two hours on the hour,  
Counted, counted and counted

Like the coin of grey miser  
Lest one be missing

And sirens blow, guns are drawn, hounds run and sniff,  
cars fan in all directions, and soon soon soon the  
blond foolish young rabbit is brought back,

Counted,

And the number doing time is certified, recorded, sealed,  
and filed.

Time, hand clenching and unclenching, when blood drips  
slow

Into a Red Cross sterilized jar in the barred hospital,  
Blood free, equal and civilian,

American blood, red color dripping dripping from arms  
colored

White, black, yellow, red, blood of no faith and all faiths,  
 Of Christian, Jew, pious and non-believer,  
 Blood the victor of time and space,  
 Blood that will yet extend the time of soldier stricken  
 bloodless,  
 Blood doing time given to doom the German enemy of  
 time, the Japanese hand on time,  
 Blood dripping, our one acceptable donation to liberate the  
 hands of clocks,  
 Ours too the right, the need, to set time right,  
 And set clocks moving forward,  
 Minute hands and hour hands overtaking each other  
 Liberating nations, recording freedom  
 Setting free also, measure by measure,  
 Prestes in Brazil, Vito Bolilio, American bombardier in  
 German prison camp,  
 And the bones of Ernst Thaelmann in the dishonored  
 soil of Germany  
 Setting free all  
 Men doing time.

\* \* \* \*

Time when  
 Father's time has run out,  
 Time for my  
 Visit under guard, guard discreet and unobtrusive, con-  
 siderate guard, but guard  
 Three hours time to see Father's bones in a Bellevue bed,  
 Time to see a scrapped worker's cancerous life knotted in  
 cancerous pain,  
 Time to hear, hot eyes dry,  
 Paternal benediction faintly breathing words not faint,  
 "Good-bye—and be strong"  
 Time to return to the barred vision  
 Time to remember the words to remember  
 Doing time.

\* \* \* \*

Time for the Visit  
 The week's eager climax  
 Sonya comes she comes  
 Wife  
 Tender fearful tense companion  
 Visitor now  
 Sentenced though not named by the Judge  
 Eyes and hands locked uttering what Uniform cannot over-  
 hear  
 In a roomful of whispering troubled couples and noisy  
 families,  
 We  
 Chairs discreetly placed decorous when indiscretion and in-  
 decorum pump the blood  
 Affection rationed  
 By Vigilant Uniformed Eye and Regulation harshly voiced  
 Clockhands now racing, ungeared to the mind's weekly  
 reluctance,  
 Geared to the merciful merciless Sun,  
 Objective unerring natural clerk of Time  
 Suddenly, always suddenly, guard  
 Announces  
 Pronounces  
 In Uniform Voice—  
 Visits are over

Over and over and over  
 Time and time and time  
 Until  
 The time of visits ended brings  
 Time of joined life and home  
 But now  
 Climax climaxed in the weekly confused mournful des-  
 perate kiss  
 And then the catastrophe  
 Once more, another week and another  
 Of doing time.

\* \* \* \*

And  
 Back to the cell  
 Place where numbers "lock" but do not live,  
 Stone for floor, stone for ceiling and walls,  
 Hard, hard on feet, fingers, leaning shoulder, eyes, lungs  
 and especially the mind;  
 But the window, barred—  
 But your own window, personal  
 For you to open to shut  
 For your heat your cold  
 Oh the memories windowless of Sing Sing and Dannemora  
 And the general sweat and the general freeze  
 Determined by Uniform.

The cell  
 Bed, books, metal table and  
 My picture gallery:  
 Pasted undefacingly on the wall in a row  
 My gallery—Sonya, Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and  
 Sonya  
 Boundaries and motive spirits of  
 My meaningful and valued one world.

And framed in snapshots  
 Sweet tireless Ruth with her Ben in France  
 Henry in Italy  
 Jeannie at the army post  
 Dick the top sergeant with his  
 Brother Don dead in an army plane crash  
 And his brother Warren  
 And Eugene, Lew and Iven, fired  
 From a place of highest learning  
 For anticipating truth,  
 Scientists trained;  
 And Ruth and Annie and Ruth and Gertrude and Fanny  
 and the Austin kids and somebody's dog  
 Snapped at a picnic to raise money for Spain  
 Long before the New York Times decided (has it yet?)  
 that Spain  
 Was a "tragic mistake" (but not  
 Not its own)

And sharp in the memory though unpictured  
 John foremost, scorching his bridges like Ukrainians  
 scorching earth, the brave and loyal, wise and critical,  
 friend of friends,  
 Ken, finally shipped overseas,  
 after fighting in the army to be allowed to fight,  
 with a Coudert record clanking from his ankles,  
 Ken who understood the role of Finland long before  
 Dewey and Hoover and even Roosevelt not to men-  
 tion the New York Times or the Board of Higher  
 Education that fired him for daring to know

Jetta, fierce against the enemy, sternly screening loyalties  
 with chill look,  
 Jetta and her Dave  
 Long-sought, new-found, so soon "missing in action"  
 Then  
 Reprieve—when the heart stops and pounds—  
 He lives, Prisoner of War, in Nazidom  
 And Big Dave, classmate in Milton and Shakespeare  
 And extracurricular Eliot and Pound,  
 Colleague  
 Comrade in political action  
 Dave quiet and deep, winning eloquence with new  
 convictions,  
 Wrenched from his students by Coudert and tossed  
**Full-time into leadership**  
 Fred, slender and mild  
 Writing reflectively that he will soon have been teaching  
 Twenty-five years—  
 Fifty semesters  
 Six collegiate generations!—  
 Writing to my heart  
 That teachers need to be more worthy of their  
 students—  
 He, most worthy,  
 He, whose students know his worth  
 And Jack, big and decisive,  
 Spurning the stale security of the academic office,  
 First of our college fistful to proclaim he was  
**Communist—**  
 Going to Boston to sink new elm-roots  
 Immigrant's son leading  
 State Street and Ireland's poor  
 Rhode Island Poles  
 Maine Canadians  
 And Vermont's granite farmers scrabbly  
 Moving with them forward  
 For vital security, social and free;  
 Busy  
 But regularly hoarding time for  
**A free letter to me unfree**  
 Comrades old—  
 And all the others  
 Comrades in struggle loved and honored,  
 The not-named, O believe me, not forgotten.  
  
 And the remembered comforting faces voices questions  
 answers  
 Of students  
 The raw rewarding stuff, gathered during fifteen years  
 For what you can teach  
 And what you can learn  
 Sharp is the memory  
 Doing Time.

\* \* \* \*

The necessary refreshing daily ritual of communication  
 Letters  
 Letter received, letter read, letter re-read  
*Rites of Spring, Hymn to Joy in The Ninth, Fugue and*  
*Toccata, Leningrad Victory Symphony, Sometimes*  
*I Feel Like a Motherless Child,* cantorial chant—  
 all and more in the daily letter  
 Written in love and anguish, read in anguish and love  
 Letter daily written on the small cold metal table  
 Window bars at my back

Form to be properly filled (or letter doesn't go out):  
 My name; #3249; Shop-Kitchen; Written by—and  
 number.  
 Addressed to: Mrs. Sonya, Street, City, State, and—  
 the routine indelicate question: "Relationship"  
 and the monosyllable formal: "wife"  
 The daily proud recording of  
 The permanent beautiful fact  
 Letter always beginning "Beloved," always ending "Love!"  
 plus the  
 Panoply of regulation: full name and #3249  
 Letter beginning and ending but  
 Excluding the intimate names and appellations foolish  
 Bashful and proud before the prison-censor's protruding  
 eye  
 Excluding darling and sweet and sweetheart and dear one  
 and dearest  
 Excluding the lovely lovable Sonya name, with the o always  
 long, so;  
 Excluding and excluding and  
 Omitting the unrelenting increasing weight of confinement  
 and separation  
 Omitting the longing daily renewed and daily checked with  
 daily greater effort  
 Omitting the self-surprising sigh, the stare abstracted in the  
 cool weak tea shared lonely at mess tables for ten  
 Omitting  
 Seeking to hide the ever-present premises from her who  
 reads omissions with love's own eyes  
 Omitting, and omitting, maybe not omitting enough  
 Storing all tenderness and passion unspent,  
 Shelving them in the restless mind, repressing them in the  
 tight nerve  
 Until they shall "tear with rough strife"  
 When, unkenneled from bars but still leashed on Parole,  
 We meet meet meet again,  
 Release day,  
 In privacy disallowed  
 While doing time  
 While doing time

\* \* \* \*

Time for recreation, relaxation  
 Time for escape with no hounds chasing  
 Time for the movie Saturday night  
 Time for the white shirt if you own one, the shined shoe  
 and hair wet  
 Time to take your best self to the Show  
 Time for gazing with special inmate absorption at the  
 shadows of an "outside" more magic to those "inside"  
 than any outsiders can tell  
 Time, when grey clothes and grey walls and grey beds  
 have greyed mind and hair—time for gorgeousness  
 in raucous TECHNICOLOR  
 Time for the Show  
 Darkness and  
 The exclusive audience exclusively male avidly submits to  
 Taunting ironic stimulus  
 Of Hollywood's  
 American Shapes, Inc., the Big Business of Beauty  
 Time for hoarse ribaldry  
 For bold ingenious American whistling  
 For the deliberate boisterous sigh  
 For the noisy groan and sad undertone  
 Hollywood's One Idea, Inc.  
 Mocking the One Privation, Unlimited

Time for show-break and the clatter back  
 Time for after-images, mouthed slobberingly in the wash-  
   rooms  
   Above the din of many waters,  
   And taken to narrow mateless beds  
 Time for mating with shadows  
   Of Lamarr and Lamour  
   Or with numberless posed anonymous thighs  
   Projected at all angles, elevations, and gestures  
   By Hollywood's all-seeing and  
   All but all revealing  
   Lenses  
 Time  
 Time for beginning another week  
 Of doing time

\* \* \* \*

I who would do time no murder  
 Who am time's miser  
 Time's hoarder  
 Building walls against Uniformed invasion of  
 My Time, Mine  
 Mine not to waste  
   to pass  
   to lose  
   to kill  
 Mine to use  
 To use as those did not want it used who sentenced me  
 To doing time

Using Time  
 Doing Time

Is my resistance movement  
   my underground activity  
   my sabotage of a disabling sentence  
   my sapping of Nazi bridges  
   my Tito my Chu Teh  
 My pledge I keep  
   Given three days before surrender to doing time,  
   Blake's pledge my vow:  
     *I shall not cease from mental fight*  
     *Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand*  
     *Till we have built Jerusalem*  
     *In England's green and pleasant land*

The secret weapon of the mind  
 Mine now to refine, burnish, oil

Reading  
 Thinking

Reading every hoarded hour, finding hours others squander  
   Up an hour before the others, in winter darkness  
   Kneading hours out of scraps of minutes  
   Reading until Uniform flicks out the lights always in the  
     middle of a sentence  
   (Freedom, once the Sentence  
     Of Doing Time is done,  
   Freedom is the inalienable right to pursue a sentence  
     To its happy end)

Reading  
 Thinking

Sinking the diamond drill of Marxist American thought  
 Deep and deep  
   Into American historic earth  
   History of successive, advancing, fertilizing  
   Waves of liberation

Powered by the moon-tides of the People of the World  
   flowing ever forward  
 Drowning and dishonoring vain Canutes  
 Who whisper, "back"

Deep and deep  
 Learning to love America  
 The way Dimitrov loves Bulgaria  
   Dimitrov, who thundered his Bulgarian pride  
   Full into the snout of Goering  
   In Goering's Leipzig court,  
   And Dimitrov, subverter of Fascism,  
   Flew free to  
   Moscow  
   There to teach the world

Sucking pride of country  
 From materialist study of American ideals  
   American deeds  
     promises

Seeing a nation growing and dividing, growing by dividing,  
 Growing into the most complex of national unities, still  
   incomplete,  
 Growing through crisis, loyalty, sacrifice, persecution  
 Through the work of the people  
   The labor of their hands with tools  
   The sweat of their minds with ideals  
 The people

And the people's leaders  
 Tom Paine the familiar Tom  
 Washington  
 Sam Adams  
 Thomas Jefferson the formal Thomas, for, if not of,  
   the common people  
   Jefferson forging our greatest Words  
   casting them so the world cannot forget them  
   these our new horizons  
 American words, tidal words:  
   "all men free and equal"  
   (would you forget the all?)  
   "inalienable rights"  
   "educate and inform the whole mass of the people"  
   "life, liberty and the pursuit"  
 Words that have become deeds  
 Words still to become deeds  
 Jefferson, who bought us two-thirds of a continent  
 To make room for our horizons

And old Abe Lincoln, of, by, and for,  
 Fred Douglass, of slavery, for freedom,  
   Teacher to Lincoln of the strategy of unity,  
   Of the two-fisted fight, Negro and white,  
   Against slaver's secession  
 Debs, Gene Debs, leader of the disinherited,  
   Debs who knew one war from another,  
   Who smelled an imperialist war long before  
   Wilson recognized it and died  
   Broken, vain architect of a people's universal house  
   On an old imperialist foundation,  
   Limiting his blue-print to five-sixths of the earth  
 So Debs did time and  
 Wilson's ghost does penance  
 Roosevelt—no need to say which first name  
 Motion uneven and exasperating  
 Symbol of a country a people  
   Uneven and exasperating  
   Naive and slow

Mighty when aroused  
 Careless of its might  
 Roosevelt dealing anew with the people  
 F D R  
 Straightening up cubit by cubit  
 Standing tallest at Teheran  
 Roots deep in a people grown firm,  
 Until  
 Re-elected and re-elected



Antonio Frasconi

The people confident of themselves  
 More confident than when  
 They limited Washington and others to two terms  
 Deciding to keep their leaders  
 As long as they will lead

These the leaders of leaders  
 Strategic marshals of the  
 Movements of the people

Sucking pride, deep pride  
 From the captains, lieutenants, the sergeants  
 Deep and deepest pride from first class privates the num-  
 berless  
 Great rank and file of America my America  
 The immigrants all Americans all  
 The Negro the white  
 The men of many faiths in the land of no Established  
 Faith  
 The men of no faith (I one) except in the people  
 Except in America  
 Except in the Nations United  
 The private citizen, private worker, private soldier  
 Organizing, working, shooting—all for the public good

And the women of my America  
 The pioneers facing the defending, scalping Indian,  
 Fanny Sellin, head bashed in (have you seen the picture?)  
 By the savage steel trust in 1919;  
 Abigail Adams, Sojourner Truth and Mother Bloor;  
 The Mayflower Mothers and  
 The Jewish steerage Mothers, a million of them coming  
 (mine too!)  
 In the East European migrant tide  
 To a refuge in the land of refugees  
 Mothers without money;  
 Betsy Ross—and the Nurses' Aides,  
 Molly Pitcher—and the WAVE and girl Marine;

The Lowell Factory Girls—and Douglass Aircraft's air-  
 plane builders  
 In bandanna, lipstick, and slacks  
 Mothers bereft  
 Wives widowed  
 Sweethearts lonely sweet

And the trade unions of my America  
 First recollections  
 Memories bitten in the bone,  
 Growing with the years—  
 I then eleven and twelve  
 Four or five years out of the steerage,  
 And  
 Father suddenly home on a Thursday in broad daylight  
 With men  
 Strong, squat, heavy, Jewish worker-men  
 Introductions and anxieties  
 And the worker-men file into the tenement-parlor  
 The door shuts  
 On mother and me in the kitchen  
 While the Strike Committee meets—  
 Meets, plans and meets, day after day  
 Father stern then, a bloodless line his mouth,  
 Mother fretful,  
 I eager and unobtrusive  
 Father's strikes pay for high school, pay for college,  
 But father worked fifty years  
 And never had a vacation  
 This the recollection my background to history  
 Philadelphia shoe workers, Americans  
 First to use the right to strike  
 The printers, bakers, carpenters and cloth-makers;  
 The National Labor Union, seed not wasted  
 No people's seed is wasted,  
 Ever,  
 For the people long remember seed;  
 The Knights of Labor, knightly bold,  
 The American Labor Union—Negroes  
 Organizing themselves the fruits of emancipation—  
 Do you know Myers, do you know Reid?  
 The Haymarket Hangings,  
 Eight men to hang  
 For the Eight Hour Day;  
 The American Federation of Labor, lusty in birth,  
 Gray too soon, quarrelsome before its time;  
 The immigrant Jewish needle workers, crossing conti-  
 nents and worlds,  
 From Czarist pogrom to golden America;  
 Enforcing "American" ideals  
 Outlawing the sweatshop,  
 Sowing tomorrow's ideals in the soil of yesterday's  
 labor movement,  
 Inspiring former immigrants, now native Americans,  
 With new methods and goals, new determination  
 Slavic miners, Italian shoe workers, Irish transport  
 men—  
 Inspiring all  
 Tom Mooney—Muni they cried in Petrograd, Free  
 Muni,  
 And Wilson let him live;  
 Sacco and Vanzetti, heirs of Mattei, Mazzini, Garibaldi;  
 Murdered with legal current switched on  
 By a Boston judge,  
 A Harvard president,  
 And a press indifferent to justice

and to a world crying "NO"  
 The New Birth—labor in crisis labors  
 The old moon releases a new tide in new channels, cut  
 deep  
 The American Federation of Labor splits with new life  
 Mark the Birthday, November 10, 1935, of  
 C I O  
 C I O  
 C I O  
 The trade unionists of America  
 The many but insufficient millions  
 Learning  
 Learning democracy in their unions  
 some learning late, all will learn  
 Learning independence in their unions  
 Learning the brotherhood and discipline of class  
 Learning comradeship—Negro and white, Jew and  
 Christian  
 Learning to serve wife, child and flag in their unions  
 Learning  
 Doing  
 I  
 Now learning from all their past deeds and present doings

\* \* \* \*

Learning also of my Jewish past  
 Studying the autobiography  
 Of my Five Thousand  
 Seven Hundred  
 And Five  
 Years as a Jew  
 Learning of  
 My first arrival in New Amsterdam to escape  
 The Inquisition's gallows in Brazil, 1654  
 Learning of my migrations and transmigrations  
 Of my Sephardic great great grandfathers, first col-  
 onists  
 And some Polish cousins like Haym Salomon and  
 German uncles like the merchant Hart  
 Of my German great grandfathers of '48, many mov-  
 ing west  
 Of my Russian-Polish-Rumanian-Hungarian grand-  
 fathers  
 The millions now  
 Not the former thousands  
 "The homeless, the tempest-tost" that Emma Laz-  
 arus  
 Sang onto bronze on the Statue of Liberty  
 My own Russian father, closing a triangular migration  
 From Russia to Brazil to the Port of New York  
 In 1914, I then aged seven  
 Learning my America was home for centuries  
 To the freest of Jews  
 Until in Socialist Russia the liberation of all peoples—  
 Special gift of Stalin—  
 Made Jews there forever free  
 Learning from my Russian birth  
 And my American life  
 The bonds that bind both lands,  
 Comrades now in war and victory  
 Comrades they shall ever be in peace  
 So that, as it is written in Isaiah,  
 "Of peace there be no end"

Awake and shine  
 My America

**NM** December 18, 1945

Land of my love  
 My devotion  
 I shall ever keep thee bright  
 I  
 Always ready  
 (soon to be allowed!)  
 To return  
 To building the "tomorrows that sing"  
 Of which Gabriel Peri wrote with dying breath,  
 Dying for these Tomorrows  
 Gabriel Peri, French Communist resister,  
 My comrade  
 Ready to return  
 (Sonya promised it in a letter)  
 To "the winters that will blossom"

\* \* \* \*

Doing time  
 Time with a patch over the left eye  
 Time with a blinker at the left eye  
 Orders to look to the right, to the right only  
 Read the Hearst first press,  
 the trick mirror,  
 journal unamerican  
 Read the New York Axis *News*  
 Headlines Hitler Likes to Read  
 Read *The Times* doing time (isn't that fair enough?)  
 The *Times* soberly wobbling, with a list to the  
 right,  
 Flipflopping for F D R (hooray!)  
 But still worried about the People in Politics  
 Still doggedly cautious about Stalin "the enigma"  
 Making a virtue of refusal to understand,  
 Ever more faithful to sobriety than truth



Antonio Frasconi

Protesting itself sober though wrong  
 Wrong on Marx, Lenin, Stalin  
 Manchuria, Mussolini, Hitler,  
 Ethiopia, Franco, Munich,  
 China, Japan, Finland  
 Wrong wrong and wrong but  
 It's to the right  
 It's sober  
 College Presidents Read It  
 IT'S INDEXED  
 So I am allowed to read it  
 Read the *World-Telegram*,  
 Snappy journalism Alive  
 Wegler gruff tough puff  
 He of the lynch in time saves—time  
 Municheer crying racketeer  
 Or his boy Freddy apt and uppity pupil  
 Once a liberal but it didn't pay  
 Read—go ahead, see if we care, just to show you  
 How Fair We Are  
 Go ahead and  
 Read the *Post* and *PM*, three-legged papers,  
 Each with two right legs  
 Walking a puzzling gait  
 Somehow going forward  
 Eyes frantic and in the corners, so many sides  
 to see  
 Left arm stiff like a halfback's  
 To fend off the left  
 Maybe really meaning forward but  
 Tripping over the extra right leg  
 So whaddaya  
 What do I  
 Read?  
 Doing time with the *Herald Tribune*  
 Mark Sullivan in columns right  
 Walter Lippmann in columns left  
 The editorial policy conscious of class but mindful  
 of country  
 Steering the Course of Business  
 I  
 Read  
 War  
 Heave and tug in Italy (my Norman, my Henry);  
 Frustrate in hedgerows, conquering hedgerows  
 (my Murray, my Ben);  
 Fierce reconquests in the Pacific (my Sidney, my  
 Ken);  
 Preparing and preparing and preparing in India  
 (my Isidore, my Walter)  
 But not preparing the people of India;  
 The long Eastern Front, long and long,  
 "Long as our exile" is the pious Jewish phrase  
 The Eastern Front moving ever westward  
 Month after month the new offensive done in  
 a month  
 Stalin, commander and accountant, reporting  
 to the world  
 On birthday of October  
 Eyes hollow from burying their dead  
 Eyes fierce with killing the enemy  
 Eyes clear for tasks ahead  
 Heart proud  
 Spain resurgent, *viva!*  
 Land where my comrades died

I rise for those who do not rise:  
 for Ralph  
 for Chick my colleagues  
 for Mendy my student  
 Died fighting fascism early and much  
 They fought  
 without planes without artillery  
 "ni aviones ni canones" they sang it  
 And did not lose.  
 Spain, tomb already of a generation  
 Tomb to be of fascism  
 The prophecy and justification  
 of Badajoz, Guernica  
 And Madrid  
 Spain' resurgent, *viva!*  
 I  
 Read  
 Home Front News  
 Production undreamt but easy with toil and sweat  
 But everywhere the sniper, detractor, the disor-  
 ganizer,  
 The malign few knowing the dread conse-  
 quence,  
 The easy untutored many,  
 The well-meaning thoughtless careless delayers  
 But not too too many!  
 They stood up and were counted  
 The National Quadrennial  
 Count  
 Count democratic  
 Count peaceful and decisive  
 But don't blow the whistle!  
 The count doesn't check  
 TEN MILLION NOT COUNTED  
 Six million white not counted  
 Four million black not counted  
 Where are they? Find them!  
 ESCAPE ESCAPE ESCAPE  
 Recount  
 Ten million not counted  
 They couldn't pay to be counted  
 It doesn't pay (WHOM?) to count them  
 It will pay!  
 By the Next Count  
 We swear  
 All will be counted  
 Count Supreme  
 Count National  
 Count Equal  
 Yet this Count is legal and enough  
 The dividers are counted out—  
 The election orators told off, polled out  
 They with their lies parted in the middle like the  
 Candidate's hair  
 So that half seems true  
 Until the White House Department of Correction  
 Corrects the aspirant District Attorney,  
 Indicts him publicly for perjury in all degrees  
 And on innumerable counts  
 And the People, court supreme, sustains the verdict

This  
 I  
 Read  
 But I am not allowed to read the *Daily Worker*

No, you must not, we are non-partisan and so you  
must not,  
Will not,  
Not that we can say exactly what is wrong with it,  
we haven't read it  
we don't read it  
we won't read it  
it's communist, it's left  
And this is no time  
Doing time  
For you to read the *Daily Worker*  
So # 3249 does not.  
The left eye is a black patch  
The right eye strains, squints, reads closely  
between, around and over the lines  
With a left-eye memory, an after-image;  
Do they hope my eyes will go out of focus  
Mislead me  
When my Time is Done

To the wrong right safe dangerous path?  
And so when Time is Done  
Time paid  
Time delivered minute by minute  
Time received and receipt taken  
Time to be leashed on Parole  
Time to be unleashed too  
Back will I go forward  
To the dangerous but only forward road  
Eyes maybe blinking a while  
But focussed  
On home, class  
Country, and world  
Master again of Time  
Until Time masters me  
  
All things pass  
But never the people.

# WHAT WILL WIN THE AUTO STRIKE

By **ABNER BERRY**

THE present stage of the GM strike could be termed "The Battle for Reserves." Every plant is shut tight. The prospect of an army of scabs is not immediately in sight; nor are the workers in a "back-to-work" mood. But to say that this represents a stalemate or that the scales could not be tipped in favor of either side would be far from true.

Momentarily the union has a slight advantage; it has the most immediate reserves. There are the close to 700,000 members of the union who are not yet on strike and who are solidly supporting the GM workers' demands; there are the steel and the electrical workers for whose struggles the auto workers are the spearhead. These are powerful reserves which offset much of the defeatist propaganda about the "weak financial condition of the union," the "low financial backlog" of the individual striking worker, etc. But powerful as these are they are not enough to win with unless other reserves are drawn up. And to "draw up" these reserves is to win them.

The most potent immediate reserves outside the ranks of the CIO are the 70,000 GM white collar workers. Only in Flint have steps been taken to win these over. In Flint the salaried workers, refusing the company's bribe of a ten percent pay raise, took places in the picket line for the union demands, reasoning that "If thirty percent is good

enough for the production workers it is good enough for the office stiff." Elsewhere the company has, in the main, been able to carry out its program of splitting the office workers from those in production. Before the strike began GM sent a letter to all white collar workers telling them that in the event the plants were struck, checks would be mailed to their homes for three months. Three months' pay extension plus a ten percent raise is an attractive bribe for workers who have not had the advantages and benefits of unionism. And a few thousand workers at large with nothing to do but sing the praises of the corporation are not likely to be a tonic for the strikers. On this issue the UAW is buzzing healthily about a drive for organizing the white collar workers and presenting demands for them.

Among the salaried workers themselves there is some feeling that the union has neglected them. Despite this there are signs that a drive to organize them at present—even in the strike situation—would meet with success. At GM's Detroit Cadillac plant when the salaried workers were stopped by the picket lines many asked: "What are we to do?" "What does the union want us to do?" etc. At Detroit Transmission, also GM, salaried workers right after the Thanksgiving weekend, joined the picket line. The supervisory personnel

at Detroit Diesel Engine Division of GM on West Outer Drive declared their support to the production workers. The corporation has made, and will continue to make bids to these workers. Now it is up to the UAW to strengthen their ranks with these reserves.

Among leaders of the auto workers there is a suspicion that Technocracy, Inc., is carrying on anti-union activity among the technicians and engineers employed in the industry. The Technocrats, it will be remembered, have a program for a "rational society" based on the leadership of the technicians. So far they have been only a small group here. But since the strike began their headquarters out on Claremont and Woodward has been more than usually busy. A Miss Wiedrich, who was in charge of the office when I called, told me that the Technocrats were "taking no sides." When I asked her whether individual members of Technocracy, Inc., were active in the strike she answered, "Surely. Many of our members are affected and some are on the picket line, but as an organization we are not taking a stand one way or the other. You see, we are nonpolitical, nonsectarian." When I asked specifically whether the organization thought the demands of the workers were justified she said technocrats were opposed to "the whole system" and that their opposition was based on a survey of economic