

vancement of Colored People. Both the ACLU and NAACP have appeared as counsel in thousands of law suits.

Other—much more powerful bodies—the churches, the bar associations, the law schools, great corporations, and great trade unions—too long have lagged behind. And yet, once an important step forward has been taken, the support of the Supreme Court widens farther and farther. Those who talk of “usurpation” are either irresponsible or unheeding.

Konvitz gives an interesting example of the alleged widespread hostility to the Court’s Regents’ Prayer decision. By the spring of 1964 more than 100 resolutions had been introduced in the House of Representatives calling for a Constitutional amendment to overrule the Court and permit, in effect, religious exercises in the country’s public schools. But when hearings were held, not only did all the outstanding Protestant churches and Jewish religious bodies oppose the resolutions; various Catholic organizations also subsequently voiced their disapproval of a Constitutional amendment. “Thus,” says Mr. Konvitz, “the initial reaction against the decisions had undergone a radical change, and the spirit and the reach of the religious freedom clauses were more widely and deeply understood and respected than ever before.”

There are equally interesting analyses of such perplexing matters as the Clear and Present Danger Doctrine; the really impossible task of defining obscenity; and the differences between advocacy and incitement to riot on the part of those who believe in—and write and talk of—violent revolution. “Standing alone,” Konvitz observes, advocacy to riot “can be emasculated, as it was in the Dennis case, or lead to sophisticated rationalizations for decisions that in fact deny the fundamental liberties.” “Admittedly, we know very little of the psychological roots of violence, about the motivation and background of people who resort to violence.” Commenting on a Justice’s ruling that speech-making did lead to incitement to riot, Konvitz points out, “The events of the early 1960s, in which hundreds of thousands of Negroes and their white sympathizers participated in mass actions, show that speech kept men and women from becoming mobs.” (Italics, original.)

All in all, very refreshing, and just sound good sense. I am prepared to accept Konvitz’s self-imposed limitations in writing this book. The reader should understand, however, that every day sees other restrictions on our Constitutional liberties being challenged and tested in the courts. These, among others: loyalty oaths and disclaimer affidavits, security checks, the right to travel, police electronic eavesdropping,

arrest records, illegal legislative investigating committee proceedings, police irregularities in the treatment and handling of arrested persons, invasion of the privacy of consenting adults in their sexual behavior (including the right to access to birth-control information), discrimination in employment, the rights of trade unionists in their own organizations, the rights of students to their private lives as adults and to their public participations as citizens.

And when will the graduates of our university law schools be asked to take a pledge, much like the Hippocratic oath of the newly-graduated medical students, that will solemnly commit them to the defense of our Constitutional liberties as lawyers in the courts, as counsel of spokesmen of unpopular, even hateful causes, and as law-makers in our legislative assemblies? Here is another project to engage Professor of Law Konvitz’s imaginative energies.

Poet and Patriot

Martí on the U.S.A., selected and translated from the Spanish by Luis A. Baralt (Southern Illinois University Press. 223 pp. \$5.95), reveals how little the nineteenth-century Cuban leader had in common with Fidel Castro, who claims him as political progenitor. Harold Lavine, a senior editor at Forbes magazine, writes frequently on Latin America.

By HAROLD LAVINE

JOSE MARTI was a poet who created a nation. Not only was he the leader-in-exile of Cuba’s long and harrowing struggle for independence from Spain; by his writings, he gave Cuba her soul. When a Cuban thinks of what Cuba means, he thinks of José Martí.

It’s only natural that Fidel Castro should have appropriated Martí for himself, that he should claim his revolution is descended from Martí. Natural but grotesque, even obscene. For Martí was everything Fidel is not, a man of nobility

and intense spirituality; a nineteenth-century liberal, with the blindness of the nineteenth-century liberal, true, but with all the idealism and unconquerable humanitarianism.

Martí lived fifteen years of his life in the United States, from 1880 to 1895. He supported himself by journalism, writing for Charles A. Dana’s *New York Sun* as well as for several Latin American newspapers. Professor Luis A. Baralt, of Southern Illinois University, whose mother knew Martí well and wrote a book about him, has now put together a selection of his articles on the United States. They cover a wide variety of subjects—Jesse James, Walt Whitman, the dedication of the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island, political campaigning.

All journalism is ephemeral, of course, but nothing could be quite as ephemeral as the journalism of a poet. What Martí had to say about the United States in 1887 would have little interest today, except that he *was* Martí, and that his name still is revered by every Cuban schoolboy, and that Fidel has attempted to identify him with *Fidelismo*.

How little Martí had in common with Fidel shines through Baralt’s selections. He was not uncritical of the United States: he speaks of “the impious monument of Farragut which commemorates the North Americans’ inglorious victory over Mexico.” Yet he loved the United States, too, even more for its aspirations than for its achievements. He hated slavery. To him, Wendell Phillips was “that illustrious mouthpiece of the poor; that magnanimous, shining knight of justice and eloquence.” Yet, he could write: “Never was the Southern soldier as beautiful as when he surrendered at Appomatox, ragged, barefooted . . . his beard bloodied. . . .”

He shared the nineteenth-century liberal’s abhorrence of the mob, speaking of strikers as a Boston Brahmin might: “Without the brakes of patriotism . . . which even among scoundrels has much strength, this medley of Irish, Scotch,



—Bettmann Archive.

José Martí—“he gave Cuba her soul.”

Germans, Swedes — meat-eating, beer-drinking people, with shoulders and hands like Atlas's—rush quickly and unbridled, restrained only by fear or the instinct of self-preservation. . . .” Yet, he identified himself with the oppressed. His ideal was a world of capitalists like Peter Cooper, who used his fortune to help the underprivileged. Writing of Cooper Union, the free technical academy that Cooper founded in New York, he said: “No saint has a higher altar in his cathedral than Peter Cooper in this school!”

Seventy years after his death (of a Spanish bullet), José Martí's ideas may appear as quaint as his style. Nevertheless, it's well that Professor Baralt has given us this selection of his writings. For men of ideals like José Martí, in contrast to men of power like Fidel Castro, are forever an inspiration.

Wanted—A Sense of Wonder: Professor Abraham J. Heschel, who teaches mysticism and ethics at the Jewish Theological Seminary, is one of the major thinkers in American Jewish life speaking out of the context of an ever-deepening traditionalism. Not just a teacher confined to his classroom, he marched alongside Martin Luther King at Selma, and spoke out for racial justice at the Chicago Conference on Religion and Race. This lecture, together with other provocative addresses delivered over the past decade, is contained in *The Insecurity of Freedom: Essays on Human Existence* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.95). In his poetic, aphorismic style, Dr. Heschel protests the sanctification of needs above ultimate values, the equation of faith with expediency, today's obsession with power, and the reduction of the status of man from that of a person to that of a thing.

He seeks a renewal of man's sense of wonder and mystery. Viewing his own religion and Christianity critically, Dr. Heschel calls for an awareness of the inadequacy of religious words and creeds and deeds in a manner that ultimately comes close to the rejection of the intellectual disciplines which rule modern life. Ethical imperatives, pronounced clearly and unequivocally, are here grounded on the faith of an ancient tradition. Yet the intricate structure of a highly personal faith somehow eludes the reader of these essays. Heschel's commitment is clear, but the sources of that commitment are hidden within the shadows of an introspection that commands reverence but does not transmit instruction. One has to go back to the earlier works, *The Earth Is the Lord's*, *The Sabbath*, and *God in Search of Man* to enter the landscape of Heschel's poetic theology and to encounter the principles governing that world.

—ALBERT H. FRIEDLANDER.



—Pic.

Charles de Gaulle—“a great man in the classic sense.”

The Gallic Paradox

De Gaulle: A Political Biography, by Alexander Werth (Simon & Schuster. 406 pp. \$6.50), **De Gaulle: Implacable Ally**, edited by Roy C. Macridis (Harper & Row. 248 pp. \$6), **An Explanation of De Gaulle**, by Robert Aron, translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair (Harper & Row. 210 pp. \$4.95), and **No Laurels for de Gaulle**, by Robert Men- gin, translated from the French by Jay Allen (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 402 pp. \$6.95), examine the ingredients of a political phenomenon, France's towering “Monogénéral.” Saul K. Padover, who participated in the liberation of Paris in August 1944, wrote “French Institutions, Values and Politics.”

By SAUL K. PADOVER

CHARLES DE GAULLE is not merely another politician; he is a phenomenon that, as these books amply illustrate, defies logical analysis. The man whom *Le Canard Enchaîné* mockingly calls “Monogénéral,” a particularly apt Gallic pun, keeps both friends and enemies in a state of bewilderment. He stirs deep emotions, not always flattering to his character. He is worshipped by

some, hated—in the case of Robert Men- gin, the word is loathed—by others. From a certain angle, de Gaulle appears as Machiavelli incarnate; from another, he is a pure patriot, France's greatest hero-figure since the sainted Joan. An autocrat, a cynic, a humanist, a nationalist, a philosopher, a garbler of truth, a faithless friend, an implacable enemy, a nondemocratic democrat, a professional soldier who despises his fellow-generals, a political leader with open contempt for the ordinary processes of politics—precisely what is he and what does he want?

Each of the books under consideration attempts to clarify the puzzle, with varying degrees of nonsuccess. The best is Alexander Werth's *De Gaulle*, a lucid political biography based on available sources, including the General's own utterances and polished writings (he is, among other things, a first-class literary stylist). Werth is both objective and sympathetic to his subject. His book may be recommended as a highly readable and comprehensive story of de Gaulle's remarkable political career. But the biography lacks depth. The closest that Werth comes to a psychological explanation of the de Gaulle phenomenon is to say that the General is a “happy compromise” between the eternal French yearning for order and authority, citing P. Vianson-Ponté's phrase that the Gaullist system is a “soft dictatorship with a debonair