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he is already capable of drawing as a magic means to find his way, emotionally, in a strange world, or to master disquieting feelings. Children are born artists, but not poets. As the late Professor Victor Lowenfeld put it, art becomes to a child "the friend to whom he naturally turns whenever he has something that bothers him . . . a friend to whom he turns whenever words become inadequate."

There was, of course, much more to "bother" Terezin children than would torment the sheltered, well-fed American children whom Lowenfeld had in mind. As a matter of fact, it is baffling to note how small a portion of the drawings and paintings reproduced in the book recall unpleasant phenomena such as queuing for food, or freight trains transporting people to death camps. For obvious reasons, the teachers suggested pleasant themes to their charges, and, we are told, it was only outside the school that the children (mainly boys) drew SS men, guards, carts drawn by human beings, burials, executions. Having seen only the works by the thirty-nine children represented in the book, I am unable to say whether the emphasis on pleasing subjects—butterflies, flowers, trees, children at play, little houses in a landscape—is due to the unnamed editor's sensitivity, or really mirrors a predilection of the children themselves.

Be that as it may, it is impossible not to be fascinated by the plastic configurations of these children who, had they lived, would now be young fathers and mothers, useful members of society. In all likelihood, very few of them might have taken up art as a vocation. For these pencil drawings, pastels, water colors, and collages must not be looked at as works of art—that is to say, the controlled and stable products of mature minds. They are only the more or less primitive symbols expressive of what the children wanted to communicate—primarily activities on the level of eating or moving about. Through these pictures the children asked for certainties about themselves and the awful world in which they lived—one which appeared frightening even to the youngest of them, despite the efforts of the educators to make their lives as normal and as cheerful as circumstances would allow.

In what manner do these drawings and paintings differ from those of children living in a normal, carefree life in, say, Wichita, or an Israeli kibbutz? In which way do the pictures, apart from subject matter (which, here and there, is really depressing), suggest that they were made by children living under abnormal conditions? We may speculate whether a violent red, which appears frequently, may not betray a troubled mind, for red, commonly associated with blood, often stands for anger, anxiety, martyrdom. At the same time, the browns and blacks are suggestive of gloom, depression, hopelessness (but one would have to see more samples to make certain that these conclusions are borne out by the data). Often the children are depicted holding hands. Can this be interpreted to mean a quite understandable eagerness for companionship in a hostile world? Are we justified in finding significance in the general downward movement in the picture of two girls in a garden?

Of course, it would be nonsensical to expect pictures made at Terezin to exude any overall cheerfulness, and it is astonishing that so much fantasy could be created in a milieu conducive to nothing except feelings of depression. Altogether, this is not a depressing book! But while we may trace whatever happy notes can be found in the volume to the mechanism seemingly built into every human being to protect us from self-destructive preoccupation with misery and death, credit must also go to the wonderful Terezin teachers who limited themselves to friendly suggestions and who wisely allowed their wards full freedom of expression. These teachers knew that both they and their pupils were doomed. Yet they made the children's lives more bearable by letting each, in accordance with his ability, to create a plastic means for expressing the inexpressible.

ALFRED WERNER

Who Speaks for the Negro? by Robert Penn Warren. Random House, 454 pages. \$5.95.

The unfortunate title of this excellent book is an obstacle to be gotten over as quickly as possible. The distinguished man of letters who wrote "Who Speaks for the

Negro?" knows better than most that the question is unanswerable and that "the Negro" is a thoroughly ambiguous term. The question invites patently unsound, simple answers, such as "I do" or "he doesn't." We do not need to read the book to find out that there are many, widely varied Negroes, speaking in voices also widely varied.

Various voices are heard, at length and verbatim, between the covers of Warren's most useful book. He has taken himself and his tape recorder to Negroes in the news, from Martin Luther King to Adam Clayton Powell, and to a sampling of Negroes not in the news. He has asked them leading questions, and recorded their answers.

To make this book, Warren has selected excerpts and written summaries and sketches of the people interviewed. The three long chapters are "A Mississippi Journal," unified by place; "The Big Brass," the top organization Negroes in the civil rights movement; and "Leadership from the Periphery," dealing with Negroes whose eminence is not rooted in leadership roles in the movement. There is a briefer chapter on "The Young"—too young to have made national reputations yet. "The Cleft Stick" opens the volume; it deals with two men, the lawyer for CORE in New Orleans and the president of a Louisiana Negro college. "Conversation Piece" closes the book, as Warren leaves his interviews and writes in his own person.

The greatest value of this book consists of the introductions, in depth, to a series of significant Negroes, by most readers of the book probably little known as individuals and only slightly understood, even if the names are familiar. This is a book to extend both knowledge and understanding. It is a book, also, to destroy many a firmly held notion, if only by some miracle those who without justification think they understand Negro spokesmen could be induced to read it.

These Negroes are significant men. They have been born into an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with prejudice, and in their different ways have stared down prejudice. Many of them, a devout person would say, have been and are under divine guidance. Interviews with them illuminate both the timely and the timeless.

Warren's own last word is that everyone's

self-interest requires justice for all, including Negroes. It is a secular word, unsentimental and rather uninspiring. But it is true, and its general acceptance is conceivable and would be enough to put the United States far ahead of where it is now. His book should do much to encourage that acceptance, and the progress that would result from it. And if one wants fellowship with someone more congenial to him than Warren, one can find it (whoever one is) with some other person whose voice is heard from the pages of this important book.

ALFRED C. AMES

The Legacy of Maurice Pekarsky, edited by Alfred Jospe. Quadrangle Books. 216 pp. \$5.50.

"... Ours is a kind of anonymous immortality." These are the words of the late Rabbi Maurice Pekarsky talking to a group of directors of University Hillel Foundations. And these words rather accurately describe him and his not insignificant contribution to the society in which he lived and worked during his all too short life.

This slender collection of notes, speeches, and unpublished essays is hardly a measure of the man. Put together lovingly by Alfred Jospe, his colleague in B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation work, the *Legacy* gives scarcely more than a hint of the powerful, sustained, and unquestionably permanent impact which Pekarsky had on two generations of Jewish students at Cornell, Northwestern, and the University of Chicago, and for five years at Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

The work will be read by two groups, those who knew Maurice Pekarsky, and those who "knew him not." For this reviewer the task of evaluation is especially poignant. We were school-mates at the University of Michigan, and for years thereafter, colleagues in B'nai and Israel work. His father was a Hebrew teacher in Grand Rapids, Michigan (and my childhood cheder melamed). The senior Rabbi Pekarsky had come to the United States about 1915 and had brought his wife and his three young sons to these shores from Poland just after the first World War. Maurice became a disciple of Rabbi Stephen Wise, graduated as a Rabbi from Dr. Wise's theological seminary in 1933, and immediately thereafter entered Hillel Foundation