

ON BECOMING ALIJAH

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by
ALIJAH GORDON

10 AUG 2003

NASKAH PEMELIHARAAN
PERPUSTAKAAN NEGARA MALAYSIA

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Published in Malaysia, 2003

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ISBN 983-99866-6-X

Typeset by EXPO Holdings Sdn Bhd

Printed by Art Printing Works Sdn Bhd

Printed on Totally Chlorine Free (TCF) environment-friendly paper

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

ERNA KREUDER GORDON

who took her own life in 1966 at the age of 59

I am thinking of a woman
who walked into the waters of a river
with stones in her pockets.

I am thinking of the waters of the rivers of my life.

I am thinking of the stones
in my pockets.

All women are born with stones in our pockets.

Empty them, empty them,

swim.



Anonymous, "HOMAGE TO VIRGINIA WOOLF", *off our
bucks* (February 2, 1997).



CONTENTS

In Gratitude	viii
List of Plates	x
I	Genesis	1
II	'The World is My Country'	53
III	War and Aftermath: The Rise of McCarthy	81
IV	1952-54 Columbia University: Counter-revolution in Iran and Guatemala	115
V	1954-56 Egypt: The End of Innocence	141
VI	1956 April-October: Liberation Struggle in Lebanon-Palestine	181
VII	1956: Nasser Takes on the West	217
VIII	1956-57: Sojourn in India	263
IX	1957 January-March: U Nu's Burma and Its Loss	297
	Addendum: The Burma-Israeli Connection	383
	Political Map of Burma	387
	Index	389
	Genealogy	

IN GRATITUDE

I dictated my *mémoire* to Philip Zachariah, trusted friend, virtually family. Philip, a former senior civil servant from the old school with a high standard of English and stenographic skills, made it possible for me to recall, to recollect, to verbalize and be certain that the integrity of the story would not be violated.

After rewriting, it then passed into the able hands of Kay Lyons, our final arbiter on English grammar, and it's Kay who also prepared the basic index. Fatimah Haron and Lia Syed also read through the manuscript checking for grammatical errors. Information was needed to fill factual gaps, and for that I must thank the ever-obliging Sham (Saira Shameem), and latterly Marihah Suhaimi. For information and clarification on all things concerning Burma, I am heartily indebted to Bertil Lintner. From Beirut, Mdm. Melek el-Nimer kindly tried to trace former friends who came into the story. On an aircraft, I met Mdm. Soad Shalaby of Cairo who reconnected me with Mdm. Aziza Hussein, after a hiatus of 49 years! There are many others in particular institutions who helped on specific questions and their assistance is acknowledged in footnotes.

Getting details for the Genealogy was tedious. But I was most fortunate to meet Professor Dr. Volker Ronge of Bergische Universität, Wuppertal, who then made extensive efforts in Elberfeld-Burg to trace my late Mother's Reuter-Kreuder family roots; no one could have done more. Then the Irish Ambassador to Malaysia, Daniel Mulhall taught me Irish history as it would relate to my Great-Grandmother's FitzGerald forefathers. And finally Lia Syed used her German language ability to trace re the Schuetz/Schultz-Werner family. All of these efforts were made as a favour to me.

When it came to correcting and recorrecting the manuscript, it was not Philip's cup of tea and this fiddly job was done by the ever-patient Noor Khairiyati Mohd Ali. Finally, it's to my dear Shakib Gunn that I owe the cover design, the layout of internal photographs and the Dedication to Mother.

IN GRATITUDE

Not to be accused of using public funds for a private purpose, I have published this myself — I wouldn't think to give it over to a publisher other than MSRI — and a Muslim brother, who wishes to remain nameless most helpfully made a contribution, as did Datin Zairin Nik Din, and Datuk Dr. Syed Mohamed Alwi al-Hady joined with a token sum.

Then a miracle came from the 'Arab World, from a reader of my *In the Time of the Mishmish* who more than generously covered the deficit, including all fees I was committed to pay, and sufficient for a proper launch of the book. More incredibly, he has undertaken to assist with the publishing costs of the final Part II.

May Allah return to each what they have given *fi-sabil-Allah*.

Shukur, Alhamdulillah my debt to my Mother is partially paid, and in-sha-Allah will be satisfied when, with Philip's help, I complete the writing of Part II.

Thank you, one and all.

ALIYAH GORDON
May 06, 2003
Kuala Lumpur

LIST OF PLATES

Between Chapters I and II

1. c. 1909: FitzGerald-Gordon Family.
2. The author's Great-Grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon (1836-1919).
3. c. 1950: The author's Great-Grandmother, Mary Charlotte Werner Schultz (1862-1950).
4. c. 1909: The proud FitzGerald-Gordons, holders of multiple degrees.
5. 1942: Lt.-Rt. Grand-Uncles Gordon (1905-1986); Rudolph (1900-(?)); Charles (1894-1975) and Louis Schultz, Jr. (d. 1948).
6. The author's Grandmother, Catherine (Kätchen) Emma Schultz Gordon (1886-1969).
7. 1888: Wedding photograph of the author's maternal Grandparents, (Karl) August Kreuder and Luise Karoline Reuter, 31st October in Elberfeld, Germany.
8. Hochstrasse No.55 in Wuppertal (-Elberfeld), Germany where (Karl) August Kreuder's Bakery was located.
9. Socialistische Liedertafel, a men's choir, in the Labor Lyceum in Newark, NJ, built in 1912. Maternal Grandfather, (Karl) August Kreuder, in middle of front row.
10. Grandfather (Karl) August Kreuder (1866-1917).
11. c. 1924: The author's Mother, Erna Kreuder (1906-1966); on her left, her sister Elizabeth holding Doris, whose mother Mildred is on Elizabeth's left.
12. The author's Father, Clarence Edward Gordon (1907-1994).
13. The author, born Shirley Doris Gordon, March 29, 1929.
14. c. 1933-34: The author's Father, Clarence Edward Gordon, Mother, Erna Kreuder, the author and Brother C. Edward, Jr. (b. 1930) at the seashore.
15. Brother Edward, the author and cousin Doris Erna Biela (1919-98), daughter of the author's Mother's sister Mildred Kreuder (1899-1980).

LIST OF PLATES

16. 'Aunt' Clara Atkinson, for whom the author's Grandfather and Father had great affection, as did we all.

Between Chapters III and IV

17. Class of 1943, Wanamasa Grammar School.
18. November 1949: Lt.-Rt. Brother Edward, Mother Erna Kreuder, Father Clarence Edward Gordon, and the author.
19. 1946: The author in her teens.
20. 1948: The author's college friends.
21. 1951: Discussing UN Resolutions and the Palestine Question with the Egyptian Ambassador to the UN.
22. 1951: Upsala College room-mates; top rt. dear friend, Roslyn Gervasio.
23. 1953: Beloved Professor Dr. Friedrich Roetter (1888-1953).
24. 1953: Fellows of Johnson Hall, Columbia University, on the left is the author's particular friend, Conchita Dalupan Sebastian from the Philippines.
25. 1954 November: The author in Turkey on her way to Egypt with fellows John Joseph and Hussein Kazemzadeh.

Between Chapters V and VI

26. 1955 Egypt: Drawing water from the Nile.
27. A *Fellah*, Egyptian peasant, receiving land deed.
28. Gamal Abdel Nasser, reaching out.
29. Field Marshal Gamal Salem, Vice President of Egypt.
30. (Muhammad) 'Adel Kamal (1928-).
31. 1956: St. Catherine's Greek Orthodox Monastery in Sinai Peninsula, Egypt, believed to stand on spot where Nabī Mūsā (Prophet Moses) received the Ten Commandments.
32. Cairo: Midnight March 28, 1956, the author, celebrating her 27th birthday on the 29th, with Dimitri Bushen.
33. Cairo, 1956.
34. Cairo, April 18 and 25, 1956: Fateful days.
35. Mid-50s: Third World leaders; Boumedienne, Nehru, Tito and Nasser.

Between Chapters VI and VII

36. August 15, 1956: Appointment letter from Öst-Korrespondenz.
37. 1956: (rt.), Tarek Shawaf in Saudi 'Arabia.
38. Beirut, Lebanon, on the author's right, Palestinian poet Kamal Nasser, known from 1956 in Ramallah, Palestine, assassinated by the Israelis in Beirut, April 1973.
39. Zohdi Tarazi in 1989 as a much older man.
40. Israeli settler-colonialism: Qalqilyah, West Bank of Palestine, as it was to become in 2002, blockaded by a 24-foot wall, cutting it off from the West Bank and Israel, and depriving it of its land. (Photo: Sven Nackstrand/AFP).

Between Chapters VIII and IX

41. 1956 November: M. Sipalo of the Pan-African Liberation Bureau addressing the Second Congress of the Asian Socialist Conference, held at Bombay, India.
42. 1956 November: U Ba Swe (1915-87), Burmese Prime Minister and Secretary General of the Asian Socialist Conference.
43. 1956 December: Asian Writers Conference, Nepali Embassy, Delhi, Mao Tun (1896-1981) reading.
44. 1956 November: Joseph Murumbi representing the Movement for Colonial Freedom; Murumbi was to become Foreign Minister of independent Kenya in 1963.
45. Professor Abdul Aleem (1906-76), Vice Chancellor of Aligarh Muslim University (1968-74), dressed in ceremonial robe, leading the procession at a Convocation.
46. 1956 December: Mulk Raj Anand (1905-), whose writing made human the *Untouchable* and the *Coolie*.
47. The author with Shaun Mandy, former editor of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* on his Island of Taprobane, Weligama Bay, South Ceylon.

Between Chapter IX and Addendum

48. 1957: Itinerary of the author, January 22–February 12, as guest of the Burmese Prime Minister.
49. 1957 February: one of U Thant's many caring notes to the author.

LIST OF PLATES

50. UN Secretary General U Thant paying obeisance to his Mother Daw Dan Thaung at Rangoon, on the eve of his departure to New York.
51. c. 1978: U Ba Swe, wife and daughters, with U Khant, famed writer and brother of U Thant.



I

It is human life. We are blown upon the world; we float buoyantly upon the summer air a little while, complacently showing off our grace of form and our dainty iridescent colors; then we vanish with a little puff, leaving nothing behind but a memory — and sometimes not even that. I suppose that at those solemn times when we wake in the deeps of the night and reflect, there is not one of us who is not willing to confess that he is really only a soap-bubble, and as little worth the making.

Mark Twain's Own Autobiography
(*North American Review*, May 3, 1907)



GENESIS

WHEN I sought advice as to where to begin my *mémoire*, I was told "begin at the beginning", whatever that means, given there is no beginning and no end. But I will attempt to record the pieces of my family's history I have been able to uncover. My Mother and Father represented two very different worlds, so also did my Father's mother and my Father's father descend from two different cultures, beliefs, and even classes.

My Father's father was Edward FitzGerald Gordon, the son of the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon and Catherine Ann FitzGerald. Catherine Ann FitzGerald, daughter of Joshua, was born on June 1, 1840 in Newark, New Jersey, where on October 31, 1866 she married my Great-Grandfather, the Reverend Thomas. Great-Grandmother Catherine Ann died in Denver, Colorado, on December 29, 1924. It is through her that the family line traces back to the American Revolutionary War, a struggle waged from 1775-83 by the Thirteen Atlantic-seaboard Colonies for independence from Great Britain, the colonial power, and it is through her that we descend further back to Ireland and thence to Tuscany.

For our FitzGerald family is said to have been of Italian origin, a branch of the Gherardini, a very ancient family of Tuscany. The founder of the English branch seems to have been Gerald of Windsor. He came to England from Normandy in the time of Edward the Confessor, and held high posts and large estates. About a century after the Norman conquest in 1066, a descendant, Maurice FitzGerald, was one of the principal leaders in the invasion of Ireland, where he received large grants of land and founded the Irish branch of the family, of which the Duke of Leinster is the head. The etymology of the patronymic is simply: the old Norman 'fitz' (*filis*, son) plus the name of the progenitor, Gerald, e.g. Maurice Fitz (son of) Gerald.

John FitzGerald, from whom we directly descend, was of Kells-the-Four-Castles, County Kilkenny, or of Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland. The location is not entirely clear. One account fixes it at

Kells, near the town of Callan, and another places it at Tralee; it is possible, however, that both may be correct, and that John migrated from one to the other. John was a near relative of the then Knight of Glyn and he was to marry Margaret de Clare.

John's fourth son was William FitzGerald, born in Ireland in 1729, who died in Orange County, New York, in 1813, aged 84. Before migrating to the then Colonies, he had become involved in the political issues of the times, was several times prosecuted, and, although he escaped conviction through the influence of powerful friends, particularly Mr. Henry Flood, a wealthy and prominent Irish politician, who had a great friendship for him, he thought it wise to leave the country for a time. Accordingly, he sailed for America, but with the intention of returning in a year or two, when he hoped the trouble would have blown over. A letter from a later John FitzGerald, dated May 10, 1908, tells that he believed William FitzGerald came to the Thirteen Colonies earlier than 1760, and it narrates that William and his brother James attempted to migrate together, but were captured by an English vessel and, while William escaped, James was taken prisoner by the English and died in Dublin Castle.

The Irish Ambassador to Malaysia, H.E. Daniel Mulhall, in his letter of July 9, 2002 wrote that it seems likely William FitzGerald "... was part of the early stirrings of Protestant ascendancy opposition to English rule in Ireland which came to a head in the period between 1770 and 1800". The Ambassador had the decency to forward a brief biography of the prominent Irish politician Henry Flood (1732-91), near contemporary and defender of William. Flood's father was Chief Justice of Ireland and is said to have amassed a considerable fortune as a landowner.

Flood began as a leader of the Patriot movement, described in the Ambassador's further letter of the 12th. "To understand the significance of the Patriot cause, a brief thumbnail sketch of 17th/18th century Irish history is required. In 1690, the Gaelic (and Catholic) Irish allies of James II were defeated at the Battle of the Boyne by the Williamite forces (an event still commemorated in Northern Ireland each year by the Orange Order on 12 July). This battle represented the final defeat of Gaelic, Catholic Ireland which

had been in retreat since the Tudor period. It ushered in a period of Anglican ascendancy during which the Anglo-Irish landed élite experienced a golden age (some of its intellectual products being Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith and Burke).

"As the century progressed, however, part of this social and political élite became increasingly restive and a form of colonial nationalism emerged. This 'Patriot cause' was later boosted by the example of the American revolution. It reached its apogee in 1783 [when resulting from a campaign led by Flood] the movement won significant concessions from the British Government ..." in the form of the Renunciation Act whereby Britain acknowledged the exclusive right of the Irish parliament and courts to make and administer laws for Ireland.¹

R.F. Foster in his *Modern Ireland, 1600-1972* characterizes 'patriotism' as 'gentry nationalism' which had strong affinities with 'colonial nationalism'. He quotes Philip Yorke's 1721 definition: "The subjects of Ireland were to be considered in two respects, as English and Irish ... the Irish were a conquered people and the English a colony transplanted hither, and are a colony subject to the law of the mother country." 'Patriotism' excluded three-quarters of the Irish nation! It remained exclusive: "the rule of an enlightened élite, rather than the broadening of national interests that was so important to the self-image of the American revolutionaries". "The political class continually emphasized their community of culture and tradition with England ... Gaelic revivalism ... was never really adopted by the 'patriot' culture ..."

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1. While Henry Flood's influence had waned in 1775 when he accepted the office of Vice Treasurer, he returned to the Patriot cause to lead this successful struggle. Flood also effectively directed the Volunteer National Convention in drawing up its plan for parliamentary reform, unsuccessfully presenting the result to the House of Commons on November 29, 1783. Thereafter he concentrated on the British parliament, where he had purchased a seat. To his disgrace, he opposed the admission of Catholics to political rights. In his will he bequeathed his estate to fund the study of Irish at Trinity College, but this was successfully challenged by a cousin. See (ed.) Connolly, S.J., *The Oxford Book of Irish History* (OUP, 1998) 201.

The much-reviled Fitzgibbon put the actual position with brutal clarity: "... when we speak of the people of Ireland, it is a melancholy truth that we do not speak of the great body of the people."²

Given this background on the stirrings of the times, it's unclear to me what William and James FitzGerald's role would have been to warrant arrest and incarceration by the British. Might they in some way have been involved in the early anti-colonial stirrings in the Thirteen Colonies?

Notwithstanding William's initial intention of seeking only temporary asylum in America, he was to marry Hannah Driscoll and settle on a large farm in the township of Warwick, Orange County, New York. He was prominent in the affairs of his town and held town office between 1765 and 1775. His homestead was in Dutch Hollow, near the township line of Warwick. Given his background, it was only logical that he would have served in the Revolutionary War against that same British colonial power. On March 13, 1777, he was appointed Lieutenant in Captain Henry Townsend's Company (Sterling Company) of Colonel John Hathorn's regiment of the Orange County militia (Florida & Warwick Districts). A copy of his will, dated March 1, 1813 (Record of Wills, Orange County, New York, Book E, 22-23) is with me. William FitzGerald was my Great-great-great-great-Grandfather.³

William FitzGerald and Hannah Driscoll's fourth child was John, born October 28, 1774 in Warwick, Orange County, New York,

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2. Foster, R.F., *Modern Ireland, 1600-1972* (London: Allen Lane, 1988) 248, 252, 257.
 3. *Genealogical and Memorial History of the State of New Jersey: A Record of the Achievements of Her People in the Making of a Commonwealth and the Founding of a Nation*, compiled under the editorial supervision of Francis Bazley Lee, v. IV (New York: Lewis Historical Publishing Company, 1910) FitzGerald Family, 1457-62; Fernow, Berthold, *New York in the Revolution*, v.1 (1887). Certified copy of a letter addressed to Jennie M. Canfield, August 18, 1922 from the University of the State of New York, New York State Library, Manuscripts and History Section, Peter Nelson, Head of Section, quoting State Archives, v.1, *Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York*, v.15: *New York in the Revolution*, 292.

who on July 26, 1795 married Mary Newbury, born October 17, 1772. John died on September 28, 1861. Their sixth child was Joshua FitzGerald, born May 20, 1806, who died in Newark, New Jersey, on January 2, 1856. Joshua FitzGerald's wife, my Great-Great-Grandmother, was Catherine Ann Boylan, born April 6, 1809 and died November 28, 1863, also in Newark. Catherine Ann was the daughter of Aaron Boylan, born January 11, 1774 in Liberty Corner, Somerset County, New Jersey, who died December 21, 1858, in Newark. His wife, Phoebe Breese, whom he married on June 20, 1806, was born August 25, 1783 and died April 25, 1862. Aaron studied law with the Honourable Aaron Ogden of Elizabeth and was admitted to the New Jersey Bar at the September term 1797. He practised in Somerset County, where he was the owner of various tracts of land. He had eight children, three of whom became lawyers and practised in Newark. Another of his daughters was Osee Melinda, born February 15, 1813, died November 17, 1905, who in 1834 married John Driscoll FitzGerald, born February 16, 1813, died April 10, 1892. She was an accomplished linguist, prominent in social, religious and charitable activities, Founder and President of the Home for the Friendless,⁴ President of the Women's National Holiness Association and for forty years conducted Holiness meetings in her home, which in summer were held at Mount Tabor, the Methodist camp meeting settlement. She was the mother of James Newbury FitzGerald, DD, LLD, born July 27, 1837 and died April 4, 1907, who was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1888 and for 10 years prior to his death was President of the Ocean Grove Association.⁵

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4. In my Grandfather Edward FitzGerald Gordon's letter of October 13, 1910, enclosing a donation for the Home for the Friendless, he writes that he's glad to give aid to this worthy charity, more particularly as its Founder and former President, Mrs. Osee FitzGerald was his aunt.
 5. Ocean Grove, on the Atlantic coast, adjoining Asbury Park, New Jersey, was founded in 1869 by a Philadelphia Minister, William B. Osborne. It is owned and controlled by the Methodist Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association. Its auditorium, built in 1894, seats 9,000, and a tent city houses many at summer camp meetings and courses.

Aaron Boylan was the son of Dr. James Boylan, born August 14, 1743 (old style),⁶ who died May 19, 1823, and Anna Dunlop, born January 17, 1746 (old style), who died January 9, 1831. Dr. James was the son of Aaron Boylan (*sic*), who about 1732 came from Coleraine, Ireland with several families to settle at Bernards, New Jersey, later at Liberty Corner, which became Boylan's Corner. He was married to Catherine Parkinson, widow of Richard Shilton. It was told by a relative that Aaron and his brother John had been left orphans with considerable property in Ireland, under the guardianship of their uncle, Roger, who treated them unkindly, which caused them to run away and become stowaways on a ship to America. There, having been discovered, they were sold by the Captain of the vessel; after hearing of this, their uncle in Ireland, who caused their flight, sent money to redeem them. Aaron and his brother later served in the Revolutionary War.⁷

Anna Dunlop, the wife of Dr. James Boylan, was the daughter of Reverend Samuel Dunlop of Cherry Valley in New York State, who was born in Ulster, Ireland, and died 1779 or 1780 in Albany, New York. Her mother was Elizabeth Gallt (or Guest), born in Coleraine, Ireland. There is a tablet placed in the Presbyterian Church in Cherry Valley, recording that Reverend Samuel Dunlop, AB, "led hither the families who founded this Church. He here preached God's peace and taught liberal learning for thirty-seven years. His work ended in scenes of blood; his home desolated; he died in exile near Albany, *circa* 1780. His wife Elizabeth Gallt (Guest?), their daughter Mary Wells, her husband and children, save one, were cruelly slain in the massacre which scattered the flock on November 11, 1778." On the 'Cox Farm', about a quarter of a mile from the village, the owner of the farm, Captain A.B. Cox, erected a tall marker in memory of Samuel Dunlop and Elizabeth, his wife. The marker is on the site of what was their home.

6. Old style refers to the year just ended or about to end.

7. For the military service of Aaron and his brother John, see Stryker, W.S., Adjutant General, *Official Register of the Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War* (1911).

Reverend Samuel Dunlop migrated from Londonderry, New Hampshire, in 1741 with a party of Scotch-Irish who "... brought hither to Cherry Valley, New York, their scanty goods and settled. Samuel Dunlop was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, and was a gentleman, learned in classics, as well as in modern literature.

"It is told that when Mr. Dunlop left Ireland he was engaged to a charming young lady conditionally upon his returning to claim her as his wife within seven years. When the time was nearly up, he made the long journey from Cherry Valley, New York, to Ireland to bring her to his frontier home. His fiancé had, however, given up all hope of ever hearing from him again and was to be married on the day following his arrival. She, however, welcomed him with open arms, married him, and with him sought a new home in the western wilds. It is said she was a native of Coleraine, Ireland, in the extreme north.

"After the name of its founder, Cherry Valley had originally been called 'Lindesay's Bush', a name doubtless too homely to suit the refined ideas of the Reverend Mr. Dunlop, for in the year following his arrival it was, at his suggestion, rechristened 'Cherry Valley', the new name being derived from the fact that wild cherries were abundant in the valley. The reputation of the Reverend Mr. Dunlop's primitive but thorough school had, however, extended and a number of leading settlers along the Mohawk were accustomed to send their sons to him for instruction. They lived with him and formed a little boarding school.

"The Reverend Samuel Dunlop and his wife were sufferers in the Cherry Valley massacre under Brandt and Butler. His homestead was on the road to the west leading to Springfield, at the foot of Livingstone's Glen, where in later years Mrs. A.B. Cox owned. The home of this venerable and beloved minister of the settlement was attacked. His life was spared through the influence of Little Aaron, an Indian Chief, who had attended Mr. Wheelock's school in Lebanon. Mrs. Dunlop was killed and mutilated in his presence. He was taken prisoner but was not retained. With a daughter he went to New Jersey, where he died the following year, 1779 (the massacre having occurred November 11, 1778), having never recovered from the effects of the awful scenes through which he

passed at the massacre, forty-eight having been killed, sixteen of whom were soldiers."⁸

What this official history of the State of New Jersey fails to clarify is who were Brandt and Butler and how an Indian Chief came into it, and why the massacre. This was the time of the American Revolutionary War and Walter Butler and Joseph Brandt were Tories, those who sided with England, the colonial power. They agitated and used the Indians to burn most of the village and to massacre 48 people, 16 of whom were soldiers of the Revolutionary Army. This had none of the purity of American Indians defending their lands against settler-colons, although, indeed, these were settler-colons.⁹

Anna Dunlop, the daughter who survived the massacre, later married Dr. James Boylan, notwithstanding that her father was a cousin of Aaron Boylan, Dr. James's father. Dr. James lived at Vealtown, later called Basking Ridge and perhaps now Bernardsville, in the year 1777. "At two o'clock Lord Sterling wrote from Basking Ridge to General Lincoln, 'I have ordered Dr. Barnet and Dr. Boylan at Boylan's Tavern to care for any wounded men you may send there.'" According to the records in the office of the Adjutant General of New Jersey, James Boylan, M.D., served as a private, minute-man in the Somerset County, New Jersey Militia and was later promoted to Corporal during the Revolutionary War. "Lord Sterling and Captain John Parker were the original proprietors of the soil in this vicinity. Considerable of this tract was subsequently bought by Dr. James Boylan, an old and distinguished physician, who practiced many years in the place during the early part of the present century [the 19th century]. He is said to have owned 135 $\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land and also a gristmill. Dr. Boylan was a freeholder of the County of Somerset in 1790. He married Anna Dunlop, who was born January 17, 1746 (old style) and died

8. *Genealogical and Memorial History of the State of New Jersey: A Record of the Achievements of Her People in the Making of a Commonwealth and the Founding of a Nation*, op. cit., 1463.

9. See Swiggett, Howard, *War out of Niagara* (New York: Columbia University, 1933).

January 9, 1831. Dr. James Boylan and his wife were buried in the graveyard of the Presbyterian Church at Basking Ridge."

What is referred to as the Hey Surgical Saw, catalogue no. 11.5, among the preserved relics at Washington's Headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey, was one of the instruments given by relatives of Dr. Boylan, who was acting surgeon in Washington's Army when encamped at Basking Ridge. It is also said that Dr. Boylan acted as a surgeon to the wounded after the Battle of Princeton,¹⁰ and it is suggested in Mellick's 'Story of an Old Farm', on p. 410, that he was probably Lord Sterling's family physician. Dr. Boylan's name appears on pages 24 and 25 of "Transactions of the Medical Society of New Jersey, 1766-1800", as he was a candidate for membership of that Society, reference Minute of November 7, 1769.¹¹

"Among the important Scotch-Irish families of Bernards and Bedminster townships, Somerset County, was the Boylan family, which, while large in Revolutionary days, began to migrate afterward, so that scarcely any of the name now reside in the ancestral home."

The Boylan name remained in Ireland until at least 1835, proven by the fact that William H. Boylan, architect who resided in New Brunswick in 1917, stated that his father William Boylan came over from County Kildare, Ireland, about 1835.¹²

My Great-Great Grandmother, Catherine Ann, was a Boylan, daughter of Aaron. She married Joshua FitzGerald and begot my Great-Grandmother, Catherine Ann FitzGerald, who was to marry the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon on October 31, 1866 in Newark, New Jersey, Reverend J.T. Crane officiating. Catherine Ann FitzGerald gave birth to my Grandfather Edward FitzGerald

10. See "The Somerset Boylan Family" by Honeyman, A. van Doren, editor of the *Somerset County Historical Quarterly*, v.VI (Somerville, New Jersey: Somerset County Historical Society, 1917), 101. General George Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Forces on June 15, 1775. On Christmas Day 1776, he defeated the British colonial troops at Trenton and on January 3, 1777, their troops at Princeton, New Jersey.

11. *Ibid.*, 98.

12. *Ibid.*, 112.

Gordon on January 22, 1868 in Stillwater, New Jersey; to Gerald Benjamin Gordon, on September 7, 1870, who received his B.A. from Lafayette College in 1895, a Bachelor's degree from Harvard in 1904, and later his Master's degree from Columbia University; to Clarence Dunlop Gordon on September 6, possibly 1873, died July 21, 1964, who took his Bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1909 and further degrees at Columbia University; Jay Vincent Gordon, April 20, 1874, who also studied at Lafayette in 1894-95, and died August 10, 1911; Eliza Anna Gordon, on June 14, 1877, who died July 21, 1922, name later changed to Lila Anna, who studied at Trenton Normal School for the training of teachers and in August 1903 was to marry William James Crist (name later changed to Krist), who took his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Dickinson College; and Vivian Boylan Gordon, birth name Osee, born August 11, 1883, died November 11, 1967, who graduated from Centenary College in Hackettstown, New Jersey in 1902.¹³

It is through my Great-Grandmother Catherine Ann FitzGerald Gordon that my pedigree goes back to Revolutionary times and would qualify me for membership in the 'Daughters of the American Revolution',¹⁴ but I never applied to join that organization. It was President Franklin Delano Roosevelt who put those

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13. Dates in this paragraph partly drawn from *Genealogical and Memorial History of the State of New Jersey*, op. cit., 1460. Letters from both Jay and Lila give different birth dates and these are the dates I have used.
14. Daughters of the American Revolution is one of the leading patriotic societies in the United States, open to women having one or more ancestors who aided the patriot cause in the American Revolution. The society was organized in 1890 at Washington, DC and has its national headquarters at the Memorial Continental Hall there. Dissension in the organization in 1937 resulted in the formation of a new, more liberal group called Descendants of the American Revolution. The refusal of the Daughters of the American Revolution to permit the use of Constitution Hall, its auditorium, to 'non-white' entertainers, as I remember, the famous Marion Anderson, brought much public condemnation and the resignation from the group of Eleanor Roosevelt, the wife of the President of the United States, in 1939. There is a similar, but unrelated, organization known as the Daughters of the Revolution. The society has done much for the preservation and marking of historic places.

proud 'blue-blooded' ladies in perspective when he addressed them as "fellow immigrants"!

My Great-Grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon, was born in a suburb of Dublin (Wirth?), Ireland, of Protestant ancestors, in 1836. His father was a prominent Methodist and had been a class leader for forty years. He was educated in both public and private schools and Dublin University, and went to America when he was a young man. He spent several years teaching in schools, and was received into the Newark Conference of the Methodist Church at the second session of that Conference held at Haverstraw in 1859. He was an active member of it for fifty years, during which time he served the many churches to which he was appointed "... with fidelity and efficiency, and, although officially retired, for a further ten years he maintained his physical and intellectual vigor to a remarkable degree ... preaching up to a short time before he passed away". He was "recognized as one of the most gifted orators in the Conference, with a wonderful power in word painting and exegesis, he was always loyal to the mandates and principles of Methodism". During the American Civil War,¹⁵ while stationed at Piermont,

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15. The Civil War refers to the 1861-65 conflict between the Northern States - the Union - and the Southern States - the Confederacy - which seceded from the Union. The actual causes are debatable, but the issue came to be the continuance of slavery. The South, being almost completely agricultural, based on a cotton plantation system, was dependent on Negro slaves. The North had its own great agricultural resources and was always more advanced commercially and expanding industrially. In the North, an increasingly high moral tone was injected into the quarrel with the rise of the Abolitionists in the 1830s. Lincoln's victory as President was a signal for the secession of South Carolina in December 1860, followed by six other states of the Lower South: Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. On 12 April 1861, the Confederate commander, acting on instructions, ordered the firing on Fort Sumter and hostilities officially began. Lincoln immediately called for troops to be used against the seven seceding states which were soon joined by Arkansas, North Carolina, Virginia and Tennessee to complete the 11-state Confederacy. While the Union won the war, the peace was marred by the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln. The Civil War brought death to more Americans than did any other war, including the Second World War.

1863-64, "he was appointed agent of the government sanitary commission and assigned to duty at Petersburg, Virginia, during the period of the defence of Richmond.

"When he retired in 1909, he delivered his farewell address at Centenary Church, Newark, New Jersey. Never was he more effective physically or mentally than during this address of half an hour, after half a century of active service; he had a strangely mellifluous voice, and this was never richer than when he stepped to the front of the platform and said, 'I am supposed to deliver my 'farewell' address this morning, but mine will not be a valedictory but a salutatory, not a farewell, but a beginning, not a stepping down and out, but a stepping up and on. I shall not be 'retired' from now on, but shall be forging ahead toward the 'New Day'; only when my summons comes from my Redeemer shall I be 'Retired' on earth, and then only to begin an active ministry in heaven."¹⁶

But, since 'truth is a whole' it must be said that the Reverend — as his countenance makes clear — was an extremely strict person, often at odds with his children, or as they would say, he was "just that way". His daughter Lila, now lodged in a dormitory, out of the Reverend's sight, dared to put pen to paper on a Sunday! Writing to her brother Edward in South America on May 1, 1898 she all but whispers: "Papa used to be much opposed to letter-writing on the Sabbath."

The Reverend Thomas Edward died in Denver, Colorado, on October 11, 1919, survived by his wife Catherine Ann FitzGerald and four children: Eliza (Lila Anna); Gerald Benjamin; Clarence Dunlop, and Vivian Boylan. He is buried in the Gordon Circle in Linden, New Jersey, as are all the descendants of Reverend Gordon,¹⁷ who bear the Gordon surname, save for Gerald.

16. Extracted from *Minutes of the Newark Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, March 17-23, 1920, 71.

17. I tried to trace my Great-Grandfather's antecedents in Ireland, but received little co-operation. I wrote to the Historical Depository of the Methodist Church in Ireland at Belfast, 21.08.89; on advice received from Bishop Dr. Dennis C. Dutton of Malaysia, to the Public Record Office of Northern Ireland at Belfast (03.07.91) and, on their advice, to the National Archives of Dublin (05.08.91), to which there was no
continued p. 15

As recorded above, both Gerald and Clarence had multiple degrees from Ivy League universities, but their brother, my Grandfather Edward FitzGerald Gordon, sometimes referred to as Edwin, and variously as Eduardo, was a very different kind of man.

There's a document dated January 12, 1892, addressed to Gerald informing that Edward — then aged 24 — had reached Montevideo, Uruguay on the *Pf Carleton*, where he debarked on the 11th. That would suggest that Edward left without the family's knowledge and that Gerald was putting a trace on him.

Edward FitzGerald Gordon was not to return to the United States from South America until July 1899. In one of his mother's letter to him, her first-born, she speaks of Jay Vincent Gordon (born April 20, 1874), as almost dying from diphtheria "and what invariably accompanies this much dreaded disease, heart failure". Catherine Ann FitzGerald then goes on to write of Christmas, saying they wanted to make it pleasant for the 'little one' — this refers to Vivian — as in a short time she would be a woman and the opportunity would be gone. Lila, Clarence and Gerald were all gathered in the family home. "Christmas came bright and clear and naught save one thing was wanting to make it a perfect day: every one of us felt the absence of one whom we all dearly love. It was strange to see each one was thinking of you at the same time. Once Jay said, 'I was just thinking of Ed'. I replied, so was I just at that moment, then he [refers to Reverend Thomas Edward] in his characteristic style said, 'what right have you to think of anything but him today? I thought of him the last thing when I went to sleep last night and the first thing when I opened my eyes this morning, and I guess we will all think and talk of him all day long'. After a while Gerald came over to me and said, 'Mother there is just one thing needed to make this a perfect Christmas day: Eddie's presence'. Then, knowing how sad I felt, he added, 'But cheer up

continued n. 17

reply. On August 18, 2001, I approached Dr. K.A. Wilson, President of the Methodist Church of Ireland, as well as Trinity College of the University of Dublin for assistance. Reverend Dr. Wilson has in turn referred my query to another Minister, and there it rests.

Mother, we'll have him here next year if we have to go and bring him, and such a Christmas we will have!."

There must have been some bad blood between Edward and his father, yet she writes of the Reverend having his watch engraved to send to Edward, and she speaks of her apprehension "... that he would be taken off suddenly for while he seems to be well, we fear there is a tendency to apoplexy. Let the past go, my boy, and write him a nice letter so that you may not have it to regret. Time is too short to spend in holding malice."

Five years later, on March 13, 1897, Edward wrote to his younger brother Gerald from Montevideo, Uruguay, where he worked with the *Compañía del Gas*. "My dear Brother Gerald, I feel able to so address you with all sincerity though I don't suppose you (or any of my brothers) have much love to waste on such an ungrateful old shillback as myself. It's hardly necessary for me to express in so many words the feelings of pride and joy that welled up in my heart when I received and read your God suggested letters. I'm proud of you my boy, more so than I can tell you. ... You always were a noble, straightforward, honorable lad; your manhood has only fulfilled the promise given by your youthful actions. Again, I say I'm proud of you, my manly Brother, would to God I had your principles when I was young, perhaps I wouldn't have been the wreck I am today, not exactly physically, but mentally and morally, and I may say spiritually. However, I am what I made myself, and now I guess it is too late *pacuncia* [*paciencia* (?), 'patience': what can I do but accept with resignation].

"You have taken for granted that I was aware of everything that had passed and was passing at home. You were mistaken my lad. I knew nothing or next to nothing. I don't wonder much at that for why should I have expected any confidence from any of the members of my former home, except my most precious Mater. I have been and am now outside the pale of family love, I have or I thought I had no home, no family, no brothers, sisters or father, only a long suffering saintly Mother who still thought of an unworthy son far away. For six years you have all forgotten me, why disturb me now, I don't wish it. I know and accept my exclusion from your hearts. I don't blame you, tis my own fault. I never was a credit to you, only a disgrace, again I ask why

disturb me now, leave me in oblivion as I believed I was and was contented. I don't wonder your pen 'stuttered' when you wrote 'dear brother'. I am a dear, don't you think so, too dear by far for the prosperity of the family. If the others care to accept my love they have it. I don't know anything about a box. I've received none. Do you believe me, dear lad? I love, I love you much. Yours ever, Edward."

Although he writes of how demoralized he had become, there is a published report, dated April 2, 1898, under the heading "A Valiant Rescue: Edward Gordon's bravery in South America" telling of a banquet and presentation given in his honour for his daring rescue, from seemingly certain death, of the crew of a vessel during a hurricane, the vessel having capsized off the coast of Uruguay, South America. The following are translated extracts from the Spanish papers. Edward was presented with a handsome watch inscribed 'Reward for Valour', which Edward's son, my late Father, Clarence Edward Gordon, entrusted to my Brother, Clarence Edward Gordon, Jr. Don Julio Muro, Captain General of the Ports, gave the address:

"Gentlemen: On March 20th in the midst of a furious hurricane, a large smack, 'Oriental Chica', was capsized in the sight of this dock a mile and a half from land, her crew being plunged into the sea, without hope of being saved. As ever, the furious waves attempted to engulf in death the unfortunate mariners. The overturning of the boat was seen plainly from this dock and death of all seemed inevitable. But in an instant two volunteers led by Edward F. Gordon, three lion-hearted men, at the imminent peril of their lives, put forth to sea in a tiny boat utterly unfit for the perilous attempt. Gentlemen, this action required the greatest courage and nerve; for not only was there a tremendous sea running with heavy breakers and great wind, but the boat which they launched was utterly unworthy. From this you may get some idea of the awful risk run by these noble men.

"They saved Domingo Gamero, and brought him in, returning yet again; three times did they make the fearful journey, and each time regained the shore with a human being saved. The master of the smack went down.

"These, Gentlemen, are the men, to honour whom we are assembled here. This is the deed that took place on the 20th of March. I will conclude with these words, valiant men, by giving thanks to Almighty God, who has caused his angels to watch over you, bringing you safely back to the shore."

By May 1898, Edward's sister Lila wrote to him at the Traffic Department, Buenos Aires, Argentina. On July 10, 1898, Edward wrote from Buenos Aires explaining to Gerald why he had not responded to his letters as he felt Gerald's letters suggested he was begging to go home and with Gerald's many responsibilities, he needn't have need of a further burden from his eldest brother. "I have lived respectably and honorably since leaving home and I generally remembered my name was Gordon and that I belong to the Gordons. I can continue to do so, can't I? It is true that I am now poor; once since leaving home I was comparatively well to do. ... I never asked if anyone needed me, I thought they didn't. God has punished me inasmuch as now that I know someone at home needs me and that our sisters need me, now that it is my duty and would be my great pleasure to contribute to lessen the great burden on your shoulders, Brother, now I can't because I'm very poor. I really haven't had for myself sometimes, I am picking up a little at present, but I have known what it was to want a bed on many a cold winter's night and have alternatively sat down and walked to keep the warmth of life in my body. Then for days I have had barely enough food to give me strength enough to walk, walk, walk. Oh! God, will I ever forget those days. Everything I possess had been pawned or sold, clothing, jewelry, trunks, everything, no work, nothing to do. I couldn't steal, and I wouldn't beg, no one would give such a wretched looking object as myself work, and I lived, though my health will never be what it was.

"Do you think Brother that if I lived through all that rather than ask for assistance from those at home, I could or would ask or accept of it now. I never mentioned this before. I only do so now because of your letter. So we will let the matter drop"

He then says that as we make our beds so we must lie upon them. He speaks of working damned hard to live at all and says, "one day it will all be ended, thank God. Would it be wrong to end it all? Shall I end it? Will I end it all? God only knows. Sometimes I think I will though it be at the cost of my Eternal damnation. Christ prayed 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do'. Perhaps someday someone will make that prayer for me."

Edward's next letter to Gerald, again from Buenos Aires, was dated October 26, 1898, acknowledging photographs and programmes he received and saying what would have given him great pleasure would have been to receive half a dozen good books or a letter from each one of the family circle. Again, he speaks of suicide, without using the word, wondering whether he has the requisite moral courage to carry it out. "I am unutterably tired of living, Old Man, have been for years. I hate this world and its inhabitants This life or existence has no attractions whatever for me, I am heartsick and more perhaps brainsick, who knows?" Finally he speaks of having his mind's eye fixed on Cuba, Puerto Rico, or the 'Filapines'. (At the conclusion of the Spanish-American War in 1898, these all became American territories!)

Edward, now 31 years old, returned to the United States from Buenos Ayres - as written at that time - on the *SS Etona*, which sailed in July 1899. He believed his passage of 75.60 Argentine Gold Dollars had been advanced by Mr. A.J. Heycock, when, unknown to him, it was at the urging and with the guarantee of his younger brother Gerald. Mr. Heycock's letter of 6 July was sent via mail to England, there being no mail just then direct to New York! Amongst Edward's papers is an acknowledgment of his having received "another 40 £ sterling" from Mr. Heycock, which is over-written with Mr. Heycock's acknowledging repayment on February 25, 1900. Edward's circumstances at the time are not clear, Mr. Heycock's letter only speaks of his having resigned the Railway in anticipation of having gotten away the previous month, and of his being most worthy.

The next surety, according to his letters, is that by 1905 Edward had been with Prudential of Newark for four years. In 1905, Catherine (originally Kätchen) Emma Schultz also joined Prudential. Then on August 5, without his family's knowledge, Edward married his 'Katie', at the Little Church Around the Corner in New York City. He only informed his mother, Catherine Ann FitzGerald Gordon, on November 16, three months later! In his letter to Katie of the 17th he wrote, "and you may guess there was a scene to beat Jericho - Mama was very indignant that I should have married in secret Mama is so proud - and is great on

family — she thinks her family connections are just about right — poor Mama!” Then dated January 1906, there is a letter from his ‘Mama’ to Katie: “My son having chosen you to be his wife, I shall be glad to meet you tomorrow evening,” and it is signed: “Sincerely, his mother.”

I have no explanation as to how an intimate relationship developed between Edward and the Atkinson family some time after Edward returned from South America; perhaps, initially, he had only taken rooms with them. Many letters speak of the ‘Hilton Farm’: Clara Atkinson and her brother Charles operated a dairy there for many years. Their home was at 1958 Springfield Avenue, Maplewood, New Jersey. All Edward’s letters are filled with immense respect for the sisters Bessie and Clara, and there are references to Grace Emerson, perhaps another sister, and to their brother Charles, and I can recall an Albert Atkinson who died in 1938. Whatever it is, Edward developed so much confidence in Bessie and Clara that when he was in hospital in 1912 and thought he might well die, he wrote to his wife, Catherine, asking her to allow their son Clarence to continue living with them.¹⁸

On August 14, 1907, my Father, Clarence Edward Gordon, was born, affectionately named ‘Patsy’ by his father, and in later years called ‘Pat’. Soon after came a second son, Edward FitzGerald Gordon, Jr., who died as a baby on March 22, 1910.

18. I, myself, have fond memories of Aunt Clara. Already 74 years old, during the Second World War, she volunteered to work in a factory for the benefit of the war effort and continued working until she was 88, ten years before her death. Black and White in Maplewood called her ‘Aunt Clara’. Once, going into winter, when my Brother visited her, he saw what he thought was a workman on top of a ladder installing storm windows. The workman turned out to be Aunt Clara wearing a workman’s cap and then well into her nineties!

On July 25, 1967, Aunt Clara died in her 99th year. She was the last of 12 children of John D. and Frances Burnley Atkinson, early residents of the township of Maplewood. Aunt Clara is buried in an Atkinson plot, deeded December 6, 1897, at Cherry Avenue, Rahway, New Jersey, where Atkinsons have been buried since 1901.

On October 10, 1910, Edward addressed a letter to a Mrs. Helen D. Evans speaking of Catherine's love for her and his grave concern that Catherine is going down, day by day, for although she doesn't speak of it, he observes her "constantly taking in her clothing". (Perhaps also the after-effect of her baby son having died in March.) Edward dreads the effects of the coming winter and wishes to send her away. He then goes on to detail his property in Newark and its value, USD 42-45,000/- on which there were mortgages of USD 23,000/-. He would legally constitute Mrs. Evans as Trustee and Guardian (for his son Patsy) and asks her to advance part of the balance value to see to Catherine's recovery. Disposing of the property at that time would have been a sacrifice. "A fine nature or a better girl than Catherine never lived — the world needs women of her character and nobility of soul — and she shall not die if we can help it and I believe we can — will you help her?" The letter — 'return receipt desired' — addressed to that lady at Hotel Kensington, Newark, was returned.

This 1910 letter was written on the letterhead of 'The Gordon Brothers Co.: Mason Builders and General Contractors' at Scheuer Building, 738 Broad Street, Newark. There are cancelled cheques of Gordon Bros. Co. in Edward's file going back to April 14, 1903. But I wouldn't know the actual date the company was formed nor other than Edward, himself, the identity of at least one other brother, but perhaps 'Brothers' was just a name. Later the company's name was changed to 'Gordon Brothers Construction Company', with its address at 199 Oliver Street, Newark.

It was not until October 31, 1912 that Catherine was referred to Dr. Blair, at Southern Pines, North Carolina, by Dr. Waite's Surgical Sanatorium of Newark saying that she had the 'beginning of tuberculosis of the throat' and mentioning that her sister Emma Schultz had recently died of tuberculosis.

Earlier, on October 8, 1912, Edward, himself, was so ill in hospital awaiting an operation that he wrote to Katie of his dying. He forbade his brothers Clarence or Gerald to come near his body, nor should his wife receive flowers from them "as they need money for other uses". "If I go they will be happy, and then having eliminated [their brother] Jay and Ed [himself], they will only have Lila to worry their aristocratic minds. Maybe Providence will even help

them there, odd how things work in their favor." He does not refer to Vivian, who remained unmarried; only to Lila, who in August 1903 had married a teacher, William James (Crist) Krist, thus troubling their 'aristocratic minds'. Lila, having borne three children, James Gordon, Henry Kelvin and Katherine Lila, was to die in July 1922, at the age of 45.

On May 8, 1917, Edward wrote to the *New York Times* responding to an advertisement on the 6th, saying he had been "in South America for 10 consecutive years, part of the time in business for himself as a contractor", and "had as many as five hundred peons employed at one time, and personally superintended my own contracts; I believe that I'm not saying too much in making this statement that I am a very good judge of Latin human nature, character, and more important temperament, possess executive ability, and never had any trouble with my men." He goes on to say that he has "an excellent working knowledge of the Spanish language, customs, and habits". Nothing materialized, and he was killed five months later.

The letter evinces his dire financial situation. From his letters in 1912 he had been in hospital a few times and his wife, Catherine, had also been seriously ill. There's an undated letter from Vivian to Edward written from Colorado mentioning that their mother had received a letter from Edward's son. Since Clarence was born in 1907 this would be about 1914. She says their mother had given Edward something of value that he could pawn and Vivian begs Edward to pay the interest to keep the pawn ticket current, not to lose what their mother values. There are letters where Edward appeals to his younger brother, Clarence, in Denver for financial help and refers to an amount Clarence advanced to him. Yet according to tax notices in the name of Edward, in 1909 he owned properties in Newark (398/400 and 402 Washington Street and 45 and 47 Marshall Street) at a tax valuation of USD 17,600.00. There are "Declarations of Trust" between County Investment Company and Edward and Catherine jointly, dated August 28, 1911 and July 28, 1913, to a total of USD 4,724.31, being in fact mortgages on their properties. Edward was to die as he lived, generally insolvent, and his wife Catherine Schultz Gordon inherited not only his property, but also had to assume his debts, which she slowly paid off, even the loans from Clarence.

I never knew my Grandfather Edward Fitzgerald Gordon as he was killed on October 30, 1917. At that date he was the superintendent of construction for the Lackawanna Bridge Company in charge of building a shipyard at Port Newark Terminal for the Submarine Boat Corporation. We have the *Newark Star-Eagle* of even date reporting his death and the injury of his six companions when the ambulance they were travelling in was trapped on the railway tracks by the failure of the gateman to raise both gates. A locomotive smashed into the ambulance and knocked it off the tracks. Then the men tumbled out and the wreckage of the vehicle was strewn on top of them. My Grandfather died shortly after reaching hospital. Apparently, this was not the first such negligence by gatemen, as detailed in this report. But although there are letters from various lawyers offering to act on my Grandmother's behalf, I have no knowledge of whether she took legal action.

Neither did I know my Uncle Gerald Benjamin Gordon, but his copious files were placed in my trust and going through, one notes his meticulousness. At the top of letters he received, he would note the date and remark if he had not answered. When he wrote letters, he would often copy out in long hand the letter to be sent.

From 1896 through the early 1900s, there are reams of letters between himself and his brother Clarence, Clarence referring to Gerald variously as 'Dinkas' and 'Dinky', and Clarence signing his letters as 'Buddy' or 'Bud', each at various times supporting the other to go through Ivy League universities.

Gerald graduated from Pingry Academy in Elizabeth, took his Bachelor of Arts at Lafayette College in 1895, another Bachelor's degree at Harvard in 1904 — his classmate was Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was to become President of the United States — and a Bachelor's Diploma in High School English at Columbia Teachers College; he then took his Master of Arts degree in School Administration at Columbia University and another Master's degree in Education at Columbia Teachers College, awarded in 1903.¹⁹ He had a vast experience in church quartets and choirs,

19. Lafayette, in Easton, Pennsylvania, was founded by Presbyterians in 1826, as a college for men. Marilyn Pettit, Ph.D., Director, University
continued p. 24

played piano, cornet and the organ, and was a baritone; he listed his specialities as the Tonic Sol Fa System of Notation and Chorus Conducting.

There's a letter from the Lafayette College Registrar, Selden J. Coffin dated June 27, 1895, speaking of Gerald as a graduate who did four years of classical study, "a man of fine scholarly tastes, genius and skill". And stating that he "deserves well the honorable mention, somewhat rare in these days, of having supported himself through college by his own efforts. He was Musical Director of one of the best Church choirs at a salary and taught some private pupils. During the past years, he has in this way also supported his brother. This should show his energy." He then speaks of having long known Gerald's father, the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon, who is highly esteemed by all who have known him.

There are multiple testimonies from 1898-99 speaking of Gerald as "a man of sterling qualities, broad scholarship, superior culture, and pronounced ability as a teacher", "generated by a cultured ancestry". Then there's a document of June 16, 1900 appointing Gerald as Principal of Kearny School. Gerald, supported by his brother Clarence, was to move on to Harvard University, at that time an élitist institution. In 1868-69, Harvard had 1,059 students, which by 1903-04 when Gerald attended, had increased to 4,328 students, with the 'officers of instruction' having increased from 59 to 563. There's a card addressed to Gerald on February 24, 1904, signed by Thomas M. Corson, President Harvard Masonic Club saying he was told Gerald was a Mason, and would be glad to meet him. By 1905, Gerald's brother Clarence had also become a Mason.

Having completed Harvard and then Columbia, in 1905 Gerald was appointed Supervising Principal of the Millburn Public

continued n. 19

Archives and Columbiana Library at Columbia University, in hers of November 20, 2001, confirmed Gerald's taking his MA at Teachers College in 1903, and in her further letter of the 21st, she wrote: "Actual date of his diploma from Harvard would not preclude his being in residence at Columbia and working on a degree or certificate from Columbia."

Schools. There are files of letters praising his creativity and performance, and one gets tired of reading endless invitations to people's homes for dinner. But then what happened?

There's nothing in Gerald's file, nor in Edward's, to explain why at some date after Clarence's marriage to Emilie vom Saal in 1910, Gerald left for Canada, although there was a close family linkage with Canada. There's a letter dated July 29, 1912 written by the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon to his son Edward which tells of his delight in meeting again his sister Margaret and many other relatives, whom unfortunately he doesn't name, other than a Mary Micks, whom he describes as a cousin of Edward's. The Reverend was staying at Norwood Grove, Winnipeg in Manitoba. From Clarence's letter to Edward's widow Catherine of June 22, 1919 we know that Clarence had financial interests in Canada, but there's no mention of Gerald (*infra*, p.33).

The only direct reference to Gerald in letters available to me is dated July 16, 1916, from Mary Ethel; no surname is given, but she writes from the same address as that of Reverend Thomas's sister Margaret — married name unknown — 161 Eugenie St., Norwood Grove, Winnipeg. She responds to a letter from Edward: "You asked about your brother (Gee Gee). Apart from the fact that he is still here, I know very little of him except that he does business in the same old way peculiar to him. He and his affairs are of so little interest to us that we never think of him. I have never yet known his influence in any capacity to work for any good, and until you asked for him had almost forgotten there lived such a one. As I could not say anything real nice about him, you will forgive me if I do not go into any details of the other side of the question as it would take altogether too much of my valuable time, and anyhow, the subject is most distasteful."

Then with equal sarcasm she writes, "By the way, I notice you are still doing business styled as 'Gordon Bros.'. I understood the 'Brothers' closed out long ago, or is there still another one to be accounted for? Believe me, I do not intend to be inquisitive, just interested to know if there are more like you." She then writes of being "... so weary of being disappointed in people generally", which is certainly reflected in her remarks. She signs the letter "Your long forgotten Cousin". Sharing Gerald's life through the

letters he retained, knowing how diligently he worked and his faithful support for all his family members, I found Mary Ethel's comments most distasteful. It may or may not be relevant that at all times she is listed in the Winnipeg directories under her maiden name of Thornton, thus apparently she never married.

Alice Thompson and Betty McQuillan, both residing in the Toronto area of Canada, had the goodness to search for any record of Gerald. They found in a 1909 Winnipeg city directory, a Robert Thornton, living at 161 Eugenie Street. In 1916, he was still at that address, having a hardware business. In 1925, he lived at 233 Eugenie Street, and from 1928 through 1947, his widow Elizabeth continued to reside there. Gordon S. Thornton, brother of Ethel, appears until 1935, lastly as a Barrister, when he either died or moved out of the Winnipeg area, and Mary Ethel, as a stenographer and then as a secretary-treasurer of various schools, is listed throughout 1948. But 1948 is the last year the Directories are on microfiche and available to Betty McQuillan.²⁰

In the same directories, they found Gerald Gordon in 1913, noted as a professor, living at 161 Eugenie Street, and in 1914 and 1916, he's given as a law student at Keith and Gannon, living at 9 Glenthorn Street, still in the Norwood Grove area. By 1917, he was a barrister living in a house at 224 Tache Street, but in 1918 he's no longer in the directory (their letter of October 11, 2001 refers). In

20. There's also a letter written to my Great-Grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon, by Ann Graham Norton who addressed him as "Uncle", which bore the return address of 161 Eugenie Street, Norwood Grove, the address from which my Great-Grandfather wrote on July 29, 1912. Since we don't know the married name of his sister Margaret we wouldn't know the relationship of Ann Graham Norton to the family. The Reverend Gordon did write of his sister Margaret having a daughter married to a minister in Winnipeg but this Ann Graham Norton was married to William F. Graham, an engineer, who was listed in the Henderson City Directories for Winnipeg as living at 63 Horace Avenue in 1905, and in 1907 she, as his widow, is listed at the same address. In 1911 she either remarried or took back her original family name as she was listed as Graham-Norton, Mrs. Annie living at the same address. Married women were only listed in the Directories upon their being widowed.

theirs of November 19, 2001, they quote the Law Society of Manitoba's response to their letter: "We can find no record of a barrister by the name of Gerald Gordon. We have no record of anyone by this name being called to the bar of Manitoba between 1915 and 1920, nor do we have a record of a law firm by the name of Keith and Gannon", an incredible contradiction which I can't explain, and there the search ended.

What actually became of Gerald, I might never know. The truth was burned with the letters of Uncle Clarence, Aunt Emilie, Great-Grandfather and Great-Grandmother in what I consider an unconscionable act by my late Father, when he and his second wife, Valerie descended upon Denver some time after Uncle Clarence's death on July 21, 1964; I, who cared, being half-way round the world.

Now to speak of Clarence. On November 23, 1896, Clarence wrote to Gerald from Normal — probably refers to a teacher's training college, as he was then 23 — at West Chester, Pennsylvania, saying he and his chum "got caught (we don't know how) out with some girls from the village whom we met one night at our public society meeting. I'm afraid that it means 'go' for the both of us. It was the first break in three months." Then he fears they'll be writing to his father and says, "For God's sake intercept father's letter and send it to me at once. Move lively, and if it's too late you know how to act."

Clarence was still at that school on February 29, 1897, apparently trying to get an 'honourable discharge', but they refused to act without Gerald's permission, and Clarence asks Gerald to write to the authority 'smooth and slick'. "I've not been in any scrapes, disturbances or broken any rules that I'm ashamed of. Everything I've done has been exposed in the office and hence have no fear anything else will come out. Last Monday, Malone, my chum, and I stood in recitation hall and talked to some girls and we got hell. Last Saturday night we did something that 20 others were doing: we went visiting at another table in the dining room. Someone reported that we went there, and Dr. Phillips came in, gazed on us a minute, went out and sent in his office detective to bring the girls at the table into the torture chamber, his office. One went and on her return, Fred came and said Dr. Phillips wanted Malone and

Gordon. Maybe he didn't raise hell and hair. Sunday morning my chum was mad at the tearing out and asked permission to go home to see his mother, which was refused with vigour. In the afternoon, he dressed and went, thinking it would not be found out. Monday morning, he was called down and was expelled and ordered to get out by 3 o'clock. Then, without thinking, I walked to the station with him to say goodbye. Before supper Dr. had me in the office and accused me of breaking the rules by going over the deadline set up by the Church. Hundreds of other little things have happened to make my life unbearable." He then implores Gerald to write to the Dr. informing him that Clarence acts for himself. "I'll leave this place." Eventually Dr. Phillips wrote to Gerald on February 15, 1897 saying he had received Gerald's letter which he let Clarence read, and Clarence had decided to stay. And he rationalizes Clarence's infringements as the bad influence of his room-mate! So much for the mentality just before the turn of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, with Gerald's faithful support, Clarence survived and completed his studies.

March 11, 1900, Clarence writes to Gerald ('Dinky') from Morrisville, Pennsylvania. He describes visiting Point Pleasant and speaks of "serene satisfaction" as a result of the trip. He went by rail and got off at Byram, a little station about half way to Phillipsburg, and walked over the bridge to Point Pleasant on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River. "You cannot imagine my feelings as I spotted old familiar landmarks, places where, not quite four years ago, I stopped to take off my shoes to rest my aching feet; the canal on which I rode; the bridge over which I wished to pass and couldn't until I raised two cents for the toll; the house from which I got a chunk of bread as a result of value received in the shape of work. All these and more passed before my eyes, and I relapsed into a thoughtful mood, comparing then and now. What a difference! And besides, there are 'possibilities' as Eduardo said in that letter. Nor was I devoid of feelings as I traced the effect back to the Cause as he sat by my side in Military Park. I'm not insensible to the debt, and perhaps my greatest incentive is the desire to prove worthy of the confidence expressed then and since."

Clarence was posted from one school to the next in which he held various positions. On September 12, 1901, Clarence wrote to Gerald from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; on December 16, 1902 from Pollstown, Pennsylvania. By January 3-June 1903, Clarence was Supervising Principal of seven North Coventry Township Schools, Chester County, Pennsylvania. It's not clear how long he remained there.

Clarence's letter to Gerald on March 30, 1903 drew back a curtain; their sister Lila had written saying that their father had received a catalogue from Dickinson, couldn't find Clarence's name in it and was "puzzled to account for it". He wanted to know if Lila had heard from him. Clarence then writes: "for my part, I see no reason now why he should not know the truth. 'What a tangled web we weave'." From what I can fathom, Clarence was working to see Gerald through his various university degrees and did not wish their father to know lest he be shamed. Therefore they pretended he was attending Dickinson, and this explains Gerald sometimes referring to Clarence as 'Dickinson'.

Such was the commitment and solidarity of the Reverend's sons. While the Reverend Gordon's work for the church brought him great esteem, it yielded little money. This is evident from Clarence's letter to Gerald of April 29, 1906. He speaks of their mother saying: "Vivian and I are quite well enough supplied with clothes for all our needs at home but it would require quite a great deal to make us feel right at any outside place. ... One must know Mother to understand this rightly. It has served to reclude certain fanciful dreams of mine back to the more fundamental aspects of the family problem."

By March 28, 1904 and through at least September, Clarence was on the Board of Education at Malvern, Pennsylvania. By 1905, the shoe was on the other foot, and now Clarence writes from Harvard thanking Gerald for money received. By June 1907, Clarence was finishing Harvard: "My last exam occurred this morning. Commencement comes June 26." In February 1907, he had accepted an invitation to join the Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity.

By September 27, 1908, Clarence had moved on to Columbia University and was living in the $\Phi\Kappa\Sigma$ House. Phi Kappa Sigma was a social fraternity founded in 1870, on which there's no further

information. Clarence had registered in courses "which will give me a degree and Master's diploma". A search by Marilyn Pettit, Ph.D., Director, University Archives and Columbian Library, Columbia University, as reported in her letters of November 20 and 21, 2001, found a Clarence E. Gordon who took an M.A. in 1905 and a Ph.D. in 1911 in 'Pure Science'. While it's possible Clarence, like my Father, carried the birth name Clarence Edward Gordon (his father being Thomas Edward) and later substituted the Dunlop family name for his middle name out of respect for our ancestor, the Reverend Samuel Dunlop, AB (p.8 *supra* refers), the earlier years seem improbable, so also the study of Pure Science.

By May 28, 1909, the vom Saal family had come into Clarence's life, as Gerald wrote to Rudolph Ernst vom Saal, "I shall be with you at the Yale game tomorrow as per letter from Tad" (which is Clarence). Emilie vom Saal wrote to Gerald on September 7, 1910 speaking of her impending marriage to Clarence. It is signed 'Deine kleine Schwester' (Your little Sister) and was written from Sharon Springs, New York. After the wedding on October 3, 1910, Clarence wrote to Gerald from Hotel Wagner saying they were leaving for Albany. "You are all thoroughbreds and show it too. You all did me proud at the wedding, it was a beautiful ceremony. Thank you all." Signed Tad.²¹ Possibly through the largess of

21. Emilie vom Saal was born in New York City on January 18, 1885 and died in Denver on March 19, 1962. She was the daughter of Caroline Josephina ('Lina') Schaefer (1861-1913) — daughter of Maximillian Schaefer of the F & M Schaefer Brewing Co. who died December 20 (30?), 1912 at 40 (140?) Morningside Drive, New York City — and Dr. F.C.H. (Frederick Charles von Heppenheim) vom Saal (1854-1905). The family's original name, von Heppenheim vom Saal, has a history going back to the Knights of the Crusades for whom there are memorials in Mainz and Worms. Lina Schaefer had three children: Frederick Maximillian (1883-1981); Emilie (1885-1962); and Rudolf Ernst (1889-1969). Rudolf addressed a card to his mother Lina (at Sharon Springs), written in German from Goslar (in Lower Saxony, not far from Hanover), showing the incredibly beautiful *Kaiserhaus Saal*. It was dated September 14, 1910. He notes that the cupboards are traditionally painted and the building had existed since 1400! Since Goslar was undamaged during World War II, hopefully *continued p. 31*

Emilie's family — or from her own inheritance — by 1911, they were touring Italy.

Clarence and Emilie moved West and settled in Colorado, where they lived in Estes Park, Boulder, Colorado Springs, and Denver. I wouldn't know what would account for this move, most likely vom Saal or Schaefer financial interests. Clarence and Emilie had no children. They were fluent in Spanish and regularly travelled to Mexico and on; there are photographs from Cuba and from Luxor in Egypt. On May 1, 1918, the Reverend Thomas and his wife Catherine moved in with them at 1328 Cook Street in Denver, which had become their permanent address. Vivian Boylan Gordon — 'Zuzie', 'the little one' — never married; she stayed close to her mother until that formidable lady died in 1924 and then lived alone in a house Clarence, her beloved 'Tada', had provided. Her life's occupation was her painting.

From remarks in Clarence's letters to Edward responding to Edward's appeals, one gets the impression that the money to be advanced might not have been from Clarence's own funds, and now it's decidedly a loan, no longer assistance freely given from one Gordon brother to the other. This would explain why on Edward's death, Clarence would have pressed Edward's widow Catherine for repayment, notwithstanding that she was now a single mother with a ten-year-old son.

On August 6, 1916, Clarence, writing from Estes Park, acknowledges Edward's letter of 31 July, and writes, I "... have taken some

continued n. 21

Kaiserhaus Saal continues to survive. (Documents found in Edward FitzGerald Gordon's strongbox and information received from W. Rudolf vom Saal, son of Frederick Maximilian.)

Rudolf took his B.Sc. from Columbia College in 1916, although he belonged to the class of 1915. His address in the 1916 alumni directory was 100 East 42nd Street. Sidney Jones had the decency to check that New York City address and advised: "100 E 42nd Street is directly across from Grand Central. As an address, it doesn't exist anymore — it goes directly from 110 E 42nd to the building known as 125 Park Avenue, but the latter looks like 1920s or 30s construction. Can't remember when Grand Central was built, but it would have been a wonderful address."

hours to consider the problems you present for solution with the very real hope that it might be possible to find some way to help you as you undoubtedly deserve But Ed, I can't do anything to relieve the situation at this time. A year from now it may be different. My will is more than good to help you now, but it's absolutely out of the question. I shall not indulge in causes or explanations. You probably can divine some of them."

Nevertheless, Edward wrote again to Clarence on 11 August — we don't know what arguments he put forward, but probably promising to pay in early November — and Clarence responded on the 15th, "I send you herewith my check for \$235.00.²² I do this, too, 'on my nerve' as it were, because of my desire to help you." On November 23, 1916, now writing from 1004 Lincoln Place, Boulder, Clarence reminded Edward that "one week from yesterday", Edward was to have repaid that \$235.00. Then on December 6, 1916, again from Boulder, Clarence wrote that since his previous letter to Edward had not been returned by the post office he assumed Edward received it, and he asks why he had not replied. "You possibly do not think that you have embarrassed me, but you have done even more than that. I told you on August 15 that I was letting you have that money 'strictly on my nerve'. This ought to have been plain enough. Please let me hear from you." On February 24, 1917, still from Boulder, Clarence writes to Ed acknowledging his letter of the 17th in reply to Clarence's of the 9th, "I note that you cannot return to me the \$235.00 which I sent to you as a loan and in view of the circumstances I regret it very much. Of course, you will understand that I will not send your note to the Essex County Bank for collection." He then returns to Edward summonses Edward had received re the company's tenancy and so on. He ended by saying "hoping that you will indeed 'get on top again' and with best wishes".

22. Given that with compounded interest, money would double every seven years, at 6% interest only, the equivalent in 1999 of USD 235/- in 1916 would be USD 15,510/-. Alternatively, it was suggested that we compare a bundle of goods that could have been purchased in the US for that amount in 1916 and what such a bundle would cost in 1999. But I'm still awaiting advice from someone qualified to work this out!

Edward was killed in October 1917. Some time after that and before November 1918, in a letter from which the date is ripped off, Clarence raised with Catherine the \$235.00 loan and asks that it be immediately repaid. In Clarence's of November 16, 1918, he thanks Catherine for her cheque and says, "I do indeed feel that you deserve not only 'some credit' but rather great credit for your determination to do a trustworthy piece of work in setting up the Estate and for this very reason you will understand my perfectly natural bewilderment over the fact that my claim was passed over while at the same time other accounts were being paid." And he goes on to thank her for a cheque of \$150.00, which he says he wishes to return to her "before December 15 next for the purpose you have in mind ..." (we don't know what that was).

In Clarence's of December 13, 1918, writing from Denver, he encloses "a money order for \$100.00 in order you will honour your obligation re the mortgage. I also send you a formal receipt for \$50.00 paid on account of note." In his of June 22, 1919 to Catherine, Clarence says that "Emilie has received word that you deposited \$25.00 to credit of her account in the Fifth Avenue office of the Guaranty Trust Co. of New York, this amount being a payment on the indebtedness of the Estate of E.F. Gordon to me, as per promissory note. Thank you." Thus the likelihood that the troublesome \$235.00 had come from Emilie's money. Clarence goes on to say: "I was very much disappointed that you did not find a way to clear up this obligation entirely, and I trust you will do so in the near future... Just as soon as the present terrible conditions in Canada subside, I'll be all right again, thanks to seeing the hard times of the war through to the end." He encloses a duplicate receipt for \$50.00 and two original receipts for \$25.00 each saying that the Estate has now paid a total of \$150.00, leaving the sum of \$85.00 on the face of the note. On July 22, 1919, he acknowledges Catherine's cheque of \$50.00 and says, "I believe you've done the best you could in this matter, and I'll not forget it, you may be sure."

There are letters of family affection from Clarence and from Vivian to Catherine, but amongst my Grandmother Catherine's papers, I found none past her remarriage on June 30, 1924.

I have very little information on the fourth and youngest brother, Jay Vincent Gordon, born 1874. There is an April 16, 1894 letter from Jay when attending Lafayette College at the age of 20.²³ Other than his few letters, various family mentions of him and of his being ill, I only learned from one of Edward's letters that Jay had died before October 1912. Lila speaks of Jay's health being poor and of his being thin and pale, but says, "he's so fine-looking when he gets his best clothes on. He wears a frock-coat and a silk hat. Can you imagine him in those things?" Jay, too, gave a helping hand to his brothers. There is, for instance, his December 25, 1902 letter to Gerald at Harvard sending him money to be sure he had the fare to go home for Christmas, and he writes: "have just sent 300/- to the officer fellow".

Lila Anna Gordon, the first-born daughter, referred to by her brother Edward as the 'Czarina', for reasons I wouldn't know, wrote that she was 21 on June 14, 1898, which would mean she was born in 1877 and not 1879. She studied in the State Normal School at Trenton for the training of teachers in the years 1897-98. The school had 1,300 students. In her letter of April 24, 1898 to her brother Edward in the Traffic Department, Buenos Aires, she speaks of the support they've all received from brother Gerald. She writes of Osee (Vivian) preparing to go away to school and her helping Osee to pack. "I had been helping her all I could, never having the remotest idea of going away myself. I did not see how it would be possible for me to do so. ... That night Gerald came up from Newark (we were in Mount Tabor) and asked if I could get ready to go the next day. I cannot tell you all that happened between that time and noon the following day. I packed my trunk, said goodbye to the family and started off. ... Gerald put me on the train at Newark for Trenton and I reached here at about 7 o'clock at night, all alone, with no one in this whole city whom I knew. The preceptress assigned me my room. The next day and the day after I was busy taking the entrance examination. I have been out of school for five years,

23. In the September 21, 2001 communication from Frank Benginia, Registrar of Lafayette College, he confirmed Gerald's taking his degree there in 1895, but says Jay attended in 1898.

and during that time had not done any studying, so you see I did not feel able to pass. I was certain that I shall fail. I waited for two days before I could get any report, and then Doctor Green called me up and told me I had passed. It was such a complete surprise to me. I was so sure I would fail that I had not unpacked my trunk, thinking I should have to pack it again to go home" She then goes on to say that by the end of the first half of the year, she was informed that her average was 87 per cent. Only one other girl had excelled her average.

On May 13, 1903, Lila wrote from a Seminary in Pennington, New Jersey. On August 21, 1903, Clarence wrote to Gerald saying that their father had received a letter from Lila in which she said "the wedding is to be on Tuesday in Denville. This much is settled. It is to be either in the house or in the church. Prof. Crist will be coming by train and will go right up to the house when he arrives." And for unknown reasons, Clarence advises: "We certainly must prevent ourselves being victims of a trick."

This explains Clarence's earlier letter of August 16, 1903 to 'Eduardo': "I'm afraid that you've turned a somersault and landed amid great enthusiasm on the other side of the controversy concerning the approaching marriage." He then speaks of Edward ignoring "three pages of reasons why this marriage should not be consummated which you prepared previous to sending the letter to the person to be married". And then he berates him for having arraigning himself "against the truest friends you have in the family or outside of it".

Lila Anna Gordon was born in Flemington, New Jersey on June 14, 1877 and died of blood poisoning due to infection on July 21 (or 25), 1922 in Newark. She is buried in the Gordon Circle in Linden, N.J. On August 25, 1903, in Denville, New Jersey, she had married William James Crist,²⁴ name later changed to Krist, who was born January 24, 1871 in Steam Valley, Pennsylvania, and died April 21,

24. William James Crist was the son of Henry Crist (1844-1895) and Rhoda Emeline Campbell (1846-1915). Henry's father was Rudolph Crist, who was born in Germany; his mother was Christiana Reed (1807-1900).

1958, being buried in Mendham, New Jersey. They both taught at Pennington Seminary, outside of Princeton.²⁵

Lila gave birth to three children. James Gordon Krist ('Gordon') was the first-born, on July 12, 1904. He had polio when he was 12 years old, went through numerous operations, and was only able to walk with crutches. Apparently, Gordon was brilliant and very well liked. But he lived in pain, and needed frequent rub-downs. He had been an athlete, so this would have been frustrating for him. He left home in about 1922, without graduating from high school. That was the year his mother Lila had died in July, and it's likely his leaving was related to that loss. As for his father's remarriage to Grace May Turton (b. January 11, 1886, d. September 7, 1943), that only took place years later in 1926.

James Gordon Krist went by the name of Jim and was a shark fisherman in California during World War II. He later moved to Washington State, and then to Alaska in 1948 where he co-founded the town of Pelican in a rural isolated area. He was able to get around on his fishing boat and to hunt deer. From Alice Kimberly, whom he married in 1940, he fathered two sons, Gordon James, born 1942 and Gary Steven, born 1943. James Gordon died on May 1, 1989.

Henry Kelvin, Lila's second child, was born on December 15, 1905 and died August 31, 1996. He was called 'Kelly'. James Gordon vanishing, as it were, was a great sadness to Kelvin, who had only infrequent contact with him. Kelvin married Helen Headley, born January 7, 1909, who died of cancer on June 20, 1991. Both are buried in Hackettstown, New Jersey. They had three children: Susan Margaret, born May 18, 1936; Martha Jean, born April 24, 1939; and William Kelvin ('Bill') born October 5, 1940.

Lila's last child was Katherine Lila, born December 29, 1911 in Kearny Hudson County, New Jersey, who died in November 2002. She had married Alan Metcalf, who died in May 1980. They had two adopted daughters, Sue, and Jane who died at an early age in 2001.

25. Unfortunately, on October 17, 2001, I was informed by Bev Tucker of Pennington that many of their "old records were destroyed in a fire in 1980. I did search through a copy of a school history that someone had done, but found no mention of either of those names" (Lila Gordon and William James Krist).

Lila's eldest brother Edward's surviving son, Clarence, was 10 when Edward was killed in 1917. He and his mother lived in New Jersey, far from the remaining proud Gordons in Denver, and he hardly felt their influence. His Aunt Vivian Boylan Gordon did offer advice to her nephew Clarence, but such as in her letter of July 20, 1924 when Clarence was 17 years old: "I sincerely urge upon you to have definite ideals of table manners — not mannerisms — and then see how nearly the young men with whom you come into contact approach any such ideals — you will never be considered really well-bred or polished, no matter how courteous you may be on general principles, unless you are punctilious in the observance of certain rules for table etiquette — if you are in a hurry, always eat less and eat it in a refined way, rather than eat more and do it in a crude, common way."

But Aunt Vivian could only advise and chastise in letters which had no effect. This boy of above average intelligence read copiously, but only what he chose to read, and, probably reaching out to his dead father, he mastered Spanish, but he never put it to any particular use, except for writing love letters to my German mother, who knew no Spanish!

On April 2, 1927, when Clarence was twenty, Aunt Vivian made another attempt. She wrote to him speaking of his cousin Henry Kelvin (Kelly) Krist, the son of Lila, working his way through college and urging: "Will you never reconsider and finish your education, even High School? I deplore your not adequately representing the priceless heritage of your forefathers." But rather than turn his life around, the following year, when he was twenty-one and came into some inheritance from his father, he married my Mother, and a year later, I was born.

My Father's mother, 'Katie' — Catherine Emma (originally Kätchen Emma) — was the daughter of Mary Charlotte Werner and Louis Schuetz, who changed his name to Schultz after migrating to America. Louis' father's name was Ludwig and it's possible the family home was in Zweibrücken. Zweibrücken is a city in the state of Rheinland-Pfalz (Rhineland-Palatinate), which lies in the south-west corner of Germany, close to the French border. The nearest big city is Saarbrücken to the east and a little further away is Kaiserslautern to the west. Be that as it may, Louis sailed from Hamburg on the *India*,

captained by Vanderholdt, and debarked in New York on June 2, 1884. He was then 27 years old. His profession was given as *kaufmann*, someone working in commerce or trade. He was certainly not well off as his place on board was categorized as 'intermediate deck'.²⁶ Louis Schuetz, born in 1856, died in the United States on September 13, 1909, at the age of fifty-two years and nine months.

The lead to Zweibrücken derived from a letter sent by my Great-Grandmother Mary Werner Schultz to Käthe, 'Kätchen', Schmidt on February 23, 1917 when Kätchen was living in Villa Schwinn, as that letter was returned "mail services suspended" when the US entered the war against Germany, but unfortunately only the envelope came into my possession. Through my friend Lia Syed, who is fluent in German, we made contact with Dr. Charlotte Glück-Christmann, Leiterin Stadtarchiv Zweibrücken (Director, City Archives, Zweibrücken), who most decently went out of her way to contact Frau Schulitz, *nee* Schwinn, a lady in her 90s still living in that grand Villa. Frau Schulitz, having been born in 1913, would have only been a child at that time, but nevertheless she remembers Kätchen Schmidt, who perhaps was a housekeeper at the villa, but knows nothing further about her.²⁷

While this is all very interesting, it does not necessarily mean that Kätchen Schmidt, who may have been a sister of Louis Schuetz, necessarily derived from Zweibrücken, although the Mangold Family in Kaiserslautern, with whom my Grandmother Catherine Schultz kept contact, once advised that I should look to Zweibrücken for the roots of the family. It's this same 'Tante' Kätchen who was brought over to the States in the mid-1930s and is discussed in Chapter II, p.71-2.

26. Information supplied by the Historical Museum Bremerhaven, German Emigration Databank, on December 10, 2001, citing its source as 'National Archives, USA, Manifest Number 37770'.

27. Dr. Glück-Christmann explained that 'Counsellor of Commerce' Schwinn was a factory owner of substance. Even the Bavarian Royal Family stayed at Villa Schwinn when they visited Zweibrücken. Lina Schwinn was one of the leading ladies in the society at that time, and headed the Red Cross during World War I, organizing military hospital services.

Mary Charlotte Werner was born on August 5, 1862 in Hamburg and married Louis Schuetz on May 24, 1882, two years before he emigrated. Mary is not known as having accompanied him and might well not have emigrated until after the birth of my Grandmother Catherine (Kätchen) Emma on August 5, 1886 in Wandsbek (about five miles north-west of Hamburg). An April 25, 2003 certified copy of her birth certificate 348/1886, was received from Der Standesbeamte (The Registrar) in Hamburg-Wandsbek. It informs that her father, Louis Schuetz, and mother Mary were of Evangelical persuasion. The residence of both her parents is given as New York.

Mary Charlotte Werner's mother had been married to an English nobleman but, thought to be barren, she was divorced by him and returned to Germany. Disgraced for having been divorced, she was shipped off to Australia, but on the voyage she met and married Mr. Werner, a German national, thereby returning to her homeland!

Mary's father, Mr. Werner, personal name unknown to me, was said to have been a friend of German Chancellor Otto von Bismarck (1815-98), who gave Mary a Bible, which remains with the family. According to Mary's daughter, Catherine (Kätchen), Mr. Werner was the cigar-maker to Kaiser Wilhelm (1861-88).

Apparently, Mary had a sister, Emma who was born around 1862 and died at the age of 88 in 1950; and she also had three brothers living in the US, out west, on whom I have no information other than that one supposedly was named Fred.

From Louis Schultz, Mary Charlotte Werner gave birth to eighteen children, eight of whom died of "Summer Complaint". Her living sons who were known to me were my Grand-Uncles Louis (d. January 10, 1948); Charles (b. August 22, 1894, d. May 17, 1975); Rudolph Cornelius (b. 1900, death date unknown), and Gordon (b. September 6, 1905, d. November 26, 1986). Then came my Grandmother Catherine (Kätchen, b. August 5, 1886, d. August 24, 1969); another daughter, Charlotte Laverne, who married Harry Wadsworth Morgan in July 1920 and died October 30, 1925, and yet another daughter, Emma, who died from tuberculosis not long before 1912. Years later, Mr. Schultz having died in 1909, Mary Charlotte married in succession a Mr. Otto Buchner, and after his death, Mr. John W. Bunce. This most elegant lady, my Great-

Grandmother, died at the age of 87 and was buried on July 23, 1950.²⁸

Thus my Father on the FitzGerald Gordon side was what is referred to as a WASP — White Anglo-Saxon Protestant — but on his mother's side, he was of German descent.

My Mother, Erna Kreuder, was the daughter of Luise Karoline Reuter, whom we called 'Nana', and Karl August Kreuder. They were married on October 31, 1888 in Elberfeld, Germany where Karl August owned a bakery. Elberfeld is a town in Prussia which used to be one of the richest and most important manufacturing towns in Europe. It lies in the Wupper valley. There were a lot of Kreuders who settled in the region after migrating from more southern parts of Germany in the 18th century. My Grandfather Karl August was born May 2, 1866, and died April 11, 1917 at the age of 51.²⁹ He was the son of Karl August Kreuder, born 1843, and Emilie Weiss. Other than that, only the names of his father's brother and sister are certain: Johann Wilhelm, a weaver, born 1838, and Caroline Willhelmine, born 1846. Luise Karoline Reuter was born in Gevelsberg on May 11, 1866. Her father was Friedrich Reuter, and her mother was Karoline Hildebrandt.

Dr. Volker Ronge, a German professor of the Bergische Universität, Wuppertal, who had the decency to search for the antecedents of my Mother's parents, was of the opinion that Karl August moved to Elberfeld after he received his vocational training in Burg on the Wupper where he was born. He had two reasons for this: (i) to become a baker in Germany implies a formal vocational training of at least two — perhaps even three — years in a master-bakery; (ii) it's likely he received his vocational training in Burg (and not in Elberfeld) where his parents used to live, and where quite a large number of bakeries were — and still are —

28. Both my Great-Grandmother, under the name Mary Bunce, and my Great-Grandfather, under the name Schuetz, are buried in Clinton Cemetery, Irvington, NJ; she in Section 3, lot 73 and he in grave 8.

29. He is buried in Fairmount Cemetery, Newark, adult 14, row 4, grave 13. Since in Germany graves are only upheld for 30 years, we couldn't know where or when Great-Grandfather Karl August was buried.

existent as Burg has always been a very famous place for a certain kind of bakery (cracknel or pretzel) which is sold to those visiting a medieval fort located there, and also to other places in the region. It's unknown in what year Karl August moved to Elberfeld and opened his Kreuder Bakery. Dr. Ronge enquired from the Bakers' Guild but was informed they don't have archives from that time. It's only certain that in the year 1898, Karl August Kreuder, 32 years old, the son of a factory worker, gave up his confectionery at the Hochstrasse in Elberfeld and migrated to America.

Dr. Ronge remarked that "most probably, after having taken the first step up the social ladder from his village of Burg to the city of Elberfeld, which made him an independent businessman, Karl August wanted to take a second step into the New World in Newark, New Jersey, where he soon opened a bakery. His wife, Luise Karoline Reuter, of the same age, having been born May 11, 1866, originating from Gevelsberg, not far from Wuppertal, and probably also his father, joined him in the US a little later." Also a Georg Kreuder migrated, who might well have been my Grandfather's brother.³⁰ Karoline was in the later stage of pregnancy during the passage, and gave birth to her first child, a girl, in the United States. This daughter, born July 9, 1899, whose actual name was Amelia Louise, but was to be called Mildred, married a Hungarian immigrant Erneste (Ernö) Biela (Bela) who fathered my cousin Doris. Her second daughter, Elizabeth J., was born in 1901 and died on October 29, 1978, while another daughter, Gretchen, died as a child, and my Mother, Erna, was born November 7, 1906 and died on March 1, 1966.

Between the foundation of the Reich in 1871 and the turn of the century, about 2.4 million people left Germany,³¹ of whom roughly ninety per cent found a new home in the US. Between 1880 and 1893, the last of the three big emigration waves, an average of 127,000 emigrants left Germany annually, the size of the popula-

30. Georg Kreuder was born in 1867 and died in America on December 20, 1937, at the age of 70; he was cremated.

31. See Marschalck, *Bevölkerungschichte Deutschlands im 19. und 20. Jahrhundert* (Population History of Germany in the 19th and 20th Centuries) (1984); see also Helbich, 1988.

tion of a big city like Elberfeld, which in 1890 had 126,000 inhabitants. In this third wave, it was mainly workers who left with their families. Towards the end of the century, the emigration decreased to an annual average of 25,000. Dr. Ronge writes that the expression 'overseas' is hardly used any more. "In the 19th century, it signified an immense distance. Who has ever undertaken to cross that distance with a long sea passage, has experienced the finality of emigration. He knew that he would never see his home country again."

What remains with me are only photocopies of three postcards from Elberfeld, of the City Hall, the Hardt (community meadow) and the *Schwebbahn*, the suspension railway, built in this Ruhr valley town in 1901, after they had migrated. These my cousin Doris had come across amongst her mother's papers.

Dr. Ronge wrote of many Americans of German origin searching for their roots. And that the 'Historic Emigration Office' of the Museum for Hamburg's History published an advertisement in newspapers 'looking for emigrated ancestors between 1850 and 1934 on Hamburg's list of passengers'. Hamburg during this time was the door to the 'New World'. From the Registry Office 11 of the city of Remscheid, Dr. Ronge received a certified birth certificate for Karl August Kreuder, filed by the Mayor of Burg in the year 1866. Dr. Ronge traced many dead-ends, people who from their good hearts responded to his appeal for information about my Mother's family. He learned that Louise Karoline, as could be gathered from the marriage certificate of the church, was of evangelical confession. He traced from the 1898-99 address directory of Elberfeld a Kreuder Bakery at Hochstrasse (High Street) 55. In the edition of 1901, the bakery is no longer mentioned as Karl August had already emigrated to America. Unfortunately, that building, of which the good Dr. Ronge kindly sent me a colour photograph, is now a post-war building, as a result of British bombing during the Second World War:

"The first target which was to experience the full force of Bomber Command, its aircrews fresh and the bomb-aimers undeterred by ground defences, was the twin city of Wuppertal, at the eastern end of the Ruhr, on which disaster fell on the night of May 29-30, 1943. It

was the first time that one air raid had killed several thousand people — burning most of them alive.”

While Wuppertal was a centre of many substantial manufacturing plants, these were not targeted, were not meant to be targeted. Sir Arthur Harris’s aiming point was the ‘built-up areas’ of the cities.³²

The question remains: why did Karl August migrate? At 32, he was the owner of a bakery in Elberfeld, Prussia, which was one of the richest and most important manufactory towns in Europe! And his bakery was located on the Hochstrasse, the High Street. From what follows, we may infer that he was a socialist, but the fearful *Sozialistengesetz* or ‘Socialist Law’ brought in by Bismarck in 1878 was not renewed beyond 1890.³³ So we are left pondering: why did Karl August migrate?

Karl August Kreuder opened another bakery in Newark, New Jersey. He became a US citizen at Elizabeth, New Jersey, on April 11, 1906. Sometime later he joined the ‘Socialistische Liedertafel’, a Socialist Men’s Choir, in the Labor Lyceum at 706 South 14th Street, also in Newark. The building bears the date AD MCMXII (1912), and the photograph I have shows a flag with a white bird — dove? — on a dark background.

December 4-10, 1915, Grandfather August Kreuder and his eldest daughter Mildred, then called Emilie (Amelia), were involved in a fund-raising effort: the German Defense Bazaar “for the benefit of the widows, orphans and cripples in Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria”. Under the baton of August Kreuder, “military scenes” were presented by the male choir of Berg (might this refer to Burg, August’s hometown in Germany, ‘Berg’ meaning mountain and ‘Burg’ castle?). August’s daughter was the mezzo-soprano. Mildred has penned a note on

32. Irving, David, *Apocalypse 1945: The Destruction of Dresden* (London: Veritas, 1995) 21.

33. Under that law, all socialist organizations, assemblies, and publications were banned and many Social Democrats were expelled from their local communities. Nevertheless, the party maintained its organizational cohesion and despite the ban on their newspapers, founded the *Sozialdemokrat*, which it printed in Zurich, Switzerland.

that programme: "My first paid concert — sent my grandmother the \$25/- I earned — (15 years old). Germany was felt not to be at war with the US."³⁴ (She doesn't mention which 'Grandmother' in Germany, but probably her father's mother.)

Mildred had been given her first vocal training by her father, who had himself made many recordings for the Old Victor Talking Machine company. In October 1925, Mildred was the recipient of the Margaret McGill Scholarship for the Institute of Musical Art in New York City where she studied under the direction of Frank Damrosch. The Institute later became the Julliard School of Music. For many years, Mildred was a well-known contralto soloist at the landmark Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City, her voice often being compared to Madame Schumann-Heink.

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34. In 1917, the US government declared war on Germany. The anti-German hysteria — not too strong a term — of the First World War was unlike anything previously known in the ethnic history of the United States. Consider this passage from Kathleen Neils Conzen's "Germans" in the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups*, ed. Stephen Thernstrom (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1980) 423.

Public burnings of German books were frequent. By summer 1918 about half of the states had restricted or eliminated German-language instruction, and several had curtailed freedom to speak German in public. The German press suffered under the censorship powers of local postmasters, and pacifist Mennonites endured harsh attempts to force conscription on them.

One German-American response was a decided shift to the Republican party in the elections of 1918 and 1920, but far more significant was the rapid dismantling of the associational structure of German America. The total number of German-language publications declined from 554 in 1910 to 234 in 1920; daily newspaper circulation in 1920 was only about a quarter of its 1910 level. Language shift accelerated rapidly in the churches as elsewhere; in 1917 only one-sixth of the Missouri Synod Lutheran churches held at least one English service a month, while at the end of the war, three-quarters were doing so. The National German-American Alliance dissolved in April 1918 under Senate investigation.

After her father's death in 1917, Mildred married Erneste (Ernö) Biela (Bela),³⁵ who was born September 25, 1880 in Temesvar, as written in Hungarian, or Timisoara, as written in Romanian. His passport was issued in 1906 when he was twenty-six years old, and his profession is given as a student of law. Among his papers, his daughter, my cousin Doris, found a snippet from a Viennese paper of about 1880 which is a plea for the rights of Hungarians in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Erneste was also a violinist and first came to know my Grandfather Karl August through the 'Socialistische Liedertafel', and through him his daughter Mildred, whom he was to marry.

My cousin Doris was the daughter of Mildred and Erneste. In Doris's letter of January 31, 1989, she shared with me what she could recall, mostly as told to her by her mother. She writes of Grandfather Karl August's bakery in Newark, which "... had lots of memories for my mother, because she had to work there, and the kids made fun of her at school saying she smelled like donuts! She had to deliver goods by horse and wagon, even in the dead of winter, starting out at 3.00 or 4.00 a.m. She told of how the horse skidded on icy roads and upset the wagon. When she reported this to Nana, Nana asked if the horse was all right!" Doris's mother was devastated by the death in 1917 of her father, Karl August, more so as she was never close to Nana. She told how Nana used a horsewhip on her because Tootsie [her younger sister, Elizabeth] tattled that 'Millie was talking to the boys'. At that time her father told Nana never to do that again or he would do likewise to her.

"When Erna was in her late teens, we all (Nana, my mom and dad and Erna) lived together in a large two-storey house in Vauxhall. I think Nana owned it. She was a practical nurse and was sometimes away as much as a month at a time. So my mother

35. Erneste Biela was the son of Maria Steger and Johann (János) Biela, a teacher, born 1833, died July 4, 1911 in Temesvar. Other children are given as Mariska and János. They were of the Roman Catholic faith. Maria was the daughter of Ernest Steger, 'privatier', meaning he lived from the interest derived from his fortune. He was born 1823 and died October 29, 1915, at the age of 92; his death certificate is written in German. Religion, Protestant. They also had a son, Gustav.

and father played parents (sort of) to Erna. Nana brought many babies into the world without the help of doctors in many cases. She was adored by her clients, but she was a tyrant to her own family." Nana died May 1, 1941.³⁶

"Erna was a High School graduate; Tootsie was never mentally able to go past the 4th grade. My mother didn't complete High School, but was granted a diploma when she received a scholarship to the Julliard School of Music. I also remember my mother saying that she, herself, had the most talent, but that Erna was the smartest.

"I was born in Newark as Doris Erna Biela on December 20, 1919. My father was Hungarian and was a very close friend to our Grandfather. My father was 20 years older than my mother. When her own father died [in 1917], she turned to my father for comfort", eventually they married, and Doris was their only child.

"Erna was very fond of my father. I adored him. I was away when he died and didn't want to believe he was gone. I remember trying to find him in crowds and blaming my first step-father for his death. It took me a long while to get over his passing. The neighbours loved him. He was a marvellous violinist and teacher of the violin. His pupils loved him. He was not forward and outgoing like my mom, but extremely kind and gentle." Erneste Biela committed suicide in July 1929 when Doris was just 10 years old, but by that time her parents had been divorced.³⁷

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36. 'Nana', Luisa Karoline Reuter Kreuder is buried at Restland Memorial Park, East Hanover, NJ, under the name Caroline Kreuder, along with my Mother, Erna K. Gordon, her sister 'Toots' (Elizabeth) and Toot's husband Fred M. Price (1906-1993) in lot 115-C, Graves No. 4 and No. 3 respectively.
37. Doris was to marry Trigg Stewart, a southerner from Kentucky, from whom she had two sons: Robert ('Doc') and Tommy. In August 1998, at the age of 79, having lived with devastating pain for years, many in braces on her spine, she, like her father before her, took her own life. Her mother, Mildred had died in April 1980 at the age of 80.

All of these strands are my inheritance: those who fought in the American Revolutionary War, those who educated and proselytized, the stern Reverend Gordon who would go on with his ministry in heaven, his over-educated proud children, the Kaiser's cigar-maker, and the socialist baker Kreuder from Elberfeld who loved music, none of whom I ever knew. But their genes passed down to me through my Father and my Mother.

But culturally, who was I? There was no input from the committed-Christian Gordons or FitzGeralds. My immediate family never belonged to any organized religion or church. The name 'Gordon' was only what my Father's mother, my Grandmother, Catherine Schultz Gordon Maas, conjured for me: a proud family of substance. But she also transmitted a bitterness towards my remaining Uncle Clarence Dunlop Gordon, settled in Denver. She told it was his demands for repayment of loans — or perhaps his share in the Gordon Brothers Construction Company — which forced her to sell the company, and a further 'indecentcy' was that on his brother Edward's tragic death he offered to take and raise Edward's son, my Father, Clarence. She had lost her husband, should she also lose her son? She spoke derisively of Vivian Boylan Gordon, of her elegant aristocratic hats, and of Vivian's having had a family genealogy prepared as part of the Gordon pride.

I should have come to know the Gordons of Denver in 1943 when Mother or, more likely, God, landed us in Boulder, Colorado, rather than in San Bernadino, California. But Mother felt intimidated from contacting them for fear of upsetting my Father (and his mother? or both?). We — my Brother Edward and myself — were still young enough to have been turned around, to have become part of that Gordon legacy, but it was not to be.

In 1954, when I was on my own, attending the 'Arab Students' Conference in Estes Park, Colorado, I dared to make that move. I phoned my Uncle Clarence. And how he welcomed me. He and his wife, my Aunt Emilie vom Saal, rushed to see me; they drove non-stop to Estes Park, high up in the Colorado Mountains. I had then completed my graduate work at Columbia University, not knowing that both my Uncle Gerald and Uncle Clarence had also taken their higher degrees there. This, of course, pleased them immensely. I represented the 'Gordon inheritance', the continuum

that had been broken, the more so as they were childless. They immediately wanted to envelop me in their world. "You'll come with us. We'll drive through the Grand Canyon and down into Mexico and beyond." But *mar-sha-Allah*, this was September, and I was already booked to sail on the *Île de France* in late October. It's not just an issue of 'I might have been an heiress', it's more an issue that I might have been an American, grounded in that world and its values. Living with Mother, separated from my Father, we were on the fringe of society, floating, not grounded anywhere.

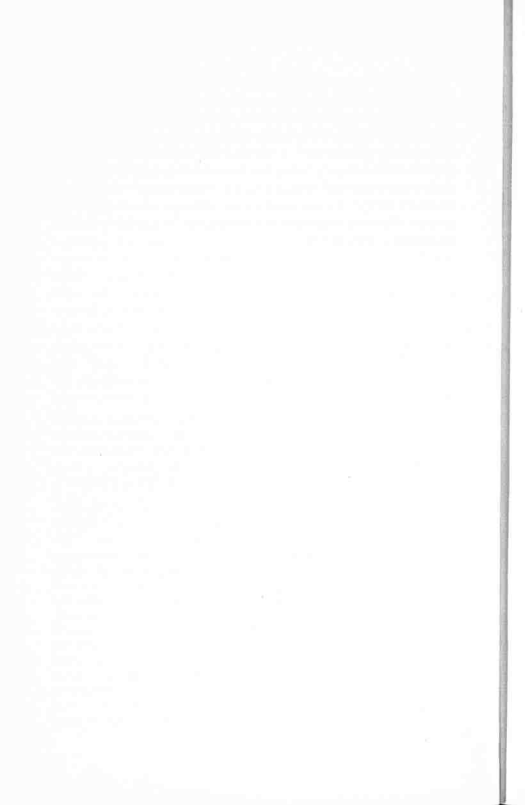
Mother was also lost. She had come from a German family of music and community, where with other youth of similar backgrounds she belonged to her '40 Pals', and she married my Father, who had no feeling for music and who lived with his Mother and Stepfather without cultural moorings, his Gordon father having been killed when he was ten. When Mother met my Father at a party, this very good-looking, irresponsible young man had a flask on his hip — in the time of prohibition — and typical of Mother, she wrestled with him to cast it away. And so her life was sidetracked from marrying Julius, a young man who was part of her '40 Pals', and she, too, joined that limbo.

In the Schultz family of my Father's mother, the German tradition of family and music was maintained, but we only shared with them on Christmas and Great-Grandmother Mary Werner Schultz's birthday when her son, my Grand-Uncle Charles and his wife, Aunt Grace, would ingather the family at their commodious home in Maplewood, and the piano and violin, played by two of their daughters, would fill the rooms with the music of Europe, never really left behind.³⁸ Briefly, when I was about ten and my Brother eight, we studied the violin, which I loved: *Liebstraum* and other favourites.

38. My Uncle, Charles Schultz was a very decent man, who unlike his sister, my Grandmother Catherine, never turned his back on my Mother and us kids when she separated from my Father. He would not, for the sake of bloodline, side with my Father who was known — even to his Mother, my Grandmother — to have 'strayed'. At the holiday, he would drive up and insist to fetch us to his home, while my Grandmother, seeing my Mother enter, would turn on her heel and walk away!

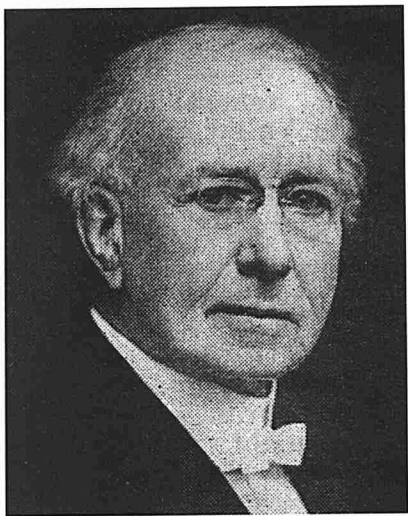
When my Mother left my Father, and we briefly lived with her sister Mildred, the music returned. At that time in East Orange Primary School, my teacher, Mrs. Sarah Baldwin, encouraged us to put on operettas, and I was too happy to sing and perform. I found amongst my photographs of the past, her card written to 'Queen Shirley', reminding of the joy we had in fifth grade. But then we moved one more time, and ended up in meaningless Irvington and nowhere, and my life hardened as an outsider and finally as an activist. And here I am now, an inheritor of Tom Paine's dictum 'the world is my country'.³⁹

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39. Tom Paine, 1737-1809, migrated to America in 1774. He was a political theorist and writer. In January 1776, appeared his *Common Sense*, which had a tremendous influence in helping to bring about the American Declaration of Independence. His pamphlets which appeared throughout the Revolution had an excellent moral effect. In 1791-2, he wrote *The Rights of Man*, directed against the detractors of the French Revolution, especially Edmund Burke. Paine's attack on English institutions led to his prosecution when he was in England and to his flight to Paris in 1792. There, as a member of the Convention, he took a significant part in French affairs and was profoundly affected by French thought. But he was hostile to the Jacobins and was imprisoned in 1793. It was some time before American influence secured his release. His attack on the Bible and defence of deism — holding that the course of nature sufficiently demonstrates the existence of God — in *The Age of Reason* (2 parts, 1794-5) made him unpopular, not only with Christian religious groups but also with the large body of the public who were entirely unacquainted with his books. He also alienated Washington's friends by his venomous *Letter to Washington* in 1796. At that time, General George Washington — who remains an American hero — was President of the United States (1789-97). After Paine's return to the United States in 1802, he was practically ostracized.





c.1909: FitzGerald-Gordon Family. Great-Grandmother Catherine Ann FitzGerald Gordon (1840-1924) and her four sons (Lt.-rt.): Clarence Dunlop Gordon (1873-1964); Edward FitzGerald Gordon (1868-1917), the author's Grandfather; Gerald (1870-??) and Jay Vincent Gordon (1874-1911).



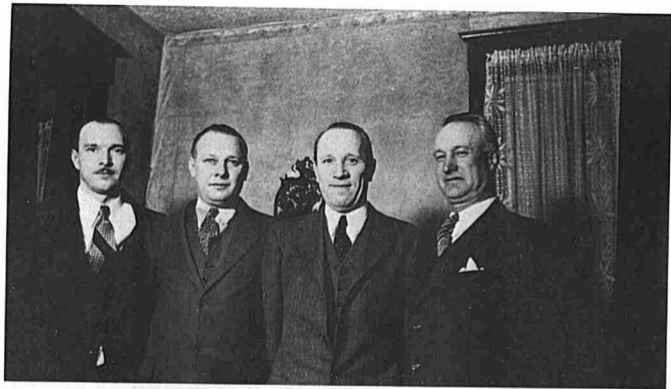
The author's Great-Grandfather, the Reverend Thomas Edward Gordon (1836-1919).



c. 1950: The author's Great-Grandmother, Mary Charlotte Werner Schultz (1862-1950).



c. 1909: The proud FitzGerald-Gordons, holders of multiple degrees.



1942: Lt.-Rt. Grand-Uncles Gordon (1905-1986); Rudolph (1900-(?)); Charles (1894-1975) and Louis Schultz, Jr. (d. 1948).



The author's Grandmother, Catherine (Kätchen) Emma Schultz (1886-1969).



1888: Wedding photograph of the author's maternal Grandparents, (Karl) August Kreuder and Luise Karoline Reuter, 31st October in Elberfeld, Germany.



Hochstrasse No.55 in Wuppertal(-Elberfeld) Germany where (Karl) August Kreuder's Bakery was located. Original building destroyed by British bombing in May 1943, which killed several thousand people, burning most of them alive.



caption overleaf



Grandfather (Karl) August Kreuder (1866-1917).

caption for preceding page

Socialistische Liedertafel, a Socialist Men's Choir, in the Labor Lyceum at 706 South 14th Street, Newark, N. J., USA. Building bears date: AD MCMXII (1912). (Karl) August Kreuder's daughter Mildred identified her father as the man in the middle in the front row, whom she described as tall, thin, and looking like Lincoln! Erneste (Ernö) Biela (Bela), b. 1880 in Temesvar, Hungary, whom Mildred was to marry and who fathered cousin Doris, is fourth from right in 2nd row from bottom.



c. 1924: The author's Mother, Erna Kreuder (1906-1966); on her left, her sister Elizabeth holding Doris, whose mother Mildred is on Elizabeth's left.



The author's Father, Clarence Edward Gordon (1907-1994).



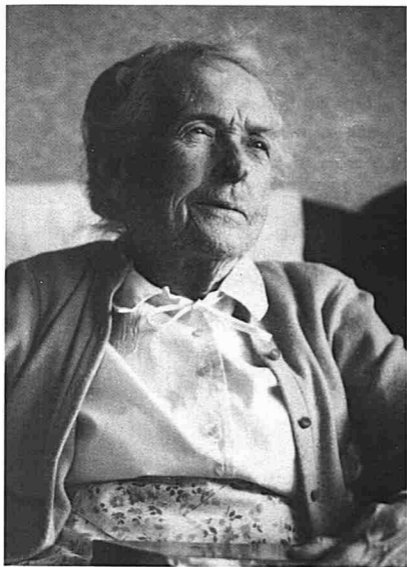
The author, born Shirley
Doris Gordon, March 29,
1929.



c. 1933-34: The author's
Father, Clarence Edward
Gordon, Mother, Erna
Kreuder, the author and
Brother C. Edward, Jr.
(b. 1930) at the seashore.



Brother Edward, the author and cousin Doris Erna Biela (1919-98), daughter of the author's Mother's sister, Mildred Kreuder (1899-1980).



'Aunt' Clara Atkinson, who died on July 25, 1967 at the age of 99, was an important person in the life of Edward FitzGerald Gordon, the author's Grandfather, and even more so in her Father's life when he was 10 years old or younger. This grand lady went to work in a factory as part of the World War II effort and remained working until age 88. She was known to Black and White alike in Maplewood, New Jersey, as 'Aunt Clara'.



II

I am said to be a revolutionist in my sympathies, by birth, by breeding and by principle. I am always on the side of the revolutionists, because there never was a revolution unless there were some oppressive and intolerable conditions against which to revolute.

Mark Twain in defense of Maxim Gorki
quoted in *New York Sun, Tribune, World, 1906*



'THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY'

— Tom Paine, d.1809—

BORN without volition or choice, thrown into a particular time, nationality, religion, class, circumstance, that moment placed in a position in apposition to other positions, moved — small object lacking awareness or decision — projected into that which was determined long before your age or the age of your mother.

My Mother: the inherited resolve of those who cross tumultuous oceans. Their propulsion: want, persecution, the condition that is deeply rooted of hunger for an ideal, somewhere, across, always across. Having crossed and finding no perfection, the digging in, the strengthening of resolve to survive, here and now, for behind there is nothing but the admission that there is no substance to the dream.

My Mother, her body strong to bear; her hair soft, childlike, matching the fabric of her self within that tall and broad-shouldered frame; her eyes, indefinite shades and hues, the continuum of yellow, blue, green, reflective, gentle, easy to tear; her hands long, moulded in the way of an artist and stretched by the chords she had played. Behind the artistry that was her piano, her sister's contralto voice, her father's baton, was the solidity of the German working class, and while I took of her that which was solid I also took that trembling at the hurt of things which for all its nobility later brought a distaste, for she was defenceless and in this condition she loved — chose or encountered — my Father who in not having this strain of sensitivity, compassion, could not only protect himself but impose himself, his pride, his wilfulness, on she who could not fight or build a wall around her fineness.

It was in this environment of her womb and from her breast that Jesus and all his non-violent humanity could be real, for her hands, cool on a fevered brow, had the reality of him, and we, my Brother and myself, loved her, and in doing so, loved him, the gentle prophet.

When I was born at 9.55 a.m. on March 29, 1929, it was Friday of his crucifixion, ironically termed Good Friday, and long did she remember that the beauty of the child overcame the Father's initial displeasure at its being a girl. Perhaps it was fateful that the physical beauty came from the Father; for all his life he would be forced to relate to that which so resembled him that it could not be denied. The day was not overcast as tradition says it must, but a day warm with a flushing spring and it was hers, a victory, a day retained in her memory always, a day of reaping when all other days turned to drab and there was no fruit from the bearing, but only the grey acceptance of it all.

Mother upkept a 'Baby' book recording my precocious development. I began uttering sounds, understood by Mother, at four months; speaking words at seven months: 'good girl', 'ta ta to Ma Ma', 'doll', and such like; drank from a cup also at seven months; and began walking at nine months. When I would sneeze, my Father would make fun of me, so in order to get attention, I would fake a cold by sneezing. Momma was proud that I was toilet-trained at an all too early age. When we would visit, the standard comment would be: 'here comes Erna with her potty'! As I grew, I kept all my small belongings methodically and was used as an example to 'whip' other girls in the family. Mother was the antithesis of a disciplinarian — that was my Father's bent of mind, applicable to all but himself — and it was Mother who raised me, so these advanced developmental markers were inherent characteristics.

The house in which I was born was not then the anachronism it was to become in the Depression era, but an American home of colonial style, of a Jeffersonian period, of those who long ago had forgotten that they, too, were immigrants; "fellow immigrants", Roosevelt had said; they who in their assimilation had become effete, the blue-bloods who knew not how to work! The house was of my Father, purchased from a legacy from his father. The lawns of the great house sloped away, covered with a blanket of grass, clover and violets, violets of remembrance; the drive, reaching upwards to sweep under the white pillared portico, was thickly lined with the pale yellow of forsythia and pussywillows. My carriage, placed on the lawn, was faithfully guarded by a police dog.

The main doors opened out to this view which commanded its own world, a world which was comfortably large, variegated, pleasurable. The inner rooms were designed for taste and mood. One living room was American antique, rosewood, mahogany, deep dropleaf tables, and the other was constructed to order, modern, the frames of the furniture made to fit my Father's 6 ft. 2 1/2 inch construction; the fireplace also fit his size, but this by historical accident. After Christmas, the tall proud tree would not be cut; it would be placed into that fireplace, standing erect in all its grandeur that even in its blaze it would lose none of its stature.

Another room on this ground floor was the place for a full-sized pool table. There my Father, still a too young twenty-two, would play with his friends. Here was youth without the pretence of mastering the complications of marital life, the establishing of a home and the raising of another generation. Into this room, I would be carried at night to say 'good-night'; wrapped securely in my bathrobe; held with affection by my Father's young friends. The first birthday I can remember was a vying for regard and warmth through elaborate gifts still beyond my age, a table tennis set, but still one large life-size doll. Here they would play into the night, my Mother grateful that they were still within the house, the security of the home.

Attached to the house, on the side as you faced the lawn, was a moderate-sized greenhouse. This too was converted, its benches became working tables for my Father's stamp collection. A club was organized in the area to collect, sort, swap and develop an interest in stamps. Boys of the neighbourhood were organized, and as the poor entered the portals, with wonderment starkly appearing in their eyes, they would exclaim: "It's a palace". My Mother was glad to include them in its magnificence for she, too, knew that indeed it was a 'palace' and that there were other ways of living.

Behind the house was a shallow pool, not two feet deep, in which we could waddle. Then far to the right, a deep brook cut through, and on the opposite bank stood the 'summer house', a gazebo, lovely circle of a structure, with but a roof and railing enclosing it, made of brown logs which retained their bark. It was here that 'the brothers' — outcasts — would lurk with their guns

pointed at me in silent threat as they planned to steal or shoot or kidnap or whatever. Although a little child of not more than two, I was conscious of the threat in their quiet challenge, but I stood my ground protecting not this affluence but my vulnerable pheasants — or perhaps they were peacocks — with all their radiant feathering. I would stand and stare back, not yielding to the directness of the muzzles of their shotguns. At that time I was too young to see them as dispossessed, staring at a child from the propertied class, but only felt their aggression and had heard the stories of these 'bad' destructive brothers.

My Mother felt a gladness in bearing me for all was plenty and there need never be a denial as her daughter grew, she dreamed now the dreams of the firsts in my life, with its pinnacle the coming-out party, presentation to the society with a gala ball. There was already a structure waiting, the separate hall made for the dance.

At some distance behind the house was the carriage-shed, which thanks to Henry Ford was used to house a 1928 'Model A', what was referred to as a 'fliver'. Barn-parties were also held there, which were popular as part and parcel of American history; what is folk is felt in the barn-dance. This dance of groups, of the community, when for a couple in isolation there was not the possibility to exist. They say that American individualism was born on the frontier; but on the contrary, the frontier brought a synthesis of the community and the individual, both needing to be strong and inseparable their strength. The community raised the new home from logs cut nearby; built the barns; shared and mutually persevered.

Yet the mark of that house and of its appropriate times was in none of these things, but was on the second floor. There, as my Mother first broomed the walls, a panel suddenly moved revealing in silent horror a concealed closet-like room, tall and wide enough for one man to stand. This house was a 'station' on the Underground Railway, a Yankee home of an Abolitionist, of those who agitated for the compulsory emancipation of 'Negro' slaves. Slaves from the South were guided, usually at night, over fixed routes by 'conductors' from one 'depot' or 'station' to another, most often to such a home of an Abolitionist, a 'stationmaster' who

was always on the lookout for the next 'train'. Seventy-five thousand slaves were liberated through these secret, quite illegal actions. A proud history had this house, though we rarely spoke of this small room on the first floor.

And the Walls Came Tumbling Down

At that time my Father had never worked for a living; he read, studied, used his keen brain according to his inclination at any particular moment. His courting letters to my Mother were written in Spanish, although my Mother couldn't understand that language! My Father conceived of a mechanical heart to replace the ravaged heart while the latter was massaged and made to run again, and he was outraged that my Mother had no intention of submitting herself in the name of medical progress! He was fascinated with planes and thought to buy one jointly with a friend, fly and experiment. My Mother opposed this; the friend bought the plane and crashed. Diffusion of ability, for there was no necessity to be otherwise.

Then one day the basis of our world split apart, and a cycle of loss and even suicide followed. We owned land, property, but you couldn't eat it. You couldn't sell it. It was 1929 and its aftermath. They would later say 'crash babies' of we who were born signalling that holocaust. Men of power took out insurance policies and then with all the deliberation of 'logic', which they had always applied to others, went to the top of the highest buildings and jumped so that there would be cash for their families to survive, for few in these families knew how to work with their hands; years of assimilation of these once 'frontier' elements had broken down their ability to exist without multiple cushions. Bread-lines formed and queues of the hungry were everywhere, but we did not queue for we were still proud. There would be some other way; any other way.

One day, my Mother was visited by a group of men who asked to see the carriage-shed with a view to renting it. Mother hurriedly showed them the shed and, without consulting my Father, rented it for what they said would be a 'pickle factory'. Pickles, smickles,

they paid cash, fifty dollars, money, which could buy bread. My Mother accepted this miracle, as she had accepted being married into this house.

As wires began to be put up, my Father grew curious, what are they doing? And Mother replied, "Pat, it's a pickle factory, and in any case it's a source of income"; beyond that what question could be posed! Since my Father was in no position to endanger what he had no alternative to provide, he asked no more.

But then the police arrived, asking what was happening in the carriage-shed. My Mother replied, "a pickle factory". The police raided, and took to book not only the entrepreneur and workers of the pickle factory but also my Father whose property had been leased for an illegal purpose, a still — in the time of prohibition — for the making of 'moonshine', euphemistically a 'pickle' factory because of its effect. My Father long blamed my Mother for her *naïveté*, but in her heart she knew that pickle factory or still, it gave money, money bought food and this meant survival, and survival was after all the first definition of what was good, for the continuation of life was and is the precondition for the existence of any morality.

The grand house was slowly closed, part by part, for there was no coal to provide heat. Finally, all was stored of what was precious but impracticable for a small flat and we moved to another town, Garwood, on the 'other side of the tracks'. Now my Father had somehow to learn to work. He knew how to drive; then drive, drive a truck, anything. He was given a job delivering bread and cake for Duggans, the company glad to avail itself of a man who was presentable beyond any criteria they had ever dreamed of imposing on a worker who would drive their truck and be their representative for the house-to-house sale of bread and cake. My Father succeeded, succeeded with unabsorbed Italian immigrants, people he had never known, against whom there was a wall of prejudice for they were olive-skinned, Catholic, which was synonymous with all that was unenlightened, had many children, and were after all working-class people, all summed up in the word uncouth. My own Mother had suffered this prejudice, coming from immigrant parents. Once when she was found by her mother-in-law walking

barefoot at home it was said, 'You see, she's not German, she's a Pollock', a derogatory term for a Polish person, connoting a 'peasant'.

It was during this period that my Mother found she was pregnant again. This time there was no joy; she wept for she did not want this child, not in these times, not in this uncertainty. Yet, she carried the baby for a full nine months, and my brother, Edward, was born on December 23, 1930. As she nursed this boy child she could see he did not gain in weight and strength, that in fact he was losing. The doctor told her that her milk was poison, that the child must be artificially fed; again, she tasted bitterness for from where was the milk to come to keep him alive? From that time onward she would always over-compensate for the initial not wanting, a way of expunging from herself that sense of guilt that in not wanting him her milk had turned to poison. She never resolved this feeling, never accepted that it was not her personal guilt but the society which was responsible for its inability to mobilize its great wealth under a system not subject to this kind of crisis, and thereby provide for the proper continuance of its people's life.

At some point, we moved again, to Newmarket in a rural area. I was about four years old. I don't know why at this time I fixated on my Father as the one to read to me each day a comic strip about a rabbit, which I remember as Uncle Wiggley. But each night when he came back from work, he would plead tiredness. With disappointment, but still with belief in him, I would save that day's newspaper. I stacked these up until they reached the height of a door, before I acquiesced in their destruction.

My brother Edward and I were generally very polite kids, but when I was four and Edward just two years old, my Father beat Edward's backside unmercifully for no other reason than when Edward was asked by Mother whether he wanted a certain dish at the dinner-table, he either answered, 'yes', or 'no', I can't remember which, and over and over again my Father asked, 'yes, what?' or 'no, what?'. The child didn't realize he was supposed to say 'Yes, please', or 'No, thank you', and so he was abusively spanked. I can remember Mother in tears, showing Edward's scarlet-red buttocks to our Father's mother.

Although it's true my Father had low blood pressure and perhaps needed more than eight hours' sleep, I can remember on a Sunday morning pleading with him to get up and take us swimming, but he would only rise in mid-afternoon. I can't really remember his spending time with us. I think the truth of the matter is that he was too young to become a father, he was only 21 years old when I was born and 23 at the birth of Edward, or was it that he was too self-centred? Never in my life did I dare broach this with him. Apparently, as an adult, when my Brother was alone with him, he had the audacity to say, "You were a lousy father", and our Father was shocked! Probably he had never put a mirror before himself; I never remember his being self-critical.

The last image I have of the Newmarket house is of being awakened to see the roof burning over my head. I froze until a man, unknown to me, picked me up in his arms and carried me out of the house. We were bundled into the car and taken to my Grandmother's house, my Father's mother's house, my Mother's mother-in-law's house in Springfield.

My Father continued selling bread, but by now few could afford fresh bread. The company would keep it another day or two, finally selling the same small loaf to the same needy family as stale bread for half the price. There was a logic in this: the bread was sold at half the price, but the principle of the rightfulness of the company's price was still sacrosanct. My Father took back the fresh bread largely unsold and the next day took out the same bread from the warehouse and sold it stale. This cut through, even to him, and now you could see the signs of tension coming into that high lineless brow. He came home more and more tired, more and more he related stories of the crises of other families, of their warmth, of their goodness to him, of the growing sense of solidarity. Both he, the representative of the company which needed to sell the bread, and the customers, who needed but could not buy the bread, were linked in a bond of empathy and mutual gentleness for both knew the other to be victims, yet no one proposed that they seize the bread for that would have been insurrection.

At this time the family had yet another facet of reality to absorb. My Grandmother's brother Rudolph, who was a physicist, came to

inform her that he had enrolled in WPA,¹ the Work Projects Administration, established in 1935 by executive order of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to increase the purchasing power of people on relief by employing them on useful projects. He would shovel as a labourer for a dollar a day to earn his family's food, and grateful was he to get it. What was this: gangs of unemployed, employed by the state for public projects, all equal, born-Americans, the newly arrived, the literate and the illiterate, the worker and the property-owner, each for one dollar a day. My Grandmother cried out with the shame.

Now my Mother acted as housekeeper for my Grandmother's family as well as for our immediate family. My Grandmother, Catherine or Katie, had been precocious both physically and mentally. At the age of 15, she had in 1901, attended a Business College in Newark. By the age of nineteen she had eloped with Edward, my Grandfather, a full eighteen years her senior. He was a Gordon, as

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1. WPA's programme included the construction of 116,000 buildings, 78,000 bridges, and 651,000 miles of road and the improvement of 800 airports. Also a part of WPA's diversified activities were the Federal Art Project, the Federal Writers' Project, and the Federal Theatre Project. Close to 10,000 drawings, paintings, and sculptured works were produced through WPA, and many public buildings (especially post offices) were decorated with murals. The experiments in theatrical productions were highly lauded and introduced fresh ideas. Musical performances under the project averaged 4,000 a month. The most notable product of writers in WPA was a valuable series of guidebooks. WPA also conducted an education programme and supervised the activities of the National Youth Administration. WPA employed a total of 8,500,000 persons, a substantial proportion of the American working class, and total Federal appropriations for the programme amounted to almost USD 11 billion!

There was sharp criticism of the WPA by a Senate committee report in 1939; the same year the WPA appropriation was cut, while several projects were abolished and others were curtailed. A strike of thousands of WPA workers in 1939 to prevent a cut in wages on building projects was unsuccessful. Steadily increasing employment, much speeded before and during the Second World War, caused further drastic cuts in WPA appropriations and payrolls, and in June 1943, the agency officially went out of existence. But it had helped Americans to survive.

she would put it years later, intelligent, articulate, proud, with a particular charm. Katie would use all of her imagination to keep Edward at home. She would even sing to him: 'Put on your slippers and fill up your pipe, you're not going bye-bye tonight.'

Edward knew the world; he had shipped out to Montevideo, Uruguay, and then moved on to the Buenos Aires he loved. His calling card — so also his trunk, which I discovered in Grandmother's attic — read: Edward FitzGerald Gordon, Buenos Aires. He held dear an elaborately carved meerschaum pipe, about 12 inches long, purportedly given to him in Bombay by an Indian woman. But although I much admired the pipe when I was young, I found among his papers no evidence of his having visited India. With all of this grew up a legend, which he freely added to from his Gordon imagination. He would spin the most intriguing stories of the jungles of South America and at the most vital point, he would say 'we'll continue another time', much to the consternation of his Katie. He got away with this until one day Katie found one of his stories in the monthly *Redbook* magazine, marked 'to be continued next month'!

On his death in October 1917, Katie, the fabulous Katie, sent the blonde hair to the redhead and the red hair to the blonde, each with a note: "Edward is dead". Then she took all the opals, Edward's gifts from South America, accumulated through the years, and threw them under a train, for by such a train Edward had been killed when the gates were closed as his transport was crossing. Superstition said that opals bring misfortune if they are not the birthstone of the wearer. Katie, all her logic in abeyance from this trauma when she was just thirty-one, threw them one and all into the mouth of the hungry machine that had taken her Edward. My Father, Clarence Edward Gordon, born August 14, 1907, was only 10 at the time.²

Katie, now a single-mother, had to concentrate on survival. She must have taken United States Civil Service exams for there is a Civil Service Commission report, dated July 12, 1918, showing her having achieved an average of 86.90 per cent.

2. My Father had a brother, Edward FitzGerald Gordon, Jr. who died as a child on March 22, 1910, three years after my Father was born.

The hurt Katie suffered with the charming but unfaithful Edward comes out in her letter of February 18, 1924 to Max Wilhelm Maas,³ whom she was to marry on June 30, 1924. She writes that "It was very hard to change my ideas of man and marriage, but last night the last doubt was removed from my mind", and she candidly says that what she expects from their coming marriage is "allegiance, justice and fair play". And certainly Max gave her that. He was from a German farming family, 13 years her junior, virile and handsome, but in his personal habits a peasant when placed beside the ever-live memory of Edward. From this marriage Katie had two children; the older, Mary, born November 13, 1926, two and a half years my senior, and the younger, Max Edward (again), whom she called her 'Sonny Boy', born February 7, 1929, seven weeks my senior. At the time of the birth of her 'own' children, Katie could not have relished having grandchildren, who were their contemporaries. I grew up feeling as an unidentified person in the house. I remember the day one of my Step-grandfather's regular customers stooped to ask me: "and who might you be, little girl?" When I told her this was my Grandmother's place, she seemed quite nonplussed.

But we four kids had no problem between us; we were our only companions, no other children lived nearby. In those Depression years there were no toys, no outings, no games that we ourselves didn't invent. We created secret codes, left coded messages in the hollows of logs, and the boys had to discover where they were! Grandmother owned several Packard cars, so generous their size that to us kids they seemed more like boats! They were made for the pre-Depression years of drivers. There were glass partitions between the drivers' seats and the well-cushioned interiors which were connected by phones, and we kids enjoyed play-acting mistress and driver, an age the Depression had obliterated. We also earned pennies from the government: a penny a quart jar of Japanese beetles, which were a plague destroying the crops.

3. Max (b. 1899, d. April 12, 1982) was the son of Maximillian Wilhelm Maas and Margarethe Hartmann. Maximillian migrated to the States at age 17 and settled in Caldwell, New Jersey. He and Margarethe were to have nine children.

Necessities like bringing in the corn harvest at Uncle Ed's — my Step-grandfather's brother's farm further north — became a family communal task with the pleasure of freshly roasted corn on the cob as a reward. The orange moon of the harvest was my joy to behold. But I also remember my embarrassment when nature called and there was only a smelly outhouse and pages from a Sears and Roebuck catalogue to wipe oneself with!

Those were days when every bit of food and household staples was precious, but we kids hadn't yet that realization. Once when both my Mother and Grandmother were out, Mary and I made 'goulash', dumping every bit that was edible into a large pot, cooking it, in fact spoiling it all, and bringing my Mother to tears. At Nana's house, my Mother's mother's house, there were fruit trees. When the fruit was ripe, we collected it, wrapped each piece in newspaper, and packed them into barrels to store in the attic, to be eaten during the long unyielding winter.

My Mother looked after all of us, cooking, cleaning, raising, and jointly the two women preserved the vegetables grown in profusion in the fields tended by my Step-grandfather and his workers. For "Mr. Gordon's" legacy (as he was referred to at all times by my Step-grandfather) had bought this property, built a good-sized house, greenhouses for the raising of flowers and cactus and a shop for retail trade.

There was also other property, but as the depression increased and unemployment spread, the only channel of job creation was the public rolls, which necessitated more and more public projects and more money to fund them; taxes were levied on undeveloped property for the laying of unwanted sidewalks and sewage pipes. If you did not or could not pay in cash, you lost your land to the municipality. So the process of transformation proceeded. And to a child it appeared that ownership was of no use if when you were hungry you couldn't eat it, that differentiation was baseless when the immigrant Italian and the assimilated Scot felt the same need for bread and were penniless. Throughout this period of crisis the name Gordon and all it came to connote was seen as effete and the strength of my Mother who knew how to work and bear became the symbol of value to a growing child. My Mother worked and worked, took maple sugar of New England to a series of country

fairs, took a trade space, built and set up a display, and sold from morning to night to augment our tenuous income.

Tragedy struck my Mother during that time. In the cold of winter when the roads were a sheet of ice, she was driving — I wouldn't know to where — when in Union she was involved in an accident. Her skull was fractured but, notwithstanding her horrible pain and the seriousness of her injuries, the hospital refused to admit her until a USD 20/- deposit was paid, a lot of money in those days, which she did not have with her. So she was left in her agony on the footpath outside the hospital until my Step-grandfather could arrive an hour later with the price of her admission. All her life she suffered terrible headaches, for she needed surgery which was not done. Years later, after X-ray examination, brain surgeon Dr. Petri said he could operate but there was a chance of her dying, a risk she wouldn't take having two small kids to raise.

My memories of Grandmother's house are not all that pleasant, not because of her, but because of my Step-grandfather. His solution for dealing with us kids was to take out his cat-o'-nine-tails whip, the very sight of which held us in terror. He was only partial to his Mary, and always had coins to spare for her to buy candies; there were no coins for me; I could only poke Mary to ask from her father.

His greenhouse workers were a mixed bag. The pleasant, decent, Rall brothers, who lived in the next property, and Jess, an old drunk, who would drink Bayrum, which men used for their hair, or siphon anti-freeze out of the car, to satisfy his craving for alcohol. Initially, Jess was decent to us, taking us for walks in the woods adjoining Grandmother's property, teaching us how to pick up snakes, to keep our thumb on the back of their necks to hold their heads down so they could not strike us. But one early evening when the greenhouse was deserted, Jess picked me up — I was no more than five years old — and sat me on the bench where they potted plants. He took down my knickers and used his fingers to stimulate my clitoris. When I jumped down and ran crying into the house, my Step-grandfather refused to believe Jess could ever do such a thing. I was a liar! This might not have been his reaction had his Mary been involved, but emotionally I meant nothing to him; I was not even a distant blood relative!

What I did enjoy were the times when my Great-Grandmother Mary would come to stay in the house. She was the antithesis of all this. She dressed in black lace, adorned herself with a wig and pearls, and to the chagrin of my Grandmother — her daughter — smoked her cigarette with a long elegant holder! She was German in culture as well as race, and enjoyed her wine as part of her civilization, whereas her daughter, Catherine, my Grandmother, was fond of saying: 'lips which touch liquor shall never touch mine'! It was another world when Great-Grandmother would sit and play the piano. It was difficult to imagine that this lady of grace had borne 18 children! Apparently she had married — the first of her three marriages — beneath her social class, and only when she was pregnant was she welcome to return to her family home in Germany. Never keen to return to America, she waited beyond the time and thus were her children born under different flags, in railway coaches or on the high seas! Her ardent wish was to be a Great-Great-Grandmother before she died, and when I was of an age, she focused that dream fulfilment on me, promising me her diamonds for a child. She died unfulfilled in 1950 when I was 21.

Great-Grandmother had a proprietary attitude towards all things German. The airship *Hindenburg* — a dirigible balloon — made ten flights to the US from 1936. On its maiden flight to Lakehurst, New Jersey, my Great-Grandmother insisted to be there to welcome its arrival. Once it moored, she regally marched through the cordon and into the ship to welcome the commander to American soil! This was reported in the newspaper at that time. Most traumatically, the *Hindenburg* and all those on board were to burn at its Lakehurst mooring mast in 1937.

But soon what was German became distorted. Before the spring each year Grandmother could count on a Dutchman bringing the tulip bulbs she required. He had become a friend and would also bring a gift of a red wax-enwrapped Edam cheese, more the size of a basketball! But then he stopped coming, the Nazi nightmare was upon us. Grandmother waited out the war to see if he would come again, but he never did.

My Grandmother Catherine had a fine mind. Her library included *National Geographic* going back perhaps to its inception. On every table, within easy reach of wherever she might seat

herself, was a massive, at least 6-inch high dictionary. Her joy, shared by my Father, was words and word challenges. My Step-grandfather took no part in any of this. Grandmother's relaxation was playing bridge, pitting her sharp mind against another. Since bridge demands a player have a partner, at the end of every game came the remonstrations: 'had you done this, I could have done that', and so on. This led us four kids to make a vow that we would never learn to play bridge!

During the day, Grandmother would be seated at her large dining-room table, which comfortably sat the eight or even ten of us, poring over account books. One day when I asked: 'Grandmother, what are you doing?', she smiled and said: 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul'. At that age I had no idea what she meant, but it was her juggling which kept the Hilton Dahlia Farms afloat.

Adorning the arch over the door between the dining-room and kitchen was a plaque that proclaimed 'As for me and my house, we shall serve the Lord'. And that she did in her own way, while never going to church. When people were in trouble — could lose their very homes — she would go to her indexed cardboard file and search under 'C' for cash. Out would come their salvation, which she gave interest-free. Perhaps ten years later, I gave her a book, *Magnificent Obsession*, which she claimed took her to a higher level of giving: when the beneficiary would return the amount in question, she would refuse it, telling them to give someone else in need. Over her grand Italian bed — the carved headboard being six feet high — hung a crucifix given by nuns who sought her beneficence, but she had no definable religion.

She never turned people away, Gypsies — the Romany — who moved about in their caravans were hounded wherever they went. They were stereotyped as thieves and kidnappers of babies, especially blonde babies! Grandmother gave them the liberty of setting up their camp in the woods adjoining her fields. I used to peek at them, but at a safe distance, as I had heard the stories — which Grandmother pooh-poohed — and was afraid. Strange then was it that we children had a fixation about going to China! We would sit on the stone bench under the mulberry tree, which we associated with silkworms, and conjecture whether we could reach China if we dug a tunnel straight down!

It was while in this house that I first went to school. I was insecure at the prospect, and Grandmother decided to take me in hand. She sat me down, and taught me how to spell by concentrating on sounds: sat-is-fac-tory. When I mastered that one word, I was in full confidence!

I was a pretty child and more so when my golden hair was curled. That was the era of Shirley Temple, perhaps born in the same year as myself, and people would allude to a similarity. I took naturally to music and dance, which I was never taught. On a rare occasion when my Father could take us out to dinner, there was music and a dance floor. Somehow without my parents noticing I reached the floor and merrily danced away. When my Mother noticed, embarrassed as she was, she rushed me off the floor, which caused guests to intercede and to say how they enjoyed watching me. And then — this was not an unusual occurrence — they would stroke my high forehead and remark 'such an intelligent child'. Surely these perceptions/projections would have influenced my image of myself, and my Brother, who had not such a high forehead, might have felt it as a slight. Well meaning as Mother always was, she reinforced this difference by invariably cautioning me not to push my Brother as "he's not as fast as you are".

All through the thirties what was real to me after leaving my Grandmother's homestead was a shifting from town to town, rented house to rented house, each year in a different school, different environment, as my Father found other work. This is why I have no friend from my childhood, there was only my Brother Edward — whom I called 'Buttie' — and myself, and we in our small world grew to love one another in a protective way until we were alter egos, one to the other.

As late as 1937 it was still the reality of doing without. I was eight and my Brother six when we had shifted from Fair Haven to a house in the farming area of Jerseyville. Behind the house were fields planted and reaped by Bertie Perine, who lived a solitary life. My Brother particularly became his friend, and each night as Bertie would come back alone from his fields to his house to take his food, Buttie and I would go and sit with him at the table. Here it was that we were trained to sit in silence and hear the news; still the voice of Walter Winchell, with all its tone of doom, is clear in

my ears. Bertie harvested his crop by machine. When it was the time of asparagus reaping he gave us permission to walk behind the machine and gather for ourselves the small sweet species that were too short to be cut by the machine. This collected, my Mother preserved our haul, which would break our eating cycle of potatoes and cabbage and potatoes and kale. Kale is a tasteless vegetable which was eaten in resignation, every other day.

Fear of going hungry — of death — took hold of me, and in my small renegade way I insisted to live. My Brother was made to help pull a wagon as I loaded it with cabbages, which load after load I harvested without permission from adjacent fields. Not knowing how to conserve these and afraid my family would go against this act of self-preservation, which I fully knew to be stealing, I stashed those cabbages into an unused well. Feverishly I worked and dragged cum commanded Buttie, my Brother Edward, to help fill the well to capacity for the day when there would be no potatoes, cabbage or kale on the table. Spring came, and the cabbages began to rot, the stench increased, and now there was no way out for me. Nana, my Mother's mother, all her German flaring in a tirade, found the well, the cabbages, and in her blind fury against all that should make me feel this fear, perhaps even against herself, thrashed out at me, for without my admission she knew the *weisenheimer* was responsible. She had long attached that epithet to me: 'a person from a fictitious place where people are very wise'!

We, Buttie and I, would walk and pick wild berries, chew the ends of honeysuckle for the sugar, collect dandelions which grew wild amongst the grass from which Nana would make salad. We would rob corn, apples, potatoes and bake them in mud beneath the ground and feast ourselves. One day as we built the fire, the bales of hay just within the barn caught fire, for while we rented the house, the lands and the barn were retained by the owner. The hay burned, the large barn door caught fire, and in absolute fear I ran for water, carrying one small bucket after the other, and as Nana shouted what and why, I answered that a plant was dying! The owner took a dim view of the damage done to his barn door, and Nana was forced to beg, and then to blame me more and more, for now the whole question of our being able to stay on was at issue.

Nana, Luise Karoline Reuter, was my Mother's mother. She had married Karl August Kreuder in Elberfeld, Germany, on October 31, 1888. Eleven years later, her husband crossed alone to America and then sent her a letter. She, now with child, had to sell off their bakery and cross that ocean alone. From this marriage were born four daughters: Amelia Louise, called Mildred, born July 9, 1899, soon after Nana's arrival in America, Elizabeth born in 1901, Gretchen who died in childhood, and Erna, my Mother, born November 7, 1906. Karl August Kreuder, born May 2, 1866, died April 11, 1917 at the age of 51, when my Mother was only 10 years old. Nana learned nursing and through her efforts their family survived. My Mother had wanted to be trained as a physical educationalist but with the death of her father, each child was thrown on her own resources, if there was to be anything beyond growing each year. At 14, Mother, who had attended Westside School in Newark, became a cashier in Schmidt's Meat Market, later working at Prudential, also in Newark.

Nana lived with us from my seventh to my ninth year, and my memory of her is a mixture of plodding work and a lack of understanding. From her came a discipline of doing this or that 'because it is so'. When I would be fearful to go to the store alone in the early evening to buy whatever was needed, she would assure: "If they pick you up at one lamppost, they'll drop you at the next." Deflated that I had so little value, off I would go. Or if it rained, and I was reluctant to go out, she would scoff: "*Ach du liebe* — 'Oh my God' — are you made of sugar that you will melt?", and so I would go. When she told me to ask whatever it was, and I hesitated, she would counsel: "The worse thing they can tell you is 'no', so go and ask," and so I would go and ask. These reprimands from Nana live on now in my seventy-second year!

Nana could never understand why when she sat holding a book in German and commanded me to read, I genuinely couldn't read. When I tried to explain that the German script was different, she would still insist: 'read'! I can remember fits of hysteria caused in me when there was no real communication between us. In all of her well-meaning and inability to discuss in English, she more and more categorized me as wilful and bad. She would condemn American shopkeepers for their inability to speak German! Her criticism of

America and her own limited English caused my father to resent her — although later he was to deny this — and her well-meaningness was often seen as interference. Poor woman, she suffered through with us and from us. Nana died in 1941 when I was 12 years old.

The school we attended in Jerseyville was a few miles from where we lived. We trudged down the highway each day to and fro. It was a one-room school, white slated wood with a peaked roof and a hall. Each morning we chopped and carried wood for the stove that heated the room and fetched water for washing and drinking. The toilet was outside at a distance safely behind the schoolbuilding, for there was no flush, no chemicals, and no one to carry away the night-soil, it only accumulated and stank. Probably we used Sears and Roebuck catalogues for toilet paper, given that money was scarce. All eight primary grades were carried on simultaneously in this one room, a few children in each grade. One teacher coped with grades one through seven, and another with the eighth grade, probably in preparation for high school, although there was none in our sparsely-settled farming area. Years later, schooling was regionalized so that proper facilities could be afforded, but this was after we had moved on once again.

My Mother's German parents were of Evangelical persuasion. I can't recall if her mother attended church. As for my Mother, she went to church as a girl for the sake of the music, for the choir she loved, but her attitude had always been that if you would pray you can find God everywhere, even in the fields. As children we went to Sunday School, with its stories of Jesus, if we found our way there on our own. I received small New Testaments as rewards since I always wanted to learn and did. The maps we drew of the Holy Land were never of a real land to us, but maps of the land of our stories. My Father, whose Grandfather was a staunch Methodist minister, felt that Jesus being the son of God or not was an irrelevancy and simplified everything with the words "you'll never learn anything bad in Church". When I directly asked him if he believed Jesus was the son of God, he answered by telling me about a people who had another prophet by the name of Muḥammad. In this free-thinking environment, we were not baptized, and this became an issue in the year Tante Kätchen (Käthe) came over from Germany; perhaps it was 1937.

Grand-Uncle Charles Schultz brought Tante Kätchen to America. Most probably she was the sister of his late father, Louis Schuetz. I don't remember why she came to live with us. Each day our Aunt would remonstrate that we Americans were soft. While to us this was a time of austerity, she saw it as a time of plenty! "Hitler is so wise, he is now rationing butter, not because there is no butter, but to prepare us for the future, to toughen our fibre." Tante insisted that we kids 'Heil Hitler', and when we refused, she still insisted until there was an open rebellion against her age, seniority, authority. It was she who brought up the issue of baptism, for if we were not baptized how could we prove we were not Jews! In all of this there was the assumption that America would enter the war, and the belief that Hitler would win and his distortions would become the standard of the future. With this opinion, she began lobbying for a public, on the lawn, baptism, which was thwarted only by my feigning illness as the appointed time approached, and we were never baptized!

Tante had given her jewels, even her wedding ring, to the 'national' cause of Hitler. As her propaganda barrage became more intense, the general level of tolerance of those around her fell, and finally even Grand-Uncle Charles agreed she must go back to Hitler's Germany. Years later came a letter from a soldier informing my Father's mother that having given everything to the Fatherland, she, herself, had died of starvation.⁴

One final vision of that house and its time. The day was soaked with rain. Far down the lawn, on the highway walked an old man. My small Brother rushed down to him, tugging on his coat, pulling him to the house, insisting that our Mother would help him. The

4. If the conjecture in Chapter 1, p. 38 is correct and Kätchen returned to Zweibrücken, then the following is relevant. Zweibrücken was bombed by the allied forces on March 14, 1945 and over eighty per cent of the town was destroyed. Then on March 20, the American army moved in, and in the summer of 1945, the region became part of the French Occupation Zone. Thus it might have been an American who found Kätchen Schmidt had died of starvation and somehow was advised to inform my Grandmother Catherine of what had occurred.

man was walking to an old people's home twenty miles or more away in the hope they would accept him. He was destitute and beyond the age of working in an employed society, let alone in this new world of the ranks of the unemployed. My Mother fed him, gave him my Father's second suit of clothes, a cigar someone had left in the house, and when my Father returned from work suggested that he drive the old man to his destination, never mind that petrol was practically gold! My small Brother, then only six or seven, could not only feel this man's situation but knew that he should come into our home, for Mother, who had given Buttie this compassion, would surely save the man. We could not then know at what price she took in the stranger.

Our World Splits Again

Again we moved. By fourth grade, when I was nine or ten years old, we were living in Spring Lake, not far inland from the Atlantic Ocean. Although the house was small, box-like compared to the open space we enjoyed in Jerseyville, the beginning of our life there was pleasant enough. Encouraged by the school, Edward and I began violin lessons, and at a recital I proudly played *Liebesträum*, 'The Dream of Love'. Edward built himself a house under the peaked roof of the garage, but only after falling through the slats with a pencil in his hand to give himself one dimple! I remember the woods near the Old Mill Pond, my delight and fascination coming across a Lady's Slipper, a delicate pink flower, which I dug up and took home. The woods adjoined a private property thick with Holly, a bush with deep green prickly leaves and small white flowers, which cradle a red berry. Holly and mistletoe are most desired over the Christmas holidays, and I wanted some Holly to take to my Momma. Having crossed whatever barrier there was, I was in the process of cutting some when the owner, a grouchy old man, appeared with his shotgun and started firing. Although astounded, I managed to leapfrog out of there! Near the pond, in wetlands, punks grew in profusion. Punks are brown, grow on stakes and resemble cigars. Always the ringleader, I collected these and called neighbourhood children to try to smoke. In the process

of lighting them up, each kid with one in his mouth, my Father descended on us. I defended myself quite dishonestly: 'Pop, I was not smoking', technically true, but hardly the truth for I alone was responsible; shameful memories!

But 1939 was to be a traumatic year for my Mother. She was manning one of my Grandmother's garden display booths at the New York World's Fair when my Step-grandfather came to tell her that the Bound Brook mansion, packed with her beloved antiques, was on fire. She rushed away with him to drive there. But nothing could be saved, the house burned down, but not all the way to its foundations, which gave the insurance company a loophole, and very little, if anything, was ever paid.

Perhaps it had to burn, her long past dream, as a prelude to the loss of her marriage. I was too young to know the ins and outs of it, but I remember that with the encouragement of my Grandmother, my Father's mother, my Mother had taken maple syrup products to some of the country fairs where my Grandmother had exhibitions of plants. So my Mother was away, but not for that long at any one time, and her mother, Nana, was living in the house looking after us. I would not know how my Father then took up with another woman and, the next thing I knew, our family was split. My Mother took us kids to live with her sister Mildred, who had a 10-room penthouse flat in East Orange, a rather well-to-do area in North Jersey.

Life totally changed as Aunt Mildred, a well-known contralto and a formidable woman, was very house-proud, and my memory of her is of making me comb the fringes on the rugs and wax the floors every week. We could not really be children in such an environment, although I was blessed by having a creative life at school where, under the tutelage of the kind Mrs. Sarah Baldwin, I could take part in plays and operettas.

Eventually, my Mother took employment as a housekeeper for an old German gentleman, Mr. Habschmidt. For us kids this was like going from the frying pan into the fire, as he was even more meticulous than Aunt Mildred. He was a penny-pincher who had a car he would only take out on Sundays. He kept cash in different envelopes earmarked for light, water, petrol, and so on, and any one expenditure dare not trespass the limits he had set! Once when

he was to be away, I believe with his knowledge, Mother let me and my school-mates have a party in the house. I remember that from us kids shuffling around in the living room, the highly waxed floors were marked, and this brought the heavens down on my Mother's head. Again we moved.

Aunt Mildred's daughter Doris — her only child — other than sharing an appreciation of music with her own mother, was closer to my Mother. Doris was ten years my senior; I bear her name as my middle name, as she bore my Mother's name in hers. Doris had her own independent thinking. I believe it was in 1938 or 1939, when the Japanese mercilessly went on ravaging China, that Doris called for the boycott of oil to Japan and with her friends descended on shops, particularly '5 and 10 cents' stores, seizing Japanese goods and throwing them into the street! She would have been about 20 when she moved out of her mother's home and took up a flat with her lady friend Hendrietta ('Henny') in Irvington, a terribly over-urbanized, unpleasant area. My Mother found employment nearby, and we rented a flat in that same building. There was only one bedroom and another room that served as a living-dining-room, where Mother slept on a sofa-bed.

By then I was in 6th or 7th grade, eleven or twelve years old. I formed new friendships with two girls who were also fatherless and lived in other flats in the building. They were at least four or five years older than myself, and neither studied nor worked, hardly the kind of friends I should have had. And by then a great hostility had been built up in me.

In Mr. Habschmidt's house was a dumb-waiter which was used to move plates of cooked food from one floor to another. Along with these two friends I went back to that house, smuggled myself into the dumb-waiter, pulled myself up by the ropes, and in that way reached into his study where he meticulously kept his envelopes of money, which I stole. It was not his money I wanted: I needed to breach the ramparts of his parsimonious control. This challenge to orderliness was never discovered, it remained unknown except to myself and those two girls.

These girls, being older, craved decent clothing. They were fatherless and could never own what they so badly wanted. There was a rather affluent Italian family whose daughter Evelyn I knew

from school. Once, the three of us went to visit her, and shamefully the two of them helped themselves to her mother's clothes, probably when the girl had gone out from the flat. One night a detective arrived at our apartment and told my Mother, in my presence, of his suspicions. I was mortally ashamed, as my Mother was a good woman and never dreamt I could be involved in any of this. The only thing that saved me was that I personally had taken none of the clothing, and for that reason the detective said he would not have me put in a reform school. No action was taken against the other girls, but the clothing was taken from them and returned to that lady.

Barely managing on my Mother's limited salary, suddenly the landlord raised all the rents, which none of the occupants could afford. Burning with the injustice of it, I and the two friends took lipstick and wrote on all the public walls in the building denouncing the landlord! It was not difficult for them to pinpoint the culprits, and we faced the indignity of having to scrub off all those walls, and as we scrubbed, the lipstick smeared, making it a tiresome task to clean. Pay for your sins!

The Second World War had now begun, and suddenly my Father, who had not seen us in all that time, arrived and pleaded with my Mother that for the sake of us kids she should agree to return to him. Years later, she was to think that his motive in reconstituting the family was for the purpose of avoiding the draft. By then I felt an immense loathing for my Father. I had cared very much for him, and when they separated I cried for him every night, but he never came. Now I wanted nothing to do with him, but my Mother meant well, and eventually with our sparse belongings we were piled into a truck and moved to South Jersey where my Father had bought a log-cabin kind of house in the woods.

There was only one other house nearby; we were completely isolated. I became so bad, so hostile, so unhappy, that my Mother, who could hardly afford it, took me to see a leading psychiatrist. At that time, I did not really know what a psychiatrist was. I clearly remember his advice that I should not consider I was living in a home with my Father, but in a guest house where decorum demanded that I should be polite and say 'good-morning' and 'good-night' as I would with guests with whom I had nothing in

common and was not involved. It would be a way to live, nothing more. But it gave me that way, and I lived it.

I do not think I can ever paint a word-picture of that wooden cabin in the woods. There was one bedroom where my Mother slept. My Father slept in a built-in bunk in the living-room, that room — virtually half of the little house — had a pitched roof and over the ceiling of the one bedroom, under the eaves, were two built-in bunks, facing back to back, with a built-in cabinet between them, and that is where my Brother and I slept. To reach up to those bunk beds, we had to climb up a bookcase; God knows how we did it. At one stage, my cousin Charles Schultz, Jr. came to visit while he was waiting for induction into the army. Being from a well-to-do family, he was horrified to see how we had to climb up to the loft, and he stripped in brass piping on either side of the bookcase, which we could grip.

By then I was in the 8th grade in Wanamasa Grammar School. With all the aggression bottled up in me, I continually made trouble and would be sent out from the class. I think there were teachers who even wanted to have me expelled. I was saved by a very motherly headmistress, Mrs. Green. When I was sent to her office to be reprimanded, she did not ask what I had done or why. She just told me she wanted to put on a very grand graduation ceremony where students would wear the costumes and sing the national anthems of the various Allied countries, and she wanted a yearbook made, and she asked: "Shirley, can you do this for me?" And that was my salvation, because I became completely involved and happily organized that unique and successful day.

Music, operettas, had always been my love. I dreamt of studying at the Royal Academy in Britain. When our graduating class had a dinner at Charlie Becker's, a rather posh restaurant, I was encouraged to sing. As I stood at the mike singing Judy Garland's "Somewhere over the rainbow", a song that spoke for my soul, a man came forward, sat in front of me, and encouraged me. They said he was a talent scout, and this filled me with hope. While Hollywood might have been the antithesis of the Royal Academy, it would allow me to fly out of a situation I could hardly bear, and I needed to fly.

When I graduated from Wanamasa, I joined Asbury Park High School. This was a large and unpleasant school, a far cry from Wanamasa which was more suburban. The class distinctions in that school were glaring, personified by girls from middle-class families having dickys — little white collars — under their sweaters, whereas girls from the other side of the tracks had hardly anything to wear, and what they had was shabby. It was only in Catholic schools that girls wore uniforms, obliterating class distinctions. I befriended some of these deprived girls, and when they wanted to join some school social function and didn't have decent clothes to wear, I went with them to town and shoplifted clothes for them. As we moved from shop to shop selecting clothes they wanted, I was eventually seen and arrested. I was taken to the Police Station, where horribly bright lights were focused into my eyes to the extent I could not see who was sitting in front of me. I could only hear their questions; repeatedly, different voices asking: "Why didn't you take clothes for yourself?", and I answered: "I don't need clothes, I took clothes for those girls because they are poor and ashamed." I later learned it was the shop-owners doing the questioning. Because of my uncontrived answers, I was never charged, and even my family never came to know of another of my rebellious acts. In fact, I had no more clothes than those girls, but it was that terrible pride in myself that saved me.

I only felt a relatedness to some Italian girls in the school. Rosemary Pisano's father was an Italian immigrant gardener who through dint of his tireless work had built a middle-class home for his loving family. I craved that family feeling. I basked in the warmth of sharing their dinner-table. When I could stay in their home over a weekend, I followed them to church, a Catholic church whose incense was totally strange to me. While they didn't refuse me, Rosemary's parents were apprehensive lest the wrath of a WASP — White, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant family — came down on their heads.

But mostly I hated Asbury Park High School and played hooky for over a hundred days at one stretch. I wrote notes to the Principal saying that Shirley's brother Edward was down with mumps and she was quarantined, and I signed my Mother's name. Pity that good woman; since we were living far from the school,

each morning she would drive me and drop me at the school, which was rather an imposing building, and I would walk in one door and out the other and be back there again to be picked up at the end of the day. I gravitated to the sea; I would sit on the sand and stare into the Atlantic Ocean and beyond, while the decided feeling came over me that I did not belong there. I remember once crying to my Mother that this is not my place, I was meant to be somewhere else. Eventually, the school contacted my Mother direct, and one day when she came to fetch me she calmly asked if my Brother was over his mumps! I was always ashamed in front of that gentle woman, but all her gentleness could not erase the anger that had built up in me.

Only one student bothered to search for me: Irwin Monastersky — whom students ridiculed as 'Irwin wants a turkey' — family name later changed to Marlin. Irwin would sit beside me on the sand and try his best to convince me of the importance of education. When I wondered why he bothered, he answered: "You see, I'm a Jew, and I have to be twice as good as you to be equal." I was deeply affected by his words; while they in no way motivated me to return to that unpleasant school, I felt ashamed of the truth he lived. Happily, we have remained friends until now.

I don't know what particular thing triggered it, but at one stage, I ran away from home, rented a room in a Guest House in Ocean Grove, facing the lake. Ocean Grove, founded by Methodists as a religious enclave, was separated from Asbury Park not only by the lake, but by large gates at the main entrance which were locked at midnight on Saturday nights. On Sunday, no one was allowed to drive, and alcohol was at all times banned. I remember the pleasure I felt at having that decent room, a room for myself, for which I would pay by doing whatever work. Eventually I was found, and it was put upon me that I had no right to do this to my Mother, and I had to return. I went back as my Mother's sobs were too much to bear, but I deeply resented doing so.

III

For in a republic, who is "the Country"? Is it the Government which is for the moment in the saddle? Why, the Government is merely a servant — merely a temporary servant; it cannot be its prerogative to determine what is right and what is wrong, and decide who is a patriot and who isn't. Its function is to obey orders, not originate them. Who, then, is "the Country"? Is it the newspaper? Is it the pulpit? Is it the school superintendent? Why, these are mere parts of the country, not the whole of it; they have not command, they have only their little share in the command. They are but one in a thousand; it is in the thousand that command is lodged; they must determine what is right and what is wrong; they must decide who is a patriot and who isn't. Who are the thousand — that is to say, who are "the Country"? In a monarchy, the king and his family are the country; in a republic it is the common voice of the people. Each of you, for himself, by himself and on his own responsibility, must speak. And it is a solemn and weighty responsibility, and not lightly to be flung aside at the bullying of pulpit, press, government, or the empty catch-phrases of politicians. Each must for himself alone decide what is right and what is wrong, and which course is patriotic and which isn't. You cannot shirk this and be a man. To decide it against your convictions is to be an unqualified and inexcusable traitor, both to yourself and to your country, let men label you as they may. If you alone of all the nation shall decide on [a] way, and that way be the right way according to your convictions of the right, you have done your duty by yourself and by your country — hold up your head. You have nothing to be ashamed of.

Mark Twain,
Papers of the Adam Family

WAR AND AFTERMATH: THE RISE OF McCARTHY

WE were living at the shore not far from the Atlantic Ocean and by now the street lamps were blackened over as they feared landings from German submarines. My Father and Mother both joined the volunteer air patrol, flying up and down the sea coast on the lookout for submarines. As an alternative to military service, my Father then went to work for the Navy in Washington DC, and in view of the danger of invasion on the eastern seaboard, it was agreed that Mother should take us kids and move west, ironically to California to where her sister Mildred and daughter Doris had migrated. I say ironically because certainly California was under just as great a threat from the Japanese.

Perhaps it was 1943 when we piled our essential belongings into a 'U-haul' trailer which hooked onto the back of our car, and Mother drove us to what was to be California. But Mother had no sense of direction, and she kept taking the wrong turns, so we ended up in Colorado! Mother decided we should settle there in Boulder, a quiet university town in the mountains. I was relieved that we would not again come under Aunt Mildred's sway, and the area was truly lovely.

I was enrolled in secondary school, but soon I started fainting and falling down the steps to the point where the school said they could no longer keep me as I might well crack my head. It was found I had an extreme case of anaemia, the cause of which was never determined. I was given forty weeks of iron injections and was made to eat raw beef and to drink red wine with raw eggs mixed in. Being taken out of school led to my further alienation. One of my teachers in Wanamasa Grammar School, Mr. Edward German, who always seemed to empathize with me despite my antics, had been drafted into the army, was stationed in Denver, and came to visit us in Boulder. He tried to pacify me by saying that not everybody needs to go to school. There was no alternative learning programme for me; I was just left to my own devices.

As I gained my physical strength, I learned to ride horses, but it was Edward who had a great affinity with them, saying he preferred horses to people. Momma bought us each a palomino pony, which were stabled in someone else's property. Eventually we went on very long rides, up into the mountains to reach Estes Park further north. But while I appreciated the majesty of the area, I was really out of sync in that Western 'cowboy' area, which quite suited Edward. I wore British-styled riding jodhpurs, vests, and knee-high riding boots (all gifted by one of Aunt Milley's wealthy friends) which, while eminently suitable back East, caused me to stand out like a sore thumb! Forever the organizer, my interest was in the cones that were found in abundance, planning to collect, bag and ship them East for sale as Christmas decorations: one of my many schemes!

As part of the war effort, my good Mother volunteered as a Nurse's Aid, spending her time reading to patients, writing letters for them, and so on. So many people had been drafted or absorbed into defence industries that hospitals were grossly understaffed. On my part, I volunteered to sew flannel nightdresses that were used by hospital patients, both men and women. But despite my good intentions, I was so hopeless at sewing that I was very politely dismissed! Mother also taught people who had recourse to eating horse-meat how to tenderize it by soaking it for a day in vinegar, whereby you could easily cut and chew it. In German cooking, it is not unusual to flavour meat in this way, it's called *sauerbraten*. The worst of our war-time 'deprivations' was the coffee which tasted like pure chicory and cigarettes with names like 'coffeetones'!

My vivid memory of Boulder is of walking on the streets and seeing Japanese families, even their children, looking apprehensively out from their homes. Initially these Japanese-Americans had been 'regrouped', actually interned, notwithstanding that many were American citizens. But when the American military needed Japanese language teachers to teach US officers, some of these families were taken direct from the camps and brought to Boulder. What bitterness they must have felt; they were to teach those who didn't trust them the language of the enemy with whom they, themselves, were identified! Ex-Marine officers, brought back

from the Pacific, were being given language training at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and I remember one of them remarking: "We shot those Japs when their ships went down and they were scrambling in the sea."

There's a deep racist background to what follows. In 1882, the US Congress reacted to concerns about the 'yellow peril', or Asian immigration, by passing a series of laws that "barred on the basis of race individuals who were Chinese, Japanese, and Korean from entering the United States legally". These acts also "barred those individuals already legally present in the United States from becoming citizens, so they remained perpetual foreigners". As a result, during wartime they became 'enemy aliens'. These acts were not repealed until 1952.

The Pearl Harbor disaster on December 7, 1941 created a panic that became racialized. Rumours spread that Japanese-Americans were working with the Japanese Navy. Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, in charge of Western Defense, said: "A Jap's a Jap, and that's all there is to it ... The Japanese race is the enemy race." A *Los Angeles Times* editorial concurred: "A viper is a viper wherever the egg is hatched."

Under Roosevelt's Executive Order 9066, persons of Japanese ancestry — American citizens or not — were taken away from their homes and placed in 'relocation centres'. *Time* magazine August 17, 1981, under the heading "The Burden of Shame", printed an excerpt from a testimony by Mabel Ota, a Japanese-American: "When I heard rumors that all Japanese would be interned, I couldn't believe it. I kept saying that I was a loyal American citizen and that it just couldn't happen in a democracy." But it did happen. In the months after Pearl Harbor, more than 110,000 'persons of Japanese ancestry' (those with 1/16th Japanese blood or more) were forcibly relocated from the West Coast to inland internment camps in desolate areas of Wyoming, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Utah and Arizona. Most were American citizens. One-third were resident aliens born in Japan and therefore, under the law of the time, ineligible for citizenship. No act of espionage or sabotage was attributed to a Japanese-American during World War II, yet they were summarily imprisoned and their constitutional rights suspended solely because of their race.

On February 3, 1942, FBI Director Hoover wrote to Attorney General Francis Biddle:

The necessity for mass evacuation is based primarily upon public and political pressure rather than on factual data. Public hysteria and in some instances, the comments of the press and radio announcers, have resulted in a tremendous amount of pressure being brought to bear on Governor Olson and Earl Warren, Attorney General of the State [of California], and on the military authorities Local officials, press and citizens have started a widespread movement demanding complete evacuation of Japanese, citizen and alien alike.¹

One thousand indigenous Aleuts were also interned, simply because of their 'proximity to a war zone'. They were evacuated and interned in dilapidated fish canneries in southeastern Alaska until the end of World War II. The Civil Liberties Act of 1988, 102 Stat. 94 said of them, "The United States failed to provide reasonable care for the Aleuts, and this resulted in widespread illness, disease and death among the residents of the camps." In fact, they lost 10 per cent of their population.²

In the spring of 1942, Japanese to be relocated had little notice, perhaps a week. Given numbers and allowed to bring only what they could carry, they were herded into 'assembly centres' at

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1. Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians, *Personal Justice Denied, Report of the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians* (Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1992) 73.
 2. To speak of Aleuts is to speak of seals and sealing. After the 1867 sale of Russian territories to the United States, a series of monopolies continued sealing, often on an uncontrolled basis. Pelagic (high-seas) sealing further depleted the seal herds, and by 1910, the herd had been reduced to 250,000 animals. In 1911, the North Pacific Fur Seal Convention was signed by the United States, Japan, Russia and Great Britain (for Canada), prohibiting the killing of seals at sea. Under treaty, the herd gradually increased, until it peaked at about 2 million animals by 1950. Pribilof sealing generated large revenues for the US Treasury after the government assumed responsibility for the seal industry in 1910. Total receipts from fur seal pelts surpassed the purchase price of the Alaska territories after only a few years. The Aleuts, however, did not thrive under US government rule. They were treated as wards of the government, paid in kind for their work *continued p. 87*

fairgrounds and racetracks stinking of manure and animals. Finally they were transported to ten barely habitable camps for the duration of World War II. Mabel Ota, 64 years old in 1981, was sent to Poston, Arizona. She would, after the war, become the first Asian school principal in Los Angeles, but would spend her life believing that the camp's poor diet and worse medical care caused her father's death, and her daughter to be brain-damaged at birth.

Dr. Mary Oda, age 61 in 1981, and a San Fernando physician, was torn away from her first year at medical school. In the Manzanar, California camp, dust whirled through gaps in the floorboards; nine people shared one cramped room sleeping on bags filled with straw. Her family lost their farm, their equipment and one another. "We became separated during the evacuation and we never lived together as a family again."

In these terrible camps, Fourth of July celebrations of American Independence were proudly held behind barbed wire in the shade of sentry towers. Parents wasting away in tar-paper camp shacks proudly displayed starred banners indicating that their sons were American soldiers. *Nisei* (second generation

continued n. 2

in the seal harvest, and experienced repression and discrimination by government agents.

The remaining 3,200 Aleuts have survived many challenges over the centuries: forcible relocation, influence and culture of two colonial nations, Russia and America, loss of aboriginal subsistence skills to a wage-based industry, and suppression of their language, religion, political structures and human rights. A local cultural movement is now connecting young Aleuts to the fur seals that so defined their island culture. Community leaders are working to diversify their economy so that future generations of Aleuts will continue to call those islands home.

Exposure to the outside world led Pribilof leaders to sue the US government for fair wages and individual freedoms, granted under the 1966 Fur Seal Act. The Aleuts gained more political and economic control with the 1971 passage of the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act. Village corporations were established on St. George and St. Paul, and local governance grew to include city councils, school-boards, and tribal councils (established under the Indian Reorganization Act).

Japanese-Americans) members of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, which fought gloriously in Europe, were sometimes required to have Caucasian escorts when they visited their interned families! About 33,000 Japanese-Americans served in the US military during the war, some of them drafted right out of the camps.

After the war, many of the detainees found they had lost everything. Clarence Nishizu left his farm in the care of a 'neighbour friend'; the friend kept the profits and bought the land. "I had no place to go — I received nothing. Finally I found a house in San Fernando, where I went into gardening." Of the total property loss to the internees, estimated to be USD 400 million in 1942 dollars, by February 1999 the US government had compensated USD 1.6 billion (I wouldn't know what the value would have been in 1942 dollars) and had closed its 10-year Redress Administration, having paid USD 20,000/- to each of 82,219 claimants. The programme, created in 1988, "acknowledges, apologizes, and makes restitution for the fundamental injustice of the evacuation, relocation, and internment of Japanese-Americans during World War Two". Attorney General Janet Reno said, "It was a time when we took away the liberty of an entire community of Americans."³

Time comments that there are many explanations for this aberration, all of them ugly. Economic greed. Racism. Wartime hysteria. Americans of German or Italian ancestry did not suffer mass incarceration, as they were far more numerous and their political influence was formidable.

Pearl Harbor inflamed the century-old hatred of 'oriental' immigrants, the 'yellow peril'. And to this day, films are made portraying Pearl Harbor as a Japanese sneak attack. But Miles Copeland in his *The Game Player: Confessions of the CIA's original political operative*, testifies that Pearl Harbor was deliberately allowed to happen. At the time of Truman's presidency there was a discussion amongst guests of General Lawton, in his elite Woodman Park residence, at the highest point in Washington,

3. AFP report, *New Straits Times*, February 21, 1999.

where Copeland was meant to reside. "... During a heated discussion of who would get what jobs in the several embryo [intelligence] organizations, I asked, 'Suppose we were to drop the whole idea of intelligence services, and struggle along with none at all, what would the country lose?' ... My question was received merely politely by most of the guests, but one of them, General John Magruder, took it seriously. It prompted him to tell of a meeting which the new intelligence chief, Admiral Sidney Sauer, had just had with President Truman. When Sauer told the President that the new centralized intelligence unit he was organizing would see that there would never be another 'Pearl Harbor', the President replied, 'You haven't yet had your Top Secret briefing or you'd know that a bit of code-breaking had told us all about the Pearl Harbor attack in advance. What President Roosevelt needed was intelligence bearing on the question of what he should do about it.' President Roosevelt got the intelligence, and he decided to let the Pearl Harbor attack happen as a way of arousing an otherwise apathetic populace."⁴

And yet the myth of 'Pearl Harbor' lives on: the lie of the Japanese 'sneak attack', while the truth is quite different. In 1940, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt ordered the US Pacific fleet from the West Coast of the United States to an exposed position in Hawaii. There it remained stationed at Pearl Harbor notwithstanding complaints by its Commander Admiral Richardson that there was inadequate protection from air attacks and no protection from torpedo attack. Richardson felt so strongly that he twice disobeyed orders to berth his fleet there, and he personally raised the issue with President Roosevelt in October, soon after which he was replaced. His successor, Admiral Kimmel, brought up the same issue with Roosevelt in June 1941.

On June 23, 1941, the day after Germany invaded the Soviet Union, Adviser Harold Ickes wrote Roosevelt a memo: "There might develop from the embargoing of oil to Japan such a situation as would make it not only possible but easy to get into this war in an effective way. And if we should thus indirectly be brought in,

4. (London: Arum Press, 1989) 68-9.

we would avoid the criticism that we had gone in as an ally of communistic Russia." Then it was suggested to Roosevelt that by shutting off the American supply of petroleum to Japan, she would be led to invade the Netherlands East Indies, and such an action would certainly include attacking the Philippines which would immediately involve the US in the Pacific War. On October 18, another diary entry by Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes reiterates: "For a long time I had believed that our best entrance into the war would be by way of Japan."

By the end of 1940, the Americans had pierced the vital Japanese ciphers and were decoding large numbers of military and diplomatic telegrams. In November and early December of 1941 Roosevelt was briefed twice a day on the Japanese radio messages.

On November 25, 1941, Secretary of War Stimson noted in his diary: "FDR stated that we were likely to be attacked perhaps as soon as next Monday." Stimson reports that FDR's "question was how we should maneuver them into the position of firing the first shot without too much danger to ourselves. In spite of the risk involved, however ... we realized that in order to have the full support of the American people it was desirable to make sure that the Japanese be the ones to do this so that there should remain no doubt in anyone's mind as to who were the aggressors."

On December 6, the War Cabinet: President Roosevelt, top adviser Harry Hopkins, Secretary of War Stimson, General George Marshall, Secretary of the Navy, Knox, with aides John McCrea and Frank Beatty "deliberately sat through the night waiting for the Japs to strike."⁵

The anticipated Pearl Harbor attack brought the death of 2,403 Americans, with 1,178 wounded. Eighteen ships were sunk or seriously damaged, including five battleships; 188 planes were

5. Toland, John, *Infamy: Pearl Harbor and its Aftermath* (New York: Doubleday, 1982) Chapter 16, Section 2, quoted in Willey, Mark Emerson, *Pearl Harbor Mother of All Conspiracies*, as excerpted in website <http://www.geocities.com/Pentagon/6315/pearl.html>.

destroyed and 162 damaged. Out of the Japanese attack force of 31 ships and 353 raiding planes, 64 Japanese died, and they lost 29 planes and five midjet submarines.

Pearl Harbor was really not about war with Japan, it was about war with Germany. Whatever the provocation, Germany would not provide the US with a *casus belli* by making a first strike on the Americans, but once Japan attacked and the US declared war on Japan, Germany would of necessity declare war.

Tokyo had to send daily bomb-plots, cabled from its Honolulu Consulate to the attack fleet by JN-25 radio messages. The pilots had to get information. Lieutenant Commander Chigusa, executive officer of the attack fleet's *Akigumo*, in his diary entry on December 4, 1941 writes: "The news of the position of the enemy ships in Pearl Harbor comes again and again."⁶

The US Government continues to refuse to release all messages to the Japanese attack fleet. The decrypts from JN-25 — the main Japanese fleet code — and worksheets contain the final operational details of the Pearl Harbor attack which show that "... the US and Britain monitored the Japanese attack fleet all the way to Pearl Harbor. That is the scandal. That is the big secret."⁷

Concerning the National Security Agency, NSA, there is a quote from Orwell: *He who controls the past, controls the future. He who controls the present, controls the past.*

This cynical policy of allowing it to happen did the job it was intended to do; they had manoeuvred the Japanese into firing the first shot, and the Americans of Japanese origin and Japanese residents in the United States were to pay the price for the anti-Japanese hysteria it engendered.

The public, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, even the Supreme Court, rushed to trample Japanese-Americans' claim on the Bill of Rights. Racism was the bedrock of the action taken against the Japanese. In 1943, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt,

6. Prange, Gordon, *At Dawn We Slept* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981) 453, quoted in Willey, op. cit.

7. I'm indebted to Willey, op. cit., for the information quoted from the bottom half of p. 89 to here.

Western Defense Commander, issued *Final Report: Japanese Evacuation from the West Coast, 1942*, which contains this passage:

In the war in which we are now engaged racial affinities are not severed by migration. The Japanese race is an enemy race and while many second and third generation Japanese born on United States soil, possessed of United States citizenship, have become 'Americanized', the racial strains are undiluted ... ⁸

Exclusion from the law causes deep and lasting personal harm. As *Time* reports, many of the Japanese-American internees were able to speak of their pain and bitterness only at the prompting of their children, who were raised during the decades when the civil rights movement vastly enlarged American understanding of democracy. Poignantly, Dr. Oda explained why it had taken so long: "I did not want my children to feel the burden of shame and feelings of rejection by their fellow Americans. I wanted them to feel that in spite of what was done to us, this was still the best place in the world to live!"

Apparently the separation of 'loyal' and 'disloyal' began in July 1943, whereby 'loyal persons' were released to live anywhere except in the proscribed area of the West Coast. In December 1944, the mass exclusion orders were revoked, and the last of the centres at Tule Lake was closed in February 1946. In March 1983, The National Council for Japanese-American Redress filed a class action suit which sought USD 10,000/- for each of those whose constitutional, statutory and civil rights had been violated. It claimed that the inmates in the camps had been subjected to a list of wrongs, including unreasonable search and seizure, cruel and unusual punishment, assault and battery, and false arrest. Of those who were imprisoned, 72,000 were American citizens, and 70,000 were women, children, elderly and disabled who could not possibly have posed a security risk to the United States. In the isolated, over-crowded camps they also suffered fatal diseases such as tuberculosis and pneumonia because of poor sanitation and inadequate food and medical care. Yet in the camps the

8. *Personal Justice Denied*, op. cit., 83.

detainees actually managed to produce *Trek*, a publication which speaks of the smell of the sewage swamp drifting in and snuggling up to them. You can also read their stories in Toshio Mori's *Yokohama California*.⁹

There's an even more hideous side of the story: the US authority kidnapped more than 2,000 Latin Americans of Japanese heritage from 13 South American countries, loaded them on US military ships, and held them in US internment camps to be traded for prisoners held by Japanese forces. Karen Parker, the attorney who authored one of their lawsuits, said, "Kidnapping civilians from a country we were not at war with was a war crime."¹⁰

It's possible I felt the injustice of their situation more because I was from a German-speaking background. As the Nazis increased their power, my Father forbade us to go on speaking German, even while Nana was still living with us. There were *Bund*¹¹ meetings in the United States, mostly of unassimilated German immigrants who supported the Nazis, although Nana was not one of them. But German-Americans did not suffer mass internment!

9. Introduction by William Saroyan (Caldwell, Idaho: Caxton Printers, 1949); *Bulletin of Concerned Asian Scholars*, "Asian America", IV, 3, Fall 1972, 48-55.

10. AFP report, *New Straits Times*, February 21, 1999.

11. German Nazis made a considerable effort to establish an American base. Kathleen Neils Conzen, "Germans" in the *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups*, ed. Stephen Themstrom (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1980) 423, records: "Recruiting began as early as 1924, but the first large-scale organization was the Friends of New Germany, organized in July 1933 after orders from Berlin dissolved the existing Nazi cells." A new immigrant, Fritz J. Kuhn, promptly joined. By 1936, Kuhn had become leader of the Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund, formed at Buffalo, New York, thenceforth a not insignificant political presence popularly known as 'the Bund'. On George Washington's Birthday, 1939, Kuhn and his allies organized a mass rally in Madison Square Garden in New York; the newsreel coverage was stunning: a Nazi rally, uniforms, salute: arouse the masses to the struggle against "Rosenfeld's Jew Republic". Robin Edwin Herzstein, *Roosevelt & Hitler: Prelude to War* (New York: Paragon House, 1989) 189, estimates that the Bund "probably" consisted of some 6,500 "activists", with a combined pool of 50,000
continued p. 94

My Grandmother Catherine's father was Louis Schultz, born in 1856 (died 1909). His original name was Schuetz, which embarrassment caused him to change after he migrated to America. He, like his wife, my Great-Grandmother Mary Charlotte Werner (born August 5, 1862, died July 23, 1950), came from Germany. Thus on my Father's mother's side, the link with Germany was also very close. My Great-Grandmother's surviving Schultz children were my Grandmother Catherine and Grand-Uncles Louis, Charles, Rudolph and Gordon. Their children were of an age to be drafted during the Second World War: Louis, his brother Gerald, Charles Jr. and Johnny Morgan. It was the war that kicked up identity contradictions. These cousins of mine were drafted into the United States armed services, but we still had blood relatives in Nazi Germany. When my cousin Louis's aircraft was shot down over Germany, he did not fold, bury his parachute and run; he sat in the field smiling! When German soldiers came to detain him, he started to speak to them in German about our family! My Uncle Kurt Mangold, a headmaster of a techni-

continued n. 11

100,000 sympathizers, family, and friends. Herzstein describes the immigrant core:

When the Depression struck, many of these newly-arrived Germans found themselves in dire straits. Unemployed or engaged in menial tasks like dishwashing, these disappointed people found solace in the Bund. They could leave their cramped cold-water flats, head for a local Stube [pub], and sit around drinking beer. The conversation often turned to the Jews and to the misery of living in Roosevelt's America. Tens of thousands of such people attended Bund meetings and rallies. Better educated leaders, like Fritz Kuhn, found them easy to manipulate.

Kuhn and his associate Gerhard Wilhelm Kunze made themselves the spokesmen of these alienated recent immigrants. Like Hitler, they hoped that the United States would fragment into an ethnic free-for-all. As one of the Bundists put it, "This will happen here. It is inevitable. When that day comes, and it is probably not far off, we must be prepared to fight for the right kind of government. We must win the masses to our side." (Ibid., 190.)

At the end of 1939, Kuhn was jailed for misappropriation of Bund funds.

cal school in Kaiserslautern, was drafted into the German army. While Louis was a prisoner of war of the Germans, Uncle Kurt ended up as a prisoner of war of the Americans! It was especially my Grandmother Catherine, my Father's mother, who kept up close links with the Mangold family, particularly with Anneliese, a sister of Uncle Kurt. After the war, every member of the Schultz family who had the opportunity to visit Germany went to see the Mangolds. I also came to know them in 1972 but, shamefully, I don't know how we were related and neither did Uncle Kurt! My Grandmother Catherine took this part of the family history with her to the grave.

While Americans of Japanese descent were herded into internment camps, Americans of German descent, even those with close blood relatives in Germany, were not detained unless on an individual basis they were involved in pro-Nazi activities. This discrimination could hardly be attributed to differing estimates of the loyalty of these two immigrant peoples. The discrimination was purely on racial grounds.

Back to New Jersey: 1945-1952

In May 1945, Germany surrendered and the war in Europe came to an end, although not yet in the Pacific arena, and we moved back to New Jersey. By then I was sixteen and had not been in school all that time. I needed to learn something, I needed to try to work, to do something with my life; it was never considered that I should return to school. I read an advertisement by Lerner Studios asking for young people who wanted to be trained in photography, an on-the-job training that required no payment. I applied and was accepted. I worked for Mr. Bill Stern who had concessions for photography in various hotels, also in New York City. I worked in the darkroom, where the temperatures rose to 140 degrees; the emulsion melted off the negatives, so that the developer had to be packed in ice cubes. When I was all but fainting from the heat in that stifling, small darkroom, Mr. Stern assured me it was all in my mind! "Just think it's cold!"

I worked very hard for Bill Stern, who paid me very little (I think it was USD 25/- a week). On 4th of July, a very big night at the shore, I

did faint and a doctor was called, who said I could not possibly work. But Mr. Stern nevertheless came to the house and berated me that I would work or I would be sacked. And so I was sacked. But I took out two of the other workers with me. I borrowed money from my Grandmother Catherine and bought a speed-graphic camera, and between Danny Hennessey and Harold Pontecarvo they bought the drier, enlarger and the other equipment. I remembered that Mr. Stern had wanted terribly to have a photography concession at the Seaview Hotel in rather exclusive Spring Lake, but had never been able to obtain it. With no capital, not a penny in hand, I went to meet the owners and convinced them that if they would accept a percentage of the gross, in the end they would earn more than if somebody bought a concession from them. And thus began our own business. I put an advertisement in the paper asking people with photographic equipment who wanted to work to contact me, and I paid them each a percentage of the gross, using their equipment to establish more photographic concessions. In the end, I had eight such concessions and spent my time running around seeing that they were functioning and collecting the takings every night. Step by step, I took over all of Mr. Stern's concessions and slowly, Mr. Stern went out of business.

The little empire I built was solely based on trust: percentages of the gross could easily have been fabricated, but I did not do so, and all, from the hotel owners to the workers, had no doubt of that. That's when my name changed from Shirley to Shirle. The folders containing photographs taken by our group read: "You have had your photograph taken by Shirle!" I was still a kid and proud of my achievement. The mostly Jewish hotel owners would quip: "She's no *shiksa* [a non-Jewish girl], she's too smart; maybe her mother's a Jew!" Non-Jews are *goys*, cattle, and could never be such successful entrepreneurs! Terrible racist arrogance!

One of the owners of the Seaview Hotel, Mr. Konvitz, had a daughter, Marion, who was in university. She befriended me and included me in sessions she would have with friends where they read poetry. I remember the overwhelming sense of ignorance that came over me when I couldn't understand the meaning of their readings. By then my Mother and Brother had gone to live in North Jersey, and I was living alone in the little house in the woods

with my Father. I went home, roused my Father from his sleep and said: "I am ignorant, I want to go to school." My Father was stunned, but all too glad. That very morning he drove me to my Mother's home in Berkeley Heights, North Jersey, and I was quickly enrolled in a Regional High School. I was embarrassed to put on socks like a youngster again. This was September 1946, and I was already 17½ years old, at least three or four years older than my classmates, but I was determined to learn.

My Mother had another sister, Elizabeth ('Tootsie') who was sickly as a child and unschooled. She worked in a sanatorium for tubercular patients of whom her husband, Fred Price had been one. Her sorrow was that she had multiple miscarriages, no child lived till birth. So she at all times referred to my Brother Edward and myself as her kids. In that sanatorium was a Catholic Sister, Agnes de Sales, a very ill and kind nun. I would go to her every day after school to study my Latin; thanks to her I ended up with an 'A' in Latin from Mrs. Potter, the most demanding teacher. The Priest in that sanatorium also took me under his wing and involved me in helping him to build a chapel for the patients. We scraped and painted an area in the cellar that became Father Matthew's Chapel. I was very drawn to this gentle nun and kind priest, and I thought I, too, would like to be baptized as a Catholic and become a nun. I was baptized, but Father Matthew refused to let me join a convent, saying that my Father and Mother were not yet divorced, that I was the only link between them, and it was my duty to remain in the world as that link.

After one school year, I went back to the shore and enrolled in a summer school so that I could double up and finish earlier. At night I would still work as a photographer and often during the day I would fall asleep in class. There was a vicious nun who would wake me up by hitting me with a ruler and accusing me of being lazy, when in fact I was exhausted, having slept no more than four or five hours. And so it was that I was expelled from St. Rose's School. There was a kind priest who told me not to be concerned because the Bishop, himself, had once been expelled from the seminary!

With no High School certificate, I then enrolled in Monmouth Junior College at night, and I arranged to take New Jersey State

exams for all the required High School subjects. When I finished two years in that Junior College, I went on to Upsala College, back in East Orange. It was the norm — probably a hard and fast rule — that you could not enter College without a High School certificate. But Dean Dr. Frans A. Ericsson had been a poor boy in Sweden and had only gone to High School at the age of 25. He agreed that I could be enrolled with the proviso that none of my courses would be credited until I had obtained a High School certificate, which I received from New Jersey State in my fourth and last year of college. I still needed to work, and weekends I would go back to the shore and work as a photographer and return to the college on Monday mornings.

I wanted to do law. I wanted to fight for the dispossessed. One day when I was in a sandwich shop at the shore, a Black man came to see Chick, the owner, to ask for his pay. When he persisted, Chick hit him and the man fell down. I jumped to the man's defence, telling him I would get my Father's lawyer to defend him, as he was paid on a yearly retainer whether he worked or not. But when I went to see Al Edelstein, he mocked me, saying he worked for money, not for charity. I reacted that since I did not need money, I would study law and act for such people. It was also he who advised my Father not to pay to send me to law school as I was a girl and would only marry!

New Jersey is far above the Mason-Dixon line, which separated the slave-owning South from the 'free' North, but racism was endemic. Some of these White men — 'clam diggers', as these lower-class Whites were called who lived at the shore year round — threatened to tar and feather me if I went on standing with the Blacks, the 'Niggers', as they called them. They literally meant to dump me in a barrel of black tar, take me out, and roll me in white feathers. Charming people! My Brother pressured me to 'change my ways', as although he concurred I was right, it made things difficult for him. Bert Cottrell, who had come back from the war and went to college on the GI Bill, was my friend and ally. When a Black man went into a public place with a tin asking for water as his car was overheated, he was deliberately ignored until Bert shouted: "Give him the damn water; I didn't fight a war to come back to this." But there were not that many Berts! When a Black

family moved into a house in a White area, led by Bert, I also took my Father's shotgun and joined them in the house to confront the Whites who threatened to burn a cross on their lawn. The cross of Jesus these racists arrogated to themselves to threaten Blacks into moving out.¹² Those were lovely days!

In New Jersey, to enter law school required two years of pre-law at a college, but when I finished two years of college, the prerequisite was changed to three years, and finally to a bachelor's degree. For pre-law, I took a double major in Psychology and Political Science. My Psychology lecturer was Marshall P. Smith. I've carried with me the understanding he brought me to that it's not facts that move men, but what they believe to be true, and that 'truth' is often created by manipulation.

At that time many anti-Nazi European professors had escaped to the United States, and I was fortunate to have three of them to try to educate this ignorant, unconscious, American girl. Fritz Hensler, a lawyer who taught Criminology, had been a member of Spartacus and had skied out of Nazi Germany; Wolfgang Zucker, who taught Philosophy, had fled from Estonia. He led me to the world of the Austrian novelist Kafka, the German philosopher Heidegger, and other existentialists. Hensler and Zucker were close friends. Hensler bought a farm in Flemington, married and settled. On the birth of his first child, I was privy to a discussion as to whether she should be baptized and if so, in what faith. The consensus was for the Episcopalian faith as that was the denomination of the ruling élite!

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12. Incredibly on November 3, 2001, the Virginia Supreme Court struck down a state law against cross-burning saying that such acts of bigotry – in fact terrorism – are a protected form of speech! In a 4-3 ruling, the Court threw out the convictions in two cases, one against the Ku Klux Klan. "Under our system of government, people have the right to use symbols to communicate", as if a cross burned to intimidate Blacks into fleeing their homes to avoid possible death is merely 'a symbol'. In dissent, Justice Leroy Hassell wrote that the law, "for almost 50 years, has protected our citizens from being placed in fear of bodily harm by the burning of a cross". So even now in the era of an 'endless war against terrorism', this vicious US domestic terrorism is legal as a protective form of speech!

But it was Professor Dr. Friedrich Roetter who brought me to political consciousness. Dr. Roetter's family name was Rodelheimer. His own father emigrated to the United States as a young man, but became so homesick for Germany that he returned there to raise his family. According to information from Professor Roetter's only surviving son¹³, when Friedrich "was a young man there was a great division within the Jewish community [in Germany] as to how to cope with anti-Semitism and the problems Jews encountered in their daily lives. He engaged in one of those titanic struggles with his own father who wanted him to grow up in the Jewish faith and marry a Jewish girl. My father had very little use for religion, and he felt himself to be first and foremost a German and a patriot. He was determined to achieve all the rights of first class citizenship by breaking with his past and becoming assimilated. He fell in love with my mother [Ada Zimmer] who came from a Protestant family of Prussian origin from the province of Silesia The advent of Nazism and the racial laws posed a threat to both my parents. While up to this time my father had not been interested in politics, he was not going to take anything lying down. The [Ernst] Thaelmann case appealed to him because he could cross swords with the Nazis on a political basis. He never mentioned or touched upon his Jewish background with anyone"

Friedrich Roetter was born March 21, 1888 in Berlin and received his doctorate in law in 1912 from the University of Jena. He was a lawyer in the Kammergericht in Berlin, the highest Prussian court, and a Notary, which in certain cases had the same function as a judge, whose prescribed juridical training he must possess, and he may have taught law at the University of Berlin. After migrating to the States he attended the University of Wisconsin at Madison from 1941 till 1943 where he majored in political science with a minor in economics, and then on May 24, 1947 he was awarded a Ph.D.

Professor Roetter's fate was inextricably linked with the Reichstag fire which broke out in various parts of the parliament building in Berlin on February 27, 1933. The fire was designed by

13. His letter of January 2, 2002.

the Nazis in order to panic the German people into allowing them to gain power. One should read Professor Roetter's *Might is Right*¹⁴ for a detailed understanding of how the Nazis came to power *through legal means*, which is not generally appreciated. The breach in the dyke was Hindenburg's appointment of Hitler as Chancellor on January 30, 1933. "It was solemnly agreed that the various parties of the 'Government of National Resurrection' should stand together as comrades and as equals to save the fatherland." But in a few months Hitler had completely broken the agreement. The Reichstag fire was the pretext for disbanding the Communist Party, followed a little later by proscribing the Socialists, all justified on the grounds of patriotism. Hitler's collaborators in the coalition, who did not object, then found themselves in a totalitarian state, where they also had no desire to be!⁽⁷⁴⁾.¹⁵

Hitler, having accused the Communists without proof, proceeded to take terrorist measures against the alleged culprits. He expelled 81 Communist and 26 Social Democrat deputies from the Reichstag who were imprisoned on the unjustified suspicion of having had a hand in the burning. The truncated National Socialist Party became the sole legal party, and the Reichstag, during the rest of Hitler's rule, was merely summoned from time to time to approve important government measures.

The sensational Reichstag fire trial of 1933 stirred world opinion. The Nazi authorities had arrested Marinus van der Lubbe, a young Dutchman, three Bulgarian Communists (among them Georgi Dimitrov), and a German Communist, Ernst Torgler. Van der Lubbe, who appeared either drugged or mentally inferior, confessed to having set the fire but insisted he had had no accomplices. Dimitrov, who was the most eloquent of the defendants, accused Hermann Göring, then president of the Reichstag, of having instigated the fire in order to pin the crime on the Communists, and he supported that charge by pointing out that a subterranean passage between Göring's residence and the Reichstag was the only way by

14. London: Quality Press, 1939.

15. Numbers in brackets in this section refer to page numbers in Roetter's book.

which the person or persons who had set the fire could have reached the basement of the Reichstag where the fire started. Although Göring violently threatened both the court and the defendants from the witness stand, Dimitrov remained unperturbed and the court reached a verdict of not guilty for all save van der Lubbe, who was beheaded in early 1934.¹⁶

Professor Roetter writes, "Innocent men were accused of arson so that they could be disposed of as political opponents. Among them was the leader of the Communist Party of Germany, Ernst Thaelmann." (9). When Frau Rosa Thaelmann turned to Roetter to defend her husband, he found himself ethically unable to refuse, since all Socialist and Communist lawyers had been detained or disbarred. He speaks of the distinction between 'honour' and 'reputation', and says that to uphold his honour, he had to risk his reputation.

The "methods of the National Socialists, including the murder of innocent men, have often been defended, even outside Germany, with the argument that they were protective measures and therefore justifiable for political reasons. To my dismay, people other than National Socialists occasionally held the opinion that such

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16. Alexander Bahar and Wilfried Kugel devoted years to the study of the Reichstag fire and published their findings under the title *Der Reichstagsbrand: Wie Geschichte gemacht wird* (The Reichstag Fire: How history is made) (Berlin: edition q Quintessenz Verlag, December 2000) 863 pp. In his letter of February 24, 2002, Dr. Bahar summarized the results of their researches: "We find a lot of indications to the Nazis, primarily that Göring, himself, ordered the fire and a commando of SA [*Sturmabteilung*: a para-military instrument of the National Socialist Party] set the building in flames, using van der Lubbe only as a tool. Under technical and thermodynamic aspects, van der Lubbe would not have been able to burn the building alone. ... The Nazis urgently needed — nearly a month after their coming to power — a 'signal', a pretext to the long prepared mass restrictions against their political opponents, especially the communists. The Nazis immediately accused the communists, and later reactionary German historians and fellows of the German Intelligence Service claimed the Dutch anarchist Marinus van der Lubbe as the single firebug. Collectively, it is really a very complicated criminal case, and it is still not finished."

conduct was reprehensible only when it did not apply to Communists. My idea that the political opponent was entitled to full protection of the law was not admitted, nor was the resultant conclusion that he who is put without the law has a right to use every means to defend himself. It was presumably not realized that such an attitude supported the National Socialist idea which subordinates law to politics and denies the existence of objective law and even of objectivity itself. Therefore if one for the sake of justice defends an innocent person even though he does not share that person's political views, he is considered an enemy of the National Socialists.(9-10)

"Many judges, lawyers, doctors and scientists in Germany would agree with me in this if they dared. But they neglected to unite at the right moment in a common resistance, although duty called them above all other men to do so. It was only in the ranks of the clergy that many followed the call of their conscience."(12) He goes on to say that "in us lives a recognition of injustice, which drives us to help an innocent person. The force principle wishes to stultify this feeling in favour of a 'higher' interest of the people. If most of those who were able, and by their positions morally obligated to influence the new German Government to exercise justice towards the innocent had not hidden themselves behind subterfuges, such as reluctance to interfere in the internal affairs of another country, we should not have experienced the annexation of Czechoslovakia in March 1939."(13)

Having refused to yield to the demand of the State for full information concerning his defence of Thaelmann as it proceeded, on March 28, 1935, after the search of his office and preliminary interrogation, Friedrich Roetter was taken to the prison of the Geheime Staatspolizei (Gestapo), the Secret Police, in the cellar of the former Museum of Industrial Art in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse, Berlin.(15) There he was to remember well the words of his Professor Wilhelm Rahl: "Bow down before the law, but never let the law be humbled. Stand up fearlessly for the law and let no earthly power cause you to shrink back" (17-18) "The thousands of jurists in Germany have all at some time listened to such a lecture. And yet hardly one of them has stood out against the misuse of justice, nor have they formed a common front in its defence."(18)

The cell Roetter was cast into had a bed which smelled, and it was his training in the Imperial Navy that led him to scrub clean the filth. "The clanging of bolts and the rattle of keys, as doors were opened and shut, went on all the time. I can still feel an almost physical pain at the memory of that noise." (20) Par for the course, a light was kept on at all times inside his too narrow cell, and he was chastised for covering his face with his coat as he was obliged to lie with his face and arms showing, since hourly, the warder was required to check on him through a spy hole. "Number six obeyed." (20-1)

The suspicion that he might try to commit suicide led him to considering just that as he had heard reports of the concentration camps, which were alarming. "My temperament was not adapted for taking things lying down. I calmed myself greatly by deciding that if it came to the worst I shall be master of my fate. Once I picked up a razor blade from the floor of the toilet, quickly stuck it in my pocket and hid it like a treasure in the straw of my bed. It was a great comfort to know that it was in my power to escape the plans of my oppressors." (25-26) At one point he was informed that he was to be transported the next morning to a concentration camp. "I was terribly depressed. The reports from Colombia House did not sound reassuring. It was an open secret in the Cellar that a harsh commander there had whippings carried out before the whole camp almost every week. In the course of six weeks there had been three 'suicides'. It was much the same in Lichtenburg." (29)

During the hour in which they were allowed to exercise in the courtyard, he found amongst his group of ten, three lawyers, a former very high government official of the Weimar Republic, a Catholic Prelate, an Evangelical Pastor, a 'Bible-seeker', a Frenchman and two Communists. (27)

He learned by chance that Thaelmann had been in the Gestapo Cellar about ten months before, also in cell 6. "Everyone spoke with admiration of his behaviour while here. Teddy — as he was called — had been ill-treated, though not in the Gestapo Cellar. This was known abroad and led to attacks in the Press. One day Göring appeared unexpectedly in the prison and had Thaelmann's cell opened. He asked him if he had been ill-treated; Teddy said

no. Thereupon he was asked to sign a statement that the rumours about his ill-treatment were contrary to the truth. He refused. Göring flew into a rage as he did not know how he was to explain the refusal. An unusually clever man in his suite suggested that Teddy be undressed in order to see whether there were any signs of his having been maltreated. If none were found, his refusal to sign would be of no importance. They undressed Thaelmann against his will. His back and buttocks showed unmistakable signs of cruelty. When asked to explain his behaviour he said: 'Those who ill-treated me had orders from above. I refuse to have them sacrificed for those who are hiding behind them'."(27-8)

Towards the end of April, Roetter was handed a warrant, dated the 10th, ordering that he be taken into custody until further notice in the interests of public security "for behaviour damaging to the State and the formation of a connection with the Thaelmann Committee of Paris. Since it is probable in view of the facts of the case that you are continuing such damaging behaviour, you will be taken into protective custody for the sake of the safety of the State."(31) His behaviour in Paris had consisted of his taking advantage of a visit in connection with another case to discuss with the representative of a French barrister the best possible ways in which to help Thaelmann. This barrister belonged to one of the 'bourgeois' political parties and by 1939 had become a Minister!(32)

Roetter was then given notice of his trial before the Court of Honour of the Berlin Bar Association. His colleagues gave 'anxiety over their own fate' as their reason for refusing to defend him! His wife Ada was left to find an unknown lawyer, who behind Roetter's back first approached the authorities to excuse himself from any responsibility for Roetter's defence, because it was the National Socialist thesis that a lawyer who puts his client's case identifies himself with him.(33) In the hearing, the inadmissible confiscation of all his professional papers, together with Thaelmann's letters to him written from prison, was ignored. The proceedings were held 'in camera'. The prosecutor submitted that "A lawyer who voluntarily decides to defend a Communist, must lay aside his robe, no matter how spotless a career he has behind him."(34)

During one of his endless interrogations Roetter's eye fell upon a letter which lay open on the official's writing table, and he read the application of one of his own stenographers for the positions promised to her and one of her colleagues in return for their evidence against him. "They both got their jobs and I had to provide them with references!"(35)

Roetter was then categorized as an 'honourable political prisoner', which meant that his cell was only locked at night and not during the day, and he was allowed to visit other prisoners. He was moved to a wider cell, no.16, which he learned was where Gregor Strasser, leader of the 'socialist' wing of the National Socialist German Labour Party, was shot from behind; the bullet marks on the walls testified to this atrocity.(35)

Roetter's wife, Ada, through endless negotiations, had arranged that he be given a medical examination to test his fitness for further incarceration, probably in a concentration camp. Fortunately, this resulted in his being moved to a hospital as he had extremely high blood pressure, which led to the frightful headaches he had been suffering for weeks. Then in the early summer of 1935, he was released from hospital. He cautiously liquidated everything possible, regardless of the loss. "I applied for my discharge as attorney and notary and it comforted me that under overwhelming circumstances I had at least withdrawn from my profession on my own accord In the autumn holidays of 1935, we sent our three boys [- Charles, Dietrich and Jurgen -] to Scotland. Ten days later as soon as we heard of their safe arrival, my wife travelled alone to London When I learned of my wife's safe arrival, I did not return to my apartment or my office. I spent three nights in hotels and then took the train to the Czecho-Slovak border I reached the station from which I intended to cross the frontier. I did not dare to cross it as a regular traveller with a passport. As twilight came I climbed into the mountains. After perhaps an hour's wandering I found myself on the other side of the frontier. I looked back towards my German homeland and knew that I carried in my heart the best she had to give."(45)

As for Thaelmann, there was no escape. He suffered so badly in various concentration camps, mostly in solitary confinement, and then on August 14, 1944, not long before the war was to end, now in Buchenwald Concentration Camp, he was shot by the Nazis in

the back of the head. His wife Rosa was steadfast, and upon her death their daughter, Irma also risked her life to smuggle out Thaelmann's writings, bit by bit. There is now a museum in Hamburg dedicated to Ernst Thaelmann and his writings.

There is much more of great value in what Professor Roetter has written, but let me add one last point. Not one of the members of the Reichstag protested against the forcible exclusion of 107 of their fellow representatives.(293) As for the Church, the Nazis struggled to establish their own church, the German Christians, by every machination known to God, but many of those who grouped themselves under the Council of Brethren of the Old Prussian Union Church stood tall and were themselves arrested or otherwise punished: two thousand Evangelical clergymen and church members. The total number of Protestant clergymen at that time was 17,000, thus nearly twelve per cent had been steadfast in their resistance. At the beginning of May 1939, about 97 Confessional clergy were forcibly prevented from exercising their office, in some cases by expulsion from the towns where they were living, and others by house arrest. More than 60 were forbidden to speak in public.(408) Those steadfast members of the church categorically refused exclusion of non-Aryans from the community of the church.(404) The Aryan paragraph was also applicable to clergy and church officials. Thus the numbers of what the Jews would now term 'righteous Christians' was infinitely higher than an occasional Herr Schindler!

Nazi lawyers maintained that in certain circumstances even the mere act of reading from the pulpit the names of persons under 'protective arrest' might constitute a punishable offence.(376) The radical leader of the Confessional Church, Pastor Martin Niemöller, suffered a tragic fate. "In June 1937 he was arrested, together with over sixty clergymen, because they had announced from their pulpits the names of people who had left the church, and had instituted collections in the church He was kept in custody until his actual trial took place in February 1938 before the Special Court in Berlin. It was held in camera The sentence was seven months' confinement in a fortress and two fines" (396) Since the 'pulpit paragraph' did not include fines, those imposed in addition to the sentence of confinement indicate that Niemöller was found guilty of other punishable offences. "The court showed that it was convinced of Niemöller's

personal integrity by sentencing him to confinement in a fortress instead of ordinary imprisonment. He was regarded as having already served his sentence by his custody before the trial. The Reich Government evidently did not agree, and the Gestapo placed him in a concentration camp." All attempts to secure his release failed, as a condition of his release was that he give a written undertaking never again to speak from a pulpit, and this he steadfastly refused to give.(397) It is Niemöller who made the tragic statement: "First, they came for the Communists, but I was not a Communist, so I did not speak out. Then they came for the Socialists, but I was not one of them, so I did not speak out. Then they came for the Trade Unionists, but I was no Trade Unionist, so I did not speak out. And when they came for me, there was no one left to speak out for me."¹⁷

America lived through its own days of darkness. President Roosevelt's death on April 12, 1945 was the end of a progressive epoch. While the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) had of necessity been silenced during the war years when the US and the Soviet Union were allies against the Nazis, with the opening of the 'Cold War', it was to rebound in 1947.

The House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) was originally established in 1937 with the objective of investigating 'un-American' and 'subversive' activities; thus both right and left-wing groups should have been its concern. However, its Chairman Martin

17. In an interview for a documentary film in the fall of 1983, Pastor Niemöller explained that his statement was not made in the form of a poem but in the course of dialogue with parishioners after a sermon he gave on April 19, 1976 at a parish near Kaiserslautern. The parishioners then asked why he and other Germans did not wake up after the *Kristallnacht* in 1938, the night the Nazis started breaking the glass of Jewish premises. He replied that no one could ask him about 1938, as he was held in a solitary cell by the Nazis since 1937. Concerning the Communists, Trade Unionists, and Social Democrats, he hadn't reacted because he considered it their own affair.

This clarification was given by Anette Neff of the Zentralarchiv der Evangelischen Kirche in Hessen and Nassau in a personal communication dated April 10, 2002. Pastor Niemöller was himself the first President of the Zentralarchiv. This principled pastor, born January 14, 1892, was to live 92 years, to die on March 16, 1984.

Dies was a supporter of the Ku Klux Klan, certainly an un-American activity as the Klan terrorized and even lynched Blacks. So also were other members of the Committee, one of whom, John S. Wood, defended the Klan by arguing that "The threats and intimidations of the Klan are an old American custom, like illegal whisky-making." Eventually, HUAC's chief counsel would decree that the Committee had insufficient data on which to probe the Klan. Instead, it concentrated on investigating alleged communist infiltration of the Federal Writers Project, initiated by President Roosevelt under the New Deal.

What was totally ignored in the hysteria generated by HUAC was the reality of the Hollywood studio system of the 1930s and '40s, a system characterized by hands-on control by studio bosses who shared Sam Goldwyn's sentiment that "If you want to send a message, use Western Union", the American telegram service! Liberalism, rather than communism, may have been the true target of the House Un-American Activities Committee's investigations. The American right-wing wanted to discourage any impulse to make films advocating social change within the US or critical of US policy abroad. The committee's task was to intimidate, firstly, the screenwriters.

The first wave of questionings in Hollywood in 1947 sought names of members of left-wing groups or of those whose thinking was different. Anyone who had been involved in any progressive group was expected to state that they had been misled or confused in the past and were now regretful. The second wave in 1951 and on additionally pressed those called before it to denounce other persons! This period was the infamous McCarthy era.

The investigation of the Motion Picture Industry raked in such eminent writers as Bertolt Brecht. One director and nine screenwriters refused to answer the Committee's questions based on their Fifth Amendment Right under the United States Constitution. But even this constitutionally-enshrined right was not conceded! They were found guilty of contempt of Congress and sentenced to between six and twelve months imprisonment. Over 320 people were placed on a Blacklist which stopped them from working in the entertainment industry, a veritable Who's Who of creative persons and famous screen personalities: Lauren Bacall, Marlon Brando, Charlie Chaplin, Bette Davis, José Ferrer, Henry Fonda, John Garfield, Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Gregory Peck, Sidney Poitier, Anthony

Quinn, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Sinatra, Orson Welles, and on and on. Additionally, about 200 other persons were banished from the film industry in other ways. But not all of the interrogated were heroes and some also denounced their best friends. Elia Kazan (*East of Eden*) is regarded as one of the most eager and notorious informers. And then there was Ronald Reagan, later to become President of the United States, who headed the Screen Actors Guild and kept in touch with the FBI about 'disloyal' actors!¹⁸

Lee J. Cobb, who originally had been blacklisted for refusing to co-operate with the Committee, was later to capitulate. He recalled the terror to which he had been subjected, which led to his wife being institutionalized. "In 1953 the HUAC did a deal with me. I was pretty much worn down. I had no money, I couldn't borrow. I had the expenses of taking care of the children. ... I decided it wasn't worth dying for, and if this ... was the way of getting out of the penitentiary, I'd do it. I had to be employable again."

In 1955, August 15, Pete Seeger testified before the Committee but refused to name other members of left-wing groups with which he had associated. With all of his pride intact, he stated: "I feel that in my whole life I have never done anything of any conspiratorial nature and I resent very much and very deeply the implication of being called before this Committee, that in some way because my opinions may be different from yours, I am any less of an American than anyone else." While another who testified — literally on his hands and knees — begged not to be forced "to really crawl through the mud to be an informer".

Actor John Garfield held leftist views which, with his staunch support of the working class, led to his being targeted by the Committee. He did not co-operate at the hearings and suddenly found it difficult to find work. At the age of 39, he died of coronary thrombosis, attributed to the extreme stress the Committee placed upon him. His funeral in 1952 broke the record set by the attendance at Rudolph Valentino's wake. There were others whose suicides could not be disguised.

18. Georgakas, Dan, "Hollywood Blacklist", in Buhle, Buhle and Georgakas, ed., *Encyclopaedia of the American Left* (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois, 1992).

One of the ironies of that time is that Dalton Trumbo, a blacklisted screenwriter, under the pseudonym 'Robert Rich', won the Oscar for Best Screenplay for *The Brave One* in 1956! There were also some workmates of his who gave their consent to 'authoring' Trumbo's scripts, thereby securing Trumbo's survival. The phenomenon of using phony names and surrogates became the basis of the 1976 film *The Front* starring Woody Allen, written by blacklistee Walter Bernstein, produced and directed by blacklistee Martin Ritt, and featuring blacklisted actors Zero Mostel, John Randolph, Lloyd Gough, Joshua Shelley, and Herschel Bernardi. What the blacklist entailed and its effect on Hollywood generated a large body of writing by those directly involved. Lillian Hellmann's *Scoundrel Time* (1976) and Dalton Trumbo's *The Time of the Toad* (1949) are classics of this genre. And not to be forgotten is Charlie Chaplin's 1957 satirization of HUAC, *A King in New York!* But while scriptwriters might have been able to write under a pseudonym or the names of loyal and willing friends, actors could not change their faces and were unemployable.

If one were to vote for a hero of those times, one might well consider Lionel Stander. In Robert Ward's interview (*TV Guide*, May 16, 1981), Stander made this statement: "When the Committee had me on the stand, I was determined to fight. They told me they wanted me to name names, and I said I'd be happy to name the names of un-Americans who burned crosses in front of Blacks' homes in the South, who desecrated Jewish cemeteries, but the Committee said they didn't want to hear *those* names; so I said they were the un-Americans. As soon as I did that, I knew I was through in the movies. But rather than commit suicide or drink myself to death, I went to Wall Street and became a broker"! From 1952 to 1964 Stander's film career stood still.

Another famous blacklisted writer was Howard Koch who scripted *Casablanca* (1940) for which he won an Oscar. "We were all part of the progressive movement that flourished during the Franklin Roosevelt Presidency, some members of the party, others, like myself, not members but working along with them on good causes to make a better world and also better movies. When Roosevelt died, the reactionary element took over, began to dismantle the New Deal and start the Cold War to stop the spread of socialism here and

abroad. It was simply a class struggle, capitalism taking its stand against socialism (which they misnamed Communism and which doesn't exist). Since I was against war, hot or cold, they had to get rid of me and others like me. It was not personal, there was no malice. We were caught in a historical situation."¹⁹

As for Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, one of the greatest demagogues in the history of the United States, who portrayed communism as a supreme evil and with impunity smeared many with accusations of disloyalty, his bullying, his abusive slandering led finally to his being discredited! Along the way he had collected vast amounts of donations which went into his bank account towards covering his gambling habits. Yet during his heyday it was aptly said 'you're as good as Red' if you attacked his reputation. He died of alcohol-induced cirrhosis on May 2, 1957. He never once was able directly to convict a single suspected communist of a crime! His 'Fight for America' was little more than a cleverly thought out political strategy that took advantage of American hysteria about communism during the Cold War. The American people had been moved from anti-Japanese hysteria to anti-Communist hysteria, all within one generation!

During the early 1950s, when I was 21-24 years old, I keenly felt the shame of the intellectuals who were dragged before the hideous House Un-American Activities Committee where they either had to recant their past thinking or affiliations or be destroyed. To retain their integrity and still be able to feed themselves and their families, some of these creative people moved down into New Jersey farming areas to become chicken farmers. Others gave testimony saying they now 'saw things differently'. One of the victims in the area where my family lived was a Black man who had been in the Civil Service. Smeared as a 'subversive' and evicted from his job, he was unemployable. My friend Hallie Couse²⁰ went to a petrol station owner

19. This letter is quoted in "Black List: A dark chapter in the American film history", available on www.cyanos.ch/black-e.htm.

20. Hallie Couse Schraeger, born December 11, 1930, died November 21, 2001 of multiple sclerosis which caused her to disintegrate over a period of 25 years. In the later years, she lay without the strength to
continued p. 113

and bargained that if he would give that man a job, she would organize the people in the surrounding area to buy their petrol from him, and so the civil servant was employed pumping gas!

Another sign of those times was the case of Jules Feiffer, who had been drafted into the army and was serving at Fort Monmouth at the shore. Jules narrowly missed being cashiered out of the army on a Section 8, meaning mental instability! The socially critical cartoons he drew were incomprehensible to his officers, who found them to be unsuitable for children or for adults! Jules was saved by Hallie's father, Percy Couse, himself an artist, who headed the art department at Fort Monmouth to which he had Jules seconded. After surviving his stint in the army, Jules moved back to New York, possibly to Brooklyn. He submitted his critical cartoons to multiple publishers, all to be rejected. When I last saw him he said he would give them all free to the *Village Voice* and if they wouldn't have them, he would jump into the Brooklyn River! Fortunately, they could value his work and he was saved, if absolutely penniless!²¹

continued n. 20

push a button to call a nurse, and yet through it all she was not only cheerful but played scrabble by looking up into a mirror and telling her partner what to move! Hallie, as a journalist with the *Asbury Park Press*, consistently took the side of the Blacks. Later, when she became aware of muscular dystrophy, an affliction which slowly withers the muscles in the body, much to the annoyance of people like myself who hadn't Hallie's comprehension or compassion, she would pack-up such a sufferer as Huddie Dunn and bring them to house parties! Her attitude towards her own suffering was that "it's very boring to speak about one's health!" May Hallie, my sister-friend, now rest in eternal peace.

21. I left the US in 1954 and returned for the first time in 1960. I phoned Jules when I was in New York, and he rushed to see me. But I was stunned when he made me sit down to receive the shock he would give me: 'Shirle, I'm famous!', and he showed me his *Sick, Sick, Sick* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1956), which had been my commentary on the society. He had been afraid that as he became more and more appreciated he would soft-pedal, but instead his criticism became more strident. But what horrified him was that like the criticism of Lenny Bruce, the public craved the catharsis but didn't change, he just became more famous and rich!

To Professor Roetter this hostility to divergent views was more of the same. He had been through it in Germany, and now it was encroaching in the United States. He pushed me to read books that had hardly been seen in American colleges. When the Veterans began returning from the Korean War and enrolled in night school at the college, Roetter forced me to be their lecturer. This was not easy as these were men who had killed. He wanted me to go on to do my Masters in Political Science and then to return to take over the Department of Political Science as he was getting on in years. I went on to Columbia University, and it was there that I was given the sad news that he suddenly had a heart attack and died. I was later to learn that one of his students had informed on him to the Dean, quoting some of the many anti-McCarthy, anti-Fascist statements he had made in all conscience, trying to wake up the youth to what the end of this could be. When he was called to the Dean's office and confronted, he lifted his cane into the air, shook it, and shouted: "God damn Fascists", had a heart attack, which was to lead to his death on October 24, 1953. I salute you, my dear principled professor, now and ever.



Class of 1943, Wanamasa Grammar School.



November 1949: Lt.-Rt. Brother Edward, Mother Erna Kreuder, Father Clarence Edward Gordon, and the author.



1946: The author in her teens.



1948: The author's college friends.



1951: Discussing UN Resolutions and the Palestine Question with the Egyptian Ambassador to the UN.

Newark Sunday News
MAGAZINE

Section V

September 14, 1951

CAMPUS PREVIEW

Last throes of Summer starts annual
back-to-college moves on all fronts
JED PHOENIX



1951: Upsala College room-mates; top rt. dear friend, Roslyn Gervasio.

Upsala Campus Saddened By Sudden Death Of Dr. Roetter

Representatives of the Kappa Beta Phi fraternity of Upsala College served last Tuesday as honorary pallbearers at the committal service for Dr. Friedrich Roetter, 65, Upsala professor of political science and economics, who died suddenly last Saturday morning. The service was conducted by the Rev. Luther Anderson of the First Lutheran Church of East Orange at Restland Cemetery, Hanover, New Jersey.

Dr. Roetter was born in Berlin and received his degree of Doctor Utriusque Juris (Doctor of Law) in 1912 from the University of Jena, Germany. Serving as Assistant Public Prosecutor of Berlin and as an attorney at the Supreme Court of Prussia, he taught law at the University of Berlin until 1935, when he was taken into custody by the Nazis for anti-Nazi activities. However, he managed to escape Germany with his family, fleeing to England, where he served as a lecturer and in 1939 wrote his book, "Might is Right."

Coming to the United States soon after, he lectured at the University of Wisconsin, where he earned a Doctor of Philosophy in political science. During World War II, Dr. Roetter served as foreign press reader and analyst for the Office of Strategic Services in Washington.

In 1947, he came to Upsala as an instructor in the economics department and it was not long



DR. FRIEDRICH ROETTER

before he won the admiration and respect of his students. In 1952, he became a full professor of political science and economics.

Dr. Roetter had been a member of the Political Science Academy, the Association of International Law, and the American Association of University Professors.

Among his survivors are his wife, Ada, and three sons, Charles of London, England; Dietrich of Ripon, Wisconsin, and Jurgen of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The chapel service at Upsala last Tuesday was held in memoriam for the late professor. L. Dale Lund, college chaplain, conducted the service.



1953: Fellows of Johnson Hall, Columbia University, on the left is the author's particular friend, Conchita Dalupan Sebastian from the Philippines.



1954 November: The author in Turkey on her way to Egypt with fellows John Joseph and Hussein Kazemzadeh; Safedin, a Turk, on her right and John on her left.

IV

This book was written with indignation — indignation wrapped from time to time in the silk of irony. It declares that international treaties are a farce when they are pacted between a Shark and a Sardine. It denounces the Pan-American system of diplomacy — valuable instrument at the service of the Shark. It denounces the Pan-American idea of 'allegiance to the hemisphere' — juridic device that will inevitably lead to the establishing of an empire from Pole to Pole. It denounces the relentless and immense siphoning-off of wealth from South to North. It denounces the existence of the terrible syndicate of millionaires, whose interests lie even outside the United States. It denounces the subordination of the White House to this syndicate. It denounces the conversion of your military into vulgar policemen for the big syndicates.

This book, friends of the North, has been read all over Latin America. Read it now, yourselves, and accept it as a voice of alarm addressed to the great North American people who are still unaware of how many crimes have been committed in their name.

Juan José Arévalo,
The Shark and the Sardines

1952-54 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: COUNTER-REVOLUTION IN IRAN AND GUATEMALA

AT that time in New York City, the New School for Social Research continued as a refuge for many anti-Nazi European professors. But the New School also succumbed to McCarthyism. In the cafeteria, the walls were painted with murals by the famous Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (and perhaps also by Diego Rivera, I can't quite remember). To survive threats to its existence, the administration covered these with thick burlap, weighted at the bottom so you could hardly lift them to view the revolutionary paintings.

At Columbia one of the lecturers who had claimed the Americans were using germ warfare in Korea was harassed. The House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), and then a comparable Senate Committee, penetrated most universities, but at Columbia on advice from a Yale Law Professor, the Public Law and Government Society organized to block such committees on the grounds that the power to investigate proceeds from the power to legislate, and the Federal Government has no power to legislate on education. The administration agreed, and Columbia was not violated.

One of the courses at Columbia from which I learned most and most enjoyed was titled 'Imperialism'. It was taught by Professor Nathaniel Peffer.¹ He was a charming man, who opened his course by literally skipping across the front of the lecture room and cheer-

1. Nathaniel Peffer was born in 1890. A man of immense knowledge, in 1927 he published his first of many works: *The White Man's Dilemma; Climax of the Age of Imperialism* (New York: The John Day Co., 1927). He was Professor of International Relations of the Faculty of Political Science at Columbia for many years and became Professor Emeritus in 1958. His only degree was a B.A. from the University of Chicago in 1911! Columbia University Library lists 10 of his publications.

fully saying: "I wonder which one of you will inform on me", a reasonable doubt in the age of McCarthyism and the various House Un-American Activities Committees which were in their heyday. He then went on to say that he wanted us to be without fear in writing whatever essays he might require of us and, accordingly, if we intended to get a job with the State Department or with any other US agency, we should mark our papers 'Top Secret', and so he went on enunciating a sliding scale of secrecy, according to a student's aspirations. He was absolutely serious in saying this. And did any student ever inform on this anti-imperialist professor? I really wouldn't know. But those were the days of 'patriotic' informants, so it's quite possible someone would have rushed to denounce.

I remember two students doing Public Law and Government at that time; one was Steve — I can't recall his surname — and another was his sidekick whose name may have been Bill or Bob Richardson. On the night the Rosenbergs were to be electrocuted, June 21, 1953, these students took me with them to a vigil that was being held in Washington Square. I only remember cameras being thrust into our faces; whatever arm of the US security they were, they filmed everyone who was present. That couple, Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, had two sons, Michael, then 10 years old and Robert, who was just six. A family, I do not remember if they were relatives, who lived in Tom's River at the New Jersey shore, took the boys into their home, but there was an outcry that they should not even be allowed to attend public schools.²

These inquisitorial committees with their abusive demands for confessions and betrayals of colleagues and friends, their contentions

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2. I don't know if this was the Meeropol family which finally adopted and raised the boys. As government documents and other papers have been released in recent years, evidence has mounted of judicial misconduct. See: *We are Your Sons: The Legacy of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg* by Robert and Michael Meeropol (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1975). Robert connects the execution of his parents with other class-biased and politically and racially motivated uses of the death penalty. He cites the case of Mumia Abu-Jamal. Robert is the founder of the Rosenberg Fund for Children which aids children whose parents have been targeted in the course of their progressive activities.

of 'guilt by association', led to some suicides and all too often to the ruination of prominent careers. If one refused to answer an often loaded question on the constitutional grounds of the right not to incriminate oneself, the assumption was you were a communist, or in the very least 'un-American'! Yes, you had a constitutionally enshrined right to refuse to incriminate yourself, but that right would be exercised at the cost of your job, so what kind of 'right' was that? In *The New York Times*, December 3, 1952, p. 19, is a report on the 'privilege pleaders' at the UN. Nine US-citizen members of the UN secretariat were put on "compulsory leave as a result of their refusal to answer queries that might incriminate them". Their dismissal was recommended by UN Secretary General Trygve Lie. "At least four other members of the secretariat were dismissed outright after balky performances before the Senate subcommittee ..."

Republican Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph R. McCarthy, and his lawyer Roy Cohn were the antithesis of the fair-play America is supposed to be about. It was sweet justice that in the popular 'See it Now' hosted by Edward R. Murrow, a man pilloried by McCarthy for having visited the Soviet Union many years earlier as a member of a youth group, McCarthy was shown shouting that a witness be dragged out of the hearing room, which contributed to bringing about a revulsion in everyday Americans. Cohn, who would defame without limits, ended his life disbarred and died of AIDS in 1986.

When I first applied to Columbia, I still had the intention to do law. I had gone down to Washington DC to the Supreme Court to sit and listen to the Black attendants, not to judges, nor to lawyers, but to the attendants who shared with me the attitudes and idiosyncrasies of the various judges. They whispered to me that Justice William O. Douglas was the only Justice ever to have taken on a woman to be his Clerk, and Justice O. Douglas was a graduate of Columbia.³ I actually visualized myself fighting cases up to the Supreme Court and eventually being on the bench!

3. When in 1965 I edited a book on *Islamic Law in Malaya*, I was only too pleased to send a copy to that progressive Justice and to receive his letter in acknowledgement. Earlier, I received his letter re MSRI's research journal *Intisari*, which is printed in the letters section of v. 1, 2.

Before I left Upsala, for a course on logic, I had done a semantic interpretation of the American Constitution and learned that indeed, as said by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'words are merely the skin of thought'. For instance, the American Constitution specifies the right of 'freedom of contract'. This phrase was used to declare unconstitutional a minimum wage law, saying it violated the freedom of the worker to contract his work for whatever amount he might be ready to accept. Years later, Justice Louis Brandeis (1856-1941) introduced a sociological brief wherein he argued that 'freedom of contract' presupposes some equality of bargaining power and that without a minimum wage law the worker has no bargaining position from which freely to contract his labour. Thus did the minimum wage law pass the Supreme Court. Phrase by studied phrase, I realized that the meaning of the Constitution was substantially reflective of one's level of consciousness, and little more.

But when I applied to Columbia Law School, I was rejected on the grounds of the low mark I took in Algebra, indicating that I was not sufficiently logical to study law, but with sufficient brain power to be accepted into Public Law and Government! I very much wanted to do African Studies, if I could not do law, hopefully to understand the roots of the American Black people. However, at that time there was no African studies programme on the east coast. I could have studied in England, but I could not leave America as my Mother would have been alone since during the Korean War my Brother had been drafted into the army.⁴ Realizing that Islam spread into Africa, I concentrated on Middle Eastern/Islamic Studies.

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4. When Edward's IQ was tested by the Army, it was of such a high level that they wanted to put him into cryptography. But when his name was sent for top security clearance, it was rejected. I was the logical scapegoat: it was all because of his sister's activism! Years later, the truth came out, and it had nothing to do with me. It was because when he was a kid and working in a horse ranch, he had taken a saddle. When my Father found it, he did not just insist Edward return the saddle, but proudly marched him to the Police Station to make a 'no defense' report on himself! This was despite my Mother's imploring him not to do so. And so Edward, as a young kid, gained a criminal record, which blocked his whole development; proud day for Daddy!

I found classical 'Arabic very difficult, as I had no background in the language — in fact I had never even heard the language before — whereas there were other students who were of 'Arab descent, who spoke 'Arabic at home, such as Claire Nader, sister of Ralph Nader, and a man, William Sands, perhaps in his late 30s or 40s, who had been in the State Department, served in Saudi 'Arabia, and spoke fluent classical 'Arabic. Bill became very kind to me and tried to help me along. *Vis-à-vis* Palestine I cannot forget his telling me how, when the United Nations partitioned Palestine, King Ibn Sa'ud of Saudi 'Arabia (r. 1902-53) called him in and insisted he inform the American government of the assurance he had been given by President Roosevelt which would prohibit this from ever happening. He was a desert 'Arab, and in his mind he took someone's word as their bond, which, although Roosevelt was now dead, should be binding on the inheritors, and Bill was mortally ashamed. This was one of the reasons Bill Sands left the State Department, accumulated shame. Another was his sense of overwhelming hypocrisy when, as an official of the State Department, he had to deliver a eulogy, as I recall for a North African potentate. Bill was a sensitive man who struggled to be honest with himself. He was born in the American South and like many White southerners came to know he had a Black relative, a Black Dr. Sands. He knew he should come to know him, but hesitated wondering if his Uncle would equally want to know him. I many times urged him to put his courage in his mouth and go, but I don't know if he ever did. Years later when, perhaps foolishly, I declined Professor Majid Khadduri's offer to be the Director of the Middle East Institute at Washington, Bill was given the job and remained there until his death.

While I was still at Upsala, the American Association for the United Nations organized a seminar at Montclair State Teachers' College on the functions of the United Nations to which I was given a scholarship. When they were discussing the Security Council and the major issues that had been considered there, they came to the question of Palestine. During the discussion, a man jumped up, shouted abusively and ran out of the room. I ran after him asking why he did that. He in turn asked what I planned to do that weekend, and as I had nothing in particular to do and would just be there at the college, he proposed I listen to him in order to

understand why. And so was I inducted into a crash course on the history of Palestine by the Egyptian Ambassador to the UN. At Columbia, Palestine was to become one of my subjects.

Iran was also one of the countries of my concentration. I studied under two Persian professors, one for the subject of Intellectual Trends in Iran, and the other for Persian Language and Literature. Persian poet and scholar, Professor Lotfali Suratgar, from the fabled Shiraz, was to teach me. I can never forget the day that class opened. There I sat, the only student. Suratgar came in, looked down at me and exclaimed: "Have I come all the way from Iran to teach *you!*" One could empathize with his chagrin. As he taught me generously, so I became his handmaiden, taking the subway I loathed downtown to buy his tins of English cigarettes and other such personal items. He smoked incessantly, letting the ashes dribble down on his suit. He had two pairs of glasses, one for reading and the other for distance, and we commented that he needed a third pair to find the other two!

One evening he took me and fellow student Richard Weekes out for dinner and the theatre. When we reached Times Square with its six or eight lanes of traffic, there was a man, apparently drunk, standing in between the lanes on the opposite side, his body wavering as the cars swished by. I dodged cars to cross at least four lanes, grabbed the man, held him fast and manoeuvred him across the remaining lanes to the sidewalk. Suratgar and Richard just watched! After that, we continued on to the theatre, where I fell unconscious on the floor. Suratgar was astounded, saying he had thought that act had cost me nothing; only then did he realize it had drained all my strength.

Suratgar was to recommend me for an Iranian government scholarship, which was approved by the Dr. Mossadegh government. My Father enjoyed telling all and sundry that my scholarship went out the door with Dr. Mossadegh when he fled in his pyjamas! But to me and others, who were conscious of the issues, it was far from a laughing matter. It was a national tragedy for Iran and its oppressed people and a shame to the United States.

I took a course in International Law with Professor Dr. Philip C. Jessup, a leading authority. Although from January 1948 and until the end of 1952, Jessup was US Ambassador at Large, who

President Truman said contributed to "the security of our country and the peace of the world", he, too, was targeted by McCarthy! I was Jessup's student in 1953 or '54, well after May 1, 1951 when Iranian Premier Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh⁵ nationalized the British-controlled Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (AIOC). During one class discussion, I stood up to ask Professor Jessup how the Supreme Court of 'Aden could have ruled in favour of AIOC in the January 1953 case of the *Rose Mary* (which British naval vessels had forced into British 'Aden in June 1952 where the colonial authorities impounded its cargo), given that the International Court of Justice had ruled there was no valid reason for preventing the shipment of oil from Iran. Further, AIOC lost all the suits they filed in the courts of Venice and Tokyo, both in 1953 (later in 1954, they would also lose in Rome). Thus the 'Aden court decision against the owners of the 632-ton Panamanian freighter, *Rose Mary*, which was carrying 1,000 tons of Iranian crude on behalf of an Italian company, was the only denial of Iran's national rights. I have forgotten the precise words with which Jessup responded, but it led me openly to say: "So the issue is power", and he answered, "Yes". Realizing there was no such thing as 'International Law', I informed him I was resigning from his class and left.

Yet more effective than court decisions was the notice issued by the international oil cartel that shipping firms which provided tankers for the transport of Iranian oil would get no more shipping orders from the cartel's affiliated companies. As a result, total oil exports during 1952 and the first six months of 1953 amounted to only the equivalent of one day's production under AIOC: 118,000 tons, compared to 31 million tons in 1950, the last year of AIOC's operations. During the entire life of Dr. Mossadegh's government no more than 40 tankers took the risk of loading Iranian oil. The

5. Dr. Mossadegh was known as a deeply religious man. Despite his wealth, he led a simple, almost ascetic life. He was highly emotional and frequently broke into tears and sometimes fainted when giving political orations. He was educated in France, Belgium and Switzerland and held a Doctor of Laws degree from the University of Neuchatel in Switzerland. He was married to Princess Zia Saltaneh in 1903 and had five children.

power of the cartel was such that US Senator Neely, in the 1957 hearings on 'emergency oil', would be led to remark: "When it comes to matters affecting profits and self-interest of the major oil companies, the oil lobby appears to be more powerful than the President, the Congress, and the people. Examples of this power are numerous."⁶

Nationalization brought the withdrawal of British personnel who had held the majority of high-ranking technical jobs, and Iran was unable to recruit technical personnel from other countries to replace them. Nor could Iran secure tankers to transport its oil; 73 per cent of the world's tankers being controlled either by AIOC or other major oil companies, and Iran had no tankers of its own. A consideration for those who might have thought to purchase was the effect heavily-discounted Iranian oil would have on the structure of the Middle East petroleum market. And then there were British naval vessels stationed in the waters of the Persian Gulf as a further deterrent to would-be buyers. As for the world's largest oil companies, they were tied together by a series of interlocking directorates and engaged in production restrictions and price fixing.

Dr. Mossadegh's government worked tirelessly to encourage non-oil exports, such as agricultural products and carpets, and managed to keep budget deficits to a minimum notwithstanding that the impact of the loss of foreign exchange was 'more abrupt and severe' than that endured by practically any other oil-producing country in history. Although the Iranian people were burdened with increased taxes and duties, most bore these burdens willingly as a small price to pay for the nation's chance to control its own oil.⁷

The US government actively discouraged all and sundry from in any way assisting Iran. US officials saw the boycott as a way to extract concessions from Dr. Mossadegh. When it became clear he

6. Joint Hearing on Emergency Oil, 1957; cited in Walden, Jerrold L., "The International Petroleum Cartel in Iran: Private Power & Public Interest," *Journal of Public Law*, II, 1 (Spring 1962) 102.

7. See Heiss, Mary Ann, "Stolen Oil? The International Boycott of Iranian Petroleum and the Government of Mohammad Mossadeq", Educational, Research and Cultural Department of the Foreign Ministry of the Islamic Republic of Iran.

would not compromise on principle, the US looked forward to the collapse of his government and the appointment of someone who would serve Western interests. But then US officials created a 'self-fulfilling' prophecy. Firstly, they supported the boycott, then they became alarmed with its expected result which would be the economic collapse they had looked forward to, and as time went on they prophesied that such a collapse would lead Iran to fall to Communism! Having set this scenario in motion, on the basis of blocking the expansion of Communism — this was the Cold War epoch — they sponsored a CIA *coup* in August 1953!

Under a subhead "How to Starve on Thirty Million Tons of Oil a Year", Bahman Nirumand⁸ speaks of the conditions in Iran in 1951 when Dr. Mossadegh nationalized the oil. Ninety per cent of the people were illiterate; the economy had gone from bad to worse, with poverty and famine shaking the land, hygienic conditions were so catastrophic that malaria and trachoma were endemic, and more than 80 per cent of Iran's population suffered chronic malnutrition. Average calorie intake per capita had dropped from 2010 in 1934-9 to 1811 in 1946-9, the lowest in the whole of the Middle East, and 70 per cent of this intake consisted of bread. Every second infant died, and life expectancy of a peasant was 27 years. There were not enough hospitals, and half of all physicians practised in Teheran, the capital. Even within the city of Abadan near the splendid installations of the oil company, ugly slums developed, which the foreign employees of the company contemptuously called the tent town, straw town, or shack town. People lived in similar conditions within the capital city. *The New York Times* in May 1951 reported on housing conditions in the south of Teheran where 200,000 persons were living in underground caves and overcrowded mud huts that were like rabbit-hutches.

The disproportion between the people's poverty and the continuous rise in oil output was blatant: output had trebled between 1938 and 1950. The company made a profit of 180-200 million pounds in 1950 alone, while the Iranian government received only

8. *Iran: The New Imperialism in Action* (New York: Monthly Review, 1969) 43-5.

16 million pounds or barely 9 per cent as its share, plus taxes. The company's net profit during 1950 exceeded the total received by the Iranian government as its share during the preceding 50 years (114 million pounds)! The British government collected more from the company in just taxes than the government of Iran received as its contractual share!

The Iranian government charged the company with the fraudulent conversion of profits, the withdrawal of the oil industry from the entire economic process, the disregard of the contract provisos for the training of specialists and the demand for the replacement of foreign workers by Iranians, and so on. Needless to say, all installations and social establishments in Abadan were available only to British citizens.

In this context, it's understandable that Dr. Mossadegh annulled the 1933 contract and nationalized the oil industry, signifying national liberation from a century of British tutelage. The Iranian people refused to accept the continuance of 'oppression disguised as a contract'; if need be, they were ready to shut down the oil industry and do without profits. The Bill to nationalize the oil industry was passed unanimously by the Iranian Parliament in April 1951 and on April 30th Dr. Mossadegh was elected Prime Minister by a large parliamentary majority. The irony is that it was a British Labour government, which had nationalized many important industries in its own country, which did not hesitate to threaten military force against a country that had no resources other than its oil for its economic and cultural development!

Britain also used the 'threat' of the Tudeh, the Communist Party of Iran, to push US policy from arbitration to execution. During the years 1942-48, General Norman Schwarzkopf of the New Jersey State Police had been in Iran training police troops for the Shah. He returned in 1953, now as a member of CIA, to help organize a *coup*. Less than a week after a secret conference between the Shah and Schwarzkopf, Dr. Mossadegh was overthrown. Schwarzkopf worked with CIA's Kim Roosevelt, who co-ordinated the overthrow, the return of the Shah, and the installation as Prime Minister of Schwarzkopf's assistant, Maj.-Gen. Fazlollah Zahedi, who had spent World War II interned by the British as a Nazi

sympathizer.⁹ Initially their plan miscarried and the Shah fled to Baghdad and then to Rome. However, on the morning of August 19, a mob bought and paid for by the CIA, armed with knives and clubs, marched to the centre of the city shouting, 'down with Mossadegh' and proudly displaying their dollar bills.

At Dr. Mossadegh's subsequent trial, he presented a document showing that the day before American agents had cashed cheque no. 703352 of the Melli Iran Bank for USD 390,000/- made payable to Edward G. Donnally, being the equivalent of 32,643,000 Iranian rials. But apparently this sum was insufficient and about USD 19 million was spent by the CIA to bring about Dr. Mossadegh's downfall. There was a disgusting photograph in the US press of Dr. Mossadegh fleeing from his house in what they termed his pyjamas. This was all part of CIA's intention "to make a laughing stock of him". The Shah happily declared

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9. "Kermit ('Kim') Roosevelt, a grandson of President Theodore Roosevelt and cousin of Archie Roosevelt, had parlayed a reputation for physical courage into a virtually unique standing with both revolutionary and traditional leaders in the 'Arab countries and Iran, the anti-Shah Qashqai tribal leaders in Iran as well as the Shah, himself, the progressive princes in Saudi 'Arabia as well as old King Ibn Sa'ud, and so on. He had joined the CIA frankly for reasons of adventure, only to find that the CIA, as such, had so many restrictions on it that it was about as adventurous as the Fish and Wildlife Division of the Department of the Interior. Thus, when his old friend General Bedell Smith became Director of CIA, he arranged to get himself loaned to Secretary Dulles's personal staff to carry out missions in the tradition of Lanny Budd of the Upton Sinclair novels, the last of which was Operation Ajax in August 1953, when he almost single-handedly called pro-Shah forces on to the streets of Teheran and supervised their riots so as to oust Mossadegh and restore the Shah, who had fled to Rome. The 'peaceful revolution' project in Egypt in 1951-2 had been Roosevelt's first such mission." (Copeland, Miles, *The Game of Nations: The Amoralty of Power Politics* (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 5th edn. 1970) 51. See also Copeland's *The Game Player, Confessions of the CIA's original political operative* (London: Aurum Press, 1989) 187-191.

August 19 to be Nation Day commemorating Dr. Mossadegh's fall. Thus did Iran have to wait another 25 years to remove the Shah and to establish a national government under Ayatullah Khomeini.

Dr. Mossadegh was put on trial by a military court, which in fact had no jurisdiction. Unbowed, in his last defence, in the thirty-fourth and penultimate session of the court on December 19, 1953, he said:

My only crime, and my great — even greater — crime, is that I nationalized the Iranian oil industry, and removed the network of colonialism, and the political and economic influence of the greatest empire on earth from this land ... My life, reputation, person and property — and those of others like me — do not have the slightest value compared with the lives, the independence, the greatness and the pride of millions of Iranians, and the future generations of this people ...¹⁰

It was a foregone conclusion that Dr. Mossadegh would be found guilty as charged. He was given a three-year sentence, rather than death because the law forbade the execution of those aged over 60. After his solitary confinement imprisonment, he was put under house arrest, guarded for the rest of his life. The brave Dr. Mossadegh died fourteen years later, in 1967.

During the time previous to Dr. Mossadegh's overthrow, the Public Law and Government Society of Columbia University and the Middle East Society, which I chaired, consistently supported Iran in its nationalization of the oil, while Kermit Roosevelt, Copeland and other CIA operatives bloodied their hands.

When the term closed in June, students in area studies were descended upon by the various agencies of the US power structure — from the State Department to CIA, and others — which set up booths and called in pre-selected students for interviews. Obviously, when they did their initial screening, one of their criteria would have been political orthodoxy, and I'm proud to say that despite my grades averaging B/B+ and my having been a student leader — or for that very reason — I was not one of the 'chosen people'.

10. Katouzian, Homa, *Musaddiq and the Struggle for Power in Iran* (London: I.B. Tauris & Co., 1990) 200.

Iran was not the only horror of those times. From June 16-27, 1954, we lived through the horror of witnessing the overthrow of democratically-elected Jacobo Arbenz Guzman of Guatemala in another CIA-orchestrated *coup*, now on behalf of the United Fruit Company (UFC). Guatemala was the original 'banana republic'. Prior to 1870, bananas were unknown in the United States. Their commercial planting began in Costa Rica. With plantations also in Colombia, Cuba, Jamaica, Nicaragua, Panama, Santo Domingo and Guatemala, UFC became the largest banana company in the world.

In 1901, the Guatemalan dictator Cabrera granted UFC the exclusive right to transport postal mail between Guatemala and the US, and the Guatemalan Railroad Company was formed as a UFC subsidiary. United Fruit's Guatemalan operation generated about 25 per cent of the company's total production. UFC gained control of virtually all means of transport and communications. It charged a tariff on every item of freight moved in and out of the country via Puerto Barrios. For many years, the coffee growers of Guatemala paid very high tariffs, accounting for the high price of Guatemalan coffee on the world market. UFC was exempt from all taxes for 99 years! It had the unconditional support of right-wing dictators who maintained their power by terrorizing the people and arresting prominent citizens who were either killed on the spot or tortured in prison to extract confessions.

On June 29, 1944, when large-scale demonstrations broke out against the dictatorship of Jorge Ubico, they were viciously suppressed by the Army, killing a few hundred people, which served to bring on further demonstrations. Ubico was forced to resign and was succeeded by General Francisco Ponce. But when Ponce declared elections and Dr. Juan José Arévalo Bermej (d. 1990), a socialist and educator, returned from exile to run against him, he ordered Arévalo's arrest. This brought Captain Jacobo Arbenz and Major Francisco Arana to revolt. They killed their superior officers and distributed arms to some anti-Ponce students. Other

officers quickly joined and attacked pro-Ponce military and police forces.

Ponce and Ubico were forced to flee the country and Arbenz and Arana created a provisional junta under which the Guatemalan Bar Association wrote a new liberal constitution. "Censorship ended; the President could only be elected for one term; men and women were declared equal before the law; racial discrimination was declared a crime; higher education was to be free of governmental control; private monopolies were banned; workers were assured a 40-hour week; payment in coupons were forbidden; and labour unions were legalized."¹¹

Arévalo won the election and attempted to bring an age of reform to Guatemala. He promoted advanced social legislation to raise living standards among the working class and peasants and to protect the have-nots in the courts, and to his great credit he built 6,000 schools, and the country made progress in health care. His programme so infuriated the United Fruit Company that such vested interests tried thirty-one times to overthrow him. But all those conspiracies — one of which employed tanks and heavy ammunition to shell the Presidential Palace — were defeated by the Guatemalan people's overwhelming defence of their government. In 1951, having completed his term, Arévalo stepped down and went into voluntary exile, serving again as a professor at the University of Venezuela in Caracas.

Arévalo was succeeded by Arbenz who received 65 per cent of the vote and took power in March 1951. Arbenz pushed the construction of a government-run port to compete with United Fruit's Puerto Barrios; attempted to break the transportation monopoly by building a highway to the Atlantic Ocean; planned to build a hydroelectric plant to offer a cheaper energy alternative to the American-controlled electricity monopoly; and intended to institute a tax on income.

At that time just 2.2 per cent of the population owned over 70 per cent of the land, and only 10 per cent was available for

11. The above two paragraphs are based on information from <http://www.unitedfruit.org/>, organized by Ian Read.

90 per cent of the population, mostly indigenous Maya.¹² The bulk of the land held by large landowners was unused. Arbenz brought agrarian reform in 1952 which expropriated uncultivated portions of large plantations and distributed these to landless peasants who were neither allowed to sell nor gain profit through speculation. Compensation was based on declared tax values. United Fruit,

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12. Five or six million Maya form the majority of Guatemala's population. They identify with the broader community of eight or nine million Maya scattered across Mexico, Belize and Honduras, as well as Guatemala. Since the violent Spanish conquest of Guatemala in the 1520s, the Maya have waged a determined struggle to defend themselves and their culture against the oppression of the *ladinos*, those with Hispanic affiliations. The oppression has included genocide through wholesale massacres and epidemics. While Spanish is Guatemala's official language, the Maya speak one of 21 Maya languages. Though conquered in the name of Christianity, many continue to perform ritual worship at shrines in the mountains, and many wear one of over 100 brightly-coloured, home-woven outfits with designs derived from the hieroglyphic symbols on the stelae of their ancestors' lost cities.

In 1991, according to the Guatemalan government's planning agency SEGEPLAN, 89 per cent of the Maya lived in poverty, unable to meet basic needs and of these, 67 per cent lived in extreme poverty unable to meet even food costs. At the root of this poverty is land distribution. The seizure of land was the basis of Spanish conquest, and expropriation continues today. Guatemala has the most inequitable distribution of land in Latin America. In 1988, 98 per cent of indigenous families were landless or did not own seven hectares, the minimum necessary to support the average rural family. Highland Maya are forced to work as day labourers on coastal plantations, harvesting coffee, cotton and sugar-cane. Minimum wage rates are not enforced, and malaria and sickness from air-sprayed pesticide is rampant.

In the last 30 years, an estimated 50,000 Maya have been killed by the military or have 'disappeared', and there have been numerous cases of extrajudicial detention and torture. The military deliberately undermined their social structures by resettling them away from their traditional lands, incarcerating them in re-education camps and 'model villages' and by replacing traditional social structures with quasi-military ones. Up to 500,000 Maya remain obliged to do much of the army's footwork by patrolling in militias known as civil patrols. (See "The Maya of Guatemala", *MRG Profile*, no. 3, September 1994.)

which had vastly underdeclared the value of their landholdings, protested that this was insufficient! The company owned 550,000 acres on the Atlantic Coast, 85 per cent uncultivated, and became the reform's main target.

UFC complained to its many friends in the US government, including President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, waving the red flag: 'Guatemala had turned communist'. The US State Department embarked on a major public relations campaign to convince the American people that Guatemala was a 'Soviet satellite'. Allen Dulles, then head of CIA, had served on UFC's Board of Trustees, and the company's Public Relations Officer was the husband of Ann Whitman, Eisenhower's Private Secretary. Ed Whitman produced a film "Why the Kremlin Hates Bananas" that pictured UFC fighting in the front trenches of the Cold War! The company's success in linking the taking of its land to international communism was described by an UFC official as "The Disney version of the episode".¹³

Their campaign succeeded, and in 1954 the CIA orchestrated a *coup*. The invading force numbered only 150 men, but the CIA convinced the Guatemalan public and President Arbenz that a major invasion was under way. CIA set up a clandestine radio station to carry out propaganda, jammed all Guatemalan stations and hired skilled American pilots to bomb strategic points in Guatemalan cities. Arbenz, convinced that resistance would bring on a bloodbath, announced his resignation over the radio:

They have used the pretext of anti-communism. The truth is very different. The truth is to be found in the financial interests of the fruit company and other US monopolies which have invested great amounts of money in Latin America and fear that the example of Guatemala would be followed by other Latin countries ... I was elected by a majority of the people of Guatemala, but I have had to fight under difficult conditions. The truth is that the sovereignty of a people cannot be maintained without the material elements to defend

13. LaFeber, Walter, *Inevitable Revolutions: The United States in Central America*, 2nd edn. (New York: W.W. Norton, 1993) 120-1.

it. I took over the presidency with great faith in the democratic system, in liberty and the possibility of achieving economic independence for Guatemala. I continue to believe that this programme is just. I have not violated my faith in democratic liberties, in the independence of Guatemala and in all the good which is the future of humanity ...¹⁴

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14. Schlesinger, Stephen, and Kinzer, Stephen, *Bitter Fruit* (New York: Anchor Press, 1990) 200. The personal history of Jacobo Arbenz Guzman (1913-1971) is more than tragic. Born in Guatemala of a Swiss immigrant and a woman of the country, he grew up as a member of a small middle-class community. He was raised by his mother, as his father, a drug addict, committed suicide when he was young. Arbenz graduated from the Military Academy in 1936 where he was to become a teacher of Science and History. Initially indifferent to politics, he was radicalized when he met Maria Cristina Vilanova from a wealthy, traditional family in El Salvador, whom he was to marry. Gradually Arbenz became convinced of the need for change in Guatemalan society.

After the 1954 CIA *coup*, Arbenz led a tragic life in exile. From Mexico, the family went to Switzerland where as a child of a Swiss citizen he thought he could get residency, but the Swiss insisted he first renounce his Guatemalan citizenship, which he refused to do. They then moved to Paris where they lived under the watchful eyes of the French police, and again they left. He thought to settle in Czechoslovakia, the most cosmopolitan country in Eastern Europe, but the Czechs did not welcome him, and he pushed on to Moscow where the family found it impossible to adapt. Finally, Uruguay agreed to give him asylum on condition he not be involved in politics and report weekly to the police. Under these odious restrictions he lived in Montevideo from 1957 to 1960. In that year Castro invited him to live in Cuba, and he immediately accepted. By then he had serious personal and family problems. His eldest daughter who had refused to follow him and stayed on in Paris, later killed herself, which devastated Arbenz. In 1970, Mexico finally gave him permanent asylum, but one year later, at the age of 58, it is alleged he 'drowned in his bathtub'. His wife then returned to El Salvador, but when civil war broke out there, she moved back to Paris. (Ref. <http://www.unitedfruit.org/>, information organized by Ian Read).

It was only in October 1995 that the remains of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman were returned to his beloved Guatemala — 41 years after the CIA *coup* — where 100,000 people attended his funeral and paid him homage.

Arbenz handed over power to Colonel Carlos Diaz, but under US pressure he resigned. CIA-installed Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas reversed Arbenz's agrarian reforms, and outlawed political, labour, and peasant organizations. On July 19, 1954, Castillo created the National Committee of Defence Against Communism and decreed the Preventive Penal Law Against Communism to repress those who had supported Arbenz when he was in power.

Guatemala was thrown back into the dark ages and the stage was set for the next 42 years of repression and killing. As part of their efforts in the *coup*, the CIA made a list of 70,000 'questionable individuals', which the Guatemalan government often referred to during the long years of civil war that only came to an end in 1996. During that black period more than 200,000 civilians were killed.

The CIA record on the *coup* runs to about 180,000 pages. In the limited portion released, it is shown that the planning of the *coup* began in 1952 and that the CIA had drawn up a 'disposal list' of at least 58 key leaders and had trained assassins to kill them.¹⁵ While according to the official CIA history of the *coup*, the assassinations were not carried out up to the day Arbenz resigned in June 1954, the option of assassination was still being considered. There's no record of formal approval or disapproval of these plans by Eisenhower or the Dulles brothers, but the CIA file released in 1997 includes a 22-page how-to manual on murder that says "no assassination instructions should ever be written or recorded". The CIA conducted what they called a 'nerve war' against some of these targets, including sending death threats, telephoning them, "preferably between 2.00 and 5.00 a.m." with blood-curdling warnings, and denouncing them to their superiors with accusations ranging "from treason to tax evasion". The CIA considered the Guatemalan military "the only organized element in Guatemala" and the agency has had Guatemalan military men on its payroll ever since.¹⁶

15. See Weiner, Tim, "CIA in 1950's Drew Up List of Guatemalan Leaders to be Assassinated," *The New York Times*, May 28, 1997.

16. I had the displeasure, was outraged to witness the television coverage of the CIA 1954 *coup* against Arbenz, who resigned, denounced the United States, and took refuge in Mexico.

There are those who rationalize the role of UFC by speaking of the benefit to the countries where it operated, but for legions of seasonal workers in the field, life was very hard and even dangerous as toxic chemicals were used on banana plants. UFC staunchly opposed any attempts at the formation of unions. It would abandon entire areas if unionism started to gain a foothold. When it abandoned an area, it would tear down the housing and schools it had built, leaving the area destitute. UFC also institutionalized racism: in company towns, non-whites had to yield the right-of-way to Whites. Guatemala had a highly stratified, fiefdom-like social structure so as to provide a plentiful supply of cheap labour, and while UFC didn't create that social structure, it worked to amplify and perpetuate it.

Copeland, in his *Game Player*, describes the top executives of the United Fruit Company as having been "... too out of date for inclusion in a Dickens novel ...". He says that to accuse them of exploiting the natives was an understatement. "UFC was *screwing* the natives and the whole country. Compared to them, Anglo-Iranian Oil Company executives were all MBAs from Harvard or Stanford ...". In dealing with the Guatemalan government they were "not only arrogant, but dishonestly so. ...". When the Guatemalan government expropriated vast acres of land owned by the UFC, and which the UFC had no plans for using, it offered by way of compensation the amount UFC, itself, was on record as saying it was worth, but UFC demanded twice as much, however, explaining that the evaluation it had given for the lands was 'only for tax purposes' ...

"UFC was a client of Sullivan & Cromwell, the Dulles brothers' law firm, and almost every senior official in the US government who had anything to do with PBSuccess [code name for this CIA operation] had some financial connection with the company — including the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, the State Department's Director of Security Affairs, the Secretary of Commerce, and even Under-secretary of State, General Bedell Smith — who later became a director of the company ...". Copeland remarks that all this could only "awaken hostilities of intelligent and patriotic Americans who were becoming suspicious of the 'high moral ground' that our pious Secretary

of State kept claiming to be on." He describes PBSuccess as a paramilitary operation and one that had to lead to overt-covert operations that took the US into Nicaragua 30 years later.¹⁷

A Commission for Historical Clarification (CHC) on the Guatemalan civil war, limiting its definition to 1962-96, rather than 1954-96, began its work in 1997 and in February 1999 submitted its final report, aptly titled *Guatemala, Memory of Silence*. The CHC estimated that as many as 200,000 people had died, 83 per cent of the victims belonging to the indigenous Maya people; as many as 626 massacres had been committed against Maya communities; and 93 per cent of all serious human right violations were carried out directly by the Guatemalan army, or by other agents of the state, such as police or paramilitary groups. During the 1980s alone, between half a million and one and a half million indigenous people were forcibly displaced internally or externally.

Whatever its origin, it became a war of racial persecution supported by the oligarchy dominating the country and large sections of the urban Ladino community who resisted addressing the core issues of racism, and land and wealth redistribution.

What is incredible in the CHC Report is that contrition on the part of the perpetrators is not required, but forgiveness on the part of the victims is!¹⁸ As for guilt, that must be laid at the feet of the CIA and its 1954 crushing of representative government.¹⁹

During the early fifties, Professor Majid Khadduri of Johns Hopkins University would fly up weekly to Columbia to give a course on Islamic Law, in which I enrolled. At the same time he

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17. Copeland, Miles, *The Game Player: Confessions of the CIA's original political operative*, op. cit., 192-3.
 18. For this information on the CHC Report I'm indebted to Paul F. Seils, "Reconciliation in Guatemala: the role of intelligent justice," *Race & Class*, v. 44, no. 1, July-September 2002, 33-59.
 19. These illegal interventions were two among many carried out under the presidency of Dwight Eisenhower, hero of the invasion of Normandy in 1944, the beginning of the liberation of Europe from the Nazis.

would oversee various students' theses. It was under Khadduri, a Chaldean Christian from 'Iraq, that I first learned of the Kurds and became involved in preparing a thesis on their tragic history. In the 1950s, there were 12 million Kurds separated by artificial state lines; by 1993, their number had increased to 26 million.²⁰ The majority were in Turkey and in the oil-bearing areas around Kirkuk and Mosul in northern 'Iraq; then in Mahabad province of Iran, a lesser number in Syria, and some in Azerbaijan, the main concentration being in the mountains where Iran, 'Iraq and Turkey join. Although the term Kurdistan appears on few maps, it's clearly more than a geographical term since it refers to a human culture which exists in that land.

All Kurdish communities are stock-breeders, mainly sheep, goats and some cattle. In all their areas, the cultivation of cereal is important. The principal cash-crop of the Kurdish foothills is tobacco, while cotton is also grown, particularly in Anatolia. In the mountains, fruits and vegetables are the main crops for local consumption. No more than a third of Kurdistan's arable land is actually cultivated, of which one-third is always fallow. The real problem for

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20. The Kurds are the descendants of Indo-European tribes who settled among the inhabitants of the Zagros mountains in various epochs, but probably mainly during the second millennium BC. The term 'Kurd' was used to denote nomadic people. In 1993, the Kurds were estimated to total at least 26 million.

Population Estimates (1993):

Country	Total Population	Kurds	% of Total Population
Iran	61,000,000	6,100,000	10
'Iraq	19,300,000	4,400,000	23
Syria	13,400,000	1,100,000	8
Turkey	60,000,000	13,200,000	22
Former Soviet Union		500,000	
Elsewhere		700,000	
TOTAL		26,000,000	

See "The Kurds", *MRG Profile*, no.4, December 1996.

the Kurds is their rich assets of oil in Kirkuk and Khaniqin, part of 'Iraq, Batman and Silvan in Turkey, and at Rumeylan in Syria. The exploitation of these oilfields by the respective governments heightens both the Kurdish sense of injustice and the determination of those governments not to allow separatism to threaten those resources. Other minerals found in significant quantities include chrome, coal, copper, iron and lignite.

When the Ottoman Empire was divided after its defeat in the First World War, the Kurds who had enjoyed almost total autonomy in return for keeping the peace on the rugged but open border between the Ottoman and Persian Empires lost that autonomy. Everywhere they were pressured to assimilate and to accept the nationalities of newly-carved states. In Turkey, over 13 million Kurds are forbidden to describe themselves as Kurds, and although the law banning the use of spoken Kurdish was lifted in 1991, it remains an offence to use Kurdish in publications, politics or education. The Kurds have moved to armed resistance in both Turkey and in 'Iraq.

In the early 50s, there were only two Americans who spoke Kurdish; one was Kermit Roosevelt of CIA infamy, and I have forgotten who was the other. The claim of the Kurds to self-determination led me into contradiction with some 'Arab students, for while they were strong nationalists for their own people and countries, they did not or would not admit the equal validity of the claims of the Kurds, and it was irrelevant to them that the Kurds were also Sunni Muslims. The prejudice against the Kurds is shown in the 'Arabic expression 'don't be Kurdi', meaning 'don't be stupid'!

There were meagre materials on the Kurds available to me, some of which were in French and in Russian, and I knew neither language. A friend studying Russian at Columbia translated key materials for me, but I had a lot more to learn, and needed to go and live in Kurdistan.

When I decided to take leave, I was called in by the Professor Director of the School of International Affairs at Columbia. A year earlier, in June 1953 when I was applying for the fellowship at the University of Teheran, he had decently given me a "To whom it may concern" letter, which read, "This is to state that during the

year she has been at the School of International Affairs, Miss Shirley Gordon has proved to be not merely a good student, diligent in the pursuit of her studies, but a stable, balanced personality, who gets along well with her fellow students. I have no hesitation in recommending Miss Gordon for a fellowship at the University of Teheran." But now he was quite concerned as Kurdistan in human imagination was rather primitive, it was not like travelling to study at the University of Teheran. His reaction was: "Why would you leave when you have a good future here?" When I explained I needed to live with the people I had only researched about through printed materials, incredibly he remarked, "You know, they have no refrigerators over there!" I don't want to defame anybody, but that's what the well-meaning gentleman actually said.



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... the ruler has succeeded in combining all Egypt within himself, and to convince the five-thousand-year-old Egypt that her age is the same as that of the revolution and its regime and that she had no other life before or after that is worth mentioning. This extremely clever operation to press gigantic Egypt and put her in the box of the revolution and its regime, smothered Egypt and made her lose her consciousness of the reality of her greatness in history and of all the different regimes that she has surpassed and all along she remained 'Egypt'.

Tawfiq al-Hakim,
Awdat al-Wa'i (The Return of Consciousness),
No place or publisher given, only year 1972.
Translation: Hanan Masri.

Tawfiq al-Hakim (1898-1987) explained that he never intended to publish this critique, but someone ferreted the manuscript and published excerpts outside of Egypt, which led him to print the full manuscript in 'Arabic. But it is a sign of the times that as late as 1972 — Nasser having died in 1970 — the publisher felt constrained to hide his identity.



1954-56 EGYPT: THE END OF INNOCENCE

IT was my involvement with Palestine which directly led to my involvement with Egypt. In 1954, I completed the graduate school course requirements in Public Law and Government, with a specialization in Islamic institutions, 'Arabic, and Middle East studies.

During my years at Columbia, most of my concerns led me to know and share with students from the Middle East. We worked closely together in the struggle to counter Zionist propaganda in the United States, flagging areas on a large map where there were clusters of 'Arab students, who could take on the Zionists in debate. Fellow student Tarek Shawaf of Saudi 'Arabia and I worked closely together on this attempt. It was at the request of the 'Arab students that I participated in the 'Arab Students' Association convention held in Colorado, September 3-13, 1954, the only non-'Arab to do so.

It was also during this time that I debated against Abba Eban, who was Israel's Ambassador to the UN (later to become Israel's Foreign Minister), in an hour's television forum. Looking back, I'm amazed at my own courage for I was then only 24 years old and standing against an experienced diplomat and graduate of the Oxford debating team. How I came to be in such a situation is relevant. The TV programme was hosted by *The New York Times* which had requested the Ambassador of Lebanon, Charles Malik and/or Ahmad Shukhairy, a Palestinian who was the Ambassador of Syria to the UN, to debate against Abba Eban. The 'Arab students were in a panic as both these personalities declined, which meant no one would present the Palestinian case, let alone contradict Israeli contentions. Thus was I elected to the task. The debate was reported in *The New York Times*, and the repercussions, as I was told, were wide in that major Zionist advertisers threatened *The New York Times* with the withdrawal of their advertising should they again allow me to participate in any such forum or print any of my statements.

I had been one of the founders of the Middle East Society at Columbia, a society recognized by the university authorities. But in the elections for office bearers after the TV debate, I was voted

down by the same number of votes when I was proposed successively for Chairman, then for Vice Chairman, and so on. A Zionist *putsch* had been organized by an Israeli former Palmach officer, now a student at Columbia. This caused the 'Arab students to withdraw, and the society collapsed.

I suffered academically, as the Zionist sympathizer J.C. Hurewitz was one of my professors. Brushing past me on a footpath, he remarked: "The 'Arabs couldn't speak for themselves so they called on you!" Not surprisingly, although I had been assured of a grant to allow me to go to the Middle East to complete my doctoral dissertation on the Kurdish National Movement, my name did not appear on the final list of those approved for grants.

The television debate with Abba Eban, beamed out of New York City, reached as far north as the New England states and south to Washington DC where it was watched by foreign embassies. The first official contact I had with Egypt was subsequent to this debate, when I received a personal letter dated November 25, 1953 from Mdm. Aziza Hussein,¹ wife of the Egyptian Ambassador and sister of the well-known feminist Leila Shukri:

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1. Dr. Aziza Hussein, born May 30, 1919, chose the non-governmental sector as her channel to serve her country and humanity. She pioneered the family planning movement in Egypt in 1963, in 1967 founded the Cairo Family Planning Association, and in 1977 became the President of the International Planned Parenthood Federation (IPPF). In 1954 she was the first Egyptian woman to represent her country in the UN General Assembly, as well as in the UN Status of Women's Commission from 1962-77. One would have had to have lived in Egypt to value her having developed a programme for the eradication of clitoridectomies in 1979. In 1984, she saw to a publication on the status of Egyptian women in law and practice, which laid the groundwork for a new marriage contract and future family law amendments. Under ICPD NGO forum, in 1994 she set up a session on Ageing, the first time the subject had been broached in Egypt.

Aziza Hussein has been awarded national and international honours for her contributions, including the FAO Ceres Medal in 1975, the Archon Award from the International Honor Society of Nursing (Sigma Theta Tau) in 1999 and the Presidential Kamal (Perfection) Award in 1955. She also received an Honorary
continued p. 145

"I wish to express my great admiration and appreciation of the excellent manner with which you handled the 'Arab-Israeli question. You should have seen the enthusiasm of Egyptians who heard you that evening.

"I thank you heartily on behalf of the 'Arab World, which, I am afraid, has been rather inarticulate in the defense of its rights before the American people. I assure you that it is Americans like you, who, by their alertness and integrity of mind, will positively help the cause of truth and peace in our perturbed world."

The Ambassador was the illustrious Dr. Ahmed Hussein, who had been Chairman of the Fellaḥ Society and Minister of Social Affairs in Egypt.²

At that same time, I attended a course at Columbia given by Muhammad el-Zayyat, who was then the Egyptian Cultural

continued n. 1

Doctorate of Humane Letters from the American University in Cairo in 1994.

2. Dr. Ahmed Hussein, born November 1902, was the Egyptian Minister of Social Affairs in 1949 and founded and chaired the Fellaḥ Society in 1951. Egyptian Rural Social Centers were started in the early 40s when he headed the Fellaḥ Department of the Ministry. He undertook many studies on the *fellaḥin*: their housing, income, expenditure, land-tenancy and general condition, and initiated a law on people's housing. He also established a Social Security Scheme and other legislation for the benefit of rural workers.

Dr. Ahmed represented Egypt in many international conferences, including the founding conference of FAO in 1943, the Regional Conference of ILO in 1947, and the International Conference of ILO in 1950, and was chosen as a member of the ILO standing committee on agricultural workers, representing the Middle East. UNESCO chose him in his personal capacity as one of nine experts to design a project for basic education, and he was the UN's choice to be the first 'Arab Director of the Social Studies Seminar, convened in Cairo in 1950. He also represented Egypt at an Islamic Studies Seminar set up by Princeton in 1954.

Dr. Ahmed accepted to become Egypt's Ambassador to the US from 1953-58 and exerted himself to get the US to persuade the British to evacuate the Canal Zone, then Port Said, and to bring pressure to bear on Israel to evacuate Sinai, then Gaza. When he was moved from Washington DC back to Cairo as Ambassador in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he resigned. He was to die on November 29, 1984.

Attaché and possibly the same person as Mohamed Hassan el-Zayyat who later became Egypt's Acting Foreign Minister.

In 1954, at the age of 24, I had the decided feeling I was not real. I would take a Ph.D. based on a study of peoples, 'Arabs, Iranians, Kurds, whom I only knew through the printed word and their élite graduate-school representatives, and not one Kurd among them! I felt compelled to go and live among those peoples: 'to know a pear by eating it'. But I had no money. There was no support from my Father until the night before I left, when he came and asked "Are you really going?", and when I answered "Yes", he handed me USD 100/- ! My Mother was in no position to help; I had no scholarship, which was denied me, but, depending on the subletting of my flat, I would go nevertheless. I truly marvel at this now.

In my last year at university, I reached a point where I could no longer afford the USD 40.00 per month for a small rented room at 517 West 113th Street. With my Mother's permission, I encashed a USD 250/- insurance policy she had taken out for me years before, and from this bought a flat full of broken-down furniture in order that the rental agreement held by an old German woman would be transferred into my name. After a massive scrubbing and painting operation, I became a 'rentier'. This 'railway flat' had rooms opening off on both sides of a long dark corridor, which students could rent, whereby I in turn could pay the rent and have as profit a place to sleep and an income of USD 40/- per month.

To go to the Middle East, I additionally rented the larger room I had used, which gave me a total monthly income of USD 100/-. I bought a tourist-class ticket on the *Île de France* for Le Havre and safekept enough money to buy a third-class train ticket to Paris and from there a train ticket to take me through Europe, Yugoslavia, Turkey, to Aleppo, Syria, from where I would take a seat in a taxi to Beirut, Lebanon, then a plane — at that time for LL5/- — to Cairo! There I would live from the USD 100/- monthly remittance! Brave? Yes, but not consciously so, for although I had never been out of America, the peoples of the world were my people of whom I had not to be afraid; on the contrary, it was a journey to the side in the international struggle with which, in the

name of what was, and is *hak* (just), I had aligned myself, so in that sense, it was a journey not away from home but to home.

My family were reassured as two students, John Joseph, an Assyrian Christian from 'Iraq, and Hussein Kasemzadeh from Iran, who were returning to their homelands, were personally known to them, and would accompany me. John and Kasemzadeh both studied at Princeton University. I fondly remember when I was invited down for one weekend function. When John and I went to call on Kasemzadeh at his room, we were astounded at his behaviour. Very secretively he called us in and locked the door behind us. He then went scrambling under his bed and surfaced with a large paper bag: pomegranates, an Iranian delight!

But I did feel real terror as I stood on the deck of the *Île de France* and saw my Mother far below. We sailed on October 28, 1954, hardly a suitable month to cross the Atlantic Ocean. How did my pregnant Grandmother Nana survive it at the turn of the century, surely in far less comfort when she left Germany for America? She might even have gone deck-passage, I wouldn't know. The seas were violent. Dishes flew across the tables. Sitting in a deck-chair, one minute your feet were up in the air and the next minute your head. All around me vomited, luckily I had a stronger stomach. But although there was a shared fear that the ship would sink, miraculously it didn't, and finally we reached Le Havre, a few days late, but alive!

The three of us had very little money between us. We checked into a humble Parisian pension, the men sharing a room and I another. I was used to 'German clean': 'it's not clean if you can't eat from the floors', while at least this Frenchwoman was satisfied to use perfume to counter the stench of urine in the toilet! On our second day, she took John aside and asked if I had TB! "No? Why then would she have a separate room?" As astounded as we were by her mentality, we nevertheless realized she meant no offence, and none was taken. We walked in the streets of Paris. When a gendarme merrily lifted his girl up in his arms as they walked side by side and kissed her on the cheek, John exclaimed "immoral", while I was touched by their innocence. How different we really were, John and I.

When finally we started on our mad train journey, we broke journey at Venice. I had warned John he wouldn't be able to traverse Yugoslavia without a visa, but he had stubbornly ignored my advice. At Venice they refused to allow both he and Kasemzadeh to board without visas and they had to travel on to Trieste to obtain them! Free at last, and in Venice! When I boarded for Yugoslavia, I was put in a compartment with a team of Yugoslav prize-fighters returning to Belgrade. Their manager, Alexandre Jivanovitch, a bull of a man, but with a kindly face, set out under a navy beret, took me in hand, and I was quite safe. When we reached Trieste, John suddenly appeared at our compartment door. He was shocked to see me happily sitting with such tough, working-class types. He asked me to join him and some prim and proper English family he had befriended, but I declined. In Yugoslavia I had no need to sit with English people!

Things were very difficult for the people of Belgrade, who had suffered so terribly in World War II and in their own liberation struggle. Electricity was available only a few hours a day, and there were hardly any hotel rooms. The Yugoslav boxing manager begged a maid to give me her room, which she generously did, whereas John and Kasemzadeh had no recourse but to sleep in chairs in the lobby. There were few foreigners in Belgrade, and foreigners were neither welcome nor trusted, so one had to beware of provocateurs. When walking alone in the city, I was approached by a well-dressed young man who asked if I had any English magazines I could give him. Even if I had, I couldn't risk it, as he could have been from the Secret Police.

Life is a strange circle. Jacqueline, the daughter of the fight-manager, was the Secretary of the French Ambassador, who turned out to be Jean Mandereau, my friend from New York where he had been Director of the UN Technical Assistance Administration. How glad I was to see him again. He and his charming wife took me to dinner at a club reserved for the Yugoslav leadership and foreign representatives, which meant we had a proper meal! Jacqueline was thrilled when I gave her a pair of my silk stockings, as there were no such consumer goods in Belgrade. When it was time to board our train for Istanbul, I

left behind true friends. Mirko, Yugoslavia's champion fighter, reached up to me a small bouquet of wild flowers as our train was pulling out.

By the time we reached Istanbul, I had hardly any money left. I sent a telegram to Herb Stember, a colleague from Graduate School begging his assistance. I was truly taken aback to receive his reply: "Sorry, no Fulbrights this year!" On the train to Ankara, I shared a compartment with a traditional Turkish woman, who in sign language let me understand she dared not go out to the restaurant car and implored me to fetch food for her. She would sit on the bunkbed, cracking small pistachios with her teeth and hand them to me to eat. A kind companion.

The railway ended in Ankara, and from there we took seats in a taxi that plied the route to Beirut via Tripoli in Lebanon. I don't remember how many hours it took, but there was one night when I knew fear. We had reached an impasse in the road, and the only solution was for us to carry our luggage over the muddy torn-up road to a taxi that had come from the opposite direction, and for his passengers to take our seats. But before that decision was made, we spent hours waiting in the car. At some point, a group of men came up to the car window I was sitting next to and shone a flashlight in my face. In that moment I bitterly remembered my Father refusing me to carry a pistol, although a Turkish officer had counselled my Brother that I should do so. My Father's logic was that if I had a pistol, I would use it rather than seeking another solution. All we could do was to press the driver to agree to an exchange of passengers.

In Tripoli, we stayed overnight in a small traditional hotel. I was quite embarrassed as all the guests were men, and they stared at me as if I had come from outer space. Years later I understood their vantage point, but not at that time. The next day, we got another taxi to Beirut. Tuckered out, we arrived and were received in kindness by Musa Sulaiman, a lecturer at AUB, who had studied in the States.³ It was he who loaned me the 5 £ to buy an air-ticket to Cairo, as I hadn't even that much left!

3. This decent man passed on in 1992.

My intention when I left the States was to spend a maximum of three months in Egypt, one of the countries on which my orals for my Ph.D. would be based, then three months in Palestine, and then to proceed to the Kurdish areas of 'Iraq, Iran and Turkey. In terms of my Ph.D., I was not required to do this, but I felt it impertinent at the age of 25 to receive a Ph.D. based on peoples and countries I had never known.

In Cairo, I was welcomed as a sister and cared for by friends. My peer group in graduate school was composed of many 'Arabs and Egyptians. These classmates received me in Egypt as *imate* — a trust — from my family; such persons as Professor Ibrahim Hassan (Ibrahim Sakr), later seconded to the Faculty of Commerce and Economics at the University of Kuwait; Professor Muhammad Agamia, later to become Dean of the Faculty of Commerce at the University of Alexandria and Head of the Department of Economics at the Institute of Higher 'Arab Studies in Cairo; Dr. Abdul Shakur Shalaan, later on staff at the World Bank, his dear wife Saida, and others. Another of my contemporaries who was active in the 'Arab Students Association in the States, Tahseen Bashir (d. June 11, 2002), was to become the Head of the Department of Press and Information in the Egyptian Foreign Office under Sadat.

Now in Cairo, I was noticed by an Egyptian official who recognized me as the girl who had participated in debates on Palestine in the US. He reported my presence to the Egyptian Government, with the result that I was offered a research scholarship by the Ministry of Education, the first of two scholarships to be given to foreigners by the Revolutionary Command Council. The grant was for £30/- a month for nine months. My initial reaction was one of gratitude, but a reluctance to accept as I had gone to the 'Arab World with the distinct intention of completing my writing on the Kurds and not to begin any new research on Egypt. However, it was put to me that if I was sincerely interested in the problems of the 'Arab peoples and not just opportunistically seeking a Ph.D. I should welcome this grant-cum-honour and use this time to further my study of the 'Arabic language and to research on Egypt. I was 25 years old, idealistic and vulnerable to moral argument or ideological persuasion.

I was taken to meet Dr. Mohamed Shafik Ghorbal, one of Egypt's foremost historians, who was then involved in the newly-established Institute of Higher 'Arab Studies, formed by the 'Arab League. This very gentle man and reputable scholar did me the honour of offering to become my adviser for research on the history of the Egyptian nationalist movement and particularly on Col. Ahmad al-'Arabi's movement in the 1880s, the beginning of the role of the military in Egypt as an anti-colonial force on which history the July 1952 Revolution was built. I accepted the grant and began my study under the direction of this illustrious man.

I lived in one tiny room which had been a servant's quarters on the top of an apartment building in Shariah Yousef el-Guindi, as deducting the cost of my 'Arabic tutor from the £30/- grant, I could afford no better. But I was happy, involved in my work and in my friends, and honoured to be Dr. Ghorbal's student.

I abruptly learned there was not just one Egyptian attitude. While we friends could walk together in the streets of Cairo, one day crossing between heavy traffic, Shakur took my hand to guide me, when out popped a 'morality policeman', who verbally abused us, shouting that it was 'forbidden'. I was totally confused by his tirade. Then another day, when we were all to meet in the garden of a small museum, on my arrival, Shakur and his wife Saida each kissed me on my cheeks. The gate-keeper rushed at us shouting it was 'forbidden'! On the other hand, I was once invited to a home of some princely family where pigeons were served for dinner. I found the taste strange, and it was whispered to me that while they were still alive, they had been injected with hashish, which had spread throughout their small bodies! And when I'd be sitting in some small boat-cafe by the Nile concentrating on learning my 'Arabic, I'd be chastised by some upper class women: '*c'est dommage*' (what a pity), I should be learning French! It was the *fellahin*, the Egyptian peasants, who were the bedrock of conservative Egypt, the morality policeman and the gate-keeper sprang from them.

As for the wider urban society, the intellectual class was working within a most difficult atmosphere. The regime had instituted a system of identity cards for all students and professors at the University. But they were issued only to the safe: to all those

who did not belong to the Ikhwan — the Muslim Brotherhood — or to the Communist Party, or to that group vaguely defined as Socialist. It behoved one not to disagree, even on a theoretical basis, with the policy of the regime, such as making Egypt attractive to the investors of foreign capital; it was the non-entity who was the star of the day. As part of the regime's weeding-out policy, forty professors were suspended from one faculty of Heliopolis University alone and scores of other dismissals were given, effective the day received. Those professors who remained at the University were faced with the possibility of members of the Police attending their lectures as students. This was the atmosphere within which creative thinking was supposed to proceed.

And what of the student such a University would turn out? Could he possibly be of a calibre necessary for participation in the creation of a new image of Egypt? With old institutions discredited, officially ended, the need for a synthesis of ideas on what should succeed them was imperative. Yet all discussion was prohibited.

To those who would criticize the Egyptian intellectual for not standing up against this, for not being counted, as it were, they could do well to remember that in March of 1954, when both Naguib and a free press were returned to Egypt by popular demand, a number of constructively critical articles appeared. When this period ended — it lasted for all of three days — these journalists were in jail and *Al-Misri*, a leading daily, was closed. After a ninety-day respite in jail, one of those same journalists was writing odes to the benevolent revolution! This example of brainwashing was not lost on Egyptian intellectuals. The support for the regime among some of the intellectuals seemed to be in a negative vein; their argument ran like this: we had democratic life in Egypt and it failed, our people are largely illiterate and hardly capable of judging what is good for them. They were answered by these facts: Egypt is a country which had been occupied since the coming of the Persians in 500 BC; the experiment of parliamentary government took place within the framework of British occupation, it had but two decades to function with both the occupier and the crown stacked against it; true that Egypt is largely illiterate, and yet each time there were free elections, these same illiterates chose the *Wafd*,

a wise choice given the available alternatives. The pro-regime group further argued that the dictators — that is the name they called them — should be given a three-year transitional period to prepare Egypt for parliamentary life. They were answered: would Egypt be any closer to political maturity in three years, given a censored press, given only the party of the Revolutionary Council as an outlet for political action?

Cutting across class lines, rumour was the common denominator in Cairo. As old as Egypt itself, its volume and velocity had been increased by a government which behaved in power as if it were a secret organization out of power; springing edicts, often as not contradictory, on an unaware populace. With no lead-in, the decreed result was to be swallowed whole; discussion, the saliva of digestion, was outlawed. This made the tension level in Cairo as high as anywhere in the world. The only safety valve was its people's humour, the comic relief of an attuned population. Witness: "I met a man today, who was *for* the government!" Khalid Kishtainy in his *Arab Political Humour* quotes the humorous writer Ibrahim Abduh, as describing his Egyptian people like this: "They are the laughing, smiling and cheerful people, the merriest of all peoples ... For thousands of years they survived with half of the working men dropping dead with hunger and cold while the other half cracked jokes and jibes. Sometimes, the jokes and jibes were more powerful than bullets."⁴

The supreme rationalization of the regime, that innovation is implicit in the word revolution, was cut through by a people who saw the necessity of changing institutions to better embody, rather than to negate, their concept of justice. Thus People's Tribunal or not, there were some accepted judicial procedures in Egypt which were developed as a check on governmental whim and which should still be applicable to the present home-grown regime. True that under King Farouk there was abuse of procedure, but that was exactly what the regime was supposed to ameliorate. The Egyptian wanted a little personal security, he wanted to know the monotony of

4. Kishtainy, Khalid, *Arab Political Humour* (London: Quartet Books, 1985) 145.

inalienable rights. Their absence plus the hypocrisy of the regime's slogan, strung up across the streets: "Lift up your head my Brother, the days of oppression are over," led him to the brink of hysteria.

The fact that all accused Egyptians were no longer held by the Police but were in the custody of the Army, which later judged them, lent credulity to the rumours of terrifying torture. An example *par excellence* was the case of Salah Shadi, a former Major in the Police and a leader of the Ikhwan. Although he belonged to the top leadership of the Muslim Brotherhood, Shadi was not tried with his six unfortunate associates. The papers announced at least three different times, in a period of over a month, that he was to be tried on a given day, which each time was cancelled without even a stated explanation as a tip of the hat to public opinion. In the interim, Cairo declared him dead from internal torture and predicted that the regime would cover itself by faking a closed trial, pronouncing corporal punishment, and then refusing his long-dead body to his family, as allegedly they had done in the case of two of the six Ikhwani leaders who were hanged. Then another rumour had it that the regime, now insecure from reports of violent public reaction to the hanging of the first six on December 9, 1954, would not brave another death and therefore was in a dilemma as to what to do with the body of Salah Shadi. As it turned out, Shadi was paralysed on his right side and none the better for wear and tear, but was nevertheless alive. He was finally tried and given a life sentence with hard labour, but the harm of the rumour had been done. The regime and its methods were equated with the treatment of Salah Shadi, and the conclusion was that surely we lived in a fascist state. The regime's cocoon-like assumption in all of this was that the memory of the Egyptian was short. Unlike modern psychologists, it did not realize that hostility is cumulative, even though the particulars may be forgotten.

The newspapers of Cairo offered no respite from this frustration of non-expression, for they were the horse's mouth, and the line was unbending. The cheek of certain journalists in writing encouragements to 'timid' Egyptian intellectuals to participate, to disagree, only heightened the irony of the situation. Debarring even limited discussion is an ingredient for the development of an intellectual proletariat, a potentially dangerous body to be afloat in any society;

to silence the intellectual is to deny his very function. Only the hope that the regime would need to offer some form of reasonably creditable parliamentary life before the question of the status of the Sudan was to be brought up kept one going in Egypt. Perhaps it was a bit of kismet that Egypt had to appear democratic, at least on the surface, or it might very well suffer the loss of the potential strength that unity of these two lands of the Nile could provide.

Meanwhile, a draft Constitution was near completion, but the sharp political acumen of 'Ali Maher understood that the time was not propitious for its presentation to the Revolutionary Command Council (RCC). In the interim, with or without the knowledge of the flexible Maher, the RCC, itself, had begun appointing lawyers to draft another Constitution which they were prepared to accept. This, it was understood, would provide for a Consultative Assembly, which would be appointed rather than elected, and therefore the possibility of dissidence was ruled out. The Army had no intention of relinquishing its real power. The Consultative Assembly would be a trapping, to be posed as an evolutionary step towards a free parliament, which would fail to satisfy the Sudan, would not pacify the intellectual opposition, but would make a bit easier the role of the regime's supporters, tasked with the uncomfortable necessity of justifying that dirty word 'dictatorship'!

Egypt, like other Middle Eastern countries, first found the necessity for Army revolt and then faced the problem of how to make this former instrument of public will retire to the barracks. As one disaffected Egyptian put it, of course, we disagree but the guns are all in their hands. This necessitates a revolt from within the Army, affording the negative possibility of an unending cycle of *coup* and *counter-coup*.

In the interim, public opinion, once hopeful of participating, inspired with national rebirth, sank back into the abyss of apathy, and negativism mounted, which the Army had proclaimed its desire to break. What was generally conceded was the good intentions of the Free Officers, which left open the possibility of change.

In the three days of free press in March 1954 it was estimated that under free elections the regime would lose power. Would the regime now decide to perpetuate itself and risk a tussle with public

opinion, which had been led to expect a return to parliamentary government, and also risk a public reaction in the Sudan against unity with a non-democratic Egypt? These were the questions of that time. This was the Egypt in which I was precariously trying in all good faith to do a study of the Army as a political force.

For some strange reason various Egyptian authorities would be likely to assume I knew things of which I had absolutely no knowledge. For instance, when the Bandung Conference of Non-aligned Countries was held in 1955, Major Amin Shaker, Director of the President's Office for Public Affairs, sent for me to ask what I knew about the Muslims in Indonesia and the surrounding area. They had come back from Bandung enthusiastic like Columbus discovering the 'New World'! They raved to me that 'there are Muslims over there, hundreds of thousands of them', and now they could see Egypt's influence spreading to embrace Southeast Asia.

I cannot tell you precisely how the following events began, but slowly the Egyptian authorities included me with groups of visiting international writers and journalists, where I was expected to help explain Egypt's national position to those visitors who were important in the struggle for a fair international representation of the Egyptian-'Arab cause. I joined a train-load of important international correspondents for the Third Anniversary of the Revolution in July 1955. The front car held President Nasser and the other leaders of the Revolution. When President Nasser came through the correspondents' car in which I was, he stopped, apparently relieved to speak in 'Arabic, and invited me to accompany him to the front car where I took a series of incredibly natural and intimate photographs of Nasser as the train stopped at towns *en route* from Cairo to Alexandria. Colonel Abdul Qader Hatem, who was then the Director of Information Services, witnessed my reluctance to accompany the President as I was wearing a simple blouse with short sleeves and was conscious that my uncovered arms might give offence. It was he who insisted I join them; since I had been invited by the President, I should not decline the honour of accompanying him in the forward car, my simple dress notwithstanding. I had been warned that the mercilessly repressed Ikhwan al-Muslimin (Muslim Brotherhood) might well sabotage the train

along the way, and by being in the open front car, I could hardly have escaped, but I was in no position to refuse.⁵

Later in Alexandria I was a witness at Nasser's Press Conference where he shocked and pleased his Western guests and journalists — in response to their pressing him on Communists in Egypt — by announcing he had arrested the Communist leader Tantawi and that "now there are over 1,000 Communists in detention camps!" But, unwittingly, I was also privy to Soviet Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov being brought into the San Stefino Hotel at the time Nasser was continuing to distract his guests at his made-to-shock Press Conference. Shepilov's coming foreshadowed the Czech Arms Agreement, signed on September 24, 1955, which in that Cold War era was to outrage the West.

Similarly, in the last days of August 1955, after Israel attacked Khan Yunis in the Gaza Strip, subsequent to *Fida'yin* attacks, turning Fort Taggart into a mass of rubble and killing 45 Egyptians, I was put on a military bomber along with foreign journalists and taken to the scene of the attack. Later I came to understand that this was the beginning of my travail in Egypt. The correspondents were met by an Egyptian Army Officer who showed them about and explained about the attack. In doing so, he continually referred to the Israelis as Jews. Motivated by principle and caring for the cause of Palestine, in 'Arabic, I suggested he say Israelis or Zionists and not Jews, for to stigmatize Jews *per se* as enemies would only aid Zionism which flourished on the rationalization that Jews could not live in security except under their own rule. Further, he was alienating this important audience of international correspondents, at least one of whom, from his name, was probably Jewish. It appears my caution only served to convince him that this reflected a sympathy for the enemy, and he promptly made a report against me to Intelligence Headquarters in Cairo.

Given the current Palestinian ideological stance, his response was manifestly absurd, but in 1955 the wisdom and necessity of differentiating, a precondition for allowing Jews to distinguish themselves

5. Those days on the train and in Alexandria are described in my *In the Time of the Mishmish: A Painting in Twenty Parts* (Kuala Lumpur, 2002).

from the Zionist movement, was not widely appreciated. Ironically, President Nasser understood this and, accordingly, Rabbi Elmer Berger⁶ of the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism was a welcomed guest in Cairo, and Dr. Alfred Lilienthal's work *What Price Israel* was cited by politically conscious 'Arabs. But this understanding had not filtered down, at least not to the level of this particular officer. He could only react that I was an enemy, perhaps even a Jew, and it was his national duty to cause me to be exposed!

One night in December 1955, I came back to my room in Cairo, only to be arrested and asked to bring my passport and proceed to a building (I have forgotten its name) in the centre of Medan Tahrir

6. I excerpt from Norton Mezvinsky's "In Memoriam, Rabbi Elmer Berger 1908-1996", which is a thorough review of the late Rabbi's life. "As an advocate of the universal prophetic and classical Reform traditions in Judaism, Rabbi Elmer Berger for over 60 years, until his death on October 6, 1996, was a consistent, outspoken, courageous opponent of Jewish nationalism in general and Zionism in particular. In learned and literary, as well as polemical writings and speeches, he challenged and refuted on humanitarian and Judaic grounds the essential nature of the Zionist movement and its advocacy of the need for an exclusivist, Jewish state ... Moreover, from the time of Israel's creation of a nation-state in 1948 until his death, he unremittingly and publicly criticized Israel's oppression of Palestinians ... [And] he tried to convince American Jews to oppose the take-over by Zionists and their backers of Jewish organizations in the United States. ... He did not flinch when Zionist opponents, who mostly refused to discuss issues ... substantively, labeled him a self-hating Jew merely because he opposed Zionism and certain policies of the state of Israel."

Elmer Berger was born in Cleveland on May 27, 1908. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Cincinnati in 1930 with Phi Beta Kappa distinction, then completed the required course of study at Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati and was ordained a Reform rabbi in 1932. Thereafter he served for several years as spiritual leader of various congregations, receiving nationwide attention when he challenged the influence of Jewish nationalism and urged Jews to identify themselves with the life of the country of their citizenship. "Arguing that the liberal, democratic idea offered Jews the best opportunity to gain equality and maintain stability in the nations in which they lived, he directly refuted the essence of Zionism."

continued p. 159

where I was informed I was 'dangerous' and was to be deported. I was not invited to sit down, but was informed upon entering the door that my residence was rejected, and I must present them with a ticket for deportation within five days. As I wrote to my father on December 27, "I shook like someone who had been electrocuted." I asked Major Muharram why, and was told it was not his business. I was there, standing, for five hours. I cried my heart out, begging to know of what I was charged, but to no avail. It was only reiterated that I was 'dangerous'. Wondrously, those who arrested me did not even know I was on a Revolutionary Council-approved scholarship, they thought I was a journalist! This was my first bitter taste of the price of truth. I then contacted the Egyptian Information Office, Dr. Amer, since for months past I had been making interviews for my dissertation through that office, and they had a record of every person I had ever met. Then I went to the Ministry of Education and got letters confirming I was their scholar and including a copy of a recommendation from the Egyptian Embassy in Washington, Ambassador Ahmed Hussein. I took these to Major Muharram who walked into the Director's Office, came out and said "Rejected"!

My initial Egyptian government grant had been for nine months. Before the end of the period, Professor Majid Khadduri, the author

continued n. 6

In 1942, Elmer Berger was appointed executive director of the American Council for Judaism (ACJ), becoming executive vice president in 1955. "For over 25 years Elmer Berger was the major ideologue and spokesperson for the ACJ. Shortly after the Six-Day War in June 1967, during an internal organizational dispute, Elmer Berger left the ACJ. With a host of former ACJ members and backers he established a new organization in 1969, named American Jewish Alternatives to Zionism (AJAZ). Working with and through AJAZ, Elmer Berger continued his writing and speaking until shortly before his death."

When I was young, Rabbi Berger's *Who Knows Better Must Say So* (1955) — even its title — made a great impact on me. In his *A Partisan History of Judaism* (1951) "he called upon the State of Israel to de-Zionize, to cease being an exclusive Jewish state granting by law rights and privileges to Jews not granted to non-Jews. He beseeched the State of Israel to develop as a truly democratic state, to be just and merciful to all people and thus walk humbly with God." Mezvinsky ends his tribute with these words "Elmer Berger was a Jewish patriot."

of *The Law of War and Peace in Islam* and *Independent Iraq* (who was to translate Imām Shāfi'ī's *Risalah*) visited Cairo. He had been the supervisor of my dissertation on the Kurds and was highly respected by my family. Professor Khadduri strongly advised me to return with him to the US as the academic year opened in September and he had chosen me to be his assistant for research he was to do on Libya. Thus his visit would have been pre-September 1955. When I informed the Ministry of Education of Professor Khadduri's proposal, they contacted the relevant authorities and immediately renewed my grant for another nine months, although it was reduced to E£ 25 monthly, which made it difficult to manage. It was suggested by the Egyptian authorities that I follow up on the research I had done on the historical antecedents of the army as a nationalist force in Egypt and write on the present revolution, at the same time including a series of biographies of the leaders of the Revolution, the first-line Free Officers. It was also of interest to me to understand the factor or factors which made these men particularly trustworthy and how Nasser could have discerned that. Little did I realize my life would turn on that decision to remain.

At the very time I was arrested in December 1955, I was in the process of carrying out this work. All my appointments with these leaders of the Revolution, who were now Ministers, were officially made by (Intelligence) Colonel Hatem's Information Office. Subsequent to my night arrest, in the interim short period before the date set for my deportation, I was taken by (Muhammad) 'Adel Kamal of Colonel Hatem's Office to meet Minister Gamal Salem, who was then Vice President of Egypt.⁷ After three hours of this initial interview, he asked when I could continue the work. I told him I would be unable to do so as I was to be deported within the coming few days. He was absolutely astounded. He phoned

7. Others interviewed included Wing Commander 'Ali Sabri, Minister of State for Presidential Affairs; Anwar Sadat, then Head of the Islamic Congress and later President of Egypt; Minister Salah Salem; Minister Abdel Latif Baghdadi; Minister Hussein Shafei; Minister Major Kamal al-Din Hussein; Minister Wing Commander Hassan Ibrahim al-Sayed; Foreign Minister Dr. Fawzi Mahmud; Minister Fuad Jalal (a civilian), and many others whose names I can no longer recall.

Zakaria Mohieddin, the Minister of Interior, and told him of this bizarre happening.

Minister Mohieddin agreed to see me on December 24th, when he would personally go through my file. I remember the date as it was Christmas Eve, and inexplicably it hailed in Cairo! I was with the Minister for a few hours during which he questioned me on the bits and pieces of misunderstanding that constituted my file, after which he asked me to accept that this had been a terrible mistake by the over-zealous and to stay in Egypt and continue my work. But I had lost confidence as it was not through operation of a structurally-guaranteed process of evidence and procedure that I was cleared; I was found to be innocent through a freak of circumstance without which I would have been deported, never to know the charge, never to be able to answer, to be cleared, out without money or a plan for the future, and that shocks still. This led me to conclude that I should leave Egypt. And I frankly asked Minister Mohieddin, "What of the others — the Egyptians — who wouldn't happen to have an appointment with a Minister and therefore the chance to overcome the injustice being done to them?"

In my letter to my parents of December 27, 1955 I wrote of that interview. "Mohieddin was kind, deliberate, chose each word, not insulting in any way. More decent than anything I expected after those terrible days. He said I should realize they're suspicious . . . I asked him if he would prefer I leave despite my clearance by him. He said, 'No, I have no wish to ruin your career.' I asked if it would cause trouble for Egyptians who see me? He said, 'No', and added that he would let me know if there was anything I shouldn't do."

I was young and subject to moral persuasion, my own psychological shock notwithstanding. How could I not forgive, how could I not trust? I told the Minister it had been arranged that I live in an Egyptian village in the coming month of January 1956. The village was Nag as-Siag or Sawagi (meaning 'water-wheels'), to be reached by footpath after debarking from the train at Luxor. Father Henri Habib Ayrout, the author of *The Fellahin* — the Egyptian peasants — which had been banned by King Farouk, was in charge of approximately 150 schools in Coptic Christian villages. To augment what was offered, this Egyptian Jesuit had developed 'The Responsibles', an organization of Egyptian Christian laymen

and women who with no remuneration would contribute their time during their annual leave to live and work with the Coptic *fellahin*. In the course of my research, I had met with Father Ayrout, seeking his evaluation of the impact of the July Revolution on the lives of *fellahin*. He had refused to answer me, but said he would arrange for me to join one of the groups of women who would be going to live and work in an Egyptian village, and there I would find my answer. I told Minister Zakaria Mohieddin that I was now apprehensive: how would Egyptian intelligence interpret my becoming involved in a social action project in a village deep in Sa'idi⁸ country? But the Minister assured there would be no objection to my going.

By now I was most uncomfortably aware of the repression in Egypt, of the trials and hanging of the Ikhwan al-Musulimin, the Muslim Brothers, of the thousands in the prisons and concentration camps, Egyptians from right to left on the political spectrum. And I put it to the Minister that I could not fairly be held accountable for the involvements of each and every person I might meet, and to this he agreed.

On Christmas Eve, after being interviewed by the Minister of Interior, I went to the house party of my dear Obeid Rahman, Press Secretary of the Indian Embassy, who was a father figure to me. There I was accosted by a Major Fathi Mamoun and learned that once your file is open, it is never really closed, minister or no minister. I told him I had been cleared by the Minister, himself, and the deportation order was reversed, but this didn't stop him. Such was the arrogance of the officer class which to a man had become so filled with its own power. He ordered me to present myself at his office the next morning. I didn't and wouldn't unless I received an official letter. Fortunately, I had no phone, but he was not deterred. Having observed that I was known to a journalist in *Rose el-Yousef*, each day he would phone him insisting he remind me that I must meet him.

8. The people of southern Egypt, called Upper Egypt, by virtue of the Nile first reaching that area when it enters Egypt from the Sudan, are characterized as stubborn, thick-headed villagers, and are pejoratively referred to as Sa'idi (pl. Sa'yda).

Then on Sunday, Christmas morning, itself, an officer came to the house and insisted I go with him to Major Muharram, Office of Investigation, where I began the Tuesday before. There I was told of an Urgent Deportation Order which came in late Saturday! I told him it was impossible, as on Saturday, yesterday, Minister Mohieddin had cleared me. The officer just stared at me and said "I'm sorry." I started to raise my voice, saying "I know Mohieddin would not lie to me, please check, please call him." But he said he couldn't call. I told him if he wouldn't, I would. At that, he left the room, came back, and said the order was reversed! However, they couldn't give me my extended residence until they had it in writing, so I should come back again the next day. That was the Eve and Christmas Day in Kafkaesque Cairo!

Monday, I went back, order not received. Tuesday, back again, order received. I asked Major Muharram to advise the Ministry of Education, whose scholar I was, but he replied "I will if you get the residence." My comment in the letter to my family: "Can you believe that a man who has never seen me before could be so sadistic? He was actually not happy that the residence was to be given and had the audacity to imply that despite Minister Mohieddin's word there was nothing definite." After that, another officer took me to the Residence Section with my whole file, charges, public security decision and counter decision, and each officer, each man, read the file, looked at me and finally signed. I've never been so humiliated. Finally, they said come back tomorrow for it must be signed all the way up to the Director General.

"On Wednesday, back I went, waited for an hour and a half and was told to come Thursday, as they were closing at 12.00 instead of 2.00 p.m. to clear Tito's arrival, and the man knew how long I had waited. Yesterday I was too tired to go, and Friday they're closed, so Saturday, it's back again, a week after Mohieddin's clearance. How can I tell you, Dad. I'm so tired, I sleep now where I couldn't before, but I awake and I'm still tired. When people stare at me, I never know, is it that they know? I'm depressed and hurt. I'm cleared, yes, but why? Not because of anything but freak circumstances: that I had an appointment made weeks before with the Deputy Premier Gamal Salem. Actually, I was to meet him the previous week, but I was put to bed with a high fever they feared was

typhoid. Therefore the interview was set again for Wednesday, December 21, one day after the deportation order. It was Gamal Salem who called Mohieddin and set the appointment which cleared me. I could not myself have reached Mohieddin.

"What is most ironic is that of all the Americans in Cairo it should be me to be so treated. But they don't know and will never know that it was the integrity of my intellect which kept me from being an enemy, kept me from being what they would now crucify me for being. Probably I've learned more than any other American student because I integrated myself with Egyptians, steered clear of the foreigners' closed island. But it's bitter that it is just this which should have led me to grief.

"But, then, perhaps through this trauma I've learned what I could never have learned any other way. I've learned many things, Daddy. That you must line up. There's no place for me or anyone like me. In the final analysis, goodwill counts for naught, I'm a foreigner to them, an American, and therefore they identify me with whatever they happened to think of American governmental policy at any given time. This is not the time for the unaligned intellectual, rather it's a time of subservience of knowledge to the achievement of given ends. If this is the way they see me or see an American who has some knowledge and empathy with them, then it's folly to be out here on my raft of integrity without oars, without position, money, power to back me up. And Christ said: 'Forgive them for they know not what they do.' But knowing or not knowing, the effect is the same. Christ is dead."

Despite this deep sense of grievance, in all good faith, I tried to carry on my life as usual. I went to the village, lived there and did a brief sociological census of households, of literacy, and so on. In the course of dialoguing with peasant mothers, I became aware that the small day school in the village did not solve the peasants' problems; they needed a school at night after the day's work was done. Along with Samira Magelli, a young Coptic woman from Asyut, we started a night class teaching *alif, bey, tey* by using a stick and writing the 'Arabic alphabet on the dampened earth. There was no blackboard and no light other than from our pressure lamp. We tried to get illiterate men to agree to be taught by literate women, but this was resisted.

Only after immersion in the village did I understand why Father Ayrout had refused to answer my question. This living-working experience answered. I had naively assumed that once the *fellahin* were taught the alphabet they would be able to read and advance by themselves. But since generally 'Arabic is written only in consonants, without vowels, they could only read words they knew, and then the context had to be understood, as those consonants with differing vowels might represent different words. So when the peasants took up old newspapers to read, which I had collected, begged and borrowed in Luxor, they could only read the words which they had previously heard and most of those words produced meaningless sounds, lacking the concept for which the word was only a symbol. Elementary, you might say, but until then I had not lived with illiterate, depressed peasants. Thus slowly was I taught by the Egyptian peasants whom I presumptuously had thought to teach. I learned the depth and magnitude of the problem of 'revolution' and 'power to the people', and in the process I became very committed.

Most basically the people needed clean water to drink, they needed a well, but no one bothered, certainly not their itinerate priests. That village gave me a taste of the parasitic nature of the Coptic clergy. While the only building of substance, other than the Coptic primary school, was the church, the keys were only to be used by the Coptic clergy, resident in comfortable Luxor, and that clergy was hardly in attendance. The community stood in awe of these stove-pipe hatted, well-fed clerics and dared not take possession of this structure for the community's use! Even the clergy's basic Christian obligations they had to be begged and badgered to fulfil. I was witness to Samira doing just that, trying to get the priests to come to say the midnight mass for a high holiday, although they would have come in a horse-drawn carriage, whereas we, servants of the 'wretched of the earth', would walk the footpath from Luxor.⁹ But the villagers' faith was deeper than the failure of their priests. When women swept the earthen floors

9. Read my *In the Time of the Mishmish*, op. cit., for a more full description.

of their homes, any scrap of paper was carefully picked up and preserved, as it might contain the name of God. A crumb of bread was also sacred.

From the village I went down to Aswan, at that time a sleepy town by the side of the Nile. There the Nile was narrow and perfectly clean. On the far side there was sand, and I used to watch incredulously as Nubian women would use sticks to poke holes in the sand and then put in watermelon seeds, which actually grew! I had come to know Colonel Said Hakim from Egyptian intelligence, a man I would think in his mid-40s. He told me he was taking a steamer down the Nile to Wadi Halfa, a Nubian town in the Sudan. The Nubians were of concern to the Egyptians since their population concentration extended from the south of Egypt into Sudan, and the High Dam, the Kalabsha Dam, the Egyptians hoped to build would cause the flooding of many miles of their homeland. The Colonel generously let me tag along with him. I was apprehensive to leave Egyptian jurisdiction for if it were to be shown in my passport, I would have a problem returning to Egypt. But all of that he could arrange, and so I went. This was my first knowledge that there was such a people as Nubians,¹⁰ a tall, proud people, who without fear insisted with the Colonel that they had a sovereign right to their area. They spoke of the injustice done to them when the original Aswan Dam was built in 1902, and their area was flooded. Indeed, as the

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10. There's now a gallery in Cairo, which for the first time is dedicated to an important collection of materials from the regions of southern Egypt and the Sudan known as Nubia. There is a huge stone relief, much battered but finely carved, depicting Queen Shanakdakhete of Meroe and comes from her pyramid funeral chapel. There's also a wide stone pillar, about 2.5 m tall, its flat face densely carved with an inscription in one of the longest known monumental texts in Meroitic, a 2nd-Century BC Nubian language, but this stele is a mystery. "What it says remains largely unknown for although the sound values of the signs have been deciphered, the meaning of the words cannot be understood." These examples illustrate the lack of knowledge about the diversity of Nubian civilization over 6,000 years ago.

continued p. 167

steamer moved down the Nile, I saw their palm trees partly submerged in water.¹¹

I returned from the south on March 19. I can remember strongly arguing, particularly with leftist-inclined university lecturers in Cairo, that in their vacations they should go back to the villages and learn from the masses. I felt that these theoretical socialists should crack their heads on the reality of the people rather than intellectualize on socialism and revolution.

I wanted myself to go back to the village and had history not intervened, I'm sure I would have done so. I wanted to dig a well to give clean water for drinking, whereas then they only had the Nile in which to bathe and, worse, from which to drink. I felt more integrated than at any other time in my life. Before living in the

continued n. 10

The foggy image most people have of Nubia comes through misleading depictions by ancient Egyptians. One, running the room's entire length, is the cast of a 1250 BC relief showing Rameses II campaigning against Nubian archers. Most of these reliefs and paintings show Nubian captives, victims of Egyptian military expeditions to seize and control Nubia's vast riches. There's a curious cuneiform tablet inscribed in 1350 BC in which a King named Tushratta tells Pharaoh Amenhotep III that the Pharaoh can marry the King's daughter on condition that the bride's price must be "gold in very great quantity". This, he says, will not trouble the Pharaoh unduly since "gold is as dust in the land of my brother," and most of that gold came from Nubia. So did the copper, gemstones and other minerals. Nubia was the sole and vital land link between the ancient Egyptian world and the cultures of Equatorial Africa, which held treasures of their own such as ivory and ebony.

In modern times Nubia all but vanished from the world's attention until the Aswan High Dam flooded much of lower Nubia. As Lake Nasser rose, UNESCO mounted a 1960-80 campaign whose best known exploit was the raising and preservation of the Rameses II temple of Abu Simbel. UNESCO's campaign made the archaeology of lower Nubia probably the most thoroughly documented of any comparable area in the world. The museum calls Nubia the home of some of the most advanced early societies of northeast Africa. ("Nubia heritage now out of the shadows", *Compass News Features*, *New Straits Times*, November 4, 1991.)

11. Again, read further in *In the Time of the Mishmish*.

village I was what one might categorize as a budding intellectual, but after living in the village I was becoming something quite different in kind, perhaps describable as a potential worker-intellectual.

Now back in Cairo, I was required to complete the interviewing of the leadership which I had previously begun, recording the personal development of the men who led what I now considered to be a seizure of power rather than a revolution; for the Egyptian masses, revolution was still to come. At this time, in the same building where Gamal Salem had his office — probably the Presidential Palace — was the office of 'Ali Sabri. I used to dialogue about the Kurds with Wing Commander 'Ali Sabri, Chief of Air Force Intelligence and Minister of State for Presidential Affairs. At that time 'Iraq was still ruled by British imperialism through the person of the infamous Nuri as-Sa'id and his ilk, all chosen from Britain's deck of cards. I had brought all my original research on the Kurds with me when I entered Egypt for it was my *niyyat* (intention) to travel on to Kurdish areas. I suggested to 'Ali Sabri that Egypt broadcast in Kurdish to encourage the uprising of the Kurds against the reactionary 'Iraqi structure, which was the chief base and tool of the imperialists in the 'Arab World. I discussed no other questions in depth with him, other than the programme of my own research in Egypt. My memory of 'Ali Sabri is of a reserved, quiet-spoken gentleman.¹²

Gamal Salem's private secretary, Salah, whom I came to know in the course of my meetings with the Minister, told me that he, a medical doctor, and another friend were going to St. Catherine's Monastery in Sinai Peninsula and invited me to join them. The famed Greek Orthodox monastery, founded c. 250, where it's believed God revealed Himself to Nabī Mūsā (Prophet Moses), houses an incredible collection of icons. It's a distance of 550 kilometres, the last 80 very difficult as wind-blown sand quickly

12. 'Ali Sabri (b. 1920), a Nasser aide in the Free Officers' movement, who became Minister of State for Presidential Affairs and later Prime Minister of Egypt from September 1962 to October 1964, died in Cairo on August 3, 1991. After the death of Nasser in 1970, Sabri was accused of plotting to overthrow Anwar Sadat and sentenced to death. Sadat commuted the sentence to life imprisonment with hard labour and in 1981 ordered his release on grounds of poor health.

covers the way. On April 10, we broke journey at Suez and further on at a Government Rest House where we were joined by an Egyptian military officer who knew the way. At one point the car ran out of water and since we had used all we carried, we had to walk for many miles only to arrive at an oasis, which by definition must have water, but had none! Only by a fluke were we found, and this person fetched water from God knows where to allow us to proceed. We arrived late at night on the 12th.

I don't recall how many days we remained there. The icons, which I photographed in colour, were extraordinary. But what seared my psyche was something quite different. I was shattered to see religion hostile to human beings. There was a small *masjid* inside the monastery walls — how did it get there? — which no Muslim Bedouin was allowed to enter for his prayers. Once a week a trap-door was opened and bread was literally thrown down to the Bedouin below, as if they were no more than hungry wolves.

Soon after returning to Cairo, on April 19, I was arrested again and taken to the same building in the square. This time I did not cry. I was deadened by this re-enactment. I kept remembering Kafka's book *The Trial* where the man never knew of what he was charged — that was metaphysical — this was all too real. I asked those in charge to contact Zakaria Mohieddin who had cleared me, who had assured me this would not happen again. They refused to do so and appeared determined that this time around their actions would not be countermanded. On that very night I had an appointment to meet Salah Salem, Gamal's brother, who had just taken over as Editor of the new newspaper *Ash-Sha'b*. I insisted to be allowed to phone him. I assured them that if they did not allow me to phone they would incur his wrath. They then agreed, and I phoned. I have forgotten precisely how, but 'Ali Sabri came into the picture. Perhaps I asked Salah Salem to inform him, I don't know.

On that Thursday evening, the 19th, I was afraid to go home, for I had been told by Captain Ibrahim Mahmoud that if I protested this order I would be put in prison. I went to the American Embassy where from 12.30 a.m. until 3.00 a.m. I told a Mr. Atkins 'the story' of what had transpired. Friday, I waited three hours at the Embassy to see Mr. Parker Hart, then I left, and finally saw him from 3.30 until 5.00 p.m. His response: "Mr. Byroade [the

Ambassador] has decided not to intervene to keep you here." I replied that Colonel Mohieddin, the Minister of Interior, had given me his word in December that if anything should go wrong again he would tell me personally, and now I would hold him to his word. Hart replied, "As a former Consul I'm inclined to believe in the protection of the individual American, but now I'm not a Consul and there are other considerations, diplomatic considerations. They may think you work for us, and you don't." I asked him how it would appear, since that was what he was worried about, if the Embassy didn't intervene, equally abnormal, and further that at least he should call Mohieddin to let him know that the Embassy knew about the deportation order and the threat of imprisonment. He said, "I'm thinking out loud whether or not I should call and say that I'm just forwarding your request." At 5 o'clock he said he would call Mohieddin. Subsequently, Mr. Roeder, the Consul, claimed that Mohieddin was out to Hart from Friday running through Wednesday. I told this to 'Ali Sabri and asked if he thought such a thing could be possible. He said "No!"

Wing Commander 'Ali Sabri, Political Adviser to Nasser's Cabinet, intervened for me on Monday April 23rd and my deportation, which had been set for Tuesday, was cancelled. One hour later, a new order for deportation was issued at 5.00 p.m. At 9.00 p.m. I reached 'Ali Sabri to inform him. He said it was impossible, and made out a new order of cancellation of the deportation that had been reset for Wednesday, and then came another order setting deportation for Thursday. Five orders altogether, one on Thursday, April 19 and four on Monday April 23. Fortunately, I had interviewed 'Ali Sabri before this bombshell so he had agreed to see me. I talked with him from 2.30 - 4.00 p.m. His appraisal was that he knew what happened in December 1955 and the Minister of Interior, himself, had cancelled the deportation order after his interview with me when it was found there was "only junk" in my file, and "once cleared, you are cleared"; therefore someone was moving against me, "someone wants you out of Egypt"; since it's the Minister of Interior's personal order it must be someone who could reach the ear of the Minister or the ear of his Secretary, Captain Said Halim. I must be told, and if there's any 'evidence' I must be confronted with it. He would go through the

whole thing with the Minister of Interior and hoped he could clear it for me. If not, he would call me in and tell me what the reason might be. He thought this was the least he could do. Meanwhile he would get me a stay until he could obtain a final decision.

One must realize that 'Ali Sabri was a very powerful man and also Head of Air Force Intelligence. Besides, he had character, and he liked me to the point of helping me with my dissertation. He asked me what I thought it might be. I told him I had been out of Cairo until March 19 and since my return had interviewed him and Salah Salem, who used to be Minister of National Guidance and in charge of Sudan Affairs. I asked 'Ali Sabri if my interviewing him or Salah Salem could be the reason. He said that was impossible since Salah Salem had made his comeback as editor of *Ash-Sha'b* (The Masses), a daily paper, housed in the building formerly belonging to *al-Misri* which had been confiscated by the government. 'Ali Sabri assured me I would come to know the reason.

Later, I can only remember my amazement when face to face 'Ali Sabri cautioned me that someone I had contact with by the name of Salah could be the reason for the current action, so to break the contact. He refused to explain, and I concluded he meant Gamal Salem's secretary, Salah Abdul Mooty. 'Ali Sabri gave me his secret house telephone number (66669) to use in the event I was rearrested, and said he would try to have the deportation order revoked. And the order was countermanded, then reinstated, and countermanded again; I was a ping-pong ball of unknown forces.

On Wednesday, I went to 'Ali Sabri's office and received a message that Zakaria Mohieddin, the Minister of Interior, was waiting to see me. I went to the Ministry but found only his Secretary Captain Said Halim, who said: "'Ali Sabri intervened, but Mohieddin kept to his opinion. He will not see you." I left feeling beaten.

My last memories are of shuttling back and forth between my room and officialdom. My books were checked one by one, page by page, by a censor and chopped. Each book was shaken so that no piece of paper could remain undetected. I was advised I would only be allowed to take out of Egypt boxes with the censor's seal and not *one scrap* of my writing. On April 26, 1956, early in the morning, I was taken by Captain Ibrahim Mahmoud and one US Embassy official to Cairo Airport where I was put on a plane bound for Beirut. I had all

of one Egyptian pound in my pocket. As I did not have money, I had to leave behind with Thomas Cook & Sons the large package of my books which had passed the censor and my personal belongings as well as all the colour slides I had taken in Egypt. Later my Mother paid Thomas Cook to ship those things to New York. The boxes, ostensibly holding my precious books, arrived with censor's seal intact, but empty! My poor Mother was completely forlorn.

The American Embassy stands indicted as when this second incident began to unfold, I requested the Consular Section to send a cable on my behalf to my parents asking that they send me money. I did not have money even for a cable. I learned later from my parents that the Americans cabled only after I had been deported!

Let alone my books and my clothes, all the work I had taken into Egypt on the Kurds, all the research work I did in Egypt for a year and a half, all the poetry I had written while I was in Egypt was lost. This represented a cumulative total of four years of my work and life. Thus my *In the Time of the Mishmish* was written in 1958 from painful memory.

I had frantically tried to save my work in the face of the censor's refusal to entertain any rational argument even *vis-à-vis* my original notes and work on the Kurds which I had brought with me into Egypt. I first turned to the good Obeid Rahman, Press Attaché of the Indian Embassy. I begged him to keep my work, that one day when he was leaving Egypt he might carry it out with him. With all love for me and understanding of my predicament and of the injustice of my losing my work, he said he could not help despite his wish to save my work as he was an official of the Indian Government in Egypt and what he did would implicate the Indian Government. He suggested I might appeal to the Air India people who, not being officials, might consider assisting. Understandably, they also refused. With hindsight, I can empathize with these refusals, but at the time, with a sense of injustice burning within me, I felt betrayed and abandoned.

I sought advice and was counselled by well-meaning friends that given the situation prevailing at that time, I had no alternative but to take my work to the American Embassy and ask that they send it out of the country. Not knowing where to turn, I trudged with a suitcase containing all my work to the Embassy

where Parker Hart, whom I knew by reputation as an 'Arabic scholar, was an official. I thought that as he, himself, was a scholar he might respect the integrity of my research and my wish not to have it obliterated. This reflects the remaining remnants of idealism in my soul which led to such an erroneous wish-fulfilling conclusion. Scholar though he may have been, he was now a representative of the US power structure. He introduced me to two other men. They then conferred amongst themselves. I was asked to leave and to come back at a specific time, I have forgotten the interval, perhaps it was coming to the lunch break. As I had carried the suitcase in with all trepidation, having to walk by an Egyptian policeman at the entrance, I dreaded having to carry it out again. Hart said I could leave it there, which I did. On my return, I was informed they could not solve my problem; that I could carry the suitcase with me when I left Egypt and maybe I could get it through. I picked the suitcase up and walked out of the consulate in utter despair. Was this not all a charade? Did they not copy all of my papers, and then throw me to the wolves? I would think so. This encounter was my first, only, and last, turning even to an individual 'scholar' in any American agency for assistance although many times thereafter my back was similarly to the wall.¹³

In my despair I finally gave that suitcase of my work to a fellow researcher, Dimitri Bushen, who would be leaving Egypt within the next six months and willingly undertook to carry it out and ship to my family.

Who then was guilty? I was psychologically driven, trying to save what I had every right to save. And why was I so driven —

13. When my family came to know of all that had transpired, my Father first contacted Professor Khadduri to ask his advice as to what he might do to assist me. Khadduri suggested Father see the people on the Middle East desk at the Department of State who might be able to enlighten him as to the reasons for this action. He did precisely that and they told him to write to me telling me to meet with the US Ambassador in Lebanon for discussions. All of this my Father wrote to me, but I refused to meet the Ambassador and never put my foot inside any US Embassy or consulate in the 'Arab World. Fortunately, my passport was still valid.

who was responsible? I strongly felt there was no political, let alone moral, justification for any Egyptian authority to take from me my work on the Kurds and my original notes, the result of two years research prior to entering Egypt.

I was deported to Beirut, the closest point to Cairo, the Egyptians having provided the ticket. I had no money to go anywhere else and, further, my opinion was never sought. I will explain subsequently what happened to me on my arrival in Lebanon, but allow me to go on with the story of my work. One night a Palestinian friend, poet and writer, Samir Sanbar, and a Lebanese friend of his whose name I have forgotten, came to see me at the pension where I was living to tell me there was a woman (I have a mental block to her name but remember her as Lebanese) who was bragging to her friend, in one of the cafés, about how she had been given a suitcase of my work as she was leaving Cairo to Alexandria to board a boat for Beirut, having undertaken to deliver it personally to me in Beirut. But on the train to Alexandria, this bourgeoisie woman had a flirtatious encounter with an Egyptian officer whom she casually met. She proudly told him what she was carrying, and he insisted she hand it over to him; he had heard of my deportation and undoubtedly anticipated a hero's reception when he turned it over to his superiors in Cairo. She merrily handed over the suitcase, shattering four years of my life.

Samir and his friend took me to meet this woman. We were joined by other strong 'Arab nationalists. They wanted to beat her. I remember I only felt grievously ill. It was the consensus of the group that while she would have been within her rights to have refused to carry the suitcase in the first instance, having undertaken to do so with full knowledge of its contents, it was reprehensible for her to have handed it over, for no principled or ideological reason, solely as a result of her brief infatuation with an officer.

Sometime after that I received a letter with no return address from my erstwhile friend Dimitri Bushen, saying he was leaving Egypt back to Los Angeles, stopping at Ann Arbor on the way. To this day I have no idea where he is or how he came to rely on such a frivolous woman, and I choose not to think it was all a set-up.

This then is the only act I ever attempted in violation of an Egyptian authority, in this instance of the censor. But I do not apologize. I had not been given justice, there had been no enquiry, no procedure, no rules of evidence, not even a charge, let alone a chance to clarify, to answer, to defend. I was deported, only this did I know. There were no structural guarantees; there was only the mentality of any particular officer who happened to be in a position of power. Having tasted this bitter reality in December 1955, it was ingenuous of me to have remained in Egypt. I should have left then of my own volition, my name having been cleared, and carried my work with me. But then I would never have known Nag as-Siag or Sawagi, would never have tasted the bitter truth of the lives of the peasant producers of Egypt's wealth.

In all these years, I have had only one consolation, that perhaps my detailed work on the Kurds which was handed over to that officer might have been used by Egypt in its broadcasts beamed to the Kurds in 'Iraq and thereby contributed in some small way towards the 'Iraqi revolution. The irony is that I had discussed the Kurdish movement in detail with 'Ali Sabri, and from my heart would voluntarily have given my work to be photostatted for the purpose of 'Iraq's liberation from imperialism. No one with this intention had the necessity to ferret my work away from me. The co-operation I would have refused officials of an imperialist power, I would willingly have given to what I then perceived as anti-imperialist Egypt.

In retrospect, it is astounding that any authority could have deemed me so unintelligent as to imagine that having been arrested for deportation in December 1955, had I been involved in any underground movement, I would have persisted in such activities in the months January through April 1956, knowing full well that I was in an exposed position. Further, the action taken in April 1956 insults Zakaria Mohieddin's personal judgment. Is it possible that this man, who was manifestly capable of nailing all manner of anti-government attempts, could have meticulously gone through my file and made such an error as to find me innocent, thereby allowing me freely to travel throughout Egypt, to live in an Egyptian village, to go on with my meetings with Ministers, all adding to my further understanding?

I did not remain in Egypt on my own initiative nor was I supported by way of my own funds. My sole source of income was the grant given to me by the Egyptian Government plus small Christmas and Birthday gifts from my family, and initially the rent from my New York City flat. The research I did was not done surreptitiously but with the full knowledge and overt approval of the Egyptian Government, all my appointments with members of the power structure being made by the Information Office, headed by Intelligence Colonel Abdul Qader Hatem, whom I believe later became a Minister. If I were truly guilty, an enemy of Egypt or 'Arab nationalism, then the whole Egyptian structure was involved in making a disastrously wrong evaluation of my person. Is it possible that these multiple authorities could have been so consistently wrong and for a year and a half? But then I was not the only one to suffer, there were thousands of Egyptians who suffered unjustly.

The only contacts I ever had with American officialdom in Cairo were as follows. I first met the American Ambassador Henry Byroade one evening when, in the company of a journalist from *Rose el-Yousef* and an Egyptian Major Muhammad (an uncle of a friend), we entered the Hotel Semiramis by the side entrance, intending to take a coffee in the lobby. Out of the door came a man with rumpled hair and wearing an open-neck sport shirt. The journalist and he recognized one another. I did not realize it was Ambassador Henry Byroade until I was introduced. If there be any discredit, it is his, for he immediately changed his mind about leaving and insisted we be his guests. My friends accepted his invitation, and we sat at a table within the bar area, which faced the windows and the street, in full view of any passer-by. Then suddenly in walked Rabbi Elmer Berger of the anti-Zionist American Council for Judaism and his wife Ruth. I had met Rabbi Berger in New York when involved in the anti-Zionist fight. Only a minority of Jews belonged to that anti-Zionist group, and they were the brunt of vicious attacks by the Zionists who castigated them as self-hating Jews, who had been co-opted by the Christian power structure. Rabbi Berger knew Ambassador Byroade well, and the journalist from *Rose el-Yousef* was later to tell me that the Zionists attacked them as the 'Byroade-Berger axis'!

I felt then that this spontaneous happening was beyond the rational acceptance of the Egyptian officer in whose company I was. His eyes told of his disbelief that an ambassador, let alone the ambassador of a major power, could so spontaneously and unself-consciously react on a purely personal level. It was the first time I had seen *kufr* (disbelief) in the eyes of an Egyptian friend. I fully agree that the ambassador's behaviour was improbable, but was this not known? Was it not publicly understood that his relationship with his wife was not that calm nor quiet? Was he not known as an atypical figure in the US State Department? He was a man of independent wealth and behaved as a free agent rather than as the highest representative of his nation in Egypt. I do not know the date of this encounter, but I remember the evening was warm and it was definitely pre my December 1955 arrest.

Subsequently, when I was walking one day, a car stopped and Ambassador Byroade stepped out. He asked me to meet him, saying he had been told I knew a great deal about Egypt. I answered that this was for the reason that I did not dialogue with American officials, which concluded a second unorthodox encounter.

Then in December 1955, when I was under order of deportation, I was asked to meet Ambassador Byroade. He told me he understood it would help my case if I could prove I was not a Jew. These words rang rotten in my ears. Yes, I *could* prove I was not a Jew, as I had my Baptism and Confirmation document as a Roman Catholic (such document must be preserved as there is a further section — integral to the document — to be filled in the event of marriage or of the taking of religious vows), but on *principle* I would forever refuse to do so. I had proven I was anti-Zionist, but to prove I was not a Jew would mean no less than subscribing to the contention that by virtue of having sprung from the womb of a Jewish woman one is automatically and irrevocably an enemy; would mean to subscribe to the Nazi-Zionist doctrine that a Jew is at all times and everywhere a Jew, a person in diaspora who can only belong, only take his rest, when he is ingathered with his own kind, which means in Israel. Anti-Jewishism or Nazism has been and remains a pillar of strength for Zionism and gave birth to the colonial-settler state of Israel. I said all of this to Byroade. He

appeared to understand the ideological depth of my refusal to be a party to such deformation, and this terminated the interview. I do not believe he was hopeful that without such a denial my innocence would be vindicated, although it was.

As I wrote above, on Christmas Eve 1955, after my exoneration by Zakaria Mohieddin, I went to a Christmas Eve party being given by Obeid Rahman of the Indian Embassy. Obeid had assumed the position of a father figure in my life, and he regularly corresponded with my late Mother. We kept that relationship over the years, and it was of great succour to me, and I hope to him. He later became the head of the press section in the Indian Foreign Office under Nehru. Dear Obeid was to die of emphysema. At his home on that Christmas Eve, there were many people, one of whom was an American of Russian origin, I believe by the name of Alexei, who was an official of the American Embassy, perhaps the Information or Press Officer. He tried to pressure me to co-operate; I distinctly remember his saying: "I am not threatening you with your passport or anything like that, but we need certain information that you can get. For instance, who pays, lets call him Anwar, the *Rose el-Yousef* journalist?" I curtly answered that other than *Rose el-Yousef*, I had no idea. He then suggested the Hungarians, and then most crudely slapped me as the price for my non-co-operation by saying, "If you really don't know, why don't you kiss him and find out!" I was filled with revulsion and fled from his disgusting company, immediately reporting what had transpired to Obeid Rahman, who then counselled Alexei that I did not take kindly to threats. I then told all this to the journalist concerned who was present at Obeid's party.

The only other American I encountered was Clyde Leemaster, a homosexual student of 'Arabic at AUC. He was very sick, and I did help him to the point where he had the moral courage to leave Egypt to return to the States for extensive psychoanalysis. And in the village I met Dimitri Bushen, who came there on an afternoon's visit; he was doing his Ph.D. on Egypt.

I personally find this resume of improbable and meaningless encounters unpleasurable, but sadly it appears that such detail should be put on record. And so I was deported to Lebanon. I debarked from the plane on April 26, 1956 with one Egyptian pound in my pocket and incommunicado.

As for the Americans, Consul Roeder had agreed to have someone wait for me in Beirut as I was afraid Lebanon might not let me in when they saw that the Egyptians had ordered me out, which was stamped in my passport. But no one was waiting when I arrived, demonstrating the Americans' complete lack of responsibility towards me. As I wrote to my parents: "It was possible today that the Lebanese could have refused me entry, and then what? To prison, to be held at the airport, back to Cairo and prison there? That Roeder failed in this is his particular blame since as Consul he was supposed to be responsible for Americans abroad. It's true the American Embassy had its own interest to consider, but even after dumping me they could have done that, could have given me some money, instead when at the airport the Egyptians refused to pay my excess baggage, the American official in attendance let me use what he thought was my last seven pounds to pay for it. Bastard!"

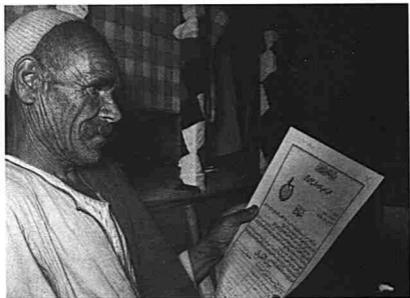
As for my attitude to US foreign policy, my letter to my Mother, written from the Grand Hotel in Aswan on February 29, 1956, sums it up:

"I have an awareness now of just what the world is composed of, but it's been an unhappy realization. How much better I now understand the nature of Bill's mental breakdown. If I were forced to serve a policy in this area as it now exists, I, too, would end the same way. Being a student, I see their ludicrous actions which make me unhappy, but the fact that I don't have to serve them leaves me free of the personal guilt which built up in Bill until he collapsed. These have been a maturing two years; I'm not sorry, basically."¹⁴

14. This refers to the late William Sands whom I came to know at Columbia University Graduate School when he enrolled to do his Ph.D. after resigning from the US Foreign Service. See Chapter IV, p. 121.



1955 Egypt: Drawing water from the Nile.



A *Fellah*, Egyptian peasant, receiving land deed.



Gamal Abdel Nasser, reaching out.



Field Marshal Gamal Salem, Vice President of Egypt.



(Muhammad) 'Adel Kamal (1928-).



1956: St. Catherine's Greek Orthodox Monastery in Sinai Peninsula, Egypt, believed to stand on spot where Nabī Mūsā (Prophet Moses) received the Ten Commandments.



Cairo: Midnight March 28, 1956, the author, celebrating her 27th birthday on the 29th, with Dimitri Bushen.



Miss Shirlie Gordon

Please be ready at 7. A.M.
 To-morrow Morning to leave to
 Cairo air-Port accompanied by
 the American vice Consul.

25. 4. 1956 ~~at 11.15~~

Cairo, April 18 and 25, 1956: Fateful days.

Cairo, 1956.





Third World leaders of the mid-50s; Houari Boumedienne, aide to Algeria's Ben Bella at the top left; in front of him is Pandit Nehru; and below Tito (Josip Broz); on the right next to Nehru is Gamal Abdel Nasser.

VI

I shall carve my story and the chapters of my tragedy,
I shall carve my sighs
On my grove and on the tombs of my dead;
.....I shall carve the number of each deed
Of our usurped land
The location of my village and its boundaries.
The demolished houses of its peoples,
My uprooted trees,
.....And to remember it all,
I shall continue to carve
All the chapters of my tragedy,
And all the stages of the disaster,
From the beginning
To end,
On the olive tree
In the courtyard
Of the house.

Tawfiq Zayad (born 1932)
On the Trunk of an Olive Tree

A. Almessiri, *The Palestinian Wedding* (Three Continents Press, 1982) reproduced in Aida Hasan, *Voices from the Homeland*, pt. two, December 3, 2000.

1956 APRIL-OCTOBER: LIBERATION STRUGGLE IN LEBANON-PALESTINE

WASHED onto Lebanon's shores like many other exiles before me, I arrived in such a state of shock that my vocal chords were affected. I found a room in the Stafhouse Hotel on Makdisi Street in Ras Beirut, not far from the American University of Beirut (AUB), where the three owners, who originated from Egypt, greeted me as an Egyptian refugee! Each day, I would walk down to Khayat Bookstore and spend a portion of my precious pound to buy a newspaper.

Then one day, the door that had closed on my life opened again. In that shop, someone called out my name. It was Tarek Shawaf, a Saudi 'Arab with whom I had studied and worked in the anti-Zionist front of student lecturers, debaters which had been built up across the breadth of the United States. And so I spoke. The words, suppressed screams, the tears, broke the bund of resistance, and my brother did not forsake me.

Such friends as Tarek, who had every reason to trust me, rallied round, introducing and protecting me. Being from a prominent family in Saudi 'Arabia — his father had been the first medical doctor in that country — Tarek was not cowed by what had transpired in Egypt.¹ Through Tarek I met the Palestinian journalist and poet Samir Sanbar² and through him lawyers Gebran

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1. Tarek is now chairman, president and founder of Saudi Consulting Services, the oldest and largest architectural engineering firm in Saudi 'Arabia, employing over 600 technical and administrative staff. Headquartered in Riyadh, the firm has offices in Damman and Jeddah, and overseas branches in London and Los Angeles.
 2. Samir was to become UN Assistant Secretary General for Public Information from 1994-98, while much earlier on he had served in their Information Department, and in 1993 he was the Special Representative of the UN Secretary General. He's currently Executive Editor of *UNforum: an open forum on UN news and issues*.

Majdalany³ and Clovis Maksoud,⁴ who were then young Turks in the Progressive Socialist Party under Kamal Djumblatt. As Tarek's leave was expiring and he was returning to Saudi, he begged Samir to take responsibility for me as a sister, which he did. I had the benefit of Samir's constant guidance and direction. I owed Samir so much that, as I wrote to my family, I would need to dedicate to him the book I had hopes of writing on the liberation struggle in the 'Arab World. Slowly, I recovered, my soul's strength renewed through their unbroken solidarity.

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3. Gebran Majdalany graduated in French law in 1948 and Lebanese law in 1950. He joined the Progressive Socialist Party led by Kamal Djumblatt in 1952 and was appointed Head of the International Relations Committee. He resigned in 1956 because of the party's negative attitude with regard to the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company. It was in that year that he joined the Ba'ath Socialist Party, being elected a Member of the Central Committee of the Lebanese Branch, and in 1962 he was to be elected as Member of the National Central Committee (which controlled all the party branches in the 'Arab World) where he was put in charge of the party's international relations. Gebran opposed the intervention of the army in political affairs and was the first member of the leadership to be detained after the February 1966 *coup d'état* in Syria and was only released in 1967 after the June Six-day War.

He describes his main activity as professional, but he had been legal adviser of the PLO in Lebanon until 1977 and of the Iranian opposition abroad until the overthrow of the Shah. He continues to maintain friendly relations with progressive parties and movements, particularly secular movements, in the 'Arab World. At some point during the chaos of the civil war in Lebanon, which opened in April 1974, Gebran moved to Doha in Qatar where he established a law office, and where he remains. His family is scattered, his daughter in Toronto and his son in San Francisco.

4. Clovis Maksoud moved on to become the Chief Representative of the League of 'Arab States in India from 1961-66; from 1977-79 as Senior Editor of *Al-Ahram* in Cairo and then Chief Editor of *An-Nahar Weekly*. On September 1, 1979 he was appointed Representative of the League of 'Arab States to the UN, but in 1990, in the aftermath of the 'Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, he submitted his resignation. Clovis, now 73, is Professor of International Relations and Director of the Center for the Global South at American University in Washington, DC.

Being sent out from Egypt had been a trauma, but to be sent to Lebanon added to my chagrin for Lebanon was thought of as a political prostitute! Friends countered: "Yes, but a beautiful prostitute whom you'll come to love." And so it was to be. How greatly I came to value this haven for exiles in the Middle East. Many strugglers managed to stay alive by reaching her shores. By May 14, 1956, I could write to my family that I was now not only resolved at having been pushed out of Egypt, but even glad of it. "It was a long winter, and I was very tired, more than I knew. The food and the cool breeze of Lebanon, the lapping Mediterranean, the mountains of this small Switzerland, the friends, the intellectual freedom, the quality of civilian analysis, all make for a lovely change, and really I did not know just how badly off I was in Egypt: one grows accustomed even to fear or restriction or a hostile atmosphere." Conscious elements survived for as long as they could in Cairo by following basic rules: always assume the *bawwab*, the doorman, is a regular paid informant; never take a stationary taxi; no conversations in threes, so there can be no two witnesses against you; never sit near a potted plant or your conversation will be taped! In Egypt, it was survival; in Lebanon, it was living.

Another occurrence touched my heart. With all the controversy that continued raging over my head, when the Egyptian civilian socialist Minister, Fuad Jalal,⁵ who was in charge of contacts with

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5. Fuad Jalal, born in 1908, was a graduate of the College of Education of Cairo University. He belonged to al-Ruwad, a Pioneer Group, founders of a social movement in Egypt pre-Nasser's 1952 *coup*, which worked very closely with the Egyptian Association of Social Studies, credited with having begun the work of community participation in rural areas. Ahmed Hussein, who was to become Egypt's Ambassador to the US in the 50s, was a member of this group. They were unique in that although their work began in the reign of the former King, they managed to retain their good names after the 1952 Nasser *coup*. Fuad Jalal was to become Minister of National Guidance in 1952 and subsequently Minister of Social Affairs. He was Vice Chairman of the National Assembly and, most importantly, held responsibility for 'Arab and African Affairs. The Council for Social Services, concerned with rural affairs, needed a man of empathy to be in charge, which it got when for some time Fuad Jalal assumed control. This decent man died in 1963 and is survived by three children, two boys and a girl.

'Arab socialist forces, came to Beirut and was asked, even pressed about me by Lebanese journalists, he answered by saying, "Where is Shirle, I want to see her." And this silenced the smear. We took food together, and he assured that what had happened was all a terrible mistake and that once the Suez issue was resolved (for the Canal had now been nationalized), he would personally take up my case, and I would be invited to return. He thanked me for continuing to support Egypt and for writing articles in the cause of 'Arab nationalism, while at the same time refusing to discuss what had happened to me so as not to be made use of by the enemies of 'Arabism. And I do believe that dear man meant to keep his word.

Immediately before April 1956, Wing Commander Hassan Ibrahim al-Sayed, Minister of Industry (?) or Kamal al-Din Hussein,⁶ I cannot be absolutely certain which of the two Free

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6. Kamal al-Din Hussein, member of the RCC (Revolutionary Command Council) until its abolition in June 1956, Cabinet minister and vice president under Gamal Abdel Nasser and one of the first five members of the executive committee of the Egyptian Free Officers' Association which deposed King Farouk in 1952, died in Cairo on June 22, 1999 at the age of 77. Then an artillery captain and former member of the Ikhwan al-Muslimin (Muslim Brotherhood), he was also among the 11 officers who applied for and were granted leave from the army to fight in Palestine.

Kamal al-Din was also the first among the Free Officers to fall out with Nasser over his economic policies and his meddling in internal 'Arab affairs, especially the military intervention in Yemen which was proving an economic as well as military disaster. He believed Nasser's policies were compromising Egypt's ability to deal with the Israeli threat and to end the Zionist occupation of Palestine. So when Nasser announced a new government in March 1964, he dropped from the government his two vice presidents, Abdel Latif Baghdadi and Kamal al-Din Hussein. They were relieved of all duties and put under house arrest. Nasser died in 1970 and Kamal al-Din was freed by Anwar Sadat and later elected as an independent to the People's Assembly.

However, he did not refrain from criticizing Sadat for punishing, rather than listening to the Egyptian people in the wake of the so-called food riots of 1977. He wrote an open letter to Sadat denouncing the plebiscite as unconstitutional and blaming the riots on stupid
continued p. 187

Officer Ministers it was as my notes have been 'lost', in one of the interviews officially scheduled by the Information Office, most incredibly shared with me Egypt's intention to nationalize the Canal, perhaps kept on hold for just such an eventuality as Dulles's refusal to finance even a part of the cost of building the High Dam, I wouldn't know. It's now known that such a possibility had been pooh-poohed by key CIA operatives.⁷ Had I been a traitor to Egypt's national interest, Egypt, or at least the *coup*-government, would have been hit before they could have acted.

Kamal Djumblatt, the Druze leader and head of the Progressive Socialist Party, was exceptionally kind to me. At that time, he was the only leader that all sides in the political arena believed to be completely sincere. He had shocked feudalist Lebanon by giving away part of his inherited lands to the peasants who tilled them, and he lived a simple life within his family's palace at Mukhtara, whereas his wife led a proud social life, appearing to share none of his values. It is said that Kamal Djumblatt's mother had been

continued n. 6

and bungling government policies. By a vote of 281 to 28 with three abstentions, the assembly voted to expel him from Parliament for casting aspersions on the presidency and trying to subvert the legitimacy of the new political institutions created by Sadat.

7. Miles Copeland in his *The Game Player* admits that both he and Kermit (Kim) Roosevelt — two top CIA operatives, Copeland based in Egypt and Roosevelt moving in and out — never anticipated that Nasser would nationalize the Suez Canal Company. Only Frank Wisner, their boss, had mentioned this possibility, but no one paid him any mind.

"Oh, yes, there was one move of Nasser's which Kim and I both failed to predict. When Secretary Dulles announced that we weren't going to help Nasser with his Aswan Dam, we were called to a meeting at the State Department to help figure out how he would react. There were many suggestions, but only Frank Wisner, our beloved boss, mentioned the possibility of Nasser's nationalizing the Suez Canal Company. Kim and I both kicked him under the table (we loved Frank, and didn't want him to make a fool of himself), but he persisted as one or another of the State Department people sitting around the table explained to him, patronizingly, why such an action was unlikely." *Op. cit.*, 170.

extremely powerful when Lebanon was under the French Mandate.

Mukhtara, the Djumblatt traditional palace, was built on a slope at a peak in the Shouf mountain, giving it a commanding view of the valley. The German Baedeker claimed that it had been raised on the site of an old crusader castle. What astounded me on my first visit to Mukhtara was that the walls of the palace had holes in them of a size for gun emplacements! All the outer rooms led to a large inner courtyard with a fountain in the centre; three of the sides of which were encircled with arches of arabesque design. Here everyone from Aneurin Bevan, Dr. Edith Summerskill, Julius Huxley, and innumerable others, had spent time dialoguing with Kamal Djumblatt. But not only the famous sought him out. On Sundays, people from the neighbouring area would come and ask all manner of questions, which led him to describe himself as their talking newspaper, the columnist they needed!

The Djumblatt family was the most powerful among the Druze warrior aristocracy. Mukhtara means 'the Elect Village', 'the Chosen One', also the name of a small town in the south of 'Iraq, but Djumblatt, himself, had no explanation for this. The family's landholdings were reduced to 30-35 hectares around Mukhtara, after they gave most of the substantial estate they owned at Sibline by the sea to the tenants who farmed it.⁸ "Big estates are unnatural, they distort the meaning of ownership: everybody likes to own something, it acts as an extension of people's senses, their hands, their bodies, their personalities. One of our party's demands is 'Every Lebanese a Landowner'. Small or medium landholdings change people's attitudes and help them adopt a more independent, dignified and responsible stance towards the authorities. A sense of responsibility and a love of freedom go hand in hand with possession of land."⁹

I only came to have some knowledge of the Druze people through Kamal Djumblatt's generosity. On March 16, 1977, shortly

8. Joubblatt, Kamal, *I Speak for Lebanon*, recorded by Philippe Lapousterle and transl. from the French by Michael Pallis (London: Zed Press, 1982) 31.

9. *Ibid.*, 33.

after completing the initial manuscript of his book, he was brutally murdered. Fortunately, his book remains, including his most valuable "Once Upon a Time, the Druses ...", where he describes with nostalgia the transformation of Lebanon.

In the years 1842-60, the Maronite Christians of Lebanon, with the clergy at their head, initiated an offensive to gain privileges which the Christians had not enjoyed before, notably political power. In 1864, it ended with the dismemberment of Lebanon and the constitution of the little Maronite enclave. "After the French intervention to protect the militarily defeated Maronites, 1864 was marked by the break-up of the great Druse estates. Previously, the Druses owned all of the Biqa'a, the Metn, the Sahel area of Baadba, a considerable part of Beirut, which was then only a small town with fewer than 16,000 inhabitants.¹⁰ ... What died in 1864 was the basic underlying structure of the Lebanese ideal of a liberal and dynamic Lebanon Lebanon lost both the activism of its foreign policy and its internal structure of freedom for all its citizens. These were replaced by the narrow sectarianism of Maronite confessionalism. The fighting [Druze] Emirate had to make way for a miniature Lebanon, a Christian shelter for 'psychological refugees'. We have lived with this nationally deformed idea to this day In less than a century, the Druse fell from a dominant to a dominated position."¹¹ And yet true to themselves, the village of Mukhtara is half Christian, half Druze, bearing witness to the welcome offered to the Christians by Djumblatt's ancestors.

In Beirut, I was also introduced to Gerhard Bauch, a German who had been writing for the mass circulation *Die Welt*. Initially, he came to seek my help with articles he was writing, but later when he was returning to Germany, he literally offered me his job. My reaction was that I could not write. I was a humble person at that time, completely undervaluing myself, and the world of international correspondents loomed as something quite beyond me. I had no awareness or appreciation of the depth of my own know-

10. *Ibid.*, 29. Note that he spells Druse, rather than Druze.

11. *Ibid.*, 30.

ledge which, in retrospect, I realize might have been superior to some of those who had recognized bylines.

When Herr Bauch returned to Germany he cabled and wrote pressing me to write. He finally sent me a letter saying that if I insisted I could not write articles then he would pose some questions to me, and I should just sit down and type out the answers, which I did. In response, I received a letter from *Die Welt* saying the editor enjoyed reading my articles but found them to be both libellous and too detailed; thus, they would either need my *carte blanche* permission severely to edit all I wrote or, alternatively, they would make contact for me with *Öst Korrespondenz*, which being circulated only by list to the power structure, to opinion leaders and such, did not fall within the strictures of German libel law. I discussed the alternatives with my nationalist friends who concluded it would be more useful if I wrote for the power structure. Accordingly, my articles were passed to *Öst Korrespondenz*, and they responded positively: "In contrast to a newspaper, we appreciate the way you write, i.e. to look behind the scenes, to bring much detailed information, to quote influential people, and to make your own conclusions." They offered USD 25/- per article, "which according to German standards is a very satisfactory payment. Please let us know if you are ready to go on writing for us" And thus did I, through Gerhard Bauch's sympathetic consideration and Samir Sanbar's continual help, break through my own inhibitions to become the Middle Eastern correspondent of *Öst Korrespondenz*.

But I must confess I did not take my role as a correspondent all that seriously. It was a way of honestly earning money to allow me to go on learning. It was important that I try to recoup the four lost years academically by writing a substantial piece of scholarship. I decided to write on the contemporary anti-imperialist struggle in Jordan-Palestine and Iraq. As for *Öst Korrespondenz*, each month Samir Sanbar and I would calculate how much money I needed for living and travelling expenses and what I could most usefully write, and I would then sit down and two-finger type the articles on Samir's typewriter, for I had none. Although I did this from the top of my head, as it were, they were honest pieces of value, and the Germans bought all I wrote, giving me an income of between USD 200-300/- per month.

In July of 1956, Samir Sanbar accompanied me to Jordan — a trip of 8-10 hours by car — in order to introduce me, while I also carried introductory letters from Gebran Majdalany to Palestinian political leaders in the West Bank of Palestine, then under Jordanian administration. I was looked after as if I were his own child by the late Abdullah Nawas who, with Abdullah Ramawi, led the Hizb al-Ba'ath political party in Palestine and Jordan. This was the time of great nationalist expectations, of the formation of the National Front and the struggle to take Jordan out from under British domination. It was expected that the National Front (Hizb al-Ba'ath, Sulaiman Nabulsi, et al.) would win the elections scheduled for October 1956. 'Ali Abu Nawar, in sympathy with the movement, was now heading the 'Arab Legion.

The 'Arab Legion, a Jordanian Bedouin force, was created by the British for British purposes; it was under British allotment, British command, and at Britain's disposal. It upheld the status quo: Britain, Monarchy and the prevailing tribal-class structure. It bolstered weak pro-British leaders, halted demonstrations and, in the election previous to 1956, had killed 120 of those who would defy British imperialist interests!

In 1956, Glubb Pasha — Lieutenant General Sir John Bagot Glubb — who spoke 'Arabic fluently, dressed like a Bedouin tribesman, and had organized the 'Arab Legion on behalf of Britain, was removed by order of King Hussein. But it was said that the King only acted after surviving the trauma of opposing pressures. Allegedly, Glubb dared to face the young son of Talal, saying, "Who do you think keeps you in Jordan, if you're left to the people, they'll tear you apart," while Colonel 'Ali Abu Nawar countered that the King's throne must not in any way be apart from Glubb's dismissal. During this crisis Queen Zain, the young King's mother, usually a forceful influence on her son, was not included in the decision making; allegedly she was deliberately isolated. Finally, the King acted, Glubb was removed, and Hussein heard, perhaps for the first time, a sound he might never have known in his applause: "Yahya Hussein!" 'Long live Hussein!

To remove Glubb, the more powerful Coghill of the Ministry of Interior, and Hattoon of the Operations Commission took determination, military control, swiftness and secrecy of action. A young 'Arab professor of political science protested the manner of the action saying that Glubb's contract was to expire in a month and Glubb should have been given notice by the civilian authority so that he would have left without the interference of the army. But could Glubb have been removed by 'notice' from a civilian authority? Glubb and Coghill controlled Jordan. Glubb was a man who had lived more closely with the Bedouin than any non-Bedouin Jordanian. Passing on the road in Jordan one could see the lovely cool villa which was the King's retreat and not far from it a mud-hut of a Bedouin, Glubb's retreat. If Glubb had had warning of an impending dismissal, he would surely have raised the tribes whom he knew too well, raised the Christians, some of whom had been brainwashed into believing in the necessity of British protection, and slaughter would have come to this country in crisis. The army move was absolutely necessary to the point that Colonel 'Ali Abu Nawar felt he needed to rush to Jerusalem to prevent Glubb's possible return via the Jerusalem airport!

The removal of Glubb would also have been of great personal satisfaction to 'Ali Abu Nawar, as in 1954 he had been exiled to Paris as Military Attache when he had incurred Glubb's wrath. He was only brought back — to head the Royal Guard in Amman — when he won the King's favour as he escorted him during his visit to France. Understandably, on his return to Jordan 'Ali set himself to work, ending as spokesman of the 'Free Officers' to force Glubb's removal.

'Ali was born in as-Salt, capital of former Trans-Jordan, of a middle class family of no particular wealth or position. He was educated at Sandhurst and was barely thirty when he came to such prominence in 1956. His only personal taste of which the writer was aware was his love for the music of Swan Lake! From exile to Commander in two short years, 'Ali was superficially and inaccurately known as the "Nasser of Jordan"!

Behind 'Ali Abu Nawar were the Jordanian 'Arab Legion officers, and word began to leak out of the existence of 'Free Officers'. The trial of 'Arab Legion officers for political thoughts or

acts began: Colonel Mahmoud Roussan and others. It was alleged that Colonel Mahmoud had dared to say that "Glubb was removed by the people," and any talk of 'people's power' would not be countenanced in monarchist Jordan. It was also said that Yousef Shahir actually controlled the 'Free Officers', but all was speculation. The fact was that Colonel 'Ali Abu Nawar now commanded the Legion.

By July 1956, the Parliament of Jordan had been dissolved, the ostensible reason, "the formation of groups in the Parliament". This was the second time Parliament had been dissolved for this reason, a dangerous precedent, it was believed. Elections had to be held during the coming four months. The selection of Ibrahim Hashem as Prime Minister for the interim period plus the inclusion of Omar Mattar, the Mayor of Amman, as the Minister of Interior, led the opposition to be sceptical of the assurances that elections would be free for the first time in Jordanian history. It was under a past Ministry of Ibrahim Hashem that some of the worse political abuses had taken place, and there was doubt that a man of eighty could learn new tricks. Further, if the elections were to be free, why would these two have been appointed, creating uncertainty of the palace's intention?

On July 14, the people gathered in protest before the French Embassy in Amman which was celebrating France's independence, its own revolution, while yet it fought desperately against the 'Arab revolt in Algeria. Only two 'Arabs attempted to attend the reception, Samir Rafai and Ibrahim Hashem, the current Prime Minister. Despite threats, he entered, and this brought even those who had defended his impartiality to hold elections to send King Hussein a cable calling for Hashem's immediate resignation.

Of greater concern to the opposition was the electoral law, which besides being completely inaccurate, if its purpose was to make for proportional representation, did not specifically provide for two things: the manner in which the ballots would be counted and in what way the army would be entitled to vote. The opposition *en bloc* sought and received assurances that a candidate for Parliament or his representative could be present at the counting of the ballots. Members of the army, who under Glubb were moved about to support weak candidates and who voted

separately — their ballots were actually cast by Glubb — would not be allowed to vote. Initially the opposition had called for a directive allowing members of the armed forces to vote as individuals, but then it reversed its position and called for abstention on two counts, one, that the army must not be politically divided, and two, that if military personnel were to vote, the political parties would need to have the opportunity of meeting with them to present their views. These two factors had been settled and from King Hussein, Queen Dina, Commander-in-Chief of the 'Arab Legion, 'Ali Abu Nawar, and the Government came the affirmation that absolutely free elections were essential and would be carried out.

Before the resignation of the Cabinet of Said el-Mufti, the government had made a statement that the Law of Defence, which allowed for the imprisonment of an individual without trial for any act not in the interest of the State (a vaguery used without definition), would not be used in the future. 'Arab nationalist 'Ali Mango, writing in *El-Ra'y* (published in Syria since it was banned in Jordan) asked, "Why do you keep the snake in the house if you do not wish it to bite?"

The Cabinet did release practically all political prisoners held under the Law of Defence: the young, twenty-nine year old, Palestinian doctor George Habash, intellectual leader of the 'Arab Nationalists, Dr. Abdul Rahman Shokeir of the leftist group, which with the Communists formed the United Front, and forty Communists, with the exception of their leader Fouad Nasser who was still detained.

The opposition, which lost under the Glubb-controlled last election, after the death of a hundred and twenty from their ranks, was enthusiastic and estimated that in coalition they would take a working majority, with Sulaiman Nabulsi, the leader of the National Socialists, holding the government, and Sulaiman, himself, becoming the Speaker of the House.

The National Socialists, the Ba'ath, the leftists generally, and Communists had the same overall platform: abolition of the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty; acceptance of 'Arab aid to replace Jordan's dependence on Britain (proposed by Egypt, Saudi 'Arabia and Syria); and freedom of speech, press and assembly. The position of the National Socialists on the following was not clarified: federa-

tion with Syria and Egypt; ending alignment with the West (thus diplomatic relations to be established with Soviet Russia and China (?); and the strengthening of ties with the Third Force, the Bandung powers.

Amidst all of this optimism and planning, rumour held sway: elections would not be held; if held, Parliament would be dissolved and political life suspended with the first step to implement any of the foregoing.

In an interview with King Hussein, the following conversation took place:

Question: If the opposition wins and stands for the breaking of the treaty with Britain and your policy, as you have stated it to me, is for clarification of the treaty what would be the outcome?

Answer: "We have always had trouble from outside so we were glad for the support of the opposition. Now this is their last chance, there will be free elections, then if they are irresponsible or work for outside interests, or are opportunist, they will be dealt with severely; we are capable of taking severe measures if they take any action against the interests of the State. We can suspend the Constitution for a few years (until our question with Israel is stabilized), we can appoint certain people to act as a Government and develop ourselves. In the past, it was one thing, now another; we cannot allow irresponsible people to act against the interest of the State of Jordan."

Question: What does it mean, act against the interest of the State of Jordan, if they wish to break the treaty or accept 'Arab aid'?

Answer: "We will see how things develop. We hope we will not need to, but if the situation becomes dangerous, we will take severe action. This is their last chance, and we hope things will go smoothly."

To affirm the real possibility of the opposition being smashed, a purported intimate of the King, Said Melhas (supposedly, a simple car, truck, and tyre distributor) attacked democracy as a Western evil and had already composed a list of the 'élite' who would be the 'government' during the 'interim'. The most hopeful side of this depressing picture was that the individuals who were most popular, most acceptable, who were to be included in this group, would not take part in any such travesty. Hamad Farhan, Under-

Secretary of Economy, an 'Arab Nationalist, one of the most respected in Jordan for his integrity and pure work output, had been called in by King Hussein two months before and asked his opinion about the formation of an interim hand-picked government which would do away with the necessity for elections. Hamad had let the King understand that this would produce revolution in Jordan, and Hamad is number one on Said Melhas' list!

The opposition's answer to the King was that the Constitution provides for Monarchy as well as for Parliament and one cannot be 'suspended' without the other. The legality of Monarchy proceeds from the Constitution. If the King moves against the Parliament, the political leaders will no longer be bound to recognize the Monarchy. 'Ali Mango, 'Arab Nationalist, reacted: "Such an act will bring revolution to Jordan." Sulaiman Nabulsi, National Socialist leader, "Why do they need this, ultimate power is in their hands in any case." Dr. Abdul Rahman Shokeir, outstanding leftist, opined: "I believe the 'Iraqi Army has been permanently moved to the border for political intervention, rather than to prevent Israeli aggression."

Abdullah Nawas, Ba'athi leader from Jerusalem, responded: "We have nothing to lose but our chains. I'm from the street, and I can return to the street. We have no interest, we will fight down there on the street. My father was a labourer, I have no wealth, no property, no position to preserve, my wife and children are no different from the people, they can suffer as the people suffer. During the Israeli attacks on Jerusalem, I refused to leave the city, and I refused to send my family away. I can die and they can die, what does it mean? We do not care for Parliament, we go in just as long as it can serve our struggle, as a means to struggle; when we find we no longer can, we will leave. The King must know that any such attempt means revolution. The Constitution provides for Monarchy as well as for the Parliament. Do you think the British would want such an action if they knew it would be the end of the groups which serve them, their own end? If this happens, we will revolt even if it plunges us into an 'Arab civil war."

The consensus was that one way or the other the opposition would win, either in Parliament or, if Parliament was suspended, in revolution via the streets. There was an overwhelming belief in

the people, the people who on the occasion of the Baghdad Pact and during Glubb's removal had demonstrated their cohesion and power, down there on the 'Arab street.

I wrote in support of this national struggle, and now I was really writing, not simply churning out articles for money. As I wrote for that German journal, which was distributed by list to the power structure, the editors developed an attitude towards what I submitted: it was so diametrically opposed to what was generally reported that I was either a charlatan or a genius, and as only time would give them the answer, they bought my articles but mostly kept them on file. Only later, as anticipated events transpired, did they begin to print my reports.

In many ways I grew up in Jerusalem. During that time Ben-Gurion moved his tanks forward to the gates of Jerusalem. I saw those tanks coming as I stood with 'Ali Abu Nawar, head of the 'Arab Legion, on the top of the Ambassador Hotel, then the highest building in the city. I ran to Abdullah Nawas's office in a panic to report to him what I had seen. The kind Abdullah smiled and said it was all a charade. Ben-Gurion would move his tanks forward, King Hussein would invoke the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, the British would chastise Ben-Gurion in the name of the treaty, and Ben-Gurion would withdraw, the purpose of the exercise being to mislead the Palestinian and Jordanian people into believing that the treaty with the British was their only protection and should never be rescinded. I asked Abdullah what would happen if he were proven wrong. I can never forget his words: "Palestinians ran in 1948 before the armed onslaught and massacres of the Zionists; we will never run again; if necessary we will die in our homes here in Jerusalem, but we will not run." As for me, personally, he counselled that if I felt fearful, I could return to Beirut. Yes, I was damned fearful, but I, too, would not run. And, indeed, Abdullah was right: the King spoke, the British spoke, and Ben-Gurion withdrew!

One of my memories of Palestine — the West Bank of Palestine — is of Qalqilyah, the village divided by the Armistice Line between what *de facto* had become Israel and remaining Palestine. I had gone there in early August soon after an Israeli attack. I was horrified at the bullet marks on the walls of the little *masjid*, the

school and other public buildings. Land being their dearest possession and driven by necessity, many villagers would cut through the fence to reach their land, only to be shot! I cannot forget one morning when an old man reached across the barbed wire to offer me a small cup of 'Arab coffee, elegantly set out on a tray. I shouted at him to go back, that he would be shot if the Israelis saw him. I was terrified for his very life. But he calmly answered that without their culture, their *adab*, their politeness, their hospitality, who would they be? What would life mean? And he implored me to accept the coffee. With trepidation, I reached across the barbed wire to receive that symbol of their continued existence as a people, a proud, generous people. This is why I say in many ways I grew up in Jerusalem and in Palestine.¹²

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12. Qalqilyah's 'fate' only worsened. By 2002, the Israelis were building a security fence along the edge of the West Bank which would separate thousands of Palestinians from their land and turn Qalqilyah's present population of 40,000 people into virtual prisoners. In Qalqilyah, which at some points is only about 40 metres from the Israeli town of Kfar Saba — a town built on Qalqilyah's own land which was occupied by Israel in 1948 — a three-kilometre long concrete wall, studded with guard towers, has already been built along the town's western edge. The Israelis built a wall, rather than erecting a fence, because they say it's necessary to protect Israeli motorists on a nearby highway from shooting attacks. The eight-metre-high wall looms over the Shrim neighbourhood and the Sharika Girls School. Farmers growing cauliflower and cabbage in its shadow had been told by the Israeli army that everything within 35 metres from the wall would be uprooted and placed out of bounds for the Palestinians. This would be their last growing season!

At the wall's southern end, Israeli bulldozers and diggers were busy uprooting vegetable fields and avocado orchards for an electronic fence to run eastward. Another stretch of fence will run east from the wall's northern end, sealing the town on three sides and leaving only one entrance and exit, controlled by an Israeli military checkpoint.

Keeping a lonely vigil in a ramshackle hut amid the rubble of smashed greenhouses and the remains of avocado trees, Hamad Hourani watched as the machinery moved closer to his plot. Although he knew he could not stop them, he wanted the Israeli workers to at least be aware of his presence. The plant nursery he built up over 20 years had already been destroyed, and now he could not

continued p. 199

I also came to know some incredible characters. The flamboyant Palestinian poet Kamal Nasser (assassinated by the Israelis in Beirut, April 1973), who seemed to think this young blonde woman was fair game, until Abdullah Nawas sharply disabused him. Then one day dear Abdullah said I was going to be taken through historic Jerusalem by a tour guide. I complained that I had never gone with a guide and was not likely to do so. But he insisted this was a different kind of guide. And so Zohdi Tarazi turned up; almost twenty years later, he was to become PLO's first Ambassador to the UN! At the time Zohdi, from a Christian Palestinian family, considered himself a Marxist, and he gave me a Marxist interpretation of historic Jerusalem! In 1948, Zohdi had been working in the East German Embassy when Zionist forces entered West Jerusalem, and he was promptly detained, I've forgotten for how long. But now there was no employment for such an intellectual. Having to survive, he became a guide with Nawas Tours. From that day on we became friends, and this relationship has endured through all the vagaries of our lives.

I also came to know Ma'an Abu Nawar, the brother of 'Ali, who was in the Jordanian 'Arab Legion. Later, Ma'an was to lead an attempt on the King. I have forgotten the details, but Ma'an had succeeded to lead a rebellion, at least of his unit, when King Hussein, still a rather cocky young man, turned up, jumped on top of a vehicle, addressed the troops, who then arrested Ma'an! Years

continued n. 12

even visit the site. "I came here ... and they told me it's Israeli land now, and I'm no longer allowed on it. It makes me feel physically sick."

In addition to the loss of an estimated 7,800 hectares of farmland, the fence will cut the regional centre of Qalqilyah off from surrounding villages which depend on the town for a variety of services. 11,000 Palestinians will be left in limbo as they're forbidden to enter their lands which fall between the fence and Israel. Israeli permits will be required by residents to cross into the rest of the West Bank. A villager reacted that "This fence will encourage the sleeping to wake up and start making problems." Far from a protection, the fence is fuelling anger and will create new militants.

(Report by Steve Weizman, "Fencing in the Palestinians", Associated Press Report, *New Straits Times*, September 28, 2002.)

later, Ma'an was sent abroad as Jordan's Military Attache. Mother and I met him again in London in 1960, and by 1990 he was Mayor of Amman. Such is the ebb and flow in the 'Arab World.

I was still reporting for *Öst Korrespondenz*, and as such I interviewed Queen Dina, wife of King Hussein. That was a disturbing experience. Allegedly, Nasser, in one of his typical political machinations, had encouraged this brilliant woman, a lecturer in literature at Cairo University, to marry the young King, thinking thereby to bring Hussein into a pan-'Arab-nationalist alliance with Egypt. Sadly for Dina, the too young Hussein came under the influence of an older relative who sought to entice him. And so Dina lived a rather isolated and unfulfilled life. Having given birth to a daughter, Aliya, she was divorced. Later, she was to marry Salah al-Ta'mari, a Palestinian struggler. I then heard she settled in London where she opened a dress shop to support their lives, but I haven't been able to confirm this.¹³

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13. Queen Dina, born Sharifa Dina Abdel Aziz Oaun was from the Cairo Hashimids. Hashimids refers to the dynasty of the Hasanid Sharifs who ruled Makka from the 10th century until 1924. The eponym of the dynasty was Hashim b. 'Abd Manaf, the Great-grandfather of Prophet Muhammad. The royal family of Jordan (also 'Iraq) derived from one of the branches of this princely family of the Hijaz. Dina's father and uncles, amongst other Cairo Hashimids, claimed the right to manage the large ancestral trust (*waqf*) of almost 2000 *feddans* (acres) in Upper Egypt. Dina was raised in Maadi, an exclusive suburb outside of Cairo, in a spacious Mediterranean-type villa. Cambridge-educated Dina, who held a teaching post at Cairo University, was to marry King Hussein on April 19, 1955, notwithstanding that she was six years older than this 19-year-old King. After a pre-nuptial celebration in Maadi, the following week, Dina along with her uncles, aunts and attendants, travelled to Amman where a week of festivities brought together Hashimids from the four corners of the 'Arab World; on hand to entertain them at Zahrn Palace was Egypt's foremost crooner, Farid al-Atrash. A baby girl, Aliya, was soon born to the couple, but the marriage of these basically incompatibles didn't hold, and in 1956, while on a visit to Cairo, Dina would learn she had been divorced! After a painful period of separation, Aliya was allowed to make visits to her Mother, and King Hussein occasionally would call on his Maadi relations. All that
continued p. 201

The would-be tempter of the King allegedly was responsible for the hashish trade. Camels were fed hashish in Jordan, then walked across to Egypt, where their bellies were sliced open, and the hashish sold to Egyptians. This was not just a social problem for Egypt; it also affected the capacity of its army, as it was widely held that if you wanted to capture an Egyptian military installation, you should go at night after they had imbibed hashish. Tragic, really.

In June 1956, I had been able to discuss with Salah Bitar, the joint founder with Michel Aflaq of the Ba'ath ('Renaissance' or 'Resurgence') Party, which stood for *wahdah, hurriyyah wa ishti-rakiyyah*: 'unity' (of the 'Arab World), 'freedom and socialism'. But one of the Ba'ath's most meaningful ideological contributions, made by its founder Michel Aflaq, himself born of a Greek Orthodox family, was its stance that Islam is an intrinsic part of the 'Arab Christian inheritance, for without Islam what would remain of 'Arab civilization!¹⁴ Salah was now third in position on the

continued n. 13

remains of what allegedly was Nasser's expectation is a 'Queen Dina Street' in Maadi, which reportedly has fallen on hard times. (Facts excerpted from Samir Raafat, "Queen Dina Street", *Cairo Times*, February 18, 1999, while the interpretation is the author's own). But Dina lives on. Her husband, Salah al-Ta'mari's name was frequently reported during the Israeli siege of the Church of Nativity in 2002 when he was a major negotiator for the Palestinian side.

14. Michel Aflaq, born 1910 in Damascus, was educated at the Sorbonne in Paris. In 1934 he returned to Damascus to teach in a secondary school. In 1940, together with Salah al-Din Bitar, he formed a study circle: Movement of 'Arab Resurgence, al-Ba'ath. From 1942, Aflaq devoted himself full-time to political struggle. By 1949, he was appointed Minister of Education, but after he failed to win a seat in the general elections, he resigned. In 1952, to avoid arrest by a new regime, he fled to Lebanon, but returned to Syria in 1954 to lead the merger of Hizb al-Ba'ath with the 'Arab Socialist Party and to become Secretary General of the new party. By February 1966, the contradictions in al-Ba'ath led Aflaq to leave again to Lebanon and in 1967 to Brazil where there's a significant Lebanese expatriate community. In
- continued p. 202*

Ba'ath executive, and after the unification of the Ba'ath with Akram Hourani's 'Arab Socialist Party, he had become Foreign Minister of Syria. This was the first time in the short parliamentary history of Syria that an ideological person had held that ministry. Syria's foreign policy had in effect followed the Ba'ath's position in making itself a partner with Egypt in its policy of non-alignment, in affirming the right of a sovereign state to have arms and to the free use thereof, in establishing a joint command with Egypt, and of late in extending this 'Arab alliance by a military and economic agreement with Jordan, which already possessed military agreements with Egypt and Lebanon and had just signed an agreement with Baghdad for the co-ordination of defence against any possible Israeli aggression. All of this had been done without an ideological Foreign Minister it is true, but not without Ba'athi influence in the Parliament, in the streets, and in the army. That the Ba'ath now held the Foreign Ministry was assurance of an aggressively hostile attitude towards imperialism, in and out of the 'Arab World, and a refusal to be a party to the so-called 'Cold War'.

Salah Bitar was to welcome Shepilov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, when he visited Syria after having witnessed the British withdrawal from the Suez Canal Zone. History here in the Middle East was being enacted more rapidly than local, let alone foreign observers could follow. Despite intervention from the Lebanese Foreign Office, Shepilov's arrival coincided with the first act of the new Syrian Foreign Minister: the recognition of the People's Republic of China.

Sorbonne-educated Salah Bitar was an ideological socialist. The Ba'ath crystallized the movement of the day, undermining the more

continued n. 14

1968, the 'Iraqi wing of al-Ba'ath invited him to Baghdad where he remained until 1970 when he again exiled himself to Lebanon, this time in protest at Baghdad's lack of support for the Palestinians in their fight against the Jordanian military. He was to return to Baghdad in 1974, assuming leadership of the National Command of the party, but while highly respected, he had a minimal impact on 'Iraqi politics. Aflaq died in Baghdad in 1989.

Michel Aflaq was a gentle man, often criticized for indecision, characterized by his habit of invariably opening his response to a question with: 'Ya'nni', 'I mean'...

traditional parties which had all but lost their *raison d'être*. Strong in Syria and Jordan, allied in foreign policy and influencing the military government in Egypt internally, existing in confessional Lebanon, having cell form in 'Iraq, the Ba'ath represented the realization that unity for unity's sake, freedom for freedom's sake, are empty of the ideals necessary to develop a life which can evoke the positive and continuing response of 'Arab social capital. Satisfying national liberation demands, emphasizing the intellectual's longing for freedom of expression, demanding the unity, felt a reality by some, to others a prerequisite to real independence, to others the first requirement for economic development which must be regional in scope, and finally answering demands for bread, equal opportunity, a non-exploitative society, theoretically, the Ba'ath combined the concerns of the East: economic rights and of the West: political rights.

In the message of the new government to the Parliament it was believed that the Ba'ath had asked for the recognition of People's China, absolute neutrality, trade on commercial terms, and finally federation with Egypt. Federation would be preceded by strong conditions: the democratization of the internal Egyptian political structure; the liberalization of the Constitution; continued struggle for a secular state (in Egypt Islam is the religion of the state) and civil law *vis-à-vis* personal status, still regulated by the old *millet* system of separate law for separate religious communities. The Ba'ath would ask amelioration of law no.151 in Syria whereby a non-Syrian could not inherit property. The law would be changed to read a non-'Arab. The right to work or to represent a foreign firm would be limited not to Syrians but to 'Arabs. Restrictions on foreigners would be changed, from non-Syrians to non-'Arabs, in line with the Ba'ath's concept of the resurgence of *one* 'Arab nation. Federation with Egypt would mean a socialized educational programme, economic union, free flow of people, capital and goods.

It was suggested by adherents of unity that the unity of Syria with Egypt would perhaps be difficult geographically, but it would mean the continued strengthening of Ba'ath influence in Syria and would have a more definite effect on the development in Egypt. The same commentator opined that federation with Egypt is perhaps beyond the positive wish of the Egyptian

government, itself, but that if the Ba'ath, and now the government of Syria, asked for federation, Egypt would be in an unenviable position, in terms of her own propaganda, should she think to refuse.

There was talk here of a possible pact of Third Block nations. If such rumour were to materialize into a firm proposal, Salah Bitar's occupancy of the Foreign Ministry would take on an even greater significance, for Syria would definitely join.

The Ba'ath statement, the statement of the new government to Parliament, was delayed, supposedly because the three members of the government from the Sha'b Party were in disagreement. It was wondered here what platform could be acceptable to both the Ba'ath and the Sha'b.

The second Ba'ath member of the government was the Minister of Economy, Khalil Kallas, a Christian from Hama, the hometown of the Ba'ath leader, Akram Hourani. Kallas, then in his early thirties, was a lawyer and a teacher, known for his rationalism. As Minister of Economy, he would be responsible for the carrying out of the recently agreed economic unity with Jordan and, if the Ba'athi line succeeded, he would as well deal with economic unity with Egypt. It was also possible that Syria would offer Jordan the equivalent of the subsidy she had been receiving from Britain. A refinery was being planned for Syria, with bids being entertained from both Eastern and Western companies; the lowest bid so far having come from Yugoslavia, and it was to the lowest bidder that the contract would go.

Under socialist Khalil Kallas, trade policy would nevertheless follow economic rather than political considerations. There would be no attempt to balance East against West, as was perhaps the case in Egypt where Nasser, having taken arms on credit from the Eastern Bloc, then wished to build the *as-Sad al-'Ali*, the High Dam, on Western credit. On the Tapline's cynical manoeuvre to allow the 'Arab states of Syria, Jordan, Lebanon and Saudi 'Arabia to fight amongst themselves for the spoils to come from Tapline's project to build a pipeline through these four countries to reach the sea, Syria would now take a 'non-nationalist', unselfish position, thereby easing negotiations, while actually it was Saudi 'Arabia, whose demand for 70 per cent, based upon the fact that 70 per cent

of the Tapline would go through its territory, which was the obstacle.

For the Socialists, holding the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Economy was an ideal position, though it was understood that attaining the Ministry of Interior, then held by the Sha'b Party, would be the desired outcome of the coming elections.

There are those who asked why the Ba'ath agreed to share power? The Ba'ath answered: to achieve an unequivocal foreign policy, to seek federation with Egypt, and negatively to ensure that foreign interest was prohibited. Another consideration might have been the phone call of Abdullah Ramawi, one of the leaders of the Ba'ath in Jordan, asking that the Syrian Ba'ath accept power for the sake of its importance to Jordan's development, and in particular to accept the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Economy, to bring into reality, perhaps more surely, more quickly, the economic unity between Syria and Jordan, and at the same time to ensure Syria's current foreign policy.

In the past, economic unity with Lebanon had been contested in Syria on the grounds that Lebanon was more advanced than Syria, that during the French mandate, when Lebanon was relatively free of political upheaval and building its economic situation, Syria was involved in various 'Arab revolts. Therefore Syria's economic development was weak in comparison with Lebanon's, and a protectionist policy was preferred, certainly by the industrialists of Aleppo. Another powerful factor for economic disunity was the Shurkit Khamis, the Company of Five, comparable in strength to Egypt's Banque Misr. Economic unity with underdeveloped Jordan would not be perceived as a threat. But would not these same industrialists be against economic unity with more industrially advanced Egypt, for the very reasons they opposed economic unity with Lebanon? Further, there were those groups in Syria which traditionally had wanted unification with 'Iraq and who would feel that federation with Egypt would be to join an anti-'Iraq coalition and therefore would attempt to block any step in that direction.

Could the Ba'ath convince these various interests and, if not, would it be strong enough to take the step of federation with Egypt

against their wishes? The Ba'ath's answer to all of this questioning of its ability to carry out its stated programme was that "We did not enter the government to stay" but to implement our policies, and should they not prevail, we will resign and denounce the government. Could a government afford denunciation by the Ba'ath at this time?

Only the week before, the Ba'ath's denouncement of Lutfi Haffar brought the people into the streets. In a statement by its executive committee, the Ba'ath charged that the experience of the past was not sufficient to teach the people that this would be a step backward in Syrian foreign policy with foreign influence again in the picture, that it is always the policy of the imperialists to choose a so-called neutral person to carry through their will, that Lutfi Haffar had been Minister of Interior under the French mandate and had been the only one to celebrate a French statement that they would withdraw from Syria "at the opportune time" as a statement of independence. It is said that Haffar's presence would have brought 'Iraqi cum British and American influence to Syria. Syria's foreign policy, now running parallel to Egypt's, would have been diverted, a step backward. Ba'ath's denouncement of Haffar made his success impossible and brought forth this new government with the Ba'ath having two ministries. Should the Ba'ath now be forced to withdraw from this coalition, it would be a dangerous stigma for those who had been their opposers. Who dare deny 'Arab unity and neutrality, the policy of the Ba'ath, in front of the people of Syria?

The logic in having ideological ministers, such as Bitar and Kallas, was that to keep their chairs they would not capitulate on principle, "*they did not come to stay*". The Ba'ath had recently demonstrated its immersion in the masses: when it denounced an agreement to send wheat to the French in Algeria, the students seized the Ministry of Economy, and labourers in contact with the Ba'ath refused to handle the wheat ready for shipment at Latakia. The Ba'ath felt that this demonstration of their grassroots support on the wheat issue was a pertinent warning to those who might have wished to ignore the Ba'ath in the formation of the present government, a further omen to those who might now or later wish to obstruct the carrying out of the Ba'ath's stated programme to the

Syrian Parliament. Thus the power of being grounded in the aspirations of the people.¹⁵

Back to Beirut. On May 15, 1956, again through Samir Sanbar, I had met Sadiq Shanshal of the right-of-centre Independence Party. He arrived in Beirut a very tired man. Sadiq and others from the resistance in 'Iraq had taken advantage of the opportunity to travel afforded by the AUB 'Arab Graduates' Conference. Here, along with Hussein Jamil of the left-of-centre National Democratic Party, they would try to think out the 'Iraqi situation and arrive at a programme for defending the "Iraqi people from the ruling imperialism of Nuri as-Said." What they sought was not immediate success, but prison! Sadiq Shanshal's tone was heavy: "In 'Iraq I cannot write or talk but with a very few friends. I have Nuri's disease ... I am oppressed." After the overthrow of Rashid 'Ali Gaylani who had led the nationalist revolt in 1941, Sadiq was imprisoned for four and a half years and then exiled to Iran, to Mombasa and lastly to Ceylon. "There I knew I couldn't do anything but study and wait, so I was at ease, but now I'm not in prison, I go to my office, but I'm not free. 'Iraq has become just one big prison."

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15. Unity with Egypt did materialize, but as a bitter pill for al-Ba'ath: Gamal Abdel Nasser proceeded to dissolve the Ba'ath Party, leading Bitar to resign as Minister of National Guidance. But in 1963, al-Ba'ath returned to power through a *coup*, and Bitar became Prime Minister. However, by 1966, internal party contradictions led him to resign and escape to Lebanon. In 1969, Bitar was sentenced to death *in absentia*, and although he was pardoned after Hafez al-Assad's ascension to power, he did not return. Instead he established himself in Paris from where he published *al-Ihyat al-'Arabi* ('Arab Revival), promoting the cause of the opposition in Syria which led to his assassination in July 1980, at the age of 68. Like Michel Aflaq, Damascus-born Salah Bitar studied at the Sorbonne, returned to Syria to become a teacher, and co-founded Hizb al-Ba'ath al-'Arabi.

The streets of the 'Arab World are filled with scattered dreams, which are rationalized as 'all adding to our experience', but need we not ask at what price to the impoverished 'Arab masses?

The issue at the time was the Baghdad Pact, a Western-created alliance of 'Iraq, Iran, Turkey and the inimitable Great Britain! This military pact was later to include Pakistan. From US Secretary of State Dulles's point of view it was meant to contain the Soviets, but perhaps from the point of view of the three regimes it was meant to contain rising Kurdish national aspirations. Nasser and all the progressive national forces were of course opposed to the pact, and the alumni of AUB was used literally to shut down the 'Arab World in protest on a particular day. Nasser had so heated up the 'Arab street until it became virtually unthinkable for any 'Arab leader to make an agreement with a major power without first considering Nasser's personal stand.

The Baghdad Pact, as Patrick Seale says, "had a profound effect on every level of 'Arab politics". Miles Copeland of CIA infamy wrote that Seale's comment was an understatement. "The Baghdad Pact so shook the 'Arab World that, for a while, it seemed beyond our [US] competence, for all the economic aid at our disposal, to save any sort of position for the West in the Middle East."¹⁶ And while he says this was known by every British and American officer directly concerned, no one dared march into US Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's office and give this assessment. American policy was hostage to the cowardliness or opportunism of its own agents!

In April 1954, the US had formally agreed to give military aid to 'Iraq. By January 1955, 'Iraq and Turkey announced they were concluding a Pact, which Great Britain signed three months later. The Pact only served to polarize Baghdad and Cairo. At the end of the day, Washington decided to stay out of the Baghdad Pact! This served to weaken the Pact and annoy the signatory powers, while at the same time the Egyptians and everyone else in the 'Arab World knew very well that the Pact was Secretary Dulles's brain-child, so the US was nevertheless culpable.

Some political commentators pointed out that the pact appeared to parallel the Saadabad Pact of 1936 between 'Iraq, Iran and

16. Seale, Patrick, "The Baghdad Pact and Its Enemies", in his *The Struggle for Syria: A Study of Post-War Arab Politics, 1945-1958* (London: OUP, 1965; new edn. 1986) 213-37; Copeland, Miles, *The Game of Nations*, op. cit., 176.

Turkey which indeed was motivated by their concern over the rise of Kurdish nationalism, and provided in Article 61 for the repression of any organizations within the boundaries of the three participating nations which aimed at changing the existent borders between them.

Hussein Jamil, enjoying the freedom that was Lebanon, spoke out frankly, "Propagandists in favour of the Baghdad Pact have often proclaimed that Egypt has no right to object to it, for as the price of evacuating Britain from Egypt, Egypt signed a seven-year agreement giving Britain the right to return to Egypt in case of an attack on Turkey, while the price for the evacuation of Britain from 'Iraq was the Baghdad Pact. But it is hardly the same; our treaty with Britain was to end in 1956 while Egypt's treaty ran for a longer period." And he contended that in fact 'Iraq was not evacuated, there were more British troops there now than ever before, and they had been dispersed throughout the country. They were even building a new airbase on an island between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers, which could command Abadan, the Iranian oilfield, which is what Britain wanted, to control the oil areas.

Sadiq Shanshal returned once more to Lebanon in August 1956 ostensibly for another session of the 'Arab Graduates' Conference which was called to support Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal. Shanshal was no longer tired, but vivid with hope. His health seemed to have reached up to carry the burden of the impending revolt. He spoke of the nationalization as a "historic act taken by Gamal Abdel Nasser, a son of the 'Arab people who has realized her pains and her hopes". He now based himself in Lebanon, organizing across the 'Arab World, telling one and all, "Iraq is a step-child whose resources are divided amongst a few exploiters," and sharing with his fellow 'Arabs the 'Iraqi people's latest attempts to overthrow Nuri as-Said. He was confident that the confusion over the pact was now over; the people had seen what it meant and were against it. "Now with the nationalization of the canal, it's even more important that we succeed, that Egypt may be effectively supported."

On August 14, 1956, the 'Arab World went on strike in support of Egypt's nationalization of the Canal. In 'Iraq, the police went from house to house warning everybody against striking, project-

ing 'Iraq as the 'mediator' in the dispute between Britain and Egypt! A French store in Baghdad was asked not to close down and was even offered police protection against 'the mob'. Hussein Jamil was threatened that the Lawyers' Association would be disbanded if they were foolish enough to participate in the strike. The head of the Commerce Association was similarly warned. While the newspapers and the radio in 'Iraq did not mention the date of the planned 'Arab closure, on the day of the strike, Baghdad, like all other towns and villages, shut tight, including the French store!

At the end of October, Britain, 'Iraq's ally in the Pact, aggressed against Egypt and the 'Iraqi government did not move, inevitably leading to the revolt of the 'Iraqi people. All schools were closed, the press was stopped, more than 100 politicians were imprisoned and mock trials began. The 'Arab World echoed the cry of an oppressed people, and even Lebanon saw a strike in support of those who stood accused of 'Arabism. Despite 'Iraqi censorship, it became known that Kamel Chadirchi, head of the National Democratic Party, had been condemned to three years' penal servitude, Fayek Samerrai and Sadiq Shanshal of the Independence Party were sentenced to a year's supervision by the police, and Hussein Jamil was fined 5,000 'Iraqi dinars, the equivalent then of about USD 15,000/-. And while the US Ambassador Gallman dared to conclude that "Nuri has ridden out the storm," Hussein Jamil responded that in one year public opinion will throw Nuri out! The 'Iraqi revolution was to come in 1958 when out went Nuri and the other faithful luminaries in Britain's deck of cards.

All my dialogues with those 'Iraqis who were attempting to bring about a national government in 'Iraq had to be carried on in Beirut, not in 'Iraq, as I was refused entrance since by now my views were all too well known to those blatant tools of British power. I never entered 'Iraq until 1963, long after the revolution, and ironically until today I have never travelled, let alone lived in Kurdistan.

Neither had I visited the emirates of the Gulf area. But in early September 1956, I had the chance to dialogue with Dr. Ahmad

Khatib of Kuwait when he was in Beirut. The face that spoke was quiet, thin, black; his glasses rimless, his clothing correct, his demeanour modest, yet this man spoke of revolt. Dr. Ahmad Khatib was then thirty. A graduate of the American University of Beirut, he later went to England to take his degree in medicine.

Dr. Khatib, known as the leader of the revolt against Shaykh Abdullah al-Salem al-Sabah of Kuwait, described his ideology as 'Arab Nationalist. In all that Dr. Khatib is to the movement in Kuwait, his ideology has one personal, rather understandable deviation. In discussion, another Kuwaiti, Abdel Razzak, began to expound on the importance of the heritage of the 'Arabs. I then asked Dr. Khatib 'do you believe in its significance'? Khatib replied, "Yes, I do. I believe history has shown that the 'Arabs are a good people, just as it has shown that the British are a bad people." Do you think of a people as good or bad or is it the structure they live under which determines their acts? "You give too much credit to structure. What is man, isn't he responsible for the structure?" "Historically the 'Arabs, for instance, have always been kind, even their imperialism was better than other imperialisms; you will see how well we behave when we succeed." A psychiatrist might categorize his attitude as over-compensation by a people who have been treated as less than worthy by Western colonialism, over-compensation by a man whose skin is black and who lived many years in a largely 'white' culture.

Khatib spoke passionately of the first demonstration in Kuwait since the revolt in 1938 when Kuwait's first Parliament was harshly put down. On 16 August a meeting was held in their National Cultural Club. After speeches in support of Egypt's nationalization of the Canal, the members went out into the streets to demonstrate. The force the government brought to disperse the demonstrators was neither the army nor the police, which Dr. Khatib said "could not be trusted by them," but a Bedouin force. In the so-called disbursement a few were killed and many injured. The National Cultural Club was closed, but was opened the next morning. The 16th of August repression brought on a general strike and two demonstrations.

Dr. Khatib made a tape of the demonstrations and sent it to the Voice of the 'Arabs in Cairo, but no one heard it. Khatib criticized

the Egyptian government for this, criticized Egyptian policy which deals with heads of governments, which is not giving proper support to the revolts in the peninsula. "Perhaps it is now when they are involved in the Canal crisis and need the support of those governments. Perhaps they will change. But Egypt will lose if this policy continues. Perhaps they're taking into consideration the Egyptian teachers that are there in Kuwait and think that in the long run they will be able to do more and don't want to risk their being put out. But the teachers are not doing anything, they do not discuss with the children, and one of them even censored a child for speaking of politics and sent him out of the class."

Asked what he thought of a statement made to the writer by Wing Commander 'Ali Sabri, head of Nasser's Cabinet, that they did not back the movement in Yemen against the Imam for they did not wish the British to have a pretext to interfere from 'Aden in the south, Khatib replied, "I think this is wrong. Don't they think that the British can more easily interfere now with the weak Imam? Why not encourage the Free Yemenite Movement to take over and give Egypt stable support? In Saudi 'Arabia as well there is movement. I don't think people fully realize this. They somehow think that the peninsula is not capable of it."

Do you think it is that? Abdullah Ramawi of the Ba'ath in Jordan has a thirty-page report on the latest strike in Saudi 'Arabia, but does not release it. The feeling is that now the Saudi King is Egypt's ally, and further that if you could split the forces of imperialism from the reactionary forces at home you could succeed. "But is there a split between King Ibn Sa'ud and Aramco, can there ever be such a split, already he is indebted to them for two or three years' income. A friend told me of a meeting in which Saudi Amir Feisal was present who said, "Cut the pipeline, what do you mean, we are now indebted to Aramco!" In the meantime, the people who are struggling in Saudi 'Arabia may become cynical towards Egypt, and Egypt will eventually lose. The King has already started a separate army, the Ikhwan, or 'white shirts', for he knows that the Egyptian officers will eventually influence the officers they train. Look what happened with the Canal. It was two weeks before Saudi 'Arabia gave a statement in support of Egypt, and each time Egypt takes a step she must wonder if Saudi 'Arabia will stand

with her. It is just a historical accident that puts Saudi 'Arabia with Egypt, it fits into Saudi opposition to the Hashimids of 'Iraq and Jordan.

"I believe Egypt is wrong to take on international battles now. She must support the revolutionary movement here until we are strong and can stand with her in the international field. Then the revolution in Egypt has not been clear, there has not been one clear policy, they are finding their way. We had expected *Rose el-Yousef* to write in support of our movement, but Ihsan Abdel-Quddous¹⁷ (the editor and owner) said he would not write on our movement until blood ran in the streets of Kuwait, well now there has been blood in the streets!"

When did your movement begin in Kuwait? "We began the National Cultural Club in 1953. Our constitution proscribes our involvement in politics; we had to say this to be given a charter. We now have 150 members. Actually, the movement in Kuwait began with the accession of King Ghazi ibn Feisal to the 'Iraqi throne in 1933; he supported us, and the result was that Kuwait was given its first Parliament. Then in 1938, with Nuri as-Said as Prime Minister, support was stopped, our Parliament was closed down, and the movement was severely crushed. Some of those who were involved still remain in Kuwait. They spoke to me of how badly Nuri received them when they went to 'Iraq seeking support. After this nothing happened until 1950. Then Shaykh Abdullah al-Salem al-Sabah came to power (1950-65). He was looked on as more liberal and was asked to hold free elections. Elections were held for the ministries that existed, Education, Health, Transportation, and Waqfs (Islamic Trusts). Twelve persons were elected for each Ministry, or forty-eight persons in all. But besides these twelve in each Ministry, there was a Shaykh. The Shaykhs interfered in everything, making it impossible for them to work. Therefore, they went to the ruler and asked that one council be elected to run things properly. The Shaykh agreed, but then suddenly for unknown reasons, which may have resulted

17. Ihsan died on November 1, 1990. His son spells his father's name Ehsan Abd el-Kouddous, but I use the more common romanization, also used by *al-Ahram*.

from the interference of Ezzat Jaffar (the secretary of the Shaykhs), the Shaykh changed his mind and instead appointed a committee of three Shaykhs and three others to run affairs, Ezzat Jaffar being one of them. The forty-eight then resigned. Now it is summer in Kuwait, the Shaykhs are abroad, seeking the cooler air of mountains, and there is literally no government in Kuwait!"

What are the ministries doing, what allocation is given to each? "We don't know, there are no statistics, we can only have an idea from what information we can collect. Our oil revenue in 1955 was about £97 million. But no money is kept in Kuwait, all our funds are in London. Cheques are issued in London; reserves are kept in London. We are told we receive only one and a half per cent interest on our reserves. As we know, our reserves now stand at £120 million. In 1955, half of the income from our reserves was spent on salaries of employees in the London office. This reserve is controlled by three Britishers; it is only in the name of Kuwait. They can cut our source of income at any time and bankrupt us. We don't know how much money we have in the US. We cannot receive dollars; dollars must be bought on the black market.

"As for the money spent in Kuwait on the ministries, this includes the personal expenses of the Shaykhs. As an example, Shaykh Abdullah Jaber married in Lebanon; his bride was given one and a quarter million pounds. This is entered into the account of the Ministry of Education. Shaykh Fayhid took a trip throughout the world, the Ministry of Public Works was charged £150,000/- for this. He bought a boat from Germany, £125,000/-. His food is supplied by the State Hospital. The budget for Public Works was £6 million in 1955. In the same year the government spent £12½ million buying lands from the Shaykhs. This is the most lucrative source of income for the Shaykhs. They might block a road, claiming ownership, then the government must purchase it from them. Or they encircle an area with their men and claim ownership. The lesser Shaykhs or whoever thought he owned it, or wishes to own it, must purchase it from the controlling Shaykhs. This is Shaykh Abdullah Mubarak's greatest source of income."

Are there British troops in Kuwait? "No, there are none, but they are in every Ministry, and they have many Kuwaitis with them." Does Kuwait have an army? "Yes, about 2,000 troops, very well

paid, a soldier takes 100 dollars per month." Therefore they are loyal? "Not necessarily. They are well armed, they have tanks, armoured cars, etc. Now they have formed a 'club' for flying, they have even bought three jets."

What have your people been able to do? "We thought that the least we could have in Kuwait is fresh water. Right now we only have water sufficient for drinking purposes. There was a meeting of sixty Kuwaitis which asked that water be brought from the Shatt al-'Arab in 'Iraq. The Shaykhs disagreed. They said, we have money, we will build desalination plants in Kuwait, but we will not bring water from the Shatt al-'Arab. They wish to keep Kuwait isolated. Then we held a meeting and sent a petition to the Shaykh demanding that water be brought from the Shatt al-'Arab, which is only 100 miles away; it's only logical. In this petition we responded to the Shaykh's statement that he always does what is good for the people, by saying 'there is a known way to know what the people want,' implying he had not the right to speak in the name of the people. At the same time, we distributed copies of the petition to the people. Water should be brought from the Shatt al-'Arab at the rate of 100 million gallons daily at a cost of £36 million for the construction of two pipelines of 42 inches width, over a distance of 100 miles. The reaction of the Shaykh was to close all the publications of Kuwait; three monthly magazines, one of the National Cultural Club, another of the Ikhwan al-Muslimin, and a third of the Teachers' Association; three weeklies: from the National Cultural Club; the Teachers', and the Graduates' Club; there being no daily paper in Kuwait!"

At this time, Shaykh Abdullah al-Salem al-Sabah gave Dr. Ahmad Khatib and his National Cultural Club their 'final warning'. "If this happens again, we will disband your club and put you in prison or send you into exile."

Dr. Khatib planned to return to Kuwait within a month. Many here had hoped he would not go back for "they will kill him", but then all 300,000 Kuwaitis cannot go into exile from their desert land, their Shaykhs and the inevitable intruder in the peninsula, the British. Britain by treaty arrangement holds the foreign policy of the Shaykhdoms in her hands, as well as the more valuable agreement of 'non-alienation of property', which in effect means

that no foreigner — non-Britisher — can replace Britain or take a new concession for oil, as this involves property! Thus it is understandable that Gamal Abdel Nasser's call for 'liberation' brings forth cheers from the people of Kuwait, who best know what exactly that word means.

Öst-Korrespondenz
Wöchentliches Hamburg

HAMBURG 13

Postabnahme 1956

Post. Verschieden in Hamburg
An. Hamburg
Vertrieb O.W.B.
Postabnahme 13 - 136

Hamburg, 15 August, 1956

C E R T I F I C A T E

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that

Miss Shirle Gordon, Beirut

is our correspondent for the Near and Middle East.

We kindly ask those ladies and gentlemen, interviewed by Miss Shirle Gordon, to give her any help in finding the truth and to enable her to give German public opinion a real picture on the political, economic, and cultural field of the Near and Middle East.

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Managing Director

August 15, 1956: Appointment letter from
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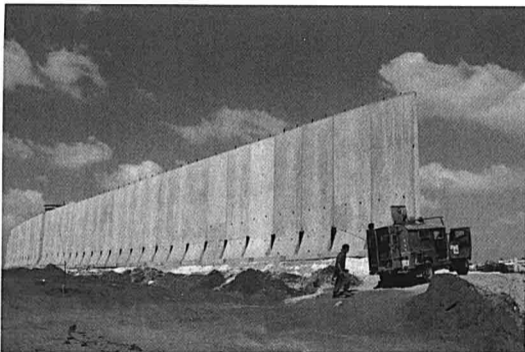
1956: (rt.) Tarek Shawaf in
Saudi 'Arabia.



Beirut, Lebanon, on the author's right, Palestinian poet Kamal Nasser, known from 1956 in Ramallah, Palestine, assassinated by the Israelis in Beirut, April 1973.



Zohdi Tarazi in 1989 as a much older man.



Israeli settler-colonialism: Qalqilyah, West Bank of Palestine, as it was to become in 2002, blockaded by a 24-foot wall, cutting it off from the West Bank and Israel and depriving it of its land. (Photo: Sven Nackstrand/AFP).

VII

The forces of imperialism imagine that Gamal Abdel Nasser is their enemy. I want it to be clear to them that their enemy is the entire 'Arab nation, not just Gamal Abdel Nasser. The forces hostile to the 'Arab national movement try to portray this movement as an empire of Abdel Nasser. This is not true because the aspiration for 'Arab unity began before Abdel Nasser and will remain after Abdel Nasser. I always used to tell you that the nation remains, and that the individual — whatever his role and however great his contribution to the causes of his homeland — is only a tool of the popular will, and not its creator.

Gamal Abdel Nasser,
Resignation Speech, June 9, 1967

1956: NASSER TAKES ON THE WEST

ON November 16, 1950, Egypt demanded Britain's "total and immediate evacuation and the unity of Egypt and the Sudan under the Egyptian Crown". On October 8, 1951, the Egyptian Government announced its intention of renouncing the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 and the Sudan Condominium Agreement of 1899, which it abrogated on the 15th. Counter proposals put forward by the British did not in any way meet Egypt's requirement of putting an end to the intolerable tradition of occupation. As Hugh J. Schonfield wrote, "What was offered was that several foreign devils should take the place vacated by one foreign devil. Egypt was invited to become a full and equal founding partner with Britain, France, Turkey and the United States of an Allied Middle East Command. It was stated that Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa had also agreed in principle to participate in the Command." The relationship of this Command and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) would be worked out subsequently.¹

On October 27, 1951, Egypt formally declared that her alliance with Britain had ended and therefore that Britain had no authorization to station forces in the vicinity of the Suez Canal. Britain responded on November 6 that the Alliance was still in force, and she began to reinforce the Canal Zone, placing the ports of access to the Canal under heavy naval and military guard. Egypt responded by accusing Britain of aggression. An Egyptian Customs official at Port Said asked the Canal Company to deny pilots to British shipping using the Canal. But the Company announced it would "abide by its Concession which made it a duty to treat all ships in transit identically so long as they observed the regulations".²

1. Schonfield, Hugh J., *The Suez Canal in World Affairs* (London: Constellation Books, 1952) 141.

2. *Ibid.*, 143.

The Egyptian administration countered by promoting 'terrorist' activities to make Britain's position in Egypt as intolerable as possible. Members of the Ikhwan al-Muslimin (The Muslim Brotherhood), the Communists and Ahmed Hussein's Socialist Party harassed the British base. The really black spot during the prolonged period of disturbance occurred on January 25, 1952, when British troops attacked the Egyptian auxiliary police at the Ismā'iliya barracks with heavy Egyptian casualties, and the rioting in Cairo, known as the Cairo Fire, that took place on the following day, 'Black Saturday', which resulted in the death of a number of people, including several British nationals, and in widespread destruction of properties.

"It was most unfortunate at this juncture that Mr. Churchill should refer in Washington to the possibility of United States' forces joining the British in Egypt."³ And in the House of Commons Churchill called on all powers concerned to share the burden for the control and security of the Suez Canal, which he characterized as an "international waterway". As Schonfield remarks, "No existing treaty or international agreement gave Britain any authority to maintain control of the Canal."⁴

On 23 July 1952, Gamal Abdel Nasser and the Free Officers, under the nominal leadership of Major-General Mohammed Naguib, seized power. Two years later, on October 19, 1954, the Anglo-Egyptian Evacuation Agreement was signed. Nasser led the Egyptian side in the negotiations. A previous agreement on Sudan's self-determination had been reached whereby Sudan could either opt for union with Egypt or for independence. The October 1954 agreement provided that fifty-four per cent of the 83,000 British troops, 44,820, would be pulled out within a year. The treaty of alliance of August 26, 1936 and resulting agreements were thereby terminated. But the annexed appendix listed the Suez Canal zone installations that the British and the Egyptians, respectively, must maintain. And Egypt was bound to afford Britain facilities to place the base on a war-footing and to operate it effectively

3. Ibid., 143-4.

4. Ibid., 144.

in the event of an armed attack by an outside power on any signatory to the April 13, 1950 Treaty of Joint Defence between 'Arab League States or on Turkey. And most importantly, Article 8 read: "The two contracting governments recognize that the Suez maritime canal which is an integral part of Egypt, is a waterway economically, commercially and strategically of international importance, and express the determination to uphold the convention guaranteeing the freedom of navigation of the canal signed at Constantinople on the 29th of October, 1888." The agreement would remain in force for seven years, i.e. until October 1961. Significantly, it did not specify as to when the remaining 38,180 British troops would be withdrawn! Thus looking at the details of the agreement could one objectively conclude that the seventy-five year British occupation of Egypt had come to an end?⁵

Also of concern to Gamal Abdel Nasser was the building of the High Dam to provide water and power, the stuff of economic transformation. It was Nasser's dream, which he told Tito would be for him what the Great Pyramid had been for Cheops. "Seventeen times larger than the greatest pyramid!" was the slogan! This barrage across the Nile would be many times larger than the Aswan Dam, built by the British many years before, and it would cost a fortune. In mid-January 1956, Eugene Black, President of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, conferred with Nasser in Cairo and indicated that the Bank would lend 200 million dollars to start building the dam, or one-sixth of the total cost.⁶ Thus of necessity there were also negotiations for US financing.

But politically, between the months January to July, events moved very rapidly. Amongst other things, Nasser recognized the People's Republic of China. When, on July 20, Nasser arrived back from a meeting with Tito and Nehru in Belgrade, Nasser was immediately informed that the American Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, had withdrawn the offer of finance for the High

5. As reported in *The New York Times*, October 20, 1954.

6. St. John, Robert, *The Boss: The Story of Gamal Abdel Nasser* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1960) 214, 216.

Dam. When Egyptian Ambassador Ahmed Hussein called on Dulles in Washington to inform that President Nasser had finally decided to accept the American offer of a USD 56 million grant, the British grant of 14 million, and a 200 million dollar loan from the International Bank to finance the first stage of the High Dam's construction, Dulles curtly responded: "It is not feasible in the present circumstances for the United States to participate in this project."

What most irked Nasser was that Dulles attacked the soundness of the Egyptian economy when he told Ambassador Hussein that Washington now knew the Czech arms purchase came to a quarter of a billion dollars, much more than originally suspected, that even the interest payments would put a tremendous burden on Egypt's economy, and that he doubted Egypt's ability to pay that amount and at the same time to build the dam. Because Dulles permitted the American press to quote him indirectly, Nasser felt a worldwide attack had been made on Egypt's financial standing.⁷

Copeland in his *The Game Player* cites none of these 'reasons' for the US withdrawal, instead he gives internal American political considerations as the rationale: "Southern Congressmen feared it would enable the Egyptians to grow more cotton; Western Congressmen complained that we were looking with favour on a dam in Egypt while they weren't getting the money they wanted for dams in the West. There was the danger that insistence on the loan to Egypt would put the whole AID bill in jeopardy."⁸

Then the wire services despatches from Washington said that Egypt was being punished for working against the interests of the West in Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Cyprus and North Africa. Less than 24 hours later, Great Britain also cancelled. Three-and-a-half hours before the Egyptian Ambassador was notified by the British Foreign Office, the story was handed to the newspapers, and this was followed by black-information reports that Egypt was planning to use its new weapons for a full-scale invasion of Israel, and that the dam cancellation was Dulles's way of trying to discourage such a move!

7. *Ibid.*, 244.

8. Copeland, Miles, *The Game Player: Confessions of the CIA's original political operative* (London: Aurum Press, 1989) 200.

Other reports said Washington purposely insulted Nasser in order to weaken his leadership in the 'Arab World. The worst blow came from Moscow when Foreign Minister Shepilov declared that the Soviet Union had never considered helping Egypt to build the dam, which was tantamount to calling Nasser a liar for in an interview with a New York reporter just a few weeks before, Nasser had said, "I have a Soviet offer to build the dam right in my pocket, and I am considering accepting it if there is a breakdown in negotiations with the United States." Shepilov went further and said he felt new industries were more important than the dam anyway.⁹ The last straw was a despatch from Washington that flatly stated the dam cancellation was designed to bring about the downfall of Gamal Abdel Nasser and that it was time to show the other 'Arab leaders that it did not pay to try to play Washington and Moscow against each other.

On July 26th, in continuing celebration of the 4th year of the Revolution, Nasser made a three-hour speech in Liberation Square, Alexandria. He started calmly, but soon speaking of events leading to the cancellation of the dam offer, said "The American financial expert, Mr. Black, came to my office. When he sat across the desk from me, I could visualize Mr. Lesseps the Frenchman who had charge of building the Canal, when he visited the Khedive. Mr. Lesseps." What the crowd did not know was that 'Lesseps' was a signal to effect a prearranged master plan.¹⁰ Governor Riad of the Suez Canal, supported by a squad of policemen, took possession of Navy House, Port Said headquarters of the Suez Canal Company. Those at Isma'iliya and Suez seized Canal installations. Riad marched into the Cairo offices of the Canal Company, near the American Embassy, followed by policemen in uniform, and announced that in the name of the revolutionary government of President Nasser they were taking possession of all assets of the Company. To the stunned officials, Riad said: "If you have a radio, turn it on." They tuned in just in time to hear Nasser say: "The Cabinet and the Council of Ministers have ordered the dissolution

9. St. John, *op. cit.*, 245.

10. *Ibid.*, 246.

of the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez and all other foreign bodies connected with the Canal. Shareholders will be repaid at the prevailing price on the Cairo stock market. The Minister of Commerce of the sovereign state of Egypt will run the Canal. The Suez Canal belongs to us. The income will be ours in the future. The Canal was built by Egyptians. One hundred and twenty thousand Egyptians died digging it. A new Suez Canal Company will be formed. From now on we will rely on our own strength, our own muscle. The Canal will be run by Egyptians, Egyptians, Egyptians! Do you hear me? Egyptians!" Nasser went on: "Britain and the United States offered us 70 million dollars to help build the dam. The Suez Canal Company's annual income is 100 million dollars. In five years we will have half a billion dollars from the Canal to use in building the dam."¹¹ Twelve years before Egypt was due to get the Canal for her own under the terms of the original lease, Nasser was seizing it!

While the world understood that the nationalization of the Canal was a riposte to Dulles reneging on financing the dam, in fact Egypt's intention to nationalize the Canal was shared with me pre-April 1956, in one of the interviews I had with a Minister Member of the Revolutionary Command Council. It was pre-planned, only the date was uncertain.

Anthony Eden, the British Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party, heard of the nationalization at a dinner he was giving in honour of King Feisal of 'Iraq and Nuri as-Sa'id, the 'Iraqi Prime Minister. He interrupted the dinner to contact Guy Mollet, head of the French Socialist Party and Prime Minister of France, and, as would be expected, David Ben-Gurion, the leader of Israel. At the time, British forces had evacuated the Canal Zone, but the British and French owned all the shares in the Suez Canal Company on a 50/50 basis.¹²

On July 28, 1956, Britain froze Egyptian assets in London. On August 1, Britain, France and the US held talks concerning the

11. *Ibid.*, 247.

12. Sadat, Anwar, el-, *In Search of Identity: An Autobiography* (Glasgow: Collins, 1978) 176.

Canal. British Prime Minister Eden spluttered to Anthony Nutting of the Foreign Office: "I don't give a damn if there is anarchy and chaos in Egypt, I want him [Nasser] destroyed, can't you understand?"¹³ Nasser had a real concern that he might be overthrown or assassinated during this period of confrontation.

While clearly the tripartite intention was war, Eden's public stance was to convene an international conference on the Suez Canal, set up a Suez Canal Users Association, and finally to refer the dispute to the UN. The scam that was devised employed Israel to act as an *agent provocateur*. Britain and France secretly urged David Ben-Gurion to attack Egyptian territory on the Sinai Peninsula. The victory of the progressive coalition in Jordan's parliamentary elections on October 21 would provide Israel with a believable cover for the mobilization of her forces on the 28th. Meanwhile, to allay apprehensions, Britain and France had agreed that the Egyptian Foreign Minister would meet with their Foreign Ministers on October 29 to draw up a peaceful settlement and to decide on financial compensation.

But on that very day — the date set by Eden, himself — Israel attacked Sinai, crossed the Egyptian frontier and drove toward the Canal, while thousands of Israeli troops dropped by parachute at Mitla Pass, only 25 miles from the Suez Canal. According to Anwar Sadat, Nasser immediately withdrew Egyptian forces from Sinai to avoid falling into the trap, for while the Israelis were attacking Egypt's front, the French and British would hit Egypt's rear. This move, he alleged, saved two-thirds of Egypt's armed forces.¹⁴

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13. Lucas, W. Scott, *Divided We Stand: Britain, US, and the Suez Crisis* (London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1991) quoted in Searle, Chris, "And His Name is Nasser: Cricket and the Suez Crisis", *Race and Class*, v.43, 1, July-September 2001, 65.
 14. Sadat, *op. cit.*, 177-78. St. John, on the contrary (p. 258), writes that 5,000 Egyptian soldiers were taken prisoner and that thousands fled toward the Canal, leaving everything behind, tanks, artillery, and flame-throwers. And then some units of the Israeli Army that had advanced far into the desert cut back and took many Egyptian strong points along the Israeli frontier by surprise from the rear, among them Kuntilla Kuseima, a town that had been a jumping-off spot for *fedayeen* raids on Israel.

On the 30th, the British-French issued Egypt and Israel with an ultimatum asking both to withdraw ten miles from the Canal Zone — Copeland (p.203) says that at that point the Israelis were 40 miles from the Canal — and for Egypt, to allow a 'temporary' occupation of the Zone, including three key cities: Suez, Isma'iliya, and Port Said, by the armed forces of Britain and France, which Nasser rejected out of hand. At the same time, Nasser sent notes to Bulganin and Eisenhower asking for support and assistance. On the 31st, all Egypt's aircraft, bought from the Soviet Union less than a year before, were destroyed on the ground in one blow through a British and French surprise attack on Almaza airfield, while Anglo-French forces attacked Egypt in the Canal Zone. By November 2, Israel claimed all of Sinai was under its control and 30,000 Egyptian soldiers had been killed, captured or fled.

On November 2, the UN passed the American resolution calling for an immediate cease-fire. On that same day Cairo Radio was bombed, giving a clear field to the British station on Cyprus, now presumptuously renamed 'Radio Free Egypt'! Nasser did what he could by scuttling ships to block the Canal.

On November 5, the British and the French captured Port Fuad and Port Said. Nasser appealed to US President Eisenhower to call off the British and French, which Eisenhower did on the 5th itself. He could not very well condemn the Russians for their invasion of Hungary and at the same time condone the Israeli-British-French invasion of Egypt! Also on the 5th, the Soviet Union sent letters to London, Paris and Tel Aviv threatening 'rocket attacks' if the invasion did not end and, while hardly considered in current analyses, certainly a further imperative for US intervention was People's China announcing that she had 300,000 Chinese volunteers ready to fly to Egypt's aid.¹⁵ Nasser's scuttling ships, closing down the Canal, had cut the invasion forces off from the oil needed to continue the operation for any extended period, and the pipeline running from the Gulf to the Mediterranean was cut. On the 6th, a cease-fire was forced by US pressure. On the 7th, beyond denying he had lost world opinion and the support of his own people,

15. St. John, *op. cit.*, 266.

Anthony Eden agreed to withdraw without conditions. Hostilities ended on the 8th and on the 21st, United Nations' peacekeepers arrived in the Zone, and the world forgot that thousands of Egyptian *fellah*-peasant soldiers and their officers, as well as women and children in the Canal Zone, had lost their lives and others had been maimed for life, while the impact on Western Europe was limited to petrol rationing and skyrocketing prices!

During the fighting, the British experts retained in the Canal Zone were taken into custody. Once the British withdrew by December 23, on January 1, 1957, Nasser declared the abrogation of the Anglo-Egyptian Evacuation Agreement whereupon these experts became prisoners of war to be exchanged for Egyptian POWs. On that same day, Nasser nationalized the Egyptian economy in retaliation for the damage caused by the Anglo-French air raids. This was a substantial blow to Western capitalists since all insurance companies, banks, and major business concerns had been French, British, Belgium, et al.

All told, Egypt took over 15,000 British and French enterprises! Debts were paid to all shareholders in the old Suez Canal Company which did not exceed the annual revenue of the Canal, paid in instalments. In return, Britain released £400 million in Egyptian foreign reserve currency which she had frozen in retaliation for the nationalization of the Suez Canal!¹⁶

Shamefully, through all this struggle, Nasser was smeared by *Punch* and other British publications in racist terms. He was caricatured as a devilish looking Imam perched on the minaret of a *masjid* saying "Nasser is great and Suez his profit":¹⁷ blasphemy, parodying 'God is Great and Muhammad is His Messenger' (His Prophet).

The only winners in this débâcle were Egypt, itself, which established its indisputable sovereignty; Israel, which only withdrew her forces in March 1957 after Golda Meir unilaterally declared her annexure of Sinai; the Soviet Union, now a recognized player in the Middle East, a counter-balance to the US, which suited Nasser fine; and People's China, now also a force to be reckoned with. The

16. Sadat, op. cit., 181.

17. *Punch*, August 1, 1956, quoted in Searle, op. cit., 63.

US was not an untainted winner, for she had provoked the situation with her disclaimer on High Dam financing; continued to drag her feet in releasing Egyptian funds she had frozen pending the outcome of negotiations over Suez Canal Company claims; and when Egypt had a critical need for wheat and pharmaceuticals, she only responded with vague replies. As for the classical imperialists — Britain and France — they had lost everything!

Nasser's Historic Decision

Beirut, August 1, 1956

Nasser takes on the West attempts a factual presentation of what occurred. But 'truth' is what the masses believe is true, whatever might have been the 'facts' of the matter. The following reports — three from Beirut — were written by me at the time and faithfully record the truth on the 'Arab street, the intense political mobilization that Nasser's nationalization of the Canal brought about. The tenses stand as written.

ANTICIPATION of Nasser's Thursday speech grew. The consensus here was that if in fact there was a Russian offer to finance the building of the High Dam, Nasser had no alternative but to accept, yet fear of Saudi 'Arab reaction, its possible effect on the forthcoming Jordanian elections, was verbalized by the more sophisticated. Further, it was known that Nasser would be none too happy to link his economy with the USSR for a period of twenty years, yet anything else would be considered capitulation.

The unexpectedness of the nationalization of the Suez Canal struck every person. It seemed unreal. For years 'Arab youth had spoken of nationalization — the 'Arabs had vicariously hoped and lost with Mossadegh in Iran — but the Canal *had* been nationalized, and as Dr. Amin Hafez wrote in *Al-Jarida*, "Unlike Iranian oil, there is no alternative to the Suez Canal."¹⁸

18. Dr. Amin Hafez was 76 years old in 2002. He was first elected to the House of Deputies from Tripoli, Lebanon in 1960 and was *continued p. 229*

A traditionally pro-'Iraqi editor and writer, Kamel Mrowa of *El-Hayat* stated: "International law should be respected; but in the cause of earning one's bread and butter anything is permissible ... Nasser has God on his side." From Damascus, the Syrian Council of Ministers discussed with the Syrian militarists the duties which

continued n. 18

continuously re-elected for 36 years until 1996. In 1965, he was elected Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on Foreign Affairs, which position he continued to hold for 31 years. In 1973, he became Prime Minister, but only for one year. He headed the Lebanese delegations to 62 inter-parliamentary conferences.

Dr. Amin is married to the well-known Lebanese novelist Leila Osseiran; they have one son, Ramzi, an Industrial Engineer. Speaking of marriage, Dr. Amin opined: "You can marry for wealth, for beauty, for status, or for fame." He married the famous Leila, whom he characterized as "a difficult woman", but said that the "greatest enemy of marriage is boredom, and I'm never bored!"

In our August 2002 meeting, Dr. Amin shared with me what occurred in 1975 when along with King Feisal he was cleaning the carpet of the Masjid in Mekka. Dr. Amin said, "Your Majesty, In-sha-Allah next year we will be cleaning the carpet again." Then King Feisal responded: "In-sha-Allah we will be cleaning the Al-Aqsa Masjid, if necessary with blood." Dr. Amin asked King Feisal if he would repeat this on the microphone someone was holding, which he did, and on March 26, he was assassinated.

For many frustrating months in 1973, King Feisal warned the US that unless it forced Israel to withdraw from sacred 'Arab territory, particularly Jerusalem, and settled Palestinian grievances, he would slow down oil production. But the State Department thought he was bluffing. It was the 'Arab-Israeli war in October 1973 that brought OPEC to coalesce and substantially raise prices, and a few days later, angered by the US military resupplying of Israel, the Saudis led an 'Arab embargo on oil shipments to the US — oil production dropped by 28 per cent — and OPEC went on raising prices through 1974. This unity was reflected at the UN where in conjunction with African, Latin-American and Communist countries, resolutions were pushed through that isolated Israel and antagonized the US, such as the PLO being invited to join the debate over the Palestine issue and in 1974 by the UN welcoming PLO Chairman Yasser Arafat as a hero and giving PLO permanent observer status.

Concerning Kissinger, Dr. Amin held him responsible for two crimes: the killing of King Feisal and the killing of Lebanon.

Syria should undertake in backing Egypt. The Syrian Prime Minister said: "It is about time the imperialist states changed their mentality and established their relations with 'Arab States on a basis of equality." Even Baghdad was forced to give verbal support for Nasser's action; said 'Ali Jawdat, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "In nationalizing the Suez Canal Egypt was expressing its natural right." In Lebanon, all newspapers, with the exception of the National Block's *As-Sahafa* and *Le Soir*, backed Nasser without hesitation. In *An-Nahar*, Ghassan Tweini wrote: "Nasser has challenged himself ... he has shouldered the heroism which his predecessors did not dare carry The end of imperialism begins when the people's leaders realize that violence does not have the last say and that the people's riches belong to the people." This is outstanding in so far as Tweini had traditionally been an enemy to Egyptian foreign policy in the area. Tweini is a member of Parti Populaire Syrien (PPS), which seeks unity of the Fertile Crescent, excluding Egypt, and is therefore hostile towards any move towards federation of Syria and Egypt, which is current Egyptian policy.

Phalangist *Al-Amal* wrote: "Arabs will stand by Egypt That Egypt made many mistakes in the past, this is our opinion, it is not a justification for the 'Arabs to leave her in the battleground alone." The Phalangist party is the party of the Maronite Christians of Lebanon, which traditionally has been hostile to 'Arab nationalist aspirations.

The writer quotes these selections to demonstrate the solidarity of support for Nasser's step, even from traditionally anti-Nasser forces.

The Communist leader of Syria, Khalid Bagdash, wrote in *Al-Akbar*, " ... the nationalization of the Suez Canal does not mean only the liberation of Egypt from foreign domination ..., but above all it constitutes a great jump towards the liberation of all the 'Arabs Egypt's move has shown Syria and other 'Arab states the only way leading to true freedom."

The Lebanese Parliament adopted an unanimous motion in support of Egypt; demonstrations took place in the streets of Beirut, and the police had orders not to interfere. The demonstrators finally arrived at the Egyptian Embassy crying: "We are your

men — Abdel Nasser!" In the Parliament, Prime Minister Abdallah Yafi said, "I want to warn the Western states ... that any aggressive step they may take against Egypt will constitute an insult not only to Egypt but to all 'Arab States." He continued, "I have never seen such popular support as that which Egypt has won. The newspapers which attacked Egypt are paid-for papers." The "support Egypt motion" brought forth this response: *Al-Amal*: "The Chamber has expressed the feeling of all the Lebanese" (this the paper of the above-mentioned Phalange); *Ad-Diyar*, Kamal Sinnu, "The Chamber's move was only in harmony with the will of the people;" *The Telegraph*: "An historic motion."

In Syria, Akram Hourani, one of the leaders of the Hizb al-Ba'ath ('Arab Resurgence Party) made this commitment: 'My party and supporters will destroy oil installations in Syria and other 'Arab countries so as to stop the flow of oil to the West should the latter aggress against Egypt."

Enough said about the reaction of the 'Arabs.

Nationalization of the Canal is an indispensable link in the liberation of the 'Arab World, for without controlling the Canal it would be impossible to liberate 'Aden, the sheikhdoms, or the peninsula. British troop movements to back up the military suppression of independence movements in the peninsula could now be effectively blocked by Egypt through its complete control of the Canal Zone and the Suez Canal Company. How much easier would have been the Algerian nationalists' situation if the 'Arabs could have blockaded the numerous reinforcements sent by France. On the contrary, it is France's gunboats which refuse the re-entry of Algerians returning from France to join the Liberation Army.

After political liberation, economic self-determination is a natural consequence. In drafting the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights there had been argument as to what constitutes self-determination. The West at that time had bitterly fought the inclusion of economic rights and had preferred to emphasize political rights. The West might have been successful in holding back official UN recognition, but economic self-determination appears from here to be as absolute a demand as political self-determination.

The Canal will remain open for legitimate purposes. The intent of nationalization was to raise revenue to build the High Dam, not to stop the flow of revenue. The British cry for reoccupation reflects not an interest in keeping the trade route open, but in keeping the imperialist lifeline open, the line for troop reinforcements, if necessary. The nationalization cuts British influence, ultimately pushing it back west of the Canal.

As a result of Nasser's nationalization, Lebanon took heart in its dispute with the I.P.C. Consequent to their fight with I.P.C., the Lebanese made a law taxing foreign companies equal to the existing tax on Lebanese companies, no more, no less. This tax which would apply to the American Tapline Co., brought a protest from the American Government. Tapline states that their agreement existed before the tax law and therefore is not affected by it. The reaction here was mass support for leaders such as Sa'eb Salaam, the Lebanese Minister involved in the oil negotiations, and for Egypt's Nasser. Ghassan Tweini, Secretary of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Parliament, said in a speech that "The problem of Lebanon is the same as Egypt's," and he called on the Lebanese Government to be as daring in facing the oil companies as Egypt in the Suez Canal issue. "We are all with the Government in its struggle against the [oil] companies We are not ready for any bargain over our rights."

Another paper criticized the US and her protests at developments all over the world, whether the Suez Canal nationalization by Egypt, or the legislation imposing tax affecting foreign companies in Lebanon. More than one paper opined that Nasser's act would have further repercussions in Lebanon in its dispute with French capital over the nationalization of the Beirut port.

The 'Arabs are beginning to feel a unity in their problem with the West in economic terms; when the pro-West Tweini says the "crisis of the West and the 'Arabs," one may judge how deeply the crisis is felt.

What is the future of the West in the 'Arab World? A future of legitimate trade interests, supplying a developing 'Arab East with technology and machinery. Beyond this any British imperial plans as Lord Reading suggested of building another canal through 'Aqaba will meet the resistance of an awakened Jordanian people

and hasten the day of final British withdrawal from Jordan. The other proposal of building a Canal through Israel only adds to the 'Arab contention that Israel was established by imperialists as a way to dominate the 'Arab states. Salah Salem, former Minister of National Guidance in Egypt and currently editor of *Ash-Sha'b* (The Masses), retorted: "We will nationalize that Canal as well."

Egypt maintains that the Suez Canal Company and the 1888 Convention are separate and one does not affect the other. Egypt has not refuted nor does it intend to refute the Convention guaranteeing freedom of navigation. 'Ali Sabri, Nasser's political adviser, stated that both the 1866 Convention (the first, drawn up with Ferdinand de Lesseps) and the evacuation treaty signed with Britain recognize that the Suez Canal is a part of Egypt and therefore subject to Egyptian sovereignty.

Western plans for an international board to supervise the Suez Canal are seen here as another proposal to deny Egypt's incontestable sovereignty. *El-Ra'y el-Aam* from Syria states that while Russia was a party to the 1888 Convention, ever since Stalin died, Russia has given up supervising international waterways. Further, such an international proposal was clearly negated by Khrushchev's speech: "... the Suez Canal is in Egypt and has been built by Egyptian workers The only loser is the Company, itself, and there is nothing illegal in the Egyptian Government's nationalization of it, nationalization is an attribute of sovereignty."

The alert of British troops in the Mediterranean and in Britain, itself, is not taken too seriously here; the confidence of the people in their power was never greater. *The Telegraph* of Lebanon lauds the "enlightened street", and the Egyptian *Rose el-Yousef* asserts: "There is no Zahedi here."¹⁹

19. Refers to Fazlollah Zahedi, described as a *boulevardier*, 'a man about town', who had been the assistant of General Norman Schwarzkopf of the New Jersey State Police. Schwarzkopf in 1953 worked with CIA's Kermit Roosevelt to organize the overthrow of Mossadegh and the return of the Shah, upon which Zahedi was installed as Prime Minister. It is ironical that Zahedi should have been the tool of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company when during the Second World War he was interned by the British as a Nazi sympathizer!

Britain has confiscated or blocked at least £120 million — or perhaps even 400 million — of Egyptian sterling balances in London; in doing so, Britain leaves herself open to confiscation or blocking of her capital assets in Egypt.

The options open to the West are either gracefully to accept or to make some provocative act which, instead of bringing capitulation from Egypt, will bring demands for more expropriation in the 'Arab World — for war on the West on all fronts — in the least affecting the security of Western oil installations. If the West could feel the pulse of the people here, which would she choose?

Nasser has solidified his position across the 'Arab World, even his opposers — to keep their chairs — must of necessity laud his action. As one 'Iraqi said, "If the Government of 'Iraq should not back Nasser, Nasser can ask for revolution and he will have it!" Prayers are made for the health and personal security of Gamal Abdel Nasser; Abdel Nasser: 'Slave of the Victorious'.

'Arabs Move to Carry Nasser's Decision

Beirut, August 15, 1956

THE 'Arab east was covered this week by *Khamseen*, the hot wind that blows making existence a weight to be carried by the body. It left no spaces in between, and in it, through it, people met everywhere, on every level, to carry their share of Nasser's decision.

The lawyer Hamid Frangieh, Lebanon's Foreign Minister under the late Riyad Solh (1943-50), took the chairmanship of the 'Arab Committee for the Defence of Egypt. Frangieh is a serious, deliberate man, known for moderation. A negotiator, peacemaker, a man never to be accused of demagoguery, this man who cursed Egypt in a secret meeting of the Parliament last year was the most unlikely Chairman of the Committee for the Defence of Egypt and, therefore, one of the most effective that could be hoped for to rally all shades of moderation to the call.

The Committee is responsible for organizing the strike on August 16, and other popular peaceful demonstrations, and finally

to prepare to meet any possible attack on Egypt by mobilizing the masses to fight in Egypt and to attack the British or French fleets should they attempt to call at Beirut harbour.

In Syria, the Committee is headed by Khaled al-Azm. Khalid Bagdash, the Syrian communist leader, speaking in Parliament, once said of Azm: "He is a bourgeoisie who knows the interest of the country." Khaled al-Azm was Foreign Minister at the time of the Baghdad Pact and stood strongly against it. In a statement today, Azm, Syria's former Premier, reading the decisions of the committee, warned that 140 million tons of Western oil which flows yearly across Syria would "immediately be barred in the moment any Western power starts military action against Egypt". This threat was announced by the all-party organization in a series of decisions supporting Egypt before a huge mass meeting. This is one of many statements to the effect that Western oil installations will be destroyed if the West aggresses against Egypt, which brought the American and British envoys to seek assurances from Syria. Acting Syrian Premier Muhammad el-Aish responded that Syria would honour her obligations as long as "normal circumstances prevail".

The 'Arab League's Political Committee rallied behind the nationalization and again warned that "Any attack on Egypt would be deemed an attack on the whole 'Arab World."

As government heads rushed from one 'Arab capital to the other, the 'Arab Graduates' Conference called an extraordinary meeting here in Beirut. The Conference was begun in 1954 and is composed of all 'Arab graduates of higher studies. The President of the executive board is Fuad Jalal, Egypt's first minister of National Guidance after the 1952 *coup* and currently the head of the Council for Social Services, which is responsible for building social centres in Egyptian villages. Jalal is one of the few civilians in positions of responsibility in Egypt. He is a socialist, a calm, intelligent and sincere person. He was elected to this post at last year's conference in Jerusalem when the graduates moved to unseat the leadership of Lebanon's Speaker of the House, 'Adel Osseiran and Emile al-Bustani, a Lebanese Christian millionaire contractor, to be replaced by more representative individuals. That

Conference took decisions against Point 4,²⁰ against the Baghdad Pact, and finally, to clear itself of the possibility of smear, it voted against the recognition of People's China.

The board is composed of twenty-five members. The following took part in the last week's discussion: Jalal; Osman Khalil, Dean of the Law School of Cairo University; Abdullah Ramawi, Ba'athi leader from Jordan; 'Ali Mango, 'Arab Nationalist from Jordan; Sulaiman Nabulsi, National Socialist leader, Jordan; Sadiq Shanshal and Fayek Samerrai of the National Party, 'Iraq; Jalal Sayyed, former Ba'athi leader, Syria; Edmund Rabbat, brilliant lawyer and the drafter of the proposed constitution for the Federation of 'Arab States, Lebanon; Youssef Rowaysi, secretary to Salah Ben Youssef, opposition leader to Tunisia's Bourguiba; 'Adel Osseiran, Speaker of the House, Lebanon; Kamal Djumblatt, Druze leader and head of the Progressive Socialist Party, Lebanon.

After a week's consideration, the following declaration was drawn, largely from the draft made by Osman Khalil, head of Cairo's Law School, and Sadiq Shanshal, lawyer and National Party leader from 'Iraq.

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20. Point 4 derived its name from being the fourth point in US President Harry Truman's 1949 inaugural address. In the Cold War, the US used Point 4 to try to win support from uncommitted nations. From 1950 until 1953, it was administered by a separate unit within the Department of State. But under Eisenhower, it was integrated into the overall aid programme.

I wrote an article on Point 4 in Jordan in early September 1956. There was substantial criticism of the programme, from Ministers to bureaucrats. They spoke of its preoccupation with construction of roads, wide roads, not economically necessary, but perhaps of strategic value. And such as 'Arab nationalist Hamad Farhan, then Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Economy, doubted the expertise of some of the American 'experts' who entered the country under this umbrella. When Hamad Farhan drafted a proposed revision of the programme truly to serve Jordanian needs, the Americans apparently commented that it would never be approved by Washington and suggested that Hamad, himself, should be sent to Washington to argue it with the State Department and the Senate Committee responsible but, of course, Hamad refused.

"Due to the situation resulting from the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company, the 'Arab Graduates' Conference made a special meeting on August 7 to study the problem from its political, national, and legal sides.

Legal side of the question:

1. Egypt's national right over the Suez Canal, which is indisputably a part of the territory under its sovereignty, is a right which its sovereignty confers and which is recognized in international law and assured by all documents related to the Canal since the 'Khedieval right' given to dig the Canal and the Sultan's Firman which reassures this right and the following documents:
 - Treaty of Constantinople, relating to the liberty of sea passage through the Canal, 29 October 1888, especially articles 9, 10, 12, 13, and 15;
 - Declaration of 28 February 1922;
 - Anglo-Egyptian Agreement 1936;
 - Evacuation Treaty (of the Canal Zone) 1954.

The legal right which Egypt has executed in the nationalization of the Suez Canal Company, which is an Egyptian Limited Company, keeping the full rights of the shareholders to indemnity, is not affected by the presence of foreign shareholders and the precedents for the exercise of this right over citizens and foreigners are many in different modern states, especially England and France which are leading a wave of threats and accusations against Egypt.

2. The Conference sees that all what was included in the statement of the Tripartite States relating to the Canal lacks differentiation between nationalization of the Suez Canal Company and the right to free passage, which seems to be purposely made to mislead international public opinion and to make it accept aggressive attitudes which serve imperialist purposes, purposes with which the imperialists could not clearly and openly face the world.

Accordingly, the Conference would point out that the Suez Canal Company was not at any time responsible for guaranteeing free passage, rather it is Egypt alone which undertook

this responsibility before the Constantinople Treaty and after it, and in that same Treaty, Article 9, it states that it is the responsibility of the Egyptian government, by the authority given to it through the Firman and by the conditions stated in the Treaty, to take measures to guarantee free passage. Then Article 10 states that Articles 4, 5, 7, 8, do not impair what the Sultan or the Khedive sees necessary to take as measures to guarantee the defence of Egypt and to keep order. In time of necessity of the Sultan or the Khedive to use this exceptional right, the Ottoman Government (which Egypt has replaced since the November 5, 1914 Treaty of Lausanne) should make the signatories aware of this. The Suez Canal Company then was not the protector of free passage and never claimed to be so, but it is Egypt which guaranteed this right and which took an oath to continue recognizing this right, which is related at the same time to its sovereignty.

Thus the Conference is astonished at the lack of differentiation in the Tripartite statement between free passage and nationalization, which resulted in creating a doubt about the future of free passage, and thinks that this deviation in the Declaration is meant to serve the purposes of imperialism in order to retain the rest of the world imperialist fortress.

3. Article 4 of the Constantinople Treaty states that the obligations of the signatories do not end with the end of the rights of the Company, therefore the declaration of Egypt to honour this Treaty is assurance of Egypt's respect for this Article, at the same time in which England and France, signatories to the Treaty, call the London Conference to investigate a problem which is guaranteed by a living agreement and call to this conference nations which are not signatories to this agreement and ignore those who are.
4. The Constantinople Treaty addressed the issue of threat to freedom of passage through the Canal and what measures should be taken; Article 8, states that at the time of threat to free passage, the agents of the signatories shall meet *in Egypt*, called by three of those agents to investigate the matter and shall call the attention of the Egyptian government to the

danger that appears to them; therefore the London Conference is a clear violation of the Constantinople Agreement.

5. The Constantinople Treaty provides for its continuity after termination of any contract for the Canal Company, the legal result of which is the responsibility of the signatories to respect it until it is adjusted with the approval of all parties, which includes Egypt.
6. The call for the London Conference was also a violation of the United Nations since it considered it as an absent body.
7. The terrorist atmosphere created by England and France against Egypt is not conducive to a productive London Conference.

For these reasons the Conference upholds Egypt's right in nationalizing the Canal Company and denounces political and military measures taken by England and France.

Political side of the question:

1. The building of the Suez Canal was accompanied by the industrial revolution, and as a result, its importance to England and France was enhanced. The Canal was seen as a means of controlling the raw materials of Asia and Africa and the biggest market for consumer goods. These two states continually prepared for the imperialization of these lands, dividing their political influence over them; witness the Entente Cordiale of 1904 and the Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916. The Canal became a means for their political influence in the area, in a way that touches Egyptian sovereignty, which violates Article 12 of the 1888 Agreement that binds the signatories to abstain from gaining regional or commercial rights in all that pertains to the Canal. The 'noise' [in 'Arabic *douche*, stronger than noise] created by Britain and France is really an attempt to keep this political influence.
2. The free passage guaranteed by the 1888 Agreement should not be taken as a pretext to limit the sovereignty of Egypt.
3. This 'noise' created by Britain and France at a time when only 12 years remain to the Suez Canal contract shows clearly the bad intentions of these states toward Egypt.

National side of the question:

1. The real object of Britain and France is to keep their fortress of imperialism, and they have seen that this nationalization will create more difficulties for them in the areas under their imperial control. The 'Arabs have understood this, and it is equally important that this be understood by world public opinion: the 'Arabs consider this case as *their* case and any aggression on Egypt is an aggression on all the 'Arab countries against which they will fight as one block. The battle then is a battle for liberty and the right to choose our own fate.
2. The 'Arab Nation is cognizant of the imperialist's propaganda which has attempted to differentiate between the person of Nasser and the Egyptian or 'Arab people. Therefore, the Conference declares that what is being done by President Gamal Abdel Nasser responds to the wishes of the 'Arab people and governments and truthfully represents their demands and hopes for liberation, which the imperialist states have tried and are still trying to crush.

Then in a declaration "to the people": "The Conference studied all the circumstances resulting from the nationalization of the Canal and has summarized its study of the question and its relation to international law."

"Eden considers that Europe's use of the petroleum of the 'Arab homeland provides a pretext to consider all passages reaching to this oil to be under British supervision. This reminds us of the pretext that Britain always used to justify its influence on the 'Arab countries, saying that they were on the way to India, and it is as a passage of imperial transportation that they must be protected. Now, after India's liberation, oil has replaced 'the way to India' to justify British influence on the 'Arabs. If accepted, this strange and dangerous reasoning may be applied to the pipelines passing through Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, and to oil-producing countries such as 'Iraq and Saudi 'Arabia, the rationale being that these countries must be subdued as the benefits to the imperialists must be protected more than the rights, benefits and liberties of the 'Arab people. The imperialist reasoning, as declared by Eden, asks

for the guarantee of life and luxury for every home in England at the expense of every home in the 'Arab Nation; therefore the 'Arab people have denounced the London Conference and affirm that President Nasser has expressed their feelings and done his duty in the leadership of the liberation movement for their economic and political independence, and it is this that is stirring up the imperialists. It is the duty of every citizen to stand in this battle between himself, personally, as an 'Arab, and the greedy imperialists, and he must work firmly with his fellow citizens to do what he can in this battle that will decide the fate of the 'Arab Nation. Undoubtedly, the actions of all the people in the 'Arab Nation have demonstrated that they have taken the responsibility to sacrifice, so that the world may see that the 'Arabs have decided to liberate themselves from imperialism and that *they will not accept nominal sovereignty*. The Conference calls on the 'Arabs in the East and West to continue their efforts to unify their stand against the danger of imperialism and demands that they put all their forces, capabilities and resources in the final battle ... and God is the One who assures success."

The proclamation with its many-sided analysis is more colloquial on the tongues of individuals: said Jordan's 'Ali Mango, "The British ... they have no religion." The 'Arabs had long known British imperialism, but Britain's attitude to pull the world down with it if necessary in order to preserve the *status quo* formed in another century was still a shock.

Gebran Majdalany, a Young Turk in opposition to Djumblatt's leadership in the Lebanese Progressive Socialist Party and unofficially a member in the Conference's meetings last week, spoke of a possible attack. In such a case all British and French property, as well as their citizens, would be destroyed. As long as the Americans stay out, their property and nationals would be safe. This distinction is made on the leadership level, but whether they will be able to control the masses is questionable.

Abdullah Ramawi (Hizb al-Ba'ath, Jordan): "We are ready; really, when you look at it, what have we got to lose; it will be the West's last battle, and finally it is we who will win." A Captain coming from Egypt sat quietly, "We are demanding the right to live. Europe had its chance, we have carried it on our backs for the

last four hundred years, the historical cycle must change, it is now our turn to live."

Inside the Conference room dissension came from two persons. Soheil Hamwi of the traditionally pro-Iraqi paper *El-Hayat* asked "if the calling for a strike wasn't demagoguery". Youssef Rowaysi, a Tunisian, lost his nerves: "I never heard this word except here, if it were not for what you call demagoguery we could not have stood against France in Algeria." Such a remark coming from a journalist of *El-Hayat* did not even bring comment from the more cynical.

But another person, Kamal Djumblatt, spoke while lounging. It is he who had led the great popular revolt that ended in the ousting of Bishara al-Khuri (1934-1952), Lebanon's President before Camille Chamaoun (1952-1958). Djumblatt and his Progressive Socialist Party had surged forward as the only popular party in Lebanon, the party that would carry the future. Despite his comment to the press on the first day of the nationalization that this act was the most important historical act of our times, he now spoke of restraint: "Had Egypt's move been well-planned?", and in another press conference, "It is foolish to think that the 'Arabs could stand up to an invasion by Britain and France." Hussein Mrowa, a more popular writer of the same *El-Hayat* wrote, "Dear friend, shall I tell you how the people are commenting on your statement? I will not, for I would like to think that it is a slip of the tongue enforced upon you by those who work for your destruction." But Djumblatt did not just slip; in his attitude, in failing to take the leadership of this movement in Lebanon, he may have lost not only the chance to gain the government tomorrow, but he shocked the popular political leaders around him. No longer will they consider that his stand, when at variance with their own, is a product of his interest in Hinduism, Gandhism, mysticism, internationalism, but they will call for attack on him, to end Djumblatt as a popular leader and force him to take an openly pro-Western or traditional stand. This week had its personal tragedy, the beginning of the end of a myth that had been Lebanon's hope for the future.

The brighter side, personal divisions aside, is that the strike closed Beirut on August 16. At ten o'clock in the morning, the various political groups met in Parliament Square. Each group

brought its own members to block any chance of exploitation of the meeting by the Najada Party. When the Canal was first nationalized, Adnan Hakim, its leader, had gone to Egypt saying he controlled 10,000 whom he would put at Egypt's disposal. Then in a meeting called in response to the nationalization, Hakim started quoting passages from the Qur'an, leading the 'Arab Nationalists and Ba'athists to shout: "Down with sectarianism;" the Najadis counter-shouted, "The Qur'an is our religion;" the Ba'athists and 'Arab Nationalists countered: "'Arabism is our religion." The Najadis, an extremist Muslim party, the equivalent of the Maronite Christian Phalange, renders national causes a disservice by trying to gain their leadership and making them appear as Muslim causes, thus alienating the Christians of Lebanon. Coming in separate groups to the demonstration served to stop any exploitation for partisan ends.

Four individuals were permitted by the government to speak formally over the microphone from the Parliament. 'Adel Osseiran, Speaker of the House, Haj Hussein Oawayni, Anwar Khatib of Djumblatt's Socialist Party, and Abdallah Yafi, the Prime Minister. Yafi quoted the late Riyadh Solh, once Lebanon's "Arab" Prime Minister: "Lebanon will not be a passage nor a fortress for the imperialists." In his speech he inadvertently said, the "'Arab peoples", and the crowd shouted, "We are *one* 'Arab people!" At first Yafi was silent, then he tried to silence them with his hand, but they continued shouting for ten minutes: "We are one 'Arab people". Yafi had made a slip, a slip of the past into the present. These leaders might learn to adjust their words, but the psychological adjustment which would bring them in line with the consciousness of today, which would be reflected in an insistence, even on the correct terminology, will be a more difficult task. Then, unofficially, from the steps of Parliament, and without a mike, youth spoke. Samir Sanbar,²¹ Palestinian journalist: "This is a battle

21. Samir Sanbar is currently Executive Editor of UN forum (an open forum on UN news and issues). He was on staff at the UN for many years, was Special Representative of the UN Secretary General in 1993, and Assistant Secretary General for Public Information from 1994-98.

against our lives, so we, the believers in 'Arab unity, in the unity of the 'Arab struggle, will fight." Sanbar, of Christian parentage, drew a parallel with the story of the Prophet Muḥammad's cousin, who carried the flag into battle. When his right forearm was cut, he held the flag with his left, and when his left forearm was cut, he held the flag with the stumps of his arms and his breast, and it is said that the flag remained high in the sky with the remnants of his blood on it.

Assad Zibian, head of the Lebanese All Students Congress, spoke the Ba'athi motto: 'unity, freedom, socialism'. The 'Arab Nationalists and Ba'ath had come together carrying the flag of the 1916 'Arab Revolt, "Black are our battles, white are our deeds, green are our pastures, red are our swords." Samir Sanbar had said, "We will not lament our blood that is being spilled, as we do not pity the disgrace of those who spill it." After the Parliament, the officials went home, but the people moved on to the Egyptian Embassy.

From Damascus came reports of the day of strike; the people came armed, angry, and were restrained from going to attack the foreign embassies only by police intervention. From Morocco to 'Iraq, the people protested the London Conference.

The *Khamseen* has broken; the people remain, less excited, more sure; they will not capitulate; if the West chooses force, they will destroy what they hoped would be their own economic base for the development of their societies. Its been a strange week over here, historical movement has been a live thing you could touch with your hands, and as events turned from mobilization to the Conference table, one hoped that all this unity, all this momentum, would not be lost with a negotiated settlement; that it might be channelled so as to make the superstructure of the 'Arab World more representative of this dynamic mass which lies beneath it in waiting.

The Provocative Nationalization

Beirut, September 12, 1956

AS the Canal crisis lay more heavily on the people, as the reality of British and French reaction became more impressed on the consciousness of the people, tongues of the crude and the

sophisticated moved in a unison of Leninist analysis of their situation. Lenin's *Imperialism the Highest Form of Capitalism*, a book little known, was assimilated overnight, not by ideological development or indoctrination, but by a reality lesson; empirically the non-left, the anti-left and the left arrived at the same Leninist conclusion.

They spoke not of a French or British people, not of a particular French or British government, but of capitalism as a system, with imperialism as part and parcel of its very existence. The unity of action of Britain and France proved to them that differences were only superficial, only appearances, that in the final analysis, when imperialism as a system is seriously challenged, the identity of underlying capitalist systems brings coalition. The 'Arabs saw themselves in a struggle with that system.

That the policy of cruel repression in Algeria, of troop movements to Cyprus, were the doing of French 'Socialists', made the 'Arab cynical to a possibility of anything but inevitable struggle. If socialists approached him as did the more traditional imperialists of the right, how could he hope for any change of policy? In Britain, for all the verbal protests of members of the Labour Party, the party would not go into the streets to enforce their public utterings. Britain, where all the movers of the transportation systems, be it truck, rail, or ship, are organized, where these organizations form the backbone of the Labour Party, could send troops via this transportation system on a machiavellian errand, and the Labour Party did not call for strike.

In this light, with the exception of the Communists, Mendès-France stood alone. A Lebanese Foreign Office official, replying to where he would go politically if he were a Frenchman, said, "I would join Mendès-France, a solitary figure of courage ... Mendès-France, the Jew."²² For an 'Arab, with the Zionist usurpation of

22. One of the many unforeseen outcomes of the confrontation was that after the attacks on Egypt by Israel, Britain and France, Jewish holdings were confiscated and many, if not most, Jews were expelled from Egypt, one of whom was Salvatore Circurel, owner of Cairo's largest department store and father-in-law of Mendès-France. Pre-April 1956, I had interviewed Mr. Circurel in Egypt, who projected himself as an Egyptian.

Palestine ever before his eyes, this is a difficult perception, a more difficult admission.

Then the whole validity of being known, being understood, of explaining one's case, as the Anglo-Saxon world had convinced the 'Arab he should have done, must do, became another myth. The 'Arab, thoroughly identified psychologically with Nasser, found himself at the mercy of an intensely violent propaganda campaign, found that overnight he had become a menacing 'Hitler on the Nile'.

The switch in the American press attitude was most obvious. Nasser, when head of an authoritarian regime, had been the great white hope, a factor of stability to be supported at a time when he was considered an oppressor by his own people. Parliamentary government, at that stage, was looked upon by the United States as not necessarily desirable. With the Czech arms agreement in September 1955, Nasser, the factor of stability, of hope, became "just another oriental potentate" in the mouth of the American Press Attaché in Cairo. The authoritarian structure of the regime had been a continuous factor. Ironically, at this same juncture, Nasser in the eyes of his people, became their leader, rather than their oppressor. For the first time since the ousting of Naguib in October 1954, Egypt had a popular government. Nasser's government became *as* a parliamentary system, which the US had feared; he was now reflective of Egyptian attitudes, no longer America's factor of stability.

The hypocrisy of the American press was not lost on the people. This shift in Western press opinion was proof to the 'Arab that he was essentially alone, that the forces against him are capable, despite his courteously explaining his position, of bringing the pressure of all vehicles of communication to bear on the Western people, to solidify them in an opinion needed by those interests to justify their acts; and there seemed to be no effective corner of resistance in the representatives of the Western non-capitalistic class.

Yesterday, in Egypt's *Rose el-Yousef*, Ihsan Abdel-Quddous, editor and owner, analysed the American position in this entire dispute. He drew a parallel with the American position *vis-à-vis* Mossadegh's nationalization of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company.

There, he contended, the US had isolated the antagonism to a British-Iranian affair, had negotiated in between, and had come out of the confrontation with a share in a new oil consortium.²³ In the Canal dispute, a British-French conflict with Egypt, the US would negotiate, and would like again to come out with a share of a new Canal consortium. But, Quddous writes, the US does have the power to restrain both Britain and France, if it is restraint she wishes. It is in this light that America will be judged, not by what she does, but by what she could do if she sincerely wished to, measured against what she actually does.

In the Lebanon, Kamal Djumblatt, leader of the Progressive Socialist Party, made a speech acclaiming the American position in the Canal dispute. A group in his party raised a protest, and the party decided that a press clarification was necessary.

Another party which 'lost' in the course of the Canal issue was Pakistan. Here in the Lebanon, Pakistan had sent their very capable Farid Jafri to head an all Middle East Information Office. He busied himself not with justifying the Baghdad Pact, but with arguing that despite the Baghdad Pact, which is a question of Pakistan's own peculiar position, Pakistan has been the unfailing ally of the 'Arabs. He focused the 'Arab journalists' attention on Palestine, and asked what about Nehru's position; internationalism is fine, Third Bloc, et cetera, but look at his position on a reality question, Palestine. He then went on to show that despite the lack of support by the 'Arabs for Pakistan's interest in Kashmir, despite Pakistan's belonging to the unpopular Baghdad Pact, it is she who has been correct on the issue. Anti-Nehru feeling mounted through this constant focusing of attention on Palestine. The 'Arabs were diverted. Then came the Suez crisis. In Jafri's own terms, the 'Arabs looked to Pakistan for an 'Arab position and were truly shocked. Pakistan came under heavy attack. Jafri went to Cairo, and there under pressure issued a statement of full support. Before the journalists could print their articles denouncing Jafri and his rhetoric, he was recalled to Pakistan for his sympathetic statement

23. His understanding, but see Chapter IV on the CIA-orchestrated *coup* and the overthrow of Dr. Mossadegh.

in Cairo! In appreciation, the articles were killed. Thus, at this juncture, Islamism had proved an academic question. The world would no longer divide into the classical *Dar al-Islam*, World of Islam, and *Dar al-Harb*, non-Islamic world, or World of War. Islam could not make nor prevent alignments necessary to Egypt.

The withdrawal of the foreign Canal pilots from Egypt has brought two comments. One, the unreliability of foreigners who have traditionally accepted the best of employment in Egypt, but in crises have invariably gone home. Two, that the strongest weapon of the imperialists is technology. The schools which Westerners have opened in the 'Arab World, and to which they point with pride, have tended to arts rather than to teaching know-how. Often one hears such educators speaking of the spiritual contribution the 'Arabs can offer the West, of the sterility of an industrial culture. It has been reported that one of the more powerful American foundations had offered Syria a school. Syria responded that she would like an industrial institute. The foundation replied they had only considered a cultural institution, and Syria declined. Through the teaching of arts, the West has been able to affect the attitudes, yea, the whole structure of thinking of the minds of 'Arab youth. Therefore a national educational programme needs be two-fold, development of technology and, in the arts, the eradication of Western prejudices of thought. The problem is that to develop technology one must be independent, have control of one's own resources, at the same time, technological know-how is necessary to gain control of those resources and make them work.

On the question of oil nationalization, it is clear that while the subject has been raised, especially during the last few months' excitement, the 'Arabs have not as yet even a blueprint of the number and description of skilled people they would need to attempt nationalization, let alone a programme for educating people for the day when such a step is possible. In the Canal dispute, while Egypt had planned to nationalize, her hand was forced by the US withdrawal of High Dam funds, and she had not the necessary technical crew ready, thus providing a pretext for the enforcement of Western control, the 'Users' Association'!

Imperialism — *istamar* — has long been the dirtiest word in 'Arabic. Imperialistic relationships are literally smelled out. But

this last month has been a lesson in the details of the structure. Before experiencing the repercussions from his nationalizing the Canal, Nasser had yet to learn the power of imperialist banks; in fact he decried the concept as 'communist thinking'. But immediately he nationalized the Canal, Britain's Barclays Bank refused to transfer to Egypt the capital needed to finance the cotton crop from the *fellah*-producer to the market. There was also a basic need for kerosene on which treeless Egypt depended for cooking, with only corncobs as an alternative, and from where would it now come?²⁴

Egypt, which found a market in China to alleviate cotton loads, which in seeking for arms had sold cotton to Eastern European markets, only realized through Britain's economic blockade that diversification of markets is a prerequisite for sovereignty. For weeks now, Abu Nasseir, the Egyptian Minister of Commerce, has been scrambling through the Middle East to build up inter-'Arab

24. On October 10, 1956, I had the honour — and I do mean honour — to accompany Ahmad Yussef el-Guindi at Vienna in discussions with the Soviets, in the hope they would accept to do barter trade with Egypt. But while Ahmad put the subject on the table of the urgent need for the Russians to provide an alternative financial institution, at least those representatives did not immediately grasp the import of an imperialist bank which effectively strangled Egypt.

Ahmad — the brother-in-law of the famous writer Ihsan Abdel-Quddous, son of the inimitable Rose el-Yousef, who founded the important magazine of the same name — was a lawyer of progressive thinking, who finding it impossible for such understanding to penetrate the minds of the Free Officers who controlled Egypt, had turned himself into a businessman. It was Ahmad who opened Egypt's trade with China, for only through trade diversification could Egypt survive Britain's iron grip.

Ahmad had founded the African Union Trading Company for Imports & Exports which he used to trade in defence of Egypt's sovereignty. But when elections were to be held in 1957, as he wrote to me on August 12, he learned there was "an objection in official circles" against his name! Every candidate had to be approved by three ministers, Zakaria Mohieddin, Abdel Latif Baghdadi and Abdel Hakim Amer, and "the hints were clearer than just hints" that his candidacy would not be approved. So although his brother had already paid Ahmad's deposit, Ahmad stood down. So much for the recognition of a national contribution! Ahmad died on January 10, 1994.

trade. Egypt is very short of wheat: Syria will provide one-sixth of her needs. Economic blockade has hit Egypt hard. Other countries are being used as intermediaries for the purchase of necessities. Dollar reserves are low: Saudi 'Arabia has sold Egypt 10 million dollars. The importance of strong national banks has been hardly learned. Barclays' in Cairo is still a powerful weapon. In Syria the foreign banks gave notice they would no longer discount bills. The National Bank of Syria, established less than two months ago, immediately announced it would discount all bills. The foreign banks then withdrew their miscalculated threat. In the Lebanon, there is no national bank. Currency is issued by the Banque de Syrie, French interests. It would be greatly in the interest of the 'Arabs if the Russians would now move to establish a bank. Another more delicate problem is that traditionally finance has been in the hands of Jews in Egypt; Muslims are relatively newcomers to the field and are a rarity. Yet in problems of finance such as the Canal crisis has given rise to, the Egyptians considered they could not afford to risk using the financial skills the Jews might possess.

Most of all, Egypt has suffered in the Canal crisis from constant concern as to what her allies would do next. The paper agreements with Saudi 'Arabia and the Yemen may be of value in a propaganda war, but in the face of actual conflict with the West, they are next to worthless. The essential difference between Saudi 'Arabia and Egypt is that Egypt and her supporters talk of blowing up foreign oil installations, but to Saudi 'Arabia these are her installations, plants that provide the King, the innumerable princes, and the entourage, with the stuff of their ostentatious lives, and they are not at all prepared to blow them up. 'Iraq, Egypt's antagonist, takes the same proprietary position, so also the Shaykhs of the Gulf area. King Hussein of Jordan is only pro-Egyptian in so far as holding his crown may necessitate. Official Lebanon is in her traditionally unsympathetic role. Syria alone remains as strong in the struggle as Egypt, herself. The coming together of the Saudis and the 'Iraqi Hashimids demonstrates the power of interest. The historical quarrel between them seems quite likely of solution, especially if Egypt's confrontation with the West will demand a real cost. 'Iraq would gladly assure King Sa'ud it has no interest in regaining the Hashimid throne in the Hijaz, if such an assurance

would split Saudi 'Arabia from Egypt, contributing to weaken Egypt's position, in the hope of dissuading her from conflict with the West, thereby protecting the oil installations from rupture by the nationalists, a certainty should Egypt be attacked.

With the threat of foreign troops, Israel automatically became a second front. Israel could have made political capital out of the Canal issue and established herself as a Middle Eastern country, rather than as an extension of Europe into the Middle East, by issuing a declaration that she would not be the entry point for foreign troops, that she would consider the landing of French or British troops in the area as an act of aggression, that in such case her troops would be at the disposal of the 'Arabs. Though denied access to the Canal, herself, she should nevertheless have stood by Egypt's sovereign rights, rather than talk of building a canal as an alternative for the West. This is the crux of the problem of Israel, more basic than her lack of fulfilment of UN resolutions. She is a wing of imperialism, in effect if not in fact. Israel must accommodate herself to the reality of her situation: she is geographically in the 'Arab East, and in the final analysis it is her acceptance by these 'Arabs that will be her only security. Instead of what might have been a too far-reaching reversal in attitude, she chose to increase border incidents with Egypt on an organized scale. As the 'Arabs continue their struggle for complete independence, Israel must always be calculated as a second arm of the West.

Finally, the Canal issue has demonstrated that whether an individual is ideologically on the left or not, given he is a patriot, he will find himself empirically in the same position *vis-à-vis* the West. The 'Arab Nationalist, whose ideological core is anti-communist, anti-left, takes the same position as the Hizb al-Ba'ath (Arab Resurgence, Socialist Party), which in specific situations works in common with the communists. From nationalists to communists, all support the Egyptian Arms Agreement and the nationalization of the Suez Canal. At this stage of development differences are diffused. The class struggle of the socialists and the communists is put on hold in favour of liberation. The national-capitalist Khaled al-Azm in Syria, leader of the Support for Egypt Committee, and Khalid Bagdash, Syrian communist

leader, find themselves as allies. As long as the class struggle is submerged, national capitalists feel no threat to their personal interests and even find it personally advantageous, if not necessary, to work with liberation movements, which in effect mean the overthrow of foreign-capital control of the economy, as well as foreign political control.

The Canal issue may be solved, and one might even think it possible that things will all fall back into place, but never can perception be undone. The Canal has provoked a more exact appraisal by the 'Arabs of their position; the 'Arab knows now the line of the future, of what he must do in a many-sided disengagement from Western control, and this realization cannot be turned back.

Letters from the 'Arab Homeland

Written in the aftermath of the tripartite aggression on Egypt by Israel, Britain and France. Received in Bombay, India, after November 26, 1956.

I excerpt from letters written by an 'Arab accustomed to political analysis.²⁵ "The others, I am sure you know whom I mean (he means the Russians), are selling very high. It is an accepted fact that the warning of Bulganin has had its effect in bringing hostilities to an end. The mere announcement that recruits would be arriving from China and the USSR made the aggressors think twice and accept to withdraw from the area. The entire 'Arab World was on the verge of war. Egypt was very sage in not demanding any help from any of the other 'Arab states. Britain claimed that the 'Arabs had planned on the complete 'erasing' of Israel, in an attempt to justify their intervention. Last night, our good friend (said with great sarcasm) Nuri as-Sa'id, who had no courage to face the 'Arab leaders meeting here (in Beirut) announced in 'Iraq

25. Written by Zohdi Tarazi; more about Zohdi in Chapter 6, p. 199. In 1974, Zohdi was to open the first PLO representative office at the UN in New York, and he continues as a PLO official, now working with Farouk Khaddoumi out of Tunis.

that the only way to realize peace in the area would be by eliminating Israel; thus if Eden fails to say it, then Nuri will!

"The 'Arab kings and chiefs are meeting here. The real reason for their meeting is not disclosed, but I understand from some sources that they are here to study means of checking the intervention and entry of the Soviets into this part of the world; the US is deeply concerned, but at this crucial stage of events I wonder how much they can achieve. You know, we have a legend about a monster, the mentioning of whose name brings submission: tell a little boy that if he would not do as his mother commands, the Bu' Bu' will come, and here the Soviets are considered as the Bu' Bu' of the present day; they only have to mention that they would not be able to prevent the departure of volunteers to Egypt, and the British, French, and Israelis are scared.

"The people around here (the Lebanese) were the only ones whose stand I could not tolerate; they started questioning whether Abdel Nasser had done the proper thing!

"In Jerusalem, I understand all the young people went to the recruiting office to join the fighting. Yet Gamal wanted no help and did not see it as wise to involve the other states. The 'Iraqis advertised the entry of their army into Jordan to help the 'Arab Legion, well, no confirmation of this news was ever received. Yet in 'Iraq all schools have been suspended and many students locked up in jails."

In a letter I had written to him, I said that the recent aggression made me feel this was 1880 rather than 1956, with the difference that they no longer say they are going into Egypt 'to protect the lives of Christians'. My 'Arab friend responded: "It does look like the imperialism of 1880, but does it not feel queer that we could live in the time of our great-grandfathers and in our own time, certainly inconceivable, but it is the bitter truth. Yet, they saw the beginning, and we are seeing the end. Did you ever study music? Usually there is a directive *D.C. al fine*, meaning *Da Capo al fine*, 'from the beginning to the end', and we consider ourselves as fortunate to witness this stage of the human drama and the end of imperialism." One should note that the 'Arab friend used the word 'fortunate'; on the possible brink of further war, that is how he saw himself.

He asks: "How did the people in your part (India) feel about the sending of recruits to this area? It would be much better if it stops at this end, without any further complications; the recruits might be needed at a later stage."

The following are excerpts from another letter describing a weekend in Damascus. "The first minute one is outside of Lebanon, on Syrian soil, one feels as having shifted from a night-club into an army billet. All along the road, from the frontier to Damascus, one encounters armoured cars, soldiers in battledress, fully equipped, ready for the signal to open fire. For an observant eye, one could not help but notice the tremendous movement and preparations of the Syrian army, all the hills are being planted with guns, anti-aircraft and field guns, the soldiers are carrying brand new carbines or rifles, and they all look happy about that too.

"In Damascus proper one gets the feeling that the fighting has been shifted from the Suez area to Damascus. Students go to school dressed in army uniforms, ready for the first signal. While I was there, an air raid alarm sounded, and the students rushed out of school, each to his anti-aircraft post; the real sight was the girls who rushed out in their khaki slacks to some positions (he speaks of urban 'Arab girls unaccustomed to such physical activity). Definitely, I could not remain on the streets, I had to get into a shelter. The air raid lasted for 15 minutes, then the 'all clear' sounded, and I walked out, fully confident they will not be caught unaware, they are ready. The result is still a mystery, yet one can tell that any attempt (by the British, French or Israelis) will cost them some blood. In Jordan, I understand the situation is almost similar. My sister (working as a public health nurse in a refugee camp) has written after a ten-day training in the camp on the use of firearms. Living in Jerusalem does necessarily mean they should be ready, every single soul, regardless of sex or age, must be ready.

"On the economic side, I walked through the streets of Jerusalem for hours; the streets that were once streaming with dealers are almost dead. There is neither shopping nor window-shopping. You get the feeling you are back in the early 'forties; there is a war on, and one should be careful with the consumption of one's means and stores. Sugar is rationed, though rice is still available.

Fuel is rationed, just imagine that even here, at the very source of oil, there has to be rationing.

"Another observation is the publicity the Soviets are getting: *New Times* is selling like hot cakes, Moscow's news, and for a very cheap price; as usual, Soviet literary material is made available to the great majority at a price they can afford

"Flights to Cairo are being resumed over Syria and the Red Sea. English and French pilots are not being permitted to man planes that over-fly Syria, and that I can understand after observing the defence lines which have been set up by the Syrians.

"In my last letter to you, I wondered how much the 'Arab kings could achieve. Truly, they have achieved one major advance: the crystallizing of the differences among themselves! 'Iraq simply would not heed. The shameful thing they did was the running of IPC oil through the pipeline to Haifa (the seaport of Israel), but the sincere Jordanians blew up the pipeline! The Lebanese are trying to maintain a neutral stand at this crucial time. 'We cannot survive without the French and British' they claim, not realizing that it is the French and British economies that cannot survive without the co-operation of the 'Arabs, for not only are the 'Arabs the suppliers of oil, but they are also the markets where the (limited) oil money distributed to them is being recollected (by the West).

"How can anyone call Britain a democratic country when their Prime Minister dragged the nation into war before consulting Parliament. But the British, despite their apparent victory in Port Said, have lost the war and have lost their reputation. I hope that the people of your country (he means America) will demonstrate their indignation, not only by verbally abhorring such action as taken by Britain and France, but by ceasing to grant them any aid and ceasing to pick up their bills." As an example of the effectiveness of economic sanctions, he relates this incident from Palestine. "In 1946, I remember, the IZL²⁶ group was giving the British troops

26. IZL, Irgun Zvai Leumi (National Military Organization) was a Zionist-Jewish terrorist organization which committed many atrocities in Palestine to 'cleanse' the land of Palestinians to make way for Jewish colonization.

a hell of a time. The British commander-in-chief decided to hit them where it hurt them most — he imposed martial law and curfew so that the economy was endangered — two weeks of that and no more dirty tricks were played; *but unfortunately the same commander was transferred out of Palestine* (his emphasis), he did not know the requirements of the play, that these actors should keep going on with their roles." I would say he means that America wants a pretence of economic sanctions against Britain and France, rather than actual economic sanctions which they know would yield the desired result of French-British withdrawal from Egypt; that paralleling the British in Palestine, this is just a charade, and it's up to the actors on both sides to keep the show going!

"The economy of Lebanon has been so badly damaged. You know that they depend entirely on transmitting goods and people, and the means of transport constitutes a main source of income; for every plane that lands at Beirut International Airport, the airline is required to pay an average of Lebanese £151/- (approximately USD 50 plus). Ships docking in Beirut harbour must pay, the IPC had to pay, in short, Lebanon has lost one of the main sources of its income.

"Because of the discord amongst the 'Arab States, Syria has not allowed planes to over-fly, they must land in Damascus so that the Syrians are able to check whether there are French or British pilots or passengers. This also badly affected the economy of Lebanon; in reply the Lebanese initiated some difficulties for Jordanian Airlines, stupid measures.

"Surely you have heard about the formation of a new cabinet in Lebanon, with Charles Malik as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"*An-Nahar* (published in Beirut by Ghassan Tweini, formerly of the Syrian National Party (Parti Populaire Syrien/PPS), which calls for the unity of the Fertile Crescent, by definition excluding Egypt, appeared today with a 'delightful' headline, the 'Iraqi-Lebanese-Saudi Governments have discussed the frightful Communist spread in the 'Arab World, and they have agreed on measures, unpublished, to impede the progress of the Communists and the Soviets! Here once again we can see that the Egyptians could not depend on the indefinite support of the Saudis."

He ends his letter informing that the Egyptian *Al-Goumhuriyah* (The Republic), the paper begun in Egypt after the '52 revolution, had a special issue printed in Lebanon from the 5th to the 17th of November, and adds "I met a couple of Egyptian Colonels, who are publishing the paper here, nice boys."

Nasser's Fighting the Battle of Every 'Arab with the West

Bombay, India, January 19, 1957

Credited as a special review by *Blitz's* Cairo correspondent!

IN striking Egypt, the British and French put forth many rationalizations that did not stand the test of utterance. However, one such accusation does throw light on the true objective of the triple aggression: it is the charge that Nasser — that Egypt — has the intention to create a pan-'Arab empire, presumably under Egypt's domination. As proof of this allegation, the second target to be hit by the RAF in Egypt was the high-powered broadcasting station, The Voice of the 'Arabs.

But why are Nasser's policies as exposed by the Voice a danger to Britain, to France? The propaganda wing of the US State Department, the Voice of America, creates little impression at all, the BBC has failed to influence anyone but its British listeners, the 'Iraqi station set up with British advice has brought forth nothing but derision. Then why is the 'Arab Voice effective? There can be but one answer: because it is reflective, and it is listened to just in so far as it is reflective. The 'Arab, unaccustomed during imperialism's sway to representative government, is hearing a broadcast which is the projection of his inner being, a broadcast which calls for liberation, and the man on the enlightened 'Arab street answers, Yes!

All over the 'Arab World the people listen. They listen to one voice which comes not on the tongue of a stranger. They hear the articulation of their own muffled voice. The Voice tells them of their situation, of the situation of the liberation movement in Algeria, in 'Aden, in Kuwait, in Bahrain, in Jordan. It tells them a truth which each one knows: 'The 'Arabs are one people, living in

one homeland, which must be free.' It tells them: 'If you in Syria are free and your brothers in Iraq suffer repression, then you are not free.' It calls each day, in the Voice of the 'Arabs, to struggle!

Now it is said that Egypt does this to serve Egyptian purposes and that the 'Arabs are but tools. The 'Arabs counter, 'It is Nasser who is our tool! Nasser in his propaganda has built a prison for himself from which he cannot escape. He has our support just as long as he continues to echo the position we have already taken.'

It was in these terms that the brutal attack on Egypt was regarded as a threat to every 'Arab. Not because an 'Arab would regret the overthrow of an Egyptian imperialist who sought to exploit him, but because Nasser, in his battle with the West, was fighting the battle of each individual 'Arab with the West, a struggle the 'Arab knows he must make, and Nasser, at this stage, was making it for him.

If Nasser would have been crushed, every liberation movement would have suffered, *but would not have been extinguished*, for these are not puppet movements, but movements of and from the grass-roots or the desert sands of the 'Arab World.

The 'Arab Revolt opened in 1914. In 1914 Nasser was but an Egyptian child. Nasser has wisely said that in the 'Arab World there is a role wandering, searching for a player, and it is just in so far as Nasser plays this already structured role that he is a leader, and no further. Many individuals have been the instrument of this role before Nasser, and if need be, will come forward after Nasser. It is a role born of history, existing in its own right, a role which necessarily will shape the very one who chooses to wear it. We have seen Nasser, the nationalist, a man without any leftist ideology, taking on the role, and despite his previous prejudice for the West, being led into conflict with the West. Empirically, Nasser has found himself in a position he had refused to take ideologically ... thus the role is father of the man.

Egypt has not been the initiator of liberation movements; those movements, too, were historically designed and are inevitable. Egypt may be said to reflect these movements, Egypt may be said to support these movements, Egypt may be said to co-ordinate these movements — to make these movements aware of one another day by day — but this is all.

In Kuwait, the liberation movement is led by the young Doctor, Ahmed el-Khatib, an 'Arab nationalist, who has criticized Egypt for her lack of support of his movement, saying that Egypt does not like to offend the rulers, the Shaykhs, at a time when Egypt is in conflict with the foreigner. Yet despite the possible embarrassment to Egypt, Dr. Khatib's group led the Kuwaitis in a mass strike on August 16 in support of Egypt's nationalization of the Canal. It was Kuwait's first strike since the nineteen-thirties.

In Bahrain, the movement is led by Dr. Abdel Rahman Bakr. Bakr was once exiled by the British, but is believed to have returned to Bahrain to lead the attempts on the oil installations in retaliation for the aggression on Egypt.

In 'Aden, there is a movement, previously led by Shaykh Khan Habashi. When Shaykh Khan left 'Aden to attend the evacuation celebrations in Egypt, his return was refused by the British. Thus he remained in Cairo and set up an office for 'Aden's liberation. He remained and worked in Cairo not to be a 'tool of Egyptian imperialism' but to make independent Cairo the tool of 'Aden's revolt!

In the Yemen, there is the 'Free Yemenite Movement', not of Egyptian stooges but of leaders who but incidentally were educated at Cairo University. This movement, far from being the instrument of Egypt, is discouraged by Egypt, for the Egyptians feel that any attempt to remove the Imam would serve as a pretext for British intervention from the South.

In 'Iraq, the opposition to Nuri as-Sa'id comes from groups in existence long before Nasser or the 1952 *coup*. All political parties were banned by Nuri with the coming of the Baghdad Pact. In June, two of these parties, the Independence Party, a right of centre group, and the National Democratic Party, left of centre, jointly formed a National Congress Party, remembering India's own national struggle. This National Congress Party, like all other parties in 'Iraq, was refused recognition by the government. It now functions as an illegal body, as does Hizb al-Ba'ath (a party for 'Arab resurgence, freedom and socialism), the 'Arab Nationalist group, the various organizations of the Kurds, and the much-repressed Communist Party. All of these groups are indigenous, not one is a new formulation, not one could be said to be the result

of either Egyptian stimulation, intrigue or outright intervention. To Nuri remain the tribal leaders, the feudalists and the foreigner.

In Jordan, the pro-liberation, pro-Egyptian, movement is made up of standard groups found everywhere in the 'Arab World. The National Socialists, a collective of traditional politicians, the Ba'ath, the 'Arab Nationalists, the Leftists, and the Communists, came to power in October 1956 not as a result of an Egyptian *coup*, but through free elections, the first in Jordan's thirty-year history, only possible now that Glubb Pasha — General John Bagot Glubb, who created and headed the 'Arab Legion — is gone and British electoral forgery with him.

Syria, free Syria, signed an agreement for federation with Egypt before the nationalization in line with Ba'athi ideology of unity of all free 'Arab countries. This was achieved through the acceptance by the Ba'ath of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Of Egyptian influence in Syria, Michel Aflaq, theoretician of Ba'athi-ism says, on the contrary, it was we who influenced Nasser to our ideology of liberation and unity of the 'Arab homeland.

The French government used the ruse with the French people that victory in Egypt would mean victory in Algeria. Thus the French joined Britain in an Entente Cordiale of 1956: recognition of British supremacy in Egypt in return for the recognition of French supremacy in Algeria. Yet the Algerian Liberation Front has not been emasculated by the aggression, it has not lost its momentum. The source of arms to the Liberation Army has not been cut, it is infinite, for it is the captured guns of the French soldiers!

As for the possibility of weaning the 'Arabs from Egypt over the nationalization of the Canal, the attempt is ludicrous, for the nationalization of the Canal more directly benefits the 'Arabs than Egypt. If Egypt can maintain the absolute control of the Canal, she can prohibit the sending of reinforcements by Britain to militarily quell the liberation of the peninsula. The 'Arabs were at once aware of this, thus their overwhelming applause not for a 'hasty action' but for another step in the process of achieving freedom.

Finally, like all relations between people, there is, of course, an important interaction between dynamic Egypt and the liberation movements in the 'Arab World. There is Egyptian support, if but morally and propaganda-wise, but to see Egypt's relationship as

decisive is grossly to over-simplify. It is from this kind of over-simplification that the West has suffered in the past and will undoubtedly suffer in the future.

Liberation is not a thought; it is a necessity of man and as such it shall continue until its fruition, despite the inglorious attempts at its repression. Egypt may be a catalyst, but she has never been its creator and conversely can never be its destroyer.

To all this British-French fantasizing of Egyptian dreams of empire, to these attempts to separate Nasser from the Egyptian people and Nasser and the Egyptian Nation from the 'Arabs across the strip, the 'Arab on the enlightened street would answer: *Iskut, Ya Istamar*, 'Shut up, Imperialism'.

WHILE we perceived Nasser as an anti-imperialist, personifying the struggle against imperialism in the wider Middle East, who really was Nasser? When I was a kid in Egypt I had been told that Miles Copeland, the CIA man, had an office next to Nasser's, but this was denied, initially even by Copeland. Now retired and with nothing to lose, in his *The Game Player, Confessions of the CIA's original political operative*, he writes of when Sir Anthony Eden became so manic on the question of Nasser that the US expected to be confronted with a British insistence on an assassination plot. The CIA in Cairo received a message from Allen Dulles, the CIA Head, directing that ways be examined by which, if push came to shove, Nasser could be killed. "There was a negative tone to the message which implied that the Dulles brothers would welcome a carefully thought out reply to the effect that Nasser was invulnerable, but we were not, of course, to mention the fact that we were the reason he was out of the reach of would-be assassins since we had ourselves designed the security arrangements around him.

"The time, at long last, has come for me to confess to the one item in all the mendacious anti-Copeland propaganda ... circulating in recent years. Yes, I *did* discuss the problem with President Nasser, himself, and the excellent award-winning report we finally sent to Washington was thanks largely to his suggestions.

"How about poison?" I asked him. "Suppose I just wait until you turn your head and then slip a pill into your coffee." "Well, there's Hassan standing right there. If I didn't see you Hassan would." "But maybe we could bribe a servant to poison the coffee before bringing it in?" "Your New York policeman seems to have thought of that. The coffee would only kill the taster. And when the taster fell over dead, wouldn't that alert us to your plot?" And so and so on. Pat [Kelly], it turned out, had thought of everything, but putting Nasser through the paces of gaming out his own assassination made him realize the importance of it all.²⁷

"And now I must make an even more arresting admission. While the 'straights' in Washington were increasingly displeased with the anti-American content of Nasser's public utterances and the anti-American propaganda that poured out of Radio Cairo, the Middle East's most far-reaching medium, can you guess who was writing a goodly portion of the material? We were. We understood as Nasser did that at that time the new regime's hold on the country *depended* on its being consistently and convincingly anti-American, and that Nasser couldn't even risk an indication of reasonableness towards our various Middle East policies. Even if we could have hypnotized Nasser so that he would unhesitatingly obey the will of Washington we wouldn't have made him take actions we knew would be suicidal. So we helped him with his anti-American propaganda. We took pains to make it subtly counter-productive, of course, and we included a lot of patent nonsense, but we kept virtually in control of its production. We even had Paul Linebarger, perhaps the greatest 'black' propagandist who ever lived, come to Egypt to coach the Egyptian-American team that turned out the stuff."²⁸

So much for images, for the anti-imperialist hero of the 'Arab street. So much for dreams of liberation, when your leader is cocooned by the enemy, nursed and fattened in his pocket. God help we who would have died to defend him... .

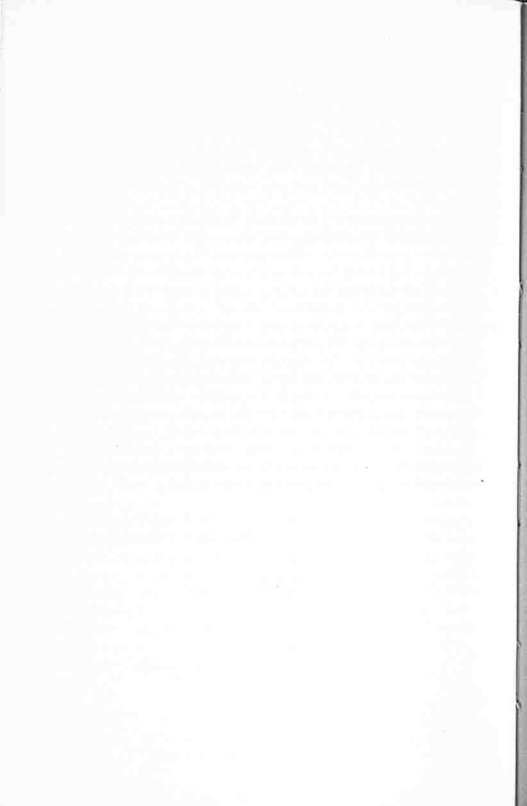
27. Op. cit., 165-6; italics his own.

28. Op. cit., 167; italics his own.

VIII

The sweeper is worse off than a slave, for the slave may change his master and his duties and may even become free, but the sweeper is bound forever, born into a state from which he cannot escape and where he is excluded from social intercourse and the consolations of his religion. Unclean himself, he pollutes others when he touches them. They have to purify themselves, and to rearrange their plans for the day. Thus he is a disquieting as well as a disgusting object to the orthodox as he walks along the public roads, and it is his duty to call out and warn them that he is coming. No wonder that the dirt enters into his soul, and that he feels himself at moments to be what he is supposed to be. It is sometimes said that he is so degraded that he doesn't mind, but this is not the opinion of those who have studied his case, nor is it borne out by my own slight testimony: I remember on my visits to India noticing that the sweepers were more sensitive-looking and more personable than other servants, and I knew one who had some skill as a poet.

E.M. Forster in Preface to
Mulk Raj Anand's *Untouchable*



1956-57: SOJOURN IN INDIA

IT was Gebran Majdalany, a critical voice in Djumblatt's Progressive Socialist Party, who told me of the Asian Socialist Conference to take place in Bombay, India, on November 1, 1956. I believe our friend Clovis Maksoud was also to attend. The 'socialists' of Israel were to be represented by Moshe Sharett¹ of Mapai, the Israeli Labour Party, who until recently had been Foreign Minister of Israel. Gebran thought it important I be there to write about the confrontation. He felt it was our duty to disabuse the participating parties, also in the Socialist International, of their emotionally-based, blinkered attachment to what was projected internationally as 'socialist' Israel.

Still with this absurd underestimation of myself, I wrote to the Germans saying that as I still had a student's passport I could manage through non-IATA Iranian Airways to get a 50 per cent

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1. Moshe Sharett, born Moshe Shertok in the Ukraine in 1894, arrived in Palestine at the age of 12 when it was part of the Ottoman Empire. His family was among the founders of what became the city of Tel Aviv. Sharett spoke fluent 'Arabic and Turkish, opted for Ottoman citizenship and, during World War I, served in the Ottoman Army as interpreter. He took law in Istanbul, and then studied at the London School of Economics from 1922 to 1924. In 1920, he had joined the Socialist Ahdut Ha'avoda, which later became Mapai. From 1933 until 1948, he headed the political section of the Jewish Agency in Palestine. During World War II, he helped organize the Jewish Brigade as a unit of the British Army, while actively opposing the British White Paper policy which restricted Jewish immigration and actually supporting Ben-Gurion's strategy of organizing massive illegal immigration. He was Israel's first Minister of Foreign Affairs from May 15, 1948-54, second Prime Minister from 1954-55, and reinstated as Foreign Minister, 1955-June 18, 1956, when he left politics over a disagreement with Ben-Gurion. Ben-Gurion perceived Sharett as being too moderate, while Sharett considered it important to maintain a policy of moderation and de-escalation of the 'Arab-Israel conflict. Sharett died in 1965.

discounted ticket, and if they would pay for this ticket and buy me a typewriter (I had been using Samir's), I would cover my hotel bills and food from what I would earn from the articles I was to write! Understandably, they immediately accepted my proposal to exploit myself! But I was satisfied I had found a way to go.

On October 28, I left Beirut on Iranian Airways. From Tehran it hopped to Isfahan, Yazd, Kerman, Zahedan, Kandahar, Karachi. Gebran, and perhaps Clovis, saw me off. As party representatives they had no problem with money and were to fly on Pan American on October 30 or 31st. When I reached Karachi airport, having had to stop *en route* in Tehran according to the airline's schedule, I was told of the Israeli attack on Egypt. I immediately contacted Farid Jafri in Pakistan's Foreign Ministry, whom I had known in Beirut, and begged him by all means to get me a seat back to Beirut, but this proved impossible, and the airports quickly shut down.

With a heavy heart I proceeded to Bombay, and as it turned out was the only one from the 'Arab World who had made it. Gebran Majdalany and Clovis Maksoud never arrived as the bombardment had opened. There I was, a kid, coming from the 'Arab World as neither a Delegate nor an Observer, with only press accreditation.

The situation was dreadful. Julius Braunthal was the representative of the Socialist International, the descendant of the International Workingmen's Association (First International) founded in 1864. He was reluctant to give any interview since that International included the French Socialists, and Guy Mollet, the French Premier who had joined in the attack on Egypt, was from the Socialist Party! The French were not only at war against the Algerian Liberation movement — present as Observers — but also against Egypt. When I questioned Braunthal on the Socialist International's stand on the aggression against Egypt, he replied, "Of course, we regret the whole thing, but we have not the facts to judge the policy of France. The French Socialist Party may have pertinent reasons for their action in Egypt; we don't know under what compulsion they adopted this policy. There are vital things at stake. It is a fact that the French government is not a socialist government but a coalition in which the socialists are participating. We cannot judge. We very much understand that Israel was con-

stantly threatened by Egypt with annihilation. Israel stays, and has to stay. We are against wiping Israel from the map. Sharett in a Bureau meeting said that Israel had attacked Egypt in self-defence. I believe it. We disapprove of Israel's action, but we do not condemn the action. She has been harassed and refused peace by Egypt and the 'Arabs.' As for Algeria, he went on to say that it "is a very complex problem, it is not a clear-cut issue. Certainly, Algerians have rights, but the French also have rights. It is very difficult to judge." As if Braunthal wasn't enough, Western 'socialism' had another representative in Erich Ollenhauer, Chairman of the Social Democratic Party of Germany and a Member of the German Parliament. This was the rotten atmosphere in which the Conference swam. It was very keen to condemn the Soviet action in Hungary, but not the tripartite aggression against Egypt.

U Ba Swe, the Prime Minister of Burma, who was the Secretary General of the Asian Socialist Conference, was more clear. In my interview with him he stated, "We never compromised our policy or principle; our resolution was clear; even though Israel is a member of the Conference, we disapproved of the action of the Israeli government, we called for a cease-fire and withdrawal of troops, and we supported the UN Resolution If the cease-fire and withdrawal is not carried out in a reasonable time, expulsion from the Conference may follow."

The Algerian Liberation Front was represented by Muhammad Benyahia, a young lawyer committed to his country's freedom. He confronted the Conference with its own contradiction: that the French Socialists are part of the government of France, the Prime Minister of which is from the Socialist Party, and it is this government that aggressed on Egypt, and it is this government which continues the vicious colonial war in Algeria, yet this party is part of the Socialist International! He drew the lines of this dilemma at the opening public session of the Conference where there was massive attendance, and his speech met with wide approval. Benyahia, slight, sensitive, even frail in appearance, spoke English with a trace of French, but his words were hard and clear. "While we are meeting, Egypt is the victim of a sinister triple aggression from governments, two of which call themselves 'socialist'. The only crime committed by Egypt is the nationalization of a company,

in application of the socialist spirit. At the same time, on behalf of socialists, the French government is trying to crush the Algerian people in a war of extermination. It is your duty to analyse the attitude of those who take shelter under the banner of socialism in order better to disguise their imperialist policy. Today or never, the time has come to save real socialism for the world. We wish that the practical and energetic decision you will take culminates in the *rapprochement* of world socialism with its orthodoxy."

He then exposed the piratical action of the French government when it detained leaders of the Algerian National Movement who were travelling by Moroccan Airlines to Tunisia for a peace parley. Five Algerian leaders who were responding to an invitation from the Sultan of Morocco and the Tunisian government to dialogue in search of a peaceful solution — which conferment had the French government's consent — were captured and detained by those very French.

In an interview with the writer, Benyahia spoke of their armed resistance that began in November 1954. Six hundred thousand French soldiers were now engaged in Algeria, supported by heavy artillery, armoured vehicles, naval and air forces. Treacherously, NATO gave its approval for France to withdraw four-fifths of her troops from Germany in order to join this war of extermination. Even napalm is used to create a climate of fear amongst the citizens. A state of emergency and curfew exist throughout the country. Prisons and concentration camps are crammed with tens of thousands of patriots, after being arrested and submitted to the most disgusting and inhuman torture. The atrocities of the French police have even aroused French public opinion strongly to protest on the grounds of human decency.

The French administration is absolutely cut off from the Algerian people and has been completely paralysed. All the so-called representatives of the Algerian people, although chosen by the French during the false election, have resigned. All the pupils in elementary, secondary, higher schools, and universities are on general strike. The French courts are boycotted throughout the country; the people organize their own civil and penal tribunals and appoint judges elected by them. In addition, goods on which the French levy taxes are boycotted by all the people.

The Prime Minister of France, Guy Mollet, the Secretary General of the French Socialist Party, boasted that "The French government and France will fight to remain in Algeria and will remain in Algeria." Much to his credit, Mendès-France, a French Jew, alone amongst all the French socialists, protested this blind colonial policy and resigned from the government in May 1956.

As for the role of the United States, Benyahia pointed to the helicopters which gave the French such a great advantage. "Through the use of helicopters, France can quickly send reinforcements to counter our guerrilla tactic of surprise. These helicopters have been given to France by America. Trade Union leader Mr. Meany of the American AFL-CIO recently condemned the action of the American government, asking how is it possible that America, which contends she is struggling for a free world and claims she's against communism because it deprives people of their freedom, can support the colonial policy of France in Algeria?"²

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2. Benyahia was a leader of the Students Union, who later became the lawyer for the NLF. "It's terribly important for us to know just how much has been said by our leaders when they're captured and put under torture. Some men can last as long as 15 days, some not. Our leaders are constantly moving from one house to another; then we must know if anyone under torture has given information about these houses. Underground organization is very difficult. Have you ever seen men after torture, it is as if they are crazy, you ask them questions, but the only thing they can speak of is the torture. In torture, the French use electricity and water, filthy water which they put into the mouth until the stomach swells, and then they hit the stomach, or they take you to the sea and submerge your head ... it is terrible.

"If we do not hate France, it is only for the French who have joined us ... and they are not communists; many, even in Algiers, have worked for us. It is only for them ... how can we hate the French people when we remember them? It is they who are serving the interests of France, like the French woman journalist who went with us to the mountains to report on our cause and was imprisoned by the French government. And these French are considered traitors by the government of France. One day France will realize the contrary." As for the French Colons, "We did not wish to attack the Colons. For a year and a half we never threw a bomb into a cafe, but than a Colon threw a bomb into the Casbah, a very old section of Algiers. The
continued p. 270

Not only was the Israeli Mapai a constituent member of the Asian Socialist Conference, but in *Socialist Asia*, published by U Hla Aung at Rangoon for the Asian Socialist Conference, V, 2, August 1956, pp. 26-35, it reproduced David Ben-Gurion's *Jerusalem Post* article of June 8th: "Signposts: A Re-evaluation of Policy of the Israeli Labour Party (Mapai)". And in V, 3, November 1956, pp. 25-30, Ben-Gurion was again given space: "Ben-Gurion before the Mapai National Convention" (reprinted from the *Jerusalem Post*, August 27, 1956).

Ben-Gurion repeatedly reiterated that "the moral force involved in the Messianic vision of the Jewish people has accompanied and preserved them throughout their vicissitudes ...",³ and he projects Israel as "... still the only country in the world which has no allies, either permanent or temporary". "We were the only people which did not submit to Christianity or Islam, when these two religions, which derive from the faith of Israel, conquered the great and mighty nations in whose midst we lived. *We are alone among the nations in our culture, our race or language and our religion.*"⁴

In this article, as recent as June to the November Israeli aggression, Ben-Gurion wrote: "Israel must refrain from starting war, even if the provocations of the 'Arab rulers grow more intense. Israel must maintain peace, even if it's a shaky peace, so long as it depends on ourselves. We must maintain peace, for moral reasons,

continued n. 2

bomb was wrapped in cellophane, and when it exploded it killed 17. Then we could not hold back our people, and they began to put bombs in the cafes of the Colons. When we attack, we take the arms and disappear into the mountains. When the French reinforcements arrive at the scene and do not find our forces, they destroy the surrounding village ... and *they speak of terrorism.*"

What we are speaking about in Algeria is a population of 11 million, of which 850,000 are European Colons and servants of the French colonial government, and 600,000 are French soldiers in the field or approximately one to every 18 persons.

Six years after this interview, in 1962, Algeria gained its freedom, its first President being Ahmed Ben Bella.

3. V, 2, 26.

4. *Ibid.*, 28, emphasis mine.

for the sake of the ingathering of the exiles and the building of our country, and for general Jewish reasons ... Israel will fight against her neighbours only if she is attacked ..."⁵ And in his late August article, he "denounced the hasty and misleading advice to start a preventative war ..."⁶ But then he went on adamantly to state: "... the problem is not only free navigation in Suez, but — which is no less important — freedom of navigation in the Red Sea Straits and the free approach to Eilat. And the world must know that as long as Israel, too, is not assured of complete freedom of navigation in the Red Sea Straits and Suez, security and quiet will not be established in the region."⁷ And then — as pre-arranged — this 'lion of the desert', Ben-Gurion, led the attack!

Vladimir Bakaric, who headed the Yugoslav delegation, when asked if it was true they intended to withdraw from the Conference, answered, "We cannot sit in a Conference to which we do not agree. The Conference has given Israel an opportunity for intense propaganda. This is the only place Israel has for such propaganda. If Israel withdraws from Egyptian territory it is not because of this Conference or any strong action taken by the Conference." He went on to say that Yugoslavia had succeeded to widen its contacts with the liberation movements in Africa and Asia, "... but I feel we lost some authority, some influence, *vis-à-vis* the West Asian question: Egypt. The representative of the Socialist International was in a very difficult situation, he kept very quiet, a sign of the Socialist International's weakness."

When asked what would be Yugoslavia's future position on Israel, he elaborated: "We expect after some time to have quite good relations with Israel again. We have nothing against Israel as such. We supported their fight for freedom, but do not support their fight of aggression. We had a delegation in Israel, and, since six months back, we felt Israel planned to attack the 'Arabs, and we constantly condemned this in our conversations with the Israeli Socialists." I countered, "but the 'Arabs believe that the threat of

5. *Ibid.*, 29.

6. V, 3, 27.

7. *Ibid.*, 29.

Israel is not circumstantial, it lies in the very structure of the state," to which he replied, "Yes, this is my opinion."

In my interview with Lucio M. Luzzatto of Nenni's Italian Socialist Party, a Parliamentary Deputy from Venice, he stated, "We are against the English and French aggression, and I believe we are unanimous in thinking that Israel was an instrument of others in this attack. Our party has contact with the Mapam Party of Israel. When the Israeli socialists entered the government, we asked them, 'how can you enter the government under such conditions?' They answered that they entered the government with the condition that it should make no military pact and should not make a preventive war against the 'Arabs. But we think this is quite a preventive war, and we are clearly against it. I remember that the French Foreign Minister had said there was something secret; we believe this was his secret, that Israel would attack, giving an opening for the French and the British to intervene. We do think there is a colonial aspect to the State of Israel, but there is a difference, in that the Jew has worked himself and has not excluded the local population as a labour force. It is true that the socialist experiment of the *kibbutz* is a closed, isolated entity and that outside of the *kibbutz* is a capitalistic state built from American capital. Within Israel there are four parties that claim to be Marxist. They have developed a theory of the compatibility of Marxism and Zionism, considering Zionism as just another nationalism, and that nationalism is compatible with Marxism. But, at least our Socialist Party, cannot accept that Zionism is properly nationalism."

Finally, the Conference Resolution 'Peace in Asia' stated: "The use of the Canal as an international waterway must be available, with proper respect for the sovereignty of Egypt, to all nations without exception, preferably through a United Nations guarantee." They gave the aggression on the Canal, on Egypt, no more prominence than to millions of other things.

Mubarak Sagher, Secretary General of the Pakistani Socialist Party commented to me, "The situation is ironical. We would not have the Conference in Indonesia, because Indonesia has not recognized Israel. The same is true for Pakistan. We held the Conference in India because she was willing to provide the Israelis with visas! On

the resolution for West Asia, we abstained in the voting for we do not think that 'disapproves' is sufficient, and we believe that the Conference must 'condemn' the triple aggression on Egypt."

Mr. Klein of the Popular Socialist Party of Chile, formed in 1933, took strong issue with the 'internationalization' of the Canal. Asked how he felt about the presence of Israel in the Conference at this time of Israel's aggression on Egypt, he responded: "In the Conference no matter what is being discussed the Israelis manage to bring it back to their own situation, from a discussion of the moon, they manage to discuss Israel. They seem to believe they are the centre of the universe. I believe the 'Arabs made a mistake, they should have come to the Conference; Israel's position is very strong.

"Yesterday in the political committee, they made a resolution saying that the Conference recognises the nationalization of the Canal, with international advice, and respecting Egyptian sovereignty. Then Sharett spoke, saying, 'Yes, but the clause about Egyptian sovereignty is not clear.' Then I answered and said that either we stand on principle for the internationalization of all straits or canals or for the internationalization of none. Then, in our time, airports are equally vital to the world, thus if we follow this principle to its logical conclusion, we must internationalize London and Amsterdam Airports! If God gave Egypt this strategic position between two continents, that is to the benefit of Egypt. When Britain controlled the Canal no one asked for internationalization, though Britain did interfere with free passage through the Canal. Now that it is in the hands of a small country, the cry arises. As Socialists we must take a clear position, we are not to recognize power, but principle. The answer to this from the Chairman of the Committee, Indian Member of Parliament, Asoka Mehta, was that I should not speak like this. Then later in the hall, he congratulated me for what I had said. I think they are cowards!

"The Yugoslav delegate, Vladimir Bakaric, sent a letter to U Ba Swe saying he could not continue in the Conference in the presence of one of the aggressors against Egypt. This is the whole problem here, the presence of Israel. Eastern Socialism is capitulating to Zionism as Western Socialism capitulated before it. Nehru's position on West Asia is stronger than the Conference's position. But I am an Observer at this Conference, and I cannot

criticize too much. And why do they have Ollenhauer⁸ here, and such as he?"

On November 29, India's Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, speaking in the Lok Sabha (Lower House of Parliament), said that the Russian invasion of Hungary had been emphasized to divert public opinion from the Egyptian crisis. "Things in Egypt and Hungary have both led to the intensification of the Cold War. That is bad. The Soviet Union forgets about Hungary, puts a cover on it, and talks about Egypt and the Anglo-French aggression only. The other countries forget about Egypt and talk about Hungary only. You can just calculate from the record of the speeches in the Lok Sabha the disproportionate stress on Hungary." He opined that Hungary was even viewed with relief, so that attention could be diverted from Egypt, and in this picture, the poor people of Hungary played little part. The Hungarian question is a pawn in the chess game of international politics. Nehru went on to say that "Progressively I have been surprised at the aggressive tendencies of Israel. ... There has been plenty of aggression, ... but if the Honourable Members would look at the records kept by the UN Observers who have been sitting on the armistice line there, they would find that the number of aggressions from the side of Israel has exceeded those from Egypt. Finally, this last action of Israel has amazed me. It is the most foolish gamble any country can play, quite apart from the morals of it, which are wrong."

Moshe Sharett, knowing full well of Israel's impending attack on Egypt, had spent the previous months in Southeast Asia preparing the minds of these non-ideological socialists to accept the 'imperatives' for this brutal attack on Egypt. And there he was in the Asian Socialist Conference with no 'Arab opposition. Sadly, I was accredited as a journalist, not as a participant, not even as an observer. But I was not deterred. Through intensive lobbying with the representatives of Nenni's party in Italy, a delegate from Chile, the Yugoslavs, and others, and in concert with the non-voting

8. Erich Ollenhauer, Chairman of the Social Democratic Party of Germany and a Member of the German Parliament.

Observers of the Algerian Liberation Front and African Liberation Movements, we managed to move forward resolutions and, of course, to issue a barrage of press statements.

This resulted in Moshe Sharett's protest to the Secretary General of the Conference, who was U Ba Swe, then Prime Minister of Burma. U Ba Swe called me in and told me I was accused of acting as a lobbyist for the 'Arab cause rather than as a journalist. I frankly admitted this and told him I felt absolutely justified to do so as the 'Arab participants were not here for the reason of Israel's sneak attack, and Moshe Sharett was here because he well knew of their impending attack. U Ba Swe then 'logically' asked "what a blonde-haired girl has to do with this problem". It was a question that would haunt me through all of my life: Why? It is not your *bangsa* — not your race — not your problem. The time of *insan*, the truly human being, is not upon us. After a few hours of intense discussion, U Ba Swe agreed not to evict me from the Conference, but advised me to be discreet. Thus, the glaring hostility of the Israelis and the American government 'observers' notwithstanding, I went on with the lobbying.

Throughout the Conference I had an active ally in Joseph Murumbi. Murumbi, about 45 years of age, was of Afro-Asian descent. His mother was a Masai, the incredibly tall people of Kenya, and his father was from Indian Goa. Murumbi lived 16 years in India, returning to Africa at the age of 23. He worked in Somaliland with the British Military Administration and later with a private firm. In 1952, at the time of the emergency, he left his position to return to his people in Kenya. He could have elected to declare himself an Asian and gained an enhanced status, but declared himself an African.

What was called the emergency in Kenya became a horrible travesty of human rights. Kikuyu tribesmen were weeded out as suspected members of the anti-colonial Mau Mau society, after the compulsory evacuation of Kikuyu squatters from European-owned farms, and were confined in shelterless barbed-wire compounds. Portable gallows were brought in from Nairobi for execution of the summarily convicted 'killers'.⁹

9. *The New York Times*, December 3, 1952, p.20.

When Kenyatta and the other leaders of the Kenya African Union (KAU) — accused of being Mau Mau — were arrested, tried and imprisoned, Murumbi became the Secretary of KAU. He then fled from Kenya, first to India and finally to England. There he joined Fenner Brockway's Movement for Colonial Freedom, while in fact representing Kenya's repressed freedom movement. The Movement for Colonial Freedom concentrated on conscientizing and organizing support amongst British Members of Parliament.¹⁰

Murumbi was a contradiction in that he seemed to believe in the efficacy of Brockway's Movement, while at the same time he would quote that a man once said "The sun never sets on the British Empire because God cannot trust an Englishman in the dark!" And he spoke of the British being willing to allow political advancement only as long as their economic stranglehold was not endangered. As for violence, of which the Nationalist Movement in Kenya stood accused, Murumbi quoted Winston Churchill in his *History of the English Speaking People*, "It is the primary right of men to die and kill for the land they live in and to punish with exceptional severity those of their compatriots who have warmed their hands at the invaders hearth."¹¹

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10. Archibald Fenner Brockway, son of a clergyman, was born in Calcutta in November 1888 and died close to his hundredth year. Ideologically, he moved from Liberalism to Socialism, and from pacifism — for which he had been imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1916 — to anti-fascism, organizing resistance to Franco in Spain and Hitler in Germany. In 1958, he joined with Bertrand Russell and others to form the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND). He fought for liberation in Africa and Asia, becoming Chairman of the Movement for Colonial Freedom. This Movement managed to have an average of 40-50 questions asked on the floor of Parliament on any one day.
11. As for Christian missionaries, Murumbi commented: "The missionaries came to Africa with a Bible. Now we have the Bible, and they have the land. In the early days it is possible they were sincere. Yet Livingstone's map did not show where churches would be built, but where gold, copper, and other minerals were likely to be found. Then there is the Archbishop of Canterbury who said that 'All men
continued p. 277

Murumbi addressed the Asian Socialist Conference, and even his words which carried an emotional tone were delivered in the most rational manner. His bearing was equally impressive, Murumbi being at least 6 feet tall. He charted the map of subjugation of Africa, but added, "It is a sign of the times that in London the present Ambassador of Tunisia, Taib Slim, as I knew him, was a political refugee, a man who lived in one room which was both office and home, a man considered a criminal by the French. We have many such ex-revolutionary ambassadors, not the public-school types we had always known."

He spoke of Egypt as a free nation and hoped it would not now be taken over by British and French imperialism. South Africa had not its independence and neither had Kenya. In Kenya, 1,071 had been hanged in the last three and a half years 'for consorting with terrorists,' which might have meant no more than having a bullet in their possession. During the same period, only 40 people were hanged for murder in England. One and a quarter million Kikuyu were concentrated into enclosed villages or reserves. Kikuyu were not allowed to vote except after obtaining a Loyalty Certificate from the District Commissioner, against whose decision there was no appeal. Such certificates were only issued to one-fifth of the population. The criterion of loyalty was one's behaviour during the emergency. The law allowed a man to be held in leg-irons for a period of three months. In 1954, 2,818 people were in those ungodly leg-irons. Kenya was nothing less than a colonial police state. This reality was reflected in government appropriations. While the Ministry of Community Development was awarded £103,300/- for the years 1954-57, police buildings, including forts, received £1,569,900/-; prison buildings: £858,600/-; military buildings: £993,600/-; and £350,000/- was earmarked to encourage European settlement!

continued n. 11

are equal in the love of God, but different in the sight of God.' Christianity is losing ground in Africa. In Northern Rhodesia [presently part of Zimbabwe] you have the phenomena of Alice. Alice preaches that the White man stole the real Bible, and she is there to teach them the real faith, which is the Black Bible."

Only one African was a Minister, while two Ministers were Europeans, and another two were Asians, notwithstanding that Africans constituted five and a quarter million souls, Europeans 400,000, Asians 120,000 and 'Arabs 40,000.

Murumbi went on to speak about the French in Africa: he knew of "no dirtier form of diplomacy" than what they had done when they arrested Algerian leaders who were meeting to discuss a peaceful solution of the Algerian problem. In Madagascar, the people have been beaten into submission. Sixty to eighty thousand were killed by the French at the very time the Nazis were on trial at Nuremberg, but there was never a move to try the French for this horrific slaughter.

There were many Africans at the Conference. Some, such as 28-year-old M. Sipalo of Rhodesia (Zimbabwe) had come from Cairo where their Pan-African Liberation Bureau had been provided with an office by Nasser's Government. With the attack on Egypt, there were no planes going to Cairo, but had they money they could reach Africa by boat. Beirut airport was closed, and I could not get back. Accordingly, I gave them the money I had — and my good Mother sent an additional contribution — while I was left stranded in Bombay where my hotel bill continued to mount. My last traveller's cheque of USD 20/- I gave to Murumbi as he had been invited to Burma by Prime Minister U Ba Swe and was going there on the important mission of attempting to obtain logistical support from Burma for the African liberation movements. I insisted he have the dignity of some money in his pocket, and that USD 20/- proved invaluable to him. There was a letter from Murumbi written from Calcutta on November 17, 1956, saying their plane had been held up at Nagpur for repairs, and instead of arriving at Calcutta at 6.30 a.m., they arrived at 9.00 a.m., and the Rangoon plane had left at 8.30 a.m. "I am grateful to you for giving me the money as I have to pay my own hotel expense, which is Rupees 18/- a day."

When Murumbi reached Burma, Prime Minister U Ba Swe asked him about me. U Ba Swe seemed perplexed or moved by the 27-year-old non-'Arab girl who had struggled so for the cause of the 'Arabs, a cause the American officials at all times viewed derisively, as if an entity called Palestine or Egyptian sovereignty were no more than figments of my *naïveté*. Murumbi told U Ba Swe I was stranded in Bombay and precisely why I was in that predicament.

Chou En-lai (Zhou En-lai), the Prime Minister of the People's Republic of China, visited India during the time I was there. In a reception given by Pandit Nehru on November 30, 1956, Chou En-lai spoke of the Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt to demonstrate that imperialists will not withdraw in a peaceful manner. "They always make a desperate bid to retain their domination before fading out."

On December 2nd, Chou En-lai was received in Bombay by an enthusiastic crowd. The India-China Friendship Association came to the fore as the welcomer of Chou and Ho Lung (He Long), the Vice-Premier. The President of the Association was R.K. Karanjia, the owner and editor of *Blitz*, a local English newspaper. On 3rd December, in the company of Mr. Karanjia, I attended the Mayor's reception and entertainment programme held at the Excelsior Theatre in honour of Chou En-lai. I was taken to meet Prime Minister Chou, who was told I had recently come from the 'Arab World, and he invited me to sit next to him. Notwithstanding my struggle for the rights of Egypt, I was terribly inhibited in speaking to this revolutionary giant; I managed as best as I could, but I wouldn't think terribly well!

When Murumbi returned to Delhi, he met Pandit Nehru and then cabled to me in Bombay that they were remitting money to settle my hotel bill, and I should take the train to Delhi where I would be given a room with the lesser MPs in Constitution House. There I came to know Professor Abdul Aleem of Aligarh Muslim University,¹² who arranged for me to earn 500 rupees a month as a consultant to the Indian School of International Studies at Sapru

12. Professor Abdul Aleem, the son of Moulvi Mohammad Azeem, was born August 25, 1906 in Ghazipur, Uttar Pradesh, India. He was married to Ismat-un-Nisa Begum with whom he had four daughters and a son. He studied in Allahabad, took his B.A. Honours in the Jamia Millia Islamia at Delhi and his Ph. D. in Islamic Studies at Berlin University in 1931. He was to become a lecturer in 'Arabic at the Jamia Millia Islamia from 1931-33, at Aligarh Muslim University, 1934-37, and at Lucknow University from 1937-50. In 1950-54 Abdul Aleem was appointed as a Reader in 'Arabic at Aligarh, then as *continued p. 280*

House where I was to set up a contemporary 'Arab research section. At the same time, I wrote articles for *Blitz*, via its editor Karanjia, supporting Egypt in the crisis, but these appeared without my name. I was in a difficult position with the Germans, for although I continued to write, I did not have the background on India and, understandably, they did not buy most of what I sent.

At the time of the celebration of the Egyptian Revolution in July 1955 in Alexandria, I had met Shaun Mandy, the editor of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, situated in Bombay. I wrote to him from Beirut telling him of my plan to attend the conference in Bombay. His reply of October 2 was typical of that charming man: "Thank you for your letter undated from Beirut, calling me Mandy as if I was a butler. I am very glad to hear that you are coming to Bombay and will have a party for you."

I wrote to Shaun from Delhi on December 17, thanking him for his many kindnesses to me. He replied, "I did not get a chance to be very kind with your nun-like seclusion, though the gentlemen who saw you off at the station did not seem to think you a nun so much as a Madonna! They were certainly pilgrims at your feet!" These were delegates from the Indian Praja Socialist Party.

Mandy referred to my nun-like existence in Bombay, which was no less than true. Other than attending meetings of the Conference and carrying on interviews, I was locked in my small room in the inexpensive West End Hotel, where I pounded out articles on my

continued n. 12

Professor from 1954-68, finally becoming the Director of the Institute of Islamic Studies. Additionally he held many important administrative positions at Aligarh and from 1968-74 became its Vice Chancellor. From 1974-76, he chaired the Board for Promotion of Urdu language at the Ministry of Education.

Dear Professor Abdul Aleem was also a committed activist. He had the honour of spending a year in jail in 1941 during the struggle for India's freedom. He founded the Progressive Writers Association of which he was Secretary General for 10 years. The list is virtually endless. Indeed, Professor Aleem was a versatile genius who had full command of Urdu, Hindi, Persian, 'Arabic, English, German, French and Russian. He died on February 18, 1976 and is buried in the Aligarh Muslim University graveyard.

midget typewriter. One early evening, when I was totally fed up and feeling absolutely claustrophobic, I walked down to the lobby intending to take a walk. The Manager, Hari P.T. spied me going out the door and raced behind me. He insisted to accompany me, and as I walked I realized why, for there on the street was India: a hundred thousand Indians sleeping on the sidewalks of Bombay. I can never forget coming upon some boys doing their homework under the streetlights; then do you know the value of education.

Hari P.T. was generally kind to me, so one night when he knocked on my door, I opened it to him without trepidation, whereupon he reached out to put his arms around me. I was horrified and shouted: "Hari, why are you doing this?" The poor boy was totally confused: "But you have been calling me honey," which I had never done; slowly it sunk in that the hangover in my speech from 'Arabic, *ya'nni* — I mean — he had heard as honey, so all was forgiven! Years later, he moved to England, to Osterley in Middlesex, where Mother and I met him in 1960, and he continued writing to me.

Shaun had been so kind as to give me an introduction to the famous Indian writer Mulk Raj Anand, who was also editor of *Marg*, an art-architectural quarterly. Mulk evaluated his own literary contribution as part of an article he wrote on "The Emergence of the Hero in the Modern Indian Novel".¹³ "Bridging the gulf between India and Europe today is a group of Indians writing in English. The novels of Mulk Raj Anand are in direct succession to the period of Gandhism, in so far as he walks away from the pages of Tagore, beyond the middle class, to the lowest and humblest outcastes, peasants and toilers. Anand was aware of the anarchy produced both by the feudal oligarchies and the alien British rulers. And, growing up in the era of the struggle for liberation, he could see the terrible face of facts (*sic*) in the ruthless suppression of the Untouchables by the caste Hindus and in the brutal, impersonal violation of every hope by the imperialists.

"As a novelist he concentrates on single characters, the individual caught in the maelstrom, symbolising the hero as a primary

13. In the Literary Supplement of *The Illustrated Weekly of India*, December 9, 1956, p.43.

passion. In his realism, he uncalms all the surface calm, by reproducing the open, pitiless acts of men in conflict, as well as the terrible miasma of inner horror in the hearts of 'dead souls'. Shifting the scene from the middle-class drawing-room to the naked market-place in novels such as *Untouchable*, *Coolie*, *The Big Heart*, and in his numerous short stories, he shows the doom, at times with a macabre intensity and a fierce mockery of the grotesque respectable folk who take other men for granted."

He concludes his survey by saying: "Certainly there is no lack of enthusiasm for the novel form in India, and more and more heroes of the earth, scorched by alien rule, are emerging from the substrata of the alleys, lanes and other intricate complexes of Indian life, an amalgam slowly shaping into a significant future."

It was only logical, therefore, that Mulk was to become the chief organizer of the Asian Writers Conference held at New Delhi, December 22-28, 1956, and through him, I was invited to attend. The Urdu writer 'Ali Sardar Jaffri was also active in the Conference and became a friend. I was absolutely ignorant of Asian writing, and, rather than participating, I sat through those days wondrously absorbing the creativity of such as the Russian writer Konstantin Simonov (1915-79) and the Chinese Mao Tun (1896-1981).¹⁴

I grew close to Mulk Raj Anand, a man of great passion for the communal situation of those classified as 'Untouchables'. My first

14. Konstantin Simonov, born 1915 in Petrograd (St. Petersburg), died August 28, 1979. He graduated from the Literary Institute, Moscow, in 1938. His first creative work was published in 1934. He was awarded the State Literary Award three times, in 1947 for *The Russian Question*, a drama published in 1946; 1949 for *Friends and Enemies*, a book of poetry published in 1948; and 1950 for *Foreign Shadows*, a drama published in 1949. He was Deputy Secretary General of the Soviet Writers Union from 1946-54 and also a Member of the Supreme Soviet (Parliament) for the first and third session. (Information by kindness of Mr. Victor Pogadaev, University of Malaya.)

Shen Yan Ping, Mao Tun, is one of the best of the revolutionary realist writers who emerged in China after the May-Fourth Movement against imperialism and feudalism in 1919. He was born in 1896 in Tongsiang County, Zejiang Province. Together with Cheng Chen-to, Ye Sheng Tao and other writers, in November 1920 he helped establish

continued p. 283

experience of Untouchables was when I was in the West End Hotel in Bombay. At that point, I had never even heard the word. I could not understand why when two Indian men came in to scrub the bathroom they seemed to be really fearful of coming anywhere near me. When I asked the hotel Manager, Hari P.T., if in some small way I had given them offence, he sadly explained: "They are Untouchables, who would make you ritually unclean if they were even accidentally to bump you." Untouchability has been rationalized in Hinduism as the logical extension of *karma* and rebirth that are supposed to

continued n. 14

the Literary Research Society, one of the earliest organizations to advocate a new outlook in Chinese literature and art. In 1921, he became the editor of *Novels*, a literary monthly published by the Commercial Press, and brought about a great change in the magazine. During this period, he bluntly and tirelessly attacked the decadent literature of the feudal class and the comprador bourgeoisie with which China still abounded.

From 1926 to 1927 he was the editor of *Min Guo Ri Bao*, a revolutionary daily in Hangkuo. After Jiang Jie Shi (Chiang Kai-shek) seized power in April 1927 and the Guomintang instituted a reign of terror against the Communists and others, Shen Yan Ping left Hangkuo for Shanghai. From then on, he wrote under the pseudonym Mao Tun, exposing the tyranny of the Guomintang rule and vividly mirroring the revolutionary struggle of the people. He wrote the *Eclipse* in 1927, *Rainbow* in 1930, *Three Companions* in 1931, and *Midnight* in 1933, and many short stories and essays.

During the anti-Japanese war (1937-1945), he continued his literary work. He edited *The Literary Front*, a revolutionary magazine, and wrote *Corrosion* (1941) and *Frosted Maple Leaves as Red as Flowers in Spring* (1942), both novels, and a play called *Before and After the Ching Ming Festival* (1944), as well as a great number of shorter pieces.

After the founding of the Chinese People's Republic of China in 1949, he became Minister of Culture of the Central People's Government and was chosen Vice-Chairman of the All-China Federation of Writers and Artists and Chairman of the Union of Chinese Writers. In 1954, he was elected a deputy to the First National People's Congress. He continued to serve consecutively as Minister of Culture. Mao Tun died March 27, 1981.

(Excerpted from 'About the Author' in *Silkworms and Other Stories* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1956) and compared with the résumé in *Midnight* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1957).

determine caste identity. One was born into an Untouchable caste because of the accumulation of heinous sins in previous births. This burden of sin makes the Untouchable a hazard to higher-caste persons, who would be polluted by contact. The Untouchable is assigned socially-critical tasks that are considered polluting in themselves: sweeping, tanning leather, handling a plough which would destroy insect life.¹⁵ Two hundred million, 21.5 per cent of India's population, are Untouchables — who now refer to themselves as Dalits — 'The Oppressed' — yet there is no revolution. When people are fiercely trodden down over centuries, objective conditions for revolution are annihilated. Gandhiji termed the Untouchables 'Harijans', the 'Blessed of the Earth' or 'Children of God,'¹⁶ but the minute Gandhiji was ruthlessly killed by a Hindu fanatic, the higher caste Hindus threw the Harijans out from the temple in the holy city of Benares.

I was in Bombay in 1956 when Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar led thousands of Untouchables to convert to Buddhism as a way of escaping their oppressive situation. It is a credit to Pandit Nehru that when he was asked to comment on this, he had the humility to say that this was an indictment of Hinduism — he being a born Hindu — and not a discredit to Dr. Ambedkar and the Untouchables who converted due to the iniquitous caste system.¹⁷

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15. Joshi, Barbara R., ed., *Untouchable! Voices of the Dalit Liberation Movement* (London; Zed & MRG, 1986) 5.
 16. Untouchable activists reject the term Harijan as patronizing and reject the strategy of reliance on high-caste *noblesse oblige* with which it is associated (*ibid.*, 4).
 17. Forty-five years later, these escapist leaps into Buddhism were still going on. On Sunday, November 4, 2001, one million low-caste Hindus from across India were expected to embrace Buddhism in a mass conversion. These Untouchables, now termed Dalits, literally 'The Oppressed', sought through their conversion to shake off centuries-old social shackles that condemn them to a life marked by oppression and discrimination. In Delhi, 20,000 faced the image of Buddha and chanted: "We will no longer pray to Hindu gods and goddesses." One of their group explained their conversion, "The message of Buddhism is that all human beings are equal." It is alleged that the police tried to prevent many of them from participating by blocking roads leading to the venue.
continued p. 285

Dr. Ambedkar, on January 1, 1948, characterized Hinduism as infamy, rather than as a civilization. "Besides the Shudras, the Hindu civilization has produced three social classes whose existence has not received the attention it deserves:

- The Criminal Tribes, numbering 20 million or so;
- The Aboriginal Tribes, numbering about 15 million; and
- The Untouchables, numbering about 50 million.

The existence of these classes is an abomination. The Hindu civilization, gauged in the light of these social products, could hardly be called civilization. It is a diabolical contrivance to suppress and enslave humanity. Its proper name should be infamy. What else can be said of a civilization which has produced a mass of people who are taught to accept crime as an approved means of earning their livelihood, another mass of people who are left to live in full bloom of their primitive barbarism in the midst of civilization, and a third mass of people who are treated as an entity beyond human intercourse and whose mere touch is enough to cause pollution?"¹⁸

Mulk Raj Anand had received the Lenin Peace Prize and used the prize money to try to design and construct inexpensive small housing for the Untouchables. A day after the Asian Writers' Conference concluded, Mulk invited Carlo Levi, author of *Christ Stopped at Eboli* (transl. Frenaye, Noonday Press, 1995) and myself to accompany him to an Indian village. The Indian Government

continued n. 17

Dalits represent slightly over one-fifth of India's people, human beings who are barred from sharing public facilities and even temples with those of the upper castes.

I would quote from *Dharam Sutra*, an ancient Indian religious text, one of the fountainheads of this horrendous evil, and this refers to *Shudra* who rank higher than Untouchables, but below the 'twice born' Hindu caste: "If a Shudra listens to a recitation of the Vedas [Hindu religious texts] his ears shall be filled with molten tin or lac. If he recites Vedic texts his tongue shall be cut out... He who tells [religious] law to a Shudra and he who teaches him religious observances, he indeed together with that Shudra sinks into the darkness of the hell called *Asamvritta*."

18. Joshi, *op. cit.*, 151.

had a 'block development' scheme whereby they asked villagers to make a contribution towards any project. The plan was to build a road in this village, and the villagers were to contribute stones as the base for the road. But when some Untouchables contributed stones, the upper caste Hindus refused to put stones, as if their stones would become unclean when touching those from the Untouchables. So, dear Mulk proposed that we move through the village, house to house, caste to caste, at least drinking something in each house. And all the while he would try to persuade them to see beyond caste to the value of the road for the villagers. I loved Mulk's good intentions, but I asked: "Dear Mulk, can we sit and drink through the over 500,000 villages in India?" Mulk wrote a book about that day, called *The Road*.¹⁹

It may not be pleasing even to hear the word caste or Untouchable, but one has to absorb, on the ground, its meaning to human life. When an Untouchable wants water from a well, he's not allowed to dip his bucket in, he has to stand by the well and wait for any higher caste Hindu who might have a good enough heart to fetch the water and fill his bucket, which means to say he might wait many long hours standing in the sun or he might even return home without water.²⁰ But a worse abomination is the 2000-year old custom of Hindu priests dedicating young, illiterate Untouchable girls to local deities, effectively turning them into

19. After I had settled down in Singapore, Mulk visited at the end of 1959. He wrote a joint letter to me, Ameer and Amina Jumabhoj on December 12 saying he "got back home safely enough, full of warmth you gave me in Singapore". He visited again in April 1961, and in the fall, I spent a few pleasant days with him in Kandala on my way back to Malaya from the States. In June 1969, he sent a card from Berlin where he said he was "peacemongering". Mulk — born December 12, 1905 — has never changed through all the days of his life. *The Road*, first published in India in 1961 was reprinted in 1989.

20. A 1978 sample found 53 per cent of the sample villages still barred anyone from hereditary Untouchable castes from using common village wells and 71 per cent barred them from the local Hindu temple. *Report of the Commissioner for Scheduled Castes and Scheduled Tribes*, cited by Joshi, op. cit., 2. Violent attacks on Untouchables exceeded 10,000 cases per year (ibid.).

village prostitutes, or joginis. The religious hypocrisy is incredible: once the chosen girl attains puberty, dressed as a bride in ceremonial red sari, the Hindu priest 'marries' her off to the deity. Her virginity is then taken by force by a higher caste village elder, after which she's passed on from one man to another, becoming a village prostitute, paid little more than subsistence 'wages' by her patrons. In Andhra Pradesh there are an estimated 42,000 of these joginis, forced into this exploitative position in the name of religion. Only in 1986 did India declare this vicious practice illegal, and yet it continues. Untouchability is a cruel system, which can't be justified, let alone on grounds of religion. Then just as I was sending this manuscript to the printer, came the Reuters report of the lynching of Dalits in Haryana by a Hindu mob who accused them of skinning cows and allegedly of the cows — not the Dalits — being sent for autopsies! While cows are sacred, Dalits are expendable!²¹

It was at the Asian Socialist Conference that I also came to know M. Sipalo, who by 1960 was to become Secretary General of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia, now part of Zimbabwe. At the time, he was the representative of the Pan-African Liberation Bureau, begun in October 1955, and had come from Cairo where Nasser had given them an office.

M. Sipalo had a different mind from Murumbi's. He opined that the 108 MPs sponsoring Fenner Brockway's Movement for Colonial Freedom would dump the Movement if ordered to by the Labour Party, and he asked why Fenner Brockway didn't hold a high position in that party. "Europe is not in need of information on Africa, they know our history better than we do; all the documents on our colonization are in London! As for looking to the Labour Party to gain Africa's freedom, we should remember it was the Labour Party which formulated the Central African Federation, the Labour Party which banished Sir Seretse Khama,²² and the

21. *New Straits Times*, October 27, 2002.

22. Seretse Khama (1921-80) was born of illustrious parentage in the British protectorate of Bechuanaland. While studying law at Oxford, he met and in 1948 married an English woman of his age, Ruth William, *continued p. 288*

Labour Party which divided Nigeria into three regions. Just look at the attitude of Saul Rose, the Labour MP who came to the Conference. I heard him say: 'We can give independence to the Gold Coast, but not to Kenya, which is primitive and barbarous.' The story of Egypt will be repeated all over Africa.

continued n. 22

daughter of a retired army officer. The proclamation of a Black chief with a White wife in a territory strategically placed between colonial-controlled South Africa and the Rhodesias caused an outcry among White settlers and politicians. The British were told there was no chance of the pro-British opposition party winning the next all-White party election in South Africa if Seretse was allowed to be chief of Bangwato. Since the British desperately needed South African gold and uranium, they agreed to bar Seretse from chieftainship, while denying they bowed to racism! A judicial inquiry was set up to prove Seretse's personal unfitness to rule. However, Justice Harragin concluded Seretse was eminently fit; accordingly, this report was suppressed for 30 years. Seretse and his wife were exiled to England in 1951, and in 1952 the new Conservative government declared the exile permanent.

Eventually, in 1956, a new Commonwealth relations minister realized that Britain must distance itself from institutionalized racism in South Africa and decided to allow Seretse and Ruth to return home as commoners and private citizens. Nevertheless, in 1961 Seretse became recognized as a nationalist politician, and his Bechuanaland Democratic Party swept the board in the first universal-franchise elections of 1965. Seretse became Prime Minister and then, on September 30, 1966, President of the Republic of Botswana. Seretse sought allies such as President Kaunda of Zambia and used his unique authority to develop local democracy and to squash the powers of the traditional chiefs. Between 1966 and 1980, Botswana had the fastest growing economy in the world. It upheld liberal democracy and non-racism in a region embroiled in civil war, racial enmity and corruption. Mineral revenues were used for development, education and health. Seretse played an important role in the negotiations to achieve Zimbabwe's independence in March 1980 and in the launching of the Southern African Development Community Conference in April, before his death on July 13, 1980.

(The writer is indebted to Neil Parsons of the University of Botswana History Department, from whose biography of Seretse Khama the above is excerpted.)

"The facts of Africa would make anyone violent. My father was a priest. He went to South Africa to preach, but after he saw the emaciated state of the mine workers who came to his church on Sunday, he left the pulpit and became a Trade Union organizer. Then he was imprisoned. Now he can't return to Northern Rhodesia, they will not allow him to return. You see what happens to people? You can go anywhere in South Africa and you would feel the same way."

As for the role India might play, he smiled widely. "I'll take you to the docks when there's a boat leaving for East Africa, and you'll see the number of Indians going, and they say they halted emigration! Seventy percent of the economy of East Africa is controlled by Indians: all the banks, insurance companies, and they don't reinvest their profits in East Africa, they remit them back to Bombay."

What was most disturbing to me was his experience in Egypt. "A friend and myself went to Cairo seeking aid and found two things, the first is that everyone expected us to speak 'Arabic! The second thing is that every man we met in the government first asked us, 'How many Muslims are there in Northern Rhodesia?' They are interested in our absorption of 'Arab culture, of Islamic culture. We do appreciate 'Arab culture, but they want us to appreciate Islam as well. Cultural absorption cannot be forced. They tried it in the Sudan, and it blew up, and then they called it a 'Mutiny'. In East Africa, the 'Arab has been living side by side with us for years, but if you go there you will see that there is still a difference of culture between the 'Arab and the African. What they want is not so easy. First, they must help us win our independence, and then we may be open to assimilating their culture. I believe that we can gain from Egypt, but it is limited. They are willing to help us within Egypt, but unwilling to help our movement outside of Egypt, which would be considered as intervention in the internal affairs of other countries.

"And yet Egypt is the key to the liberation of the entire continent of Africa. It is the only African State that has established itself firmly in the international sphere. The facts about the present crisis are these, if Egypt has absolute sovereignty over her territory, the imperialist powers will not have a firm grip on their colonies in South Africa, for they need the Suez Canal for the transportation of

armaments to the South. The African Nationalists are definitely perturbed by the unwarranted attack on Egypt by Anglo-French-Israeli forces."

On non-violence, he spoke passionately: "The Indians tell us that we must use non-violent means to gain our independence. But do they know what passive resistance has meant in Africa? In South Africa, the people walked into restaurants and dining-cars to which they were forbidden entrance. The Boers killed them indiscriminately. I was there, I saw the people mowed down, that is where I got these (shrapnel scars on his arms). In this act of passive resistance, hundreds of Africans were killed, but not a single European. This is what passive resistance has meant in Africa.

"In South Africa, they have the ingenious system of the Pass Law. One must carry a pass for almost everything. What is significant is that under the Pass Law Regulations they have managed to establish a labour reserve of almost the entire population. When you are arrested, you are not sent to jail as such, but you serve your term on the European-owned farms or in the mines. From this we deduce that the policy of the Boers is wholeheartedly supported by American and British interests, for the Boers control the politics of the country, not the economy. Anglo-American companies control the entire mining industry and have a large share in the farming industry as well. Uranium is in the hands of the Americans. Then there is the cultural aspect of the Pass Law for the Boer police have the right to enter African premises at any time of the day or night. The Boer police have the right to stop any male above the age of 16, anywhere in the country, at any time of the day or night, and ask him to 'give an accounting of himself'. Under these circumstances, life becomes very unstable. In 1954, there were 893,000 offenders in terms of the Pass Law.

"We are told that we must educate ourselves for freedom, and yet we are given no schools. In Uganda there is a College that was established in 1922, but did not offer a degree until 1954. This College takes 300 students and is supposed to be for the British region of East, Central and South Africa. In the College, we are taught Geography, History of the British Empire and Agricultural Science. There are only two secondary schools in Northern and Southern Rhodesia [Zimbabwe] for 5 million Africans.

Incidentally, the figure for the African population has remained at 5 million for as long as I can remember. We need scholarships for Africans. Scholarships for technical studies and engineering. Why couldn't a non-imperialist power like Germany, which has all the technological know-how of the world at its fingertips, help us? Any number of scholarships in technical subjects would be welcomed, and we would not forget they were given by Germany. Couldn't Germany establish a Technical School, a Technical College, anywhere in Africa? There are many roads to world prestige, and there are many definitions of power; Germany has a unique opportunity in Africa."

With the urgency of a man driven by terror, the African seeks aid from all quarters. Aid in the form of scholarships, of money. As for sympathy, he has had enough of it, and it has become an almost cheap thing in his eyes ...

I became involved in helping Sipalo edit and produce *Resurgent Africa*. He wrote to me on November 22 saying, "Remember this: one of the founders of the Indian National Congress was a German lady. One European lady died beside Mahatma Gandhi during the bloody days of the 40's! As far as I am concerned you are in these historical figures' shoes as far as Africa's liberation is concerned. I am *not* being emotional. I *oathfully* mean it! I will meet you when I come back from Rangoon." And he went on to advise me to meet Chikako Kamalondo, General Secretary of the Africa Bureau and Vice-President of the African Students' Association (India), from North Rhodesia, who was a law student at Delhi, and also Kabutu from Kenya, who was working with the *Times of India*.

After the Conference, at which he spoke, Sipalo travelled on to Burma to seek help from U Ba Swe's government, and in his letter of November 23rd he urged me to "take Africa to be your own child! Nurse it right up to manhood! Quote these lines throughout the rest of your life!" And he advised me not to be concerned with the differences in his approach and that of Murumbi's as in the final analysis they were both nationalists, whilst he felt that one of them was 'disillusioned'.

From Burma on December 1st, he wrote further that while he was given an air-conditioned room with the right to eat, drink and smoke anything available, thus far and no more, although he felt

there was still hope as the Burmese were then very busy preparing to welcome Chou En-lai. He spoke of wanting to get me to Africa and said, "I think Africa is quite prepared not only to nurse those who resign to the fate of her struggle but ultimately to live faithfully with them. Your 'unchangeable white skin' is no hindrance, you have sacrificed to help us, incidental difficulties like 'colour line' are not at all retarding. Take it from me, Shirle, you appear to me just as faithful to Africa or even more so than the so called 'sons of the soil'."²³ He wrote again on December 8th from the Strand Hotel in Rangoon saying their passage to East Africa was being arranged and there only remained the question of funds for their February meeting.

Then I received a letter from Bombay dated December 15th saying a cable had come from Burma informing that an invitation for me from Burma had been completed — I would be U Ba Swe's personal guest — and I should contact the Burmese Embassy in Delhi. On December 21st, he wrote asking me to act "as a driving belt" between the socialists, Lohia's party, and his group. While I carried an introduction to Lohia from Clovis Maksoud, I had yet to meet him and was in no position to make such an approach. Sipalo goes on to say that the differences between himself and Murumbi were bridged before Murumbi left for London and, as I knew from Murumbi, himself, he had been quite successful in mobilizing support both from Delhi and Rangoon.

Nevertheless, Sipalo urged me to negotiate with anyone in Delhi who might be ready to give assistance as they were planning a meeting of the All-Africa Congress in Tanganyika in the third week of February. From Burma £2,000/- would be sent for their meeting, and the Burmese would buy them a printing press to be in Africa by April at the latest. The Burmese had also given four Land Rovers, which they would soon ship to Africa.

On January 10, I wrote to Sipalo saying I was leaving for Burma on the 12th or 13th and was sorry I could not send him any contribution

23. I'm not being humble, only objective, when I say what little I was able to do was not worthy of his praise. Certainly, he meant his words, but they were symptomatic of their dire situation and of the all too few 'whites' crossing the lines in solidarity.

as the Germans had sent me nothing. And I went on to say that if there was anything he needed me to do at Rangoon, to let me know.

The next word on Sipalo was in a press report in the *Singapore Straits Times* of December 1960 saying he had been seriously injured in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia. "Mr. Sipalo, whose party advocates early independence, was released from jail last January after serving a nine months' sentence for sedition. His detention followed the banning of the Zambia African National Congress of which he was Secretary General during disturbances last year. Zambia Congress is an extremist offshoot of the African National Congress. In a statement, the United National Independence Party said that the fighting started when a group of ANC supporters stoned the house of a UNIP official after apparently being angered because of the small attendance at a Congress meeting earlier in the day. Several stone fights broke out when Mr. Sipalo arrived, and he appealed to UNIP members to stop fighting. [Instead] he was set upon and beaten unconscious." A terrible crime, a terrible waste of a sincere struggler for Africa's fullest liberation.

After his return to Delhi and leaving for London, I next met Murumbi when he was in Baghdad at the same time as I was there as a guest in November 1963. There was a note at my hotel saying that "Minister Murumbi from Kenya called you from the airport. He will fly to Kuwait and return to Baghdad on November 9th and stay at the Baghdad Hotel," and he was waiting for me to return his call before he flew. It was a pleasure to meet Murumbi again. I didn't share with him that I hadn't the wherewithal to accept his invitation to attend the Independence celebrations in Kenya on December 12, 1963. He had the sincerity to offer to put his bank account in either of our names that I might have something at my back should I be in need, but as grateful as I was, I refused. Murumbi was to become the first Minister of State in Kenya upon its achieving independence.²⁴

24. Joseph Murumbi was Minister of State in the Prime Minister's office of the first independent Kenyan government in 1963 and held that post until the following elections in 1965, when he became Vice-President. He resigned on July 21, 1966, and wrote a personal letter to
continued p. 294

In January 1957, the Burmese Consul at Delhi contacted me saying he had received a cable from Rangoon with instructions to issue me with a ticket. I was to be the guest of the Prime Minister of Burma. Professor Abdul Aleem agreed I should go, particularly as U Ba Swe obviously was open to a dialogue on the 'Arab World and, therefore, there was at least a possibility of impairing or shifting Burma's relationship with Israel. It was worrying that reportedly the Israelis had obtained an agreement from the central government of Burma allowing them to plant a hundred thousand acres of wheat in the Shan States, the agreement being made without consultation with the Shan people or even with the Saohpas, their traditional leaders.

Before I left, dear Professor Abdul Aleem²⁵ insisted to take me to Panditji Nehru's astrologer. There on a rug sat a simple man with a

continued n. 24

his friend, British MP Leslie Hale saying he had "plunged" out of politics because things were going wrong. "I think we have thrown overboard all our socialist principles, and we will have to pay dearly for this in the long run."

The CIA played a decisive role in this. It bankrolled a programme to eliminate Oginga Odinga in favour of Tom Mboya who was sly and shrewd, while Odinga was principled. Kenyatta, now President, no longer the militant, aware of Mboya's foreign influence, allowed him to lead and dispensed with Odinga, a key figure in the freedom struggle and a man who almost single-handedly fought for Kenyatta's release from detention. It suited the CIA that Mboya — assassinated in July 1969 — was an avowed anti-communist, while Odinga described capitalism as 'imperialism'. Mboya's philosophy was that politics was not Christianity, one gained support by being cunning, while Odinga believed that politics is religion: to win, play it true and right. Odinga died in 1994; his son Raila continues to be active in Kenyan politics. Unfortunately, through all the ups and downs of my life, I lost touch with Murumbi and have been unable to trace him even through the internet, although the kind Saira Shameem did try.

25. The relationship of respect and affection that developed between Professor Abdul Aleem and myself did not end with my leaving. I continually benefited from his caring advice, and, as I wrote to him on May 7, 1957 from Bangkok, responding to his letter: "I do believe you have been constantly thinking of me, as I have been of you, and I will always remember you. The closeness I feel to you, my uncle, is a

continued p. 295

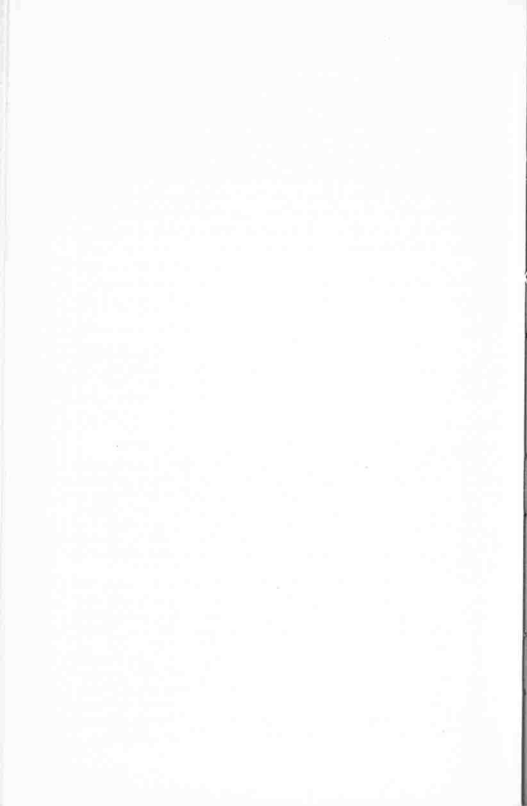
turban. I have forgotten the seemingly innocuous questions he asked. And then he said, "You belong to an army without a uniform — strugglers for freedom — and are to be helped by a tall Asian — U Ba Swe was tall — you will not leave Asia — I grow tired at your journeys" — eight years of ceaseless wandering when I was banished from Malaysia in 1974–82? But this jumps ahead of our 'story'.

continued n. 25

richness in my life." But while the dear Abdul Aleem was gratified when I settled down in Singapore to be part of the research project on Islam in Malaya, he had always hoped I would return to India to work with him in the Indian School of International Studies at Sapru House. Also, he wanted me to write a book for Indian students of 'Arab studies, which would allow them to understand the reality of 'Arab political movements, but my life was more than absorbed by the work I had undertaken.

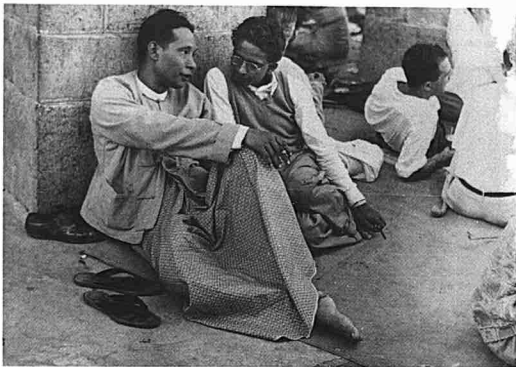
On June 8, 1960, he ended his letter to me with these words, "I'm writing to you after a long time, but I have been constantly thinking of you. It may sound rhetorical, but it is a fact that hardly a day has passed when I have not thought of you. I cannot express how much I long to see you. I wonder when it will be possible. Affectionately yours."

I was with Uncle Abdul Aleem again at Aligarh in mid-1961, but as I wrote to him on my return to Malaya, I was sorry the heat was so overwhelming that I felt my visit was an additional burden to him. Then, in August 1968, on his return from Australia, he visited with us in Singapore. This *ikhlas* human being left this world poorer on February 18, 1976. He is buried in the Aligarh Muslim University cemetery.





1956 November: M. Sipalo of the Pan-African Liberation Bureau addressing the Second Congress of the Asian Socialist Conference, held at Bombay, India. In December 1960 at Lusaka, Sipalo was beaten unconscious and never fully recovered.



1956 November: U Ba Swe (1915-87), Burmese Prime Minister and Secretary General of the Asian Socialist Conference.



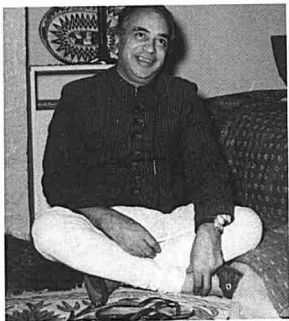
1956 December: Asian Writers Conference, Nepali Embassy, Delhi, Mao Tun (1896-1981) reading.
The author on the extreme left.



1956 November: Joseph Murumbi representing the Movement for Colonial Freedom; Murumbi was to become Foreign Minister of independent Kenya in 1963.



Professor Abdul Aleem (1906-76), Vice Chancellor of Aligarh Muslim University (1968-74), dressed in ceremonial robe, leading the procession at a Convocation.



1956 December: Mulk Raj Anand (1905-), whose writing made human the *Untouchable* and the *Coolie*.



The author with Shaun Mandy, former editor of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* on his Island of Taprobane, Weligama Bay, South Ceylon. There was no bridge, you had to wade across, thus the wet sarong.

IX

When the *Dohbama Asiayone* was established in the 1930s, there was a debate among the young Burman nationalists as to what name should be used for the country: the formal, old royal term *myanma* or the more colloquial *bama*, which the British had corrupted into 'Burma' and made the official name of their colony. The nationalists concluded:

Since the *Dohbama* was set up, the movement always paid attention to the unity of all the nationalities of the country ... and the *thakins* noted that *myanma naingngan* [the *myanma* state] meant only the part of the country where the Burmans lived. This was the name given by the Burmese kings to their country. But this is not correct usage. *Bama naingngan* is not the country where only the *myanma* people live. It is the country where different nationalities such as the Kachins, Karens, Kayahs, Chins, Pa-Os, Palaungs, Mons, Myanmars, Rakhines, and Shans reside. Therefore, the nationalists did not use the term *myanma naingngan* or *myanmapyi* [*myanma* country], but *bama naingngan* or *bamapiyi*. That would be the correct term. There is no other term than *bama naingngan* or *bamapiyi*. All the nationalities who live in *bama naingngan* are called *bama*.

Burmese Title: [A Brief History of the *Dohbama Asiayone*] (Rangoon: Sarpay Beikman, 1976) 215. See also *The Guardian* monthly (in Burmese), Rangoon, February 1971: "The word *myanma* signifies only the Burmese, whereas *bama* embraces all indigenous nationalities", quoted by Bertil Lintner, *Burma in Revolt: Opium and Insurgency Since 1948* (Chiang Mai: Silkworm Books, 1999) 47.

1957 JANUARY-MARCH: U NU'S BURMA AND ITS LOSS

I LEFT true friends behind in Delhi, but I had a strong motive to accept U Ba Swe's invitation; that motive was Palestine. U Nu was again to assume the position of Prime Minister — U Ba Swe had been holding the position only as an interim measure — and it was to U Nu that I needed to address the question of Burma's allowing the Israelis to cultivate wheat in a hundred thousand acres or more in the Shan States. U Nu had been the first Prime Minister of any foreign country to visit Israel in 1955, obviously much to the satisfaction of the Israelis, which followed Burma's having been the first Asian state to recognize Israel on December 7, 1949.¹

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1. U Nu, Burma's Prime Minister from 1948-62 was born in 1906 in Wakema in the Irrawaddy delta region. He gained prominence at Rangoon University as a student leader and was respected by the younger crop of Burmese nationalists such as Aung San, Kyaw Nyein, and Letya and, though not much older, was regarded by them as a senior statesman. After he took his BA in 1929, he became a schoolteacher. He joined the Dohbama Asiayone (Our Burma Association) in 1930, and by 1940 was interned by the British. During the Japanese Occupation he was appointed Foreign Minister in 1943 and then Information Minister in 1944. He was Vice-President of AFPFL (n.4) and Speaker of the Constituent Assembly in 1947. After the assassination of Aung San on July 19, 1947, U Nu became Prime Minister. It was due mainly to U Nu's relationship with the Shan, Kachin, Chin, and Karenni leaders that the bid for power by the strong and well-organized communist factions (led by Thakin Than Tun and Thakin Soe) was thwarted. U Nu attempted to reach an understanding with Saw Ba U Gyi, the supreme Karen leader, but sentiments of hate and distrust were too strong to be overcome.

U Nu strongly supported Nehru's effort to chart a non-aligned course for Asian nations, and did all he could to gain the friendship of China. At the same time, he maintained a good relationship with the West, particularly Britain and the United States, thus did Burma gain economic and trade benefits from both power blocs.

continued p. 300

Interview with U Nu

January 25, 1957 in Taunggyi, Shan State

IS it true that your Government has negotiated an agreement with Israel allowing her to cultivate a great quantity of acres of land in the Shan States? "There has been a misconception about this. The Israelis are here to see if wheat can be grown in the Shan States! Then if we wish, we may employ the Israelis as advisers, technicians, to teach us how to grow the wheat. You know in the Shan States there is much land, land which has never been cultivated, and we thought that if a *million* acres were cultivated it would give work to the people of the Shan States and would teach them the technique of growing wheat. Work would of itself raise their standard of living. And then the wheat could be sold for foreign currency."

continued n. 1

U Nu also did much to foster the Burmese language and literature, as well as Buddhism, convening a Buddhist synod at the newly-erected Kaba-Aye (World Peace Pagoda).

His main weakness was his inability to control the military and the ruling AFPFL (formed on the eve of Japan's defeat in order to expel the Japanese from Burma). Although he handed over power to the army in 1958, he spent the two following years whipping up democratic and anti-totalitarian sentiments which brought him a landslide victory in the 1960 election. But U Nu failed to curb the military. Though the non-Burmese leaders trusted him, it seemed that U Nu was unable to banish the fear of secession by the Karenni and Shan States in particular. (There was a provision for secession in the Constitution.) Finally, it was the proposals for constitutional reforms tabled by the constituent states of the Union which gave the military a pretext to stage the 1962 *coup*.

U Nu was put in prison for five years, and upon his release in 1968 Ne Win asked him to head an advisory committee. To his credit, U Nu courageously advised Ne Win to hand over power to him (as the legal and popularly elected Prime Minister). Not long after, U Nu was permitted to leave Burma for medical treatment. When abroad, he called upon the people to rise against Ne Win's dictatorship, a call which electrified the country. However, U Nu proved an inept revolutionary. Not only did he fail to win over existing Karen, Shan,

continued p. 301

Could you sell this wheat wherever you wish? (A bit angry): "You must not question the sovereignty of Burma. Of course, we can sell our wheat where we wish. But when the Israelis came here and said they thought that the Shan States would be good for wheat, we asked where we would sell this wheat, and they said that Israel would be willing to buy our wheat, thus assuring us of a market, if we wish this market. Some of the 'Arabs have objected to this, not officially, of course. I would call this downright interference in the internal affairs of our country. We have the right to employ technicians, advisers; as you know, we have advisers from other countries as well, from America, from Britain, and we have the right to sell our exports where we wish! We would not tell the 'Arabs what they should do in their country. We, of course, would always be willing to help the 'Arabs and the Israelis understand one another, but we would not interfere in their internal affairs."

Do you not think things might have been better if the Shans had been consulted on this matter, even though foreign policy is a prerogative of the Central Government? "It is perhaps so. It was done in haste, but no agreement has yet been made. When the time comes, we may appoint a committee of Shans, Burmese and Israelis to study the problem, but there is no question of terms since we are

continued n. 1

Karenni, and Kachin armies, and dissidents within the Burma Army, he was himself ousted from the Parliamentary Democracy Party he had founded on August 29, 1969. He led resistance to Ne Win from Thailand, 1969-73, was in exile in the US, 1973-74 and in Bhopal, India, 1974-80. But U Nu did not have any realistic plans and believed that Ne Win would collapse easily, showing the widespread underestimation of Ne Win prevalent among Burmese leaders and politicians.

In 1980, when Ne Win announced an amnesty, U Nu returned to Burma to devote himself to translating Pali-Burmese Buddhist texts into English. But he re-emerged as a political leader during the 1988 uprising. He was placed under house arrest in December 1989, released in April 1992 and died on February 14, 1995. U Nu was the author of numerous plays and novels, as well as *Burma Under the Japanese* (London: Macmillan, 1954).

Source: Chao Tzang Yawngwe, *The Shan of Burma: Memoirs of a Shan Exile* (Singapore: ISEAS, 1987) 215-17.

hiring the Israelis, and we are using our own capital, and we can let them go whenever we might wish, as with anyone else in the country who is here at our leave. There has been a lot of misunderstanding about this. I may say that the people dread the Jews, since our people believe that the Jews are one of the most clever people."²

The Saohpas³ said they are only prepared to relinquish their authority to the Shan Government. But is it not the Union of Burma Government which will be paying them compensation? "The Union of Burma Government is committed in principle to paying this compensation. Whether the Saohpas relinquish their power to the Union or whether they relinquish their power to the Shan Government is not important. The important thing is that they relinquish their power."

Has the AFPFL⁴ asked the Saohpas or their Hill People's Association to affiliate to the AFPFL? "This was only an informal suggestion of my own to a group of the Saohpas. My own executive committee heard of it but recently, at their last meeting." Sir, is not the AFPFL a progressive organization — although I recognize it is not socialist in its entirety — but is it not progressive, and as such the antithesis of the Saohpas? "I would not call the Saohpas reactionary, rather I would say they are politically backward. Some of the Saohpas are quite progressive. You see before 1947, before the war, there was practically no contact between the people of the

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2. But as early as June 1954, a Burmese military mission, led by Col. Aung Gyi and Commodore Than Pe, had been dispatched to Israel to study that country's system of national service with a view to introducing it in Burma. Although the Burma Army remained a volunteer force, Rangoon began building up local militias, called Pyu Saw Hti, which borrowed features from the defence of collective settlements in Israel. Another outcome of that visit was that Burma Army officers started to go to Israel for training, and the Israelis also sold Burma a number of reconditioned Spitfires. See Tinker, Hugh, *The Union of Burma* (London: Oxford University Press, 1957) 333, quoted by Lintner, op. cit., 154.
 3. Traditional Shan rulers.
 4. AFPFL: Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League formed in August 1944 to co-ordinate political activities. It included nationalists, communists, and some ethnic minorities.

Shan States and the politicians of Burma, and the mass of the Shans were isolated; as I say, they are politically backward. Then in 1947, it was we (Burmans) who thought of Article 154 of the Constitution giving them 25 permanent seats (out of a total of 125) in the Chamber of Nationalities;⁵ we thought it best to do so, since there was some foreign interference to keep the Saohpas out of the Union. It is not they who asked for this guarantee, but we who gave it. Then, of course, I, too, was impatient, but a politician must be patient. Even assuming the Saohpas are reactionary, is it not better that they are associated with us, than left on their own, with the intrigues of imperialists to separate them? Which is preferable, to draw them to us or to push them away? Then you can't realize in a few days, how much support the Saohpas have from the people; the only articulate people you could speak with would be the disgruntled; you could not communicate with the mass of the people. They are still largely loyal; still the bulk of the people support the Saohpas." If you affiliate with the Saohpas what will happen to the opposition to the Saohpas here in the Shan States? "As I said, nothing has been worked out as yet. Of course, this question would have to be addressed."

Sir, why do you think the opposition increased in strength in the last elections (from 41 to 78 seats)? "For two reasons, firstly, the help they received from the insurgents and secondly, dissatisfaction with our own party. In some areas, instead of working with the masses, our people have become tyrants. In other areas, our people have looted, killed and raped. I don't like it!" Has this been corrected? "Of course, we have corrected it where we could, but in some areas it will take time to deal with the situation." You left the Government to reorganize the party, do you believe you have been successful? "No, not completely, not as I had hoped. There are many obstacles to reorganization. If you talk with others from the party you will realize this."

There is talk amongst the people, from all shades of opinion, that there is a difference between you and U Ba Swe on the one hand,

5. See 345 *infra*.

and Kyaw Nyein⁶ on the other, and the people are anticipating that Kyaw Nyein may be left out of the cabinet, as there would be one too many Deputy Prime Ministers? (All the time U Nu smiled and laughed.) "Interesting, this is what the people say! Well, we may have as many Deputies as we like." All the people I've met or interviewed describe Kyaw Nyein in the same terms, intelligent, ambitious, cruel. Some say you may prefer that such a person be inside rather than out ..., and all the time U Nu smiled broadly.

It has been said to me in Rangoon that there is a shift to private enterprise in Burma. Would you agree with that? "Nationalization may be desirable, but at this stage we must depend on private enterprise, whether we like it or not. We have not the administrators to industrialize the country completely through the Government. As it is, one man is responsible for two or three projects, and we cannot find the necessary people. We must then still rely on private enterprise for the time being."

Sir, how is it that the insurgents have not been put down? Are the people supporting them? "If we could assure the people that the army would come in, they would rise up against the insurgents, but they are terrorized." Then why is the army not sent in? "We would need a hundred brigades to be everywhere, and that is impossible.

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6. Kyaw Nyein was born in 1915. He had BA and BLL degrees from the University of Rangoon where he was prominent in the 1936 students' strike. He held the position of Cabinet Secretary and later Vice Foreign Minister under the Japanese, while at the same time a resistance leader. He was to become a Central Executive Member of the Socialist Party and General Secretary of the AFPFL and held various ministries, including the Deputy Premiership in 1948-49 and was a strong Minister in the AFPFL government (from the Socialist Party faction) until 1958 when General Ne Win succeeded to power after the polarization of two factions in AFPFL (U Nu-Thakin Tin v. U Ba Swe-Kyaw Nyein) brought the country to the brink of civil war. His faction, the 'Stable' AFPFL (as opposed to U Nu's 'Clean' AFPFL) lost the February 1960 election to U Nu. He was detained by the military *coup* government of General Ne Win which came to power in March 1962 and released only in January 1966. Subsequently, he lived in retirement in Rangoon until he died in 1986. His daughter Cho Cho Kyaw Nyein played some role in the 1988-90 democracy movement. See also 324-30 *infra*.

When the insurgents held Mandalay, we could move in and retake it, but we cannot retake every small village all over Burma." Then what will be the solution? "They are being driven further out, and I believe that without foreign aid, they will eventually die out, and they are not receiving foreign aid now." Will the rapprochement between Burma and China on a foreign policy level affect the insurgents, perhaps bring them to negotiate? "I think this is possible."

Are you a Marxist? "No, I'm not." Are you a socialist? "I believe socialism is helpful." Then why are you an independent within the AFPFL? Why not join the Socialist Party? "I have not joined the party because I do not wish to be involved in politics. I want to go back to my creative work. I am a writer, you know." But do you think it is possible for you to leave politics. The people have such confidence in you, and then, is there a higher creativity than serving your people? "You have been listening to my old friend U Thant, he does not see the bad side of my character."

Sir, you emphasize Buddhism, as U Thant told me. Would you not think that socialism is after all not just a method of economic development, but a value system as well, the removal of exploitation in the relationship of man to man? "Yes, but all socialists are not good, and even in those very countries which speak most of removing exploitation, there is exploitation. Buddhism is necessary to make man good. If you can assimilate the three concepts of Buddhism: of suffering — *dukkha* — (that the whole world is suffering, that everything in the world is suffering); of impermanence — *anicca* — (the impermanence of all existence, that all is subject to decay, that one cannot own even one's self, one cannot say this is my nose, my eye, or I shall see well, feel well); and the annihilation of self — *anatta* — this is the essence of Buddhism, and this can make a man good. You must read my lecture delivered at the time of the Jayanti in Delhi."

Have you thought of writing, developing a synthesis of socialism and Buddhism? "No, I had not thought of this." You say impermanence, is this not the antithesis of socialism which affirms life? "Even the socialist must admit the impermanence of this affirmation." But cannot this concept be exploited, to say to the people that they must not desire what is their right to have? "Yes, of course this can be exploited. That is why after all, Marx said 'religion is the opium of the people'."

Interview with U Nu

March 15, 1957 in Rangoon

CARRYING U Nu's book, *Burma Under the Japanese*⁷ led to one of my essential questions. Sir, in your book the communist leader Than Tun⁸ stands out by your own description as a key man during

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7. Nu, Thakin, *Burma Under the Japanese* (London: Macmillan, 1954).
 8. Thakin Than Tun, Chairman of the White Flag Communists (officially known as the Burmese Communist Party), born in 1911, was killed on September 24, 1968 by a government agent in command of his security detail. Converted to Marxism in the 1930s, he was very active in the pre-World War II nationalist movement, but often clashed with his brother-in-law, Aung San. By profession he was a schoolteacher. During the Japanese occupation, Thakin Than Tun served ably and efficiently as Agriculture Minister in Dr. Ba Maw's puppet government, and was thus regarded as a key leader and widely acclaimed. In 1944, with the Allies winning the war, Thakin Than Tun and Aung San formed the AFPFL to fight the Japanese, the former becoming the Secretary General of this front. When the British returned, by encouraging non-communist nationalists under Aung San, in May 1946 they managed to get both Thakin Than Tun and Thakin Soe and their followers expelled from the AFPFL, depriving the communists of any share of power.

Unlike Thakin Soe, Than Tun did not plunge into armed rebellion, but prepared together with the AFPFL, notably the PVO (a paramilitary force set up by Aung San), to dispel the British by arms, if necessary. Thakin Than Tun was also convinced that Britain would not grant independence and that the AFPFL would betray the cause. At that time, the relationship between the West and the Soviet Union was cooling, and Thakin Than Tun was under pressure to seize power. When the Nu-Attlee Agreement was signed which made Burma independent, Thakin Than Tun branded this "sham independence," and in 1948 staged an armed uprising which reduced the AFPFL government's control to the capital, Rangoon. However, the Chin, Kachin, and Shan leaders — fearing communism — rallied to U Nu. This together with anarchism within the rebel ranks (as they were composed of numerous groups such as the White Flag, the Red Flag, army mutineers, the PVOs, and smaller leftist groups) and the distrust of the left and Burmese on the part of Karen rebels (KNDO), and more importantly, British military aid and support of the West,

continued p. 307

that period; until reading your book I had not realized how essential he was to your independence struggle. U Nu's eyes were deep at that moment. "Yes, he has great intelligence, is a good organizer."

Then, Sir, I would ask, if this personality that you yourself praise, wished to come in and surrender what would happen to him? "As you, yourself, know, the amnesty ended in March 1956.

continued n. 8

finally stemmed the 'red' tide. Nonetheless, Thakin Than Tun managed to keep the armed movement alive despite repeated army offensives, even managing to exert influence in Rangoon, notably through student bodies.

In 1963, a year after the *coup* when Ne Win called for peace talks with the rebels, the White Flag sent a team headed by Bo Zeya, one of the famed Thirty Comrades who joined the White Flag rebellion in 1948 at the head of a Burma Rifles battalion. The talk was, however, abruptly broken off by Ne Win when Rangoon's public seemed more sympathetic to the White Flag than to the regime. Not long after, due to the anti-Chinese riots in all cities of Burma and the rise of the 'Gang of Four' in China, a decision was made in Beijing to support Thakin Than Tun's White Flag. Hundreds of Burmese cadres who had been in exile in China were sent back to lead the party to victory. Thakin Than Tun threw his weight behind these radicals which resulted in a mini-'cultural revolution' in which many hundreds of veteran leaders, military commanders, senior cadres, and even supporters were tried by kangaroo courts, and beaten to death. Consequently, the majority of the horror-stricken and fearful rank-and-file cadres and supporters deserted and co-operated with the army which was able successfully to capture all communist bases on the Burmese plains and to eliminate the surviving leaders like Thakin Than Tun, Thakin Chit, Thakin Zin, Bo Zeya, and Thakin Tin Tun. Though shorn of all capable leaders, the White Flag with Chinese aid and recruits from among the Wa, Lahu, Kokang Chinese, Akha, Kachin, and Shan villages along the border, continued as a military force until April 16, 1989, when an all-out mutiny within the rank-and-file defeated the insurgency from within its own ranks. This came after years of discontent with the old leadership which adhered to a line unchanged since the late 1960s. The mutiny also reflected ethnic tensions within the party, where the rank-and-file were from the minorities, as were the military commanders, while aging Burman Marxist-Leninists were the party leaders and political commissars attached to the various units. See Chao, *op. cit.*, 233-4 and Lintner, Bertil, *The Rise and Fall of the Communist Party of Burma (CPB)* (Cornell: SEAP, 1990) 1.

We would look like fools if we went on extending it. If he had come in then, he would have been free, that is the meaning of amnesty, and he could have been allowed to establish his Communist Party at that time. Now if he wishes to come in, he must surrender, and he will be tried by the court. If he is found guilty, he may be sentenced to death, in which case we will commute the sentence to life imprisonment; if he is sentenced to life imprisonment we may lessen the time; if he is sentenced to a few years, we may shorten the period. As for his return to politics, we would have to see the condition of the country, there must be stability before we can allow his release and return to politics."

Does not the bill introduced by Dr. E Maung seeking legal guarantees foreshadow the surrender of the insurgents? "No, I don't think this is his purpose, what he wants are legal guarantees. Now, we are allowed to arrest a man if we have reason to suspect him, he may be detained. What Dr. E Maung wishes are legal guarantees of civil liberties, that a man must be duly charged, that is all."⁹

Since 1958 will mark 10 years of the Union,¹⁰ the writer was interested in pursuing the question of the still present agitation amongst the various ethnic groups of the country, either for their own states or for more autonomy. An ethnic group included amongst the 'insurgents' is the Karen organization. The writer asked U Nu if he thought that any of the claims of the Karens could be met so as to end this ethnic-based revolt. U Nu replied: "Those Karen leaders who sincerely had wanted a state have come

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9. This denies what Dr. E Maung, himself, told the writer, for he said that if he could get these guarantees through, the insurgents would come in.
 10. Perhaps mindful of the lack of enthusiasm on the part of certain non-Burmans for inclusion within the Union of Burma, the framers of the Constitution granted to all states the right to secede from the Union, although specifying that the right could not be exercised within ten years from the date in 1948 on which the Constitution became operative. The procedural requirements were relatively simple: a favourable two-thirds vote of the total membership of the respective State Council, followed by a popular plebiscite to determine the desires of the people of the state. (Somit, Albert and Welsh, Janet, "The Constitution and Government of Burma", *Human Relations Area Files: Burma*, vol.II (New Haven: HRAF, 1956) 947-8.

in since the state was founded. Those who remain outside are people who want power and who have that power in the jungle. They do not wish to return for they would lose the position they now have. Those who have stayed out have become accustomed to the jungle, and there is nothing to do but eliminate them." But the Karen State as it now exists includes but a fourth of their population. Are there no adjustments that could be made? "We cannot give them the whole of the south of Burma! You know I don't believe in all these divisions of the country — I want unity — we gave the Shans the autonomous state they wanted at that time and what has happened: the Pa-Os, the Taungyo within the Shan State went into revolt seeking a state within the Shan State! If we give the Pa-Os, the Taungyo, separate states, then those of the Kachin State who are not Kachins will also demand states of their own; many of them do not wish to live in a Kachin State as they are not Kachins. This only increases the disruption of the country."

After your having stated your attitude against division, I would assume you would be against the creation of an Arakan state as well.¹¹ "This is my attitude now, I don't know what it may be in the future. In the Arakan, if we made a state, the people of Akyab might like it, but what of the people of Sandoway and Kyaukpyu? When I was there they told me that if I were thinking of creating such a state, to leave them out! Of course, if the people of Arakan wanted such a state, we would make it, even though I am against the division of the Union. But in the elections, they did not return only the Arakan nationalists to power, they returned some of our AFPFL candidates as well, so it cannot be that they all want a separate state." If as you say you would grant a state if the majority desire it, why not give the people the right of referendum when elections are held to decide whether they should have a separate state? "The elections were a referendum in this sense, and even where our AFPFL people were not returned to Parliament, it does not necessarily mean that the people were for the Arakan national-

11. When putting that question in 1957, I was ignorant of the claims of the Rohingya Muslims for self-determination, a people incorporated within Arakan.

ists, it only means that we are poorly organized and that some of our people were unclean, and then there were some abuses by the army." Sir, I can empathize with your wanting unity, and it is not for disunity that I mention these questions of autonomy, but for the very sake of unity, that these complaints and dissatisfactions leading towards separatism might be removed.

Recently, SEATO¹² — Southeast Asia Treaty Organization — held a meeting in Bangkok, where the view was put forth that the existence of SEATO as a rival power bloc to China increased the bargaining position of Burma in her negotiations with China over the border question. I emphasize that this is their view. Would you agree? "No! It is not a matter of a bargaining position, we do not wish a power position, we didn't bargain! You can't build peace on power arrangements, but only through a true and lasting friendship. War cannot be averted by alignments, but by a true friendship with each other."

Do you believe that this agreement reflects a 'true and lasting friendship'? "Yes, I do. When I went to meet Zhou En-lai, I was given this fair proposal. I never bargained, I would have accepted it then and there, but I had to refer back to my colleagues, who accepted it. We gained this fair settlement because of this friendship. I don't know if you have read the agreement. The Chinese agreed to recognize the McMahon Line¹³ with the exception of those three Kachin villages; they agreed to recognize the 1941 line drawn for the Wa States; they agreed to give us the number 1 assigned tract [the Nam Wan Assigned Tract]. In 1941 when China had not the power that she has today, and when the British had all of their imperial power behind them, the Chinese refused to recog-

12. Southeast Asia Treaty Organization formed on February 19, 1955 and disbanded in 1977.

13. The McMahon Line is the boundary for the eastern section of the frontier between Tibet and India. It runs from the eastern end of Bhutan to the great bend in the Brahmaputra River. British and Tibetan negotiators agreed to this boundary in a conference held in Simla, India, in 1914. The line is named for Sir Henry McMahon, the head of the British negotiating team. Although China claims territory south of the McMahon Line, in practice, it has generally respected the line.

nize this line! We have documents to show that the British would have been pleased to have had such an agreement on this line. Now, we have made an agreement the British would have made, and we have not their power, this is the result of sincere friendship!"

What is your opinion of the Eisenhower Doctrine of 'vacuum'?¹⁴ "I cannot answer that, it is not my affair." But as a neutral nation, I should think you would take a position on this. Today, this concept of 'vacuum' may apply to the 'Arabs, and the 'Arabs are not Burmans, but tomorrow it may be applied elsewhere. It is not for myself that I insist, but I believe Burma must take a position on the validity of this concept. Nehru is neutral, yet he has taken a strong stand against the Eisenhower Doctrine. "As a neutral nation we must not interfere, I'm sorry but I cannot answer you."

14. The 'Eisenhower Doctrine' was proposed to Congress by the US President on January 5, 1957, and it became a reality in the form of a Joint Congressional Resolution in March. The resolution authorized Eisenhower to commit troops to the defence of any Middle Eastern government endangered by 'overt armed aggression from any nation controlled by International Communism', and, in circumstances short of overt military danger, to give any economic or military aid that these governments might require to build up their own defences. Copeland, *The Game of Nations*, op. cit., 182.

Interview with Prime Minister U Ba Swe

Prime Minister's house, February 27, 1957

WHY is U Nu being returned to power now? What is it that he can carry out that you can not? The people see two reasons for this, one is that the agreement is to be signed with China and another is the whole question of the Union, the dissatisfaction of the Shans, etc. "Both reasons are wrong, either of the issues would be carried regardless of which one of us is Prime Minister. There is no reason. He wished to resign a year ago to work in the reorganization of the AFPFL. We accepted his resignation, and now the year is up, and he is returning as Prime Minister." But there must be a reason. One wouldn't change for the sake of change.

"The person who is President of the AFPFL must also be Prime Minister. If you divide the executive authority of the government from the party you may have a conflict between government and party and that cannot be allowed to happen. In India, Nehru had a different man as party chairman and there was conflict, and now he holds both the prime ministership and the party. It's all right if you have one man who is weak and one who is strong, but if the party leadership and the prime ministership are held by separate men and both are strong, it can't work. So we are following the principle that whoever is President of the AFPFL must also be Prime Minister."

What do you feel you have been able to accomplish in the past ten months as Prime Minister? "You shouldn't ask that question. You should ask what I've accomplished over nine years. I've been working all along. But since I've been Prime Minister I've been able to co-ordinate some of the plans for economic development."

While I was away upcountry, I skimmed a paper in which I believe you promised "extermination" of the insurgents in two years, and yet it has been said to me that it is impossible militarily to hold all of the country, and at the same time you have refused negotiations. What is the answer to this problem? "They say they want negotiations, but this is a political move. Even if they should surrender, they would leave a group behind in the jungle to begin armed revolt whenever they wished. Many have surrendered, but

very few arms have come in. We have only shot one of them in all these years. They are not given the death penalty. They are tried by an independent judiciary. We do not influence the decisions, but we may reduce the sentences if they are too long. Sometimes a man is given a year, and we release him after a month. We continued to offer amnesty while fighting them militarily."

If Than Tun and Thakin Soe¹⁵ wished to come in under the amnesty would you try them as well? Would you allow them to

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15. Thakin Soe was ethnically a Mon, born in 1905 in Moulmein. He was educated up to Standard 7 in an Anglo-Vernacular school and became an employee of the Burmah Oil Company. In the 1930s, he joined the Dohbama Asiayone and the Communist Party of Burma. In the years 1943-45 he organized anti-Japanese guerillas in the Pyapon District. In 1944, when Aung San and Thakin Than Tun (a rival communist leader) decided to turn against the Japanese, they had to turn to Thakin Soe and his veteran anti-Japanese fighters who then joined the newly-formed AFPFL. Thakin Soe also played an important part in the post-war nationalist agitation for independence. However, the British managed to have Aung San throw out Thakin Soe and his communist faction from the AFPFL, and later, Thakin Than Tun. Thakin Soe at once formed his own Communist Party of Burma (CPB or the Red Flag), as opposed to Thakin Than Tun's BCP (Burmese Communist Party or the White Flag). The Red Flag remained a small tight-knit party without much impact except in Arakan, and among students in Rangoon and Mandalay. In 1963, the Red Flag made national headlines when Thakin Soe sent his wife as head of the delegation for peace talks with Ne Win. She together with Kyaw Zan Shwee, an Arakanese Red Flag leader, captured the imagination of the Rangoon public with their strong anti-dictatorship platform which, naturally, caused the talks to be quickly terminated. In the mid and late 1960s, when China's radicals opted to support Thakin Than Tun's White Flag, the Red Flag leader, Thakin Soe, "allowed himself to be captured" by the Burma Army in November 1970. He was tried, sentenced to death, which was commuted, but he was imprisoned and only released in the 1980 amnesty. He lived in Rangoon on a pension under loose supervision until he re-entered politics at the time of the national uprising in August 1988. In September, he became Patron of the Unity and Development Party (now defunct). Thakin Soe died on May 4, 1989 at the age of 84. See Chao, op. cit., 231-2 and Lintner, *Burma in Revolt*, op. cit., 517.

return to political life? (Laughing) "Yes there are many laws under which Than Tun could be tried, treason, etc. As for allowing them to return to political life, this is a question which must be considered. I don't know if we could give them democratic rights. We would have to see the condition of the country. We cannot have subversion. We cannot have instability. We know their cry for negotiations is a political ploy. We can see what is happening in the Soviet Union. All the activity you see now is because they know we are in the preparation stage to begin this last phase. The people are with us; the peasants are solidly with us. If they are not fighting the insurgents it's because they have no arms. Now we will give arms to the people to defend themselves. Our army will disperse into smaller groupings. The army must go into a village, stay in, and fight it out. We are preparing now for this dispersal, and the insurgents know it, that is why they have increased their activity. They attack, and when the army comes, they disperse in twos into the mountains. They can't be fought in this way." But why would Than Tun come in if you refuse him any assurances? "If he only cares for his skin, perhaps so, but if it is a principle he is fighting for, he will not think of his skin. If I fight for a principle, I must accept the consequences of that fight; if it is for a principle, I wouldn't care for my own skin."

Do you think the army you are using against the insurgents is itself guilty of abusing the people? "Before, yes, in 1952, but now, no. There are those who are exploiting acts committed by the army in 1951-52 for their own purposes, and we know who they are. In the Shan States, the feudalists don't wish their power taken from them, so they are using this issue of the army. But many of the Saohpas are more enlightened and are with us. Now we have made an appropriation to pension them off, after this we will be able to work out this problem with the people." Unfortunately, these alleged abuses by the army are seen as abuses of the Shan by the 'Burman', although I have been told this is the behaviour of the army towards 'Burmans' as well. "Again there are many issues which can be exploited, but it is impossible that it is a case of Burman attitudes towards the Shans, because army brigades 1, 2, 3 and 4 are not purely Burman, but a mixture of Shan, Chin, Kachin,

Karen, etc. There are a few groups left over from before the war which are ethnic divisions, but only a few (such as the Kachin Rifles, Chin Rifles, etc.)."

The people in the states are very enthusiastic for your new plan of giving them funds not according to population, or area, or weightage, but according to their needs. They feel this is the only hope of achieving a strong union, and they are concerned that U Nu not abandon the project you initiated. "The plan has been drawn up, and it shall not be altered. You see, before they were responsible for their own development, but they had not the revenue nor the technicians to do anything substantial. Now, we will supply them with technicians as they need them. This is the only way the whole of the union will be developed equally."

While I was upcountry I couldn't help noticing that all the shops in the smallest villages are either Chinese or Indian. Further, it is charged that the Chinese Embassy supplies loans on a long-term basis to Chinese who wish to open companies. "It is true there is a Chinese bank here whose terms are more liberal than our Burmese banks. When we gained our independence, we found ourselves controlled economically by foreigners, Westerners in the larger industries and Indians and Chinese as shop-owners and middlemen. We have nationalized the larger concerns, and are now opening corporations to handle the import trade, which is 60 per cent nationalized. For years our Burmese have been the peasants on the land whose produce was bought by the foreigner."

Is it true that Chinese immigration has increased tremendously? "It was true in 1949 through 1952. It was tremendous then, but it is not so great now, and we can check it. We are expanding control of the border."

What would you say to the West's interpretation of your agreement to give China those three Kachin villages, that it's a result of a reality situation, the result of China being the greater power. Is this a prejudiced interpretation? "As a Burmese who is sentimental, I would say the interpretation is unfair, but as a politician I would say the interpretation is fair. Anyway, the whole question is still under detailed consideration."

The people complain of the rising cost of living, what measures have you taken to check this? "We have released 110 crores¹⁶ of Kyats for the importation of consumer goods. This figure is high, for the usual volume of consumer imports was 70 crores. In the past three years, the Chinese, instead of investing their capital in industry, have built up this black market. Now we must break it. That is why we are setting up these corporations to handle the importation of foreign goods. Slowly this will bring prices down."

Do you agree to this shift towards the importation of foreign capital? "Yes, it is necessary for the time being. We have not sufficient personnel or capital. When we gained independence, there were only 100 doctors in the country. We had only been allowed a 'slave' education. Now we graduate 300 per year. But even the engineers that are graduating are without on-the-job experience. It will take time."

Why do you feel your party lost some of the seats you previously held in the recent election? "Everyone knows why this happened. At the time of the elections, we offered amnesty, but the opposition party encouraged the insurgents not to accept the amnesty offer, telling them that if they would remain in the jungle and support the opposition, the opposition could win the elections, form the government, and then the insurgents could come in in style, rather than coming in as the vanquished under our amnesty offer. Thus the insurgents helped the opposition in the villages. They terrorized the villagers telling them that if one vote was cast for the government, the village would be destroyed. If the opposition had not been supported by the insurgents, we calculate they would not have gained more than ten or twelve seats. And then fantastic sums of money were spent by the opposition; whereas we allowed Kyats 3,000 expenditure per candidate, we found the opposition had spent as much as Ks.200,000." You don't think that in part the people were voting against the AFPFL? "There were individual AFPFL candi-

16. Lakh (Anglo-Indian) equals 100,000 rupees; pointing above one lakh is written with a comma after the number of lakhs: thus 25,87,000 is 25 lakhs 87 thousand rupees. A crore (Indian) is ten millions, point thus: 1,00,00,000.

dates that the people would not support, individuals who have become tyrants over the people, rather than working with the masses. We are slowly cleaning these people out. We have been working for two years on reorganization which will be complete after another year. So far we have held conferences and elections on the district and village level. As for the Socialist Party, itself, we are not disbanding it and forming it again, but we are giving them indoctrination — ideological study — this was necessary."

Then U Ba Swe asked how I enjoyed the trip to Pagan, once the centre of Buddhist culture. I replied that Pagan certainly ranks as one of the most important cultural centres in the world. Ba Swe smiled and said, "and the imperialists called us barbarians, said we had no culture". He was obviously pleased with my discovery of the prejudice of the foreigner

*Interview with U Ba Swe*¹⁷
(at the Prime Minister's official residence)

March 16, 1957

U BA SWE received me in the Prime Minister's official residence; packing cases were coming in, U Nu would be taking possession on the 18th. U Ba Swe sat, wearing his usual Burmese *longyi* and white sport shirt; his Burmese slipper off of one foot to rest it on the low coffee-table in front of the couch.

I told him of my trip to Moulmein, Tavoy and Mergui, of meeting his mother, Daw Pai Lay in Tavoy, his uncle, U San Myaing at the Pagoda festival, his sister and, finally, of visiting Ohn Bin Kwin, the town in which he grew up, three miles past the Kanbauk Mine. His reaction was: "So you have seen that area, an area of mining, an area of exploitation, that depressed area; now you know why I'm a socialist: I didn't become a socialist, I was born a socialist. I left there nearly 20 years ago." I told U Ba Swe of the festival, of the raising of the Tee to the top of the Buddhist pagoda. "Yes, it's my mother's pagoda." In all of this, he appeared uninvolved, as the people there had said; it's another belief system from his own, and he didn't comment.

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17. Ba Swe was born on October 7, 1915 in Ohn Bin Kwin, on the Tenasserian coast in Burma. In his early youth he developed strong anti-imperialist sentiments. In 1937-38 he was Secretary of the powerful Students' Union in the University of Rangoon, and he helped found the Burma Revolutionary Party. He gained prominence in the strike by oil-well workers of Yennangyaung, Central Burma, in the pre-War years. One of the vice-chairpersons of the ruling AFPFL party, he held various cabinet posts: Deputy Prime Minister, Mines, Defence, and just before the AFPFL split (1957-58) he was Prime Minister from June 1956 to March 1957. Within the AFPFL, he controlled the labour union bloc and enjoyed a close relationship with the military, in particular, Brigadier Aung Gyi. In the 1960 general election held by the military caretaker government of Ne Win, the Stable AFPFL of Ba Swe and Kyaw Nyein suffered a massive defeat due to its army connection. Contrary to expectations, Ba Swe was not invited to serve in the government after the 1962 *coup*; instead he was detained for a short while, subsequently living in retirement in Rangoon where he died in 1987. Chao, *op. cit.*, 159 and information received from Bertil Lintner.

Today, being perhaps our last meeting, I wished to speak not of detail as before, but in scope. My first question, therefore, was of SUNFED,¹⁸ the proposed Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development. What did he think of its rejection in the United Nations? "There is no alternative to SUNFED. It was rejected, but we must keep fighting for it, we must bring it up again and again, this year, next year and the following year, we must struggle for it as

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18. The Colombo Plan, the FAO Report, the World Plan for Mutual Aid of the Socialist International, all stressed the deficiency in capital formation in the Third World and emphasized that until the gap was bridged it would be impossible for these countries to find sufficient funds for development. The Asian Socialist Conference meeting at Rangoon in 1956 stated: "The scarcity of capital and skill has to be made up by external assistance. Such assistance is at once a right and a claim created by past and present exploitation of the Asian countries by the developed countries." The estimates on the need for external capital varied from 17 to 40 per cent of the total foreign exchange required.

A UN report on the proposed Special United Nations Fund for Economic Development (SUNFED) pointed out that most underdeveloped countries were anxious to sever political ties that made them dependent on foreign countries, and consequently foreign public investment, so far as it should lead to new dependencies, was not welcomed. Therefore, institutions had to be created under the direct control of the UN to avoid any unwanted political linkage in the flow of aid or loans. The International Bank for Reconstruction and Development takes profitability of projects and repayment capacity into consideration and therefore is not a suitable institution to meet the requirements.

The committee which considered the proposal for the setting up of SUNFED stated: "As an institution based upon the principles of the UN Charter, the Fund in its operation and in the assistance which it gives should not serve as a means for foreign economic and political interference in the internal affairs of the assisted countries; assistance provided by the Fund should not be accompanied by any conditions of a political nature." The trend of discussion at the UN encouraged the belief that the creation of SUNFED might be made dependent on progress in disarmament, but this linkage should be rejected, while it was noted that economic development of underdeveloped areas may, in itself, lead to a decrease in world tension and expedite talks on disarmament.

there is no alternative, we need SUNFED." What was his reaction to the American position that she could not contribute to SUNFED until her defence budget was down. "Yes, we must simultaneously work for disarmament, while we continue to fight for SUNFED."

Is the SEATO analysis correct that the presence of this military alliance around neutral Burma has been a support to the independence of the country? "That is their definition. They said in the very beginning that even neutral nations such as Burma, and even India, would come under the protection of SEATO whether we joined or not. This is their concept — a concept of military alliance — of bloc politics — we cannot keep them from their interpretation. This is their mentality, their concept, in which they believe."

The British in analysing their military commitments have questioned the advisability of keeping 11,000 troops in Hong Kong, saying that certainly they could never prevent the Chinese army from marching in if they wished, and these troops could only provide a first check to give them time — and time for what — to allow the Americans to come in, which would mean America-China conflict, something they believe must be avoided at any cost. They felt that this tension between America and China was by far the greatest threat to peace. "Yes, the British have a completely different approach to China. They recognize China, have legations in China, they hold Hong Kong and know it could fall in an hour, and yet they know it's good for at least another 10 years, as China uses Hong Kong as an outlet for her trade, as a window. Even the conservatives in England feel that China should be in the UN where she could be dealt with directly rather than going through Russia. I talked with Eden about this when I met him. I believe that a change of government in America would bring recognition, if the Democrats came into power. I talked with [Adlai] Stevenson, and he certainly would have recognized China if he had become President." But could he have overruled the National Security Council? "Truman managed to fire a general. I believe a strong man in the presidency could do it. There are men in the State Department who see and understand, but right now the China lobby is strong."

What would you say to the Eisenhower concept of vacuum? "That is their mentality, they are military men looking at a situa-

tion in military terms, and they are thoroughly convinced of the correctness of their thinking. They think in terms of power politics. We were in the same situation once, when we left the Commonwealth and became independent, they thought a 'vacuum' existed in Burma, but we have kept our independence. The military are strong now, and they think in these terms of alliances, or blocs, and if you attack this concept, they will think you are a communist. I thought it was only the communists who thought if you weren't with them, you were against them, but now they have the same attitude."

What is to be the future of the Asian Socialist Conference, of which you've again been elected Chairman? "You can't look at the immediate result of the conference, it is the beginning, a building for the future. Right now there are ideological differences between the parties and within the parties. We are working to co-ordinate our policies. We wish to begin regional associations of socialists which will then belong to this overall conference. You know that Latin American socialists have formed a regional grouping. This is the beginning."

What could be the function of the Asian Socialist Conference in the liberation of Africa? "We are encouraging the Africans to set up a socialist bureau; we can help them in this. We must take an active part in the liberation movements, in nationalist struggles everywhere, for without liberation there can be no socialism."

What effect do you think the Asian socialists have had on the European socialists? "Right now the Western socialists, the Socialist International, is only an observer in the Conference. Of course, the Western socialists have been socialists at home and imperialists abroad. Our function has been to criticize them. For the first time they are beginning to take positions against colonialism, against imperialism. They are beginning to be critical of one another, this is a step forward. Now in their meetings they do discuss the imperialistic policies that their members may be involved in, whereas before they would ignore these facts. They are criticizing one another, this is a result of our refusal to join them until they have taken a clear cut stand on the question of colonialism."

Do you believe that Hungary has set back the liberalization movement within the communist countries indefinitely? "Before

Hungary I believed that the liberalization movement would go rapidly. Hungary was a mass movement, but America did exploit the situation, with her propaganda balloons, etc. That is the trouble, they were not thinking of the people, they did not think of the danger of exploiting the situation. They are not interested in the movement of the people, and they do not realize that they may do irreparable harm. But I do believe that liberalization will continue.

"I am going to America for an operation in the second week of next month. After that I shall be going through to Japan, Hong Kong and Cambodia. I hope to meet you there; aren't you planning to go on to Hong Kong or Japan?" I replied that I would look to his whereabouts through the press and try to see him. "I will try not to have publicity. I'm going into Boston Hospital to have a vein operation on my leg (and he showed me the enlarged vein at the muscle in the calf of the leg). I burned it long ago, now there is some trouble in the arteries. If the vein isn't necessary, they will cut it out, and if it is, they may replace it with a nylon vein. It will take three weeks to heal properly. The doctor has advised me to keep my leg up" (thus the foot on the table).

I heard the noise of children upstairs, and U Ba Swe volunteered: "I have seven children, four boys and three girls, and even my children, while I feel I should educate them, must then struggle as I did. I left home for school and didn't take a Kyat from my family. I, too, was a journalist for five years. I wrote as a freelancer, worked at editing, but finally I knew I had to give it up. A politician must be a man of action. When you write your ideas, you feel very satisfied, you feel you have accomplished something, but you haven't taken any action. It's very useful for a time, you learn a lot, read a lot, but if you're to be a politician, you must act. Now, sometimes I must make a speech, and I try to write, and I can't, it's been so long since I tried, but it's a good background, and you must learn control. I used to be called *Chargi* or 'Tiger', I was hotheaded, I would get angry, and feel to use my fists, but you must learn control. I'm no longer a tiger! If you're an individual, you are free to do anything and it only affects yourself, you're the only one to suffer, but if you're to struggle, everything you do affects the people, the masses, and it is for them that you and I struggle.

When you're a politician and you make a mistake, it is not you who suffer, but the people who suffer. I used to like horses and one needs a hobby, but now I've no time for such things."

In the olden days when there were horse-drawn carriages, the elegant would place exquisite, large 'buttons' at eye level on each side of the horse's bridle. Momma had collected a few of these and had made them into unique pins. She gave me two of them. The one I frequently wore held a photograph of a horse's head mounted on blue and placed under a raised, rounded thick glass. Ba Swe, who loved horses, was drawn to it, but I never offered it to him as it was from Momma; either way I would feel guilty, whether to give or not to give. When I knew this would be our last meeting, fully conscious of how beholden I was to him, how much I had learned and experienced, I gave him the pin. I've often wondered, with all that became of him, if he safekept, and whether I really had a right to give, I still don't know.

*Interview with U Kyaw Nyein*¹⁹

February 22, 1957, 4.00-5.45 p.m. at his home

KYAW NYEIN is slight, very nervous, his legs moving constantly; with an alert mind and humour, he gives generously of his time, answers systematically, and one would say fairly, not exaggerating the government's achievements. His manner does not appear to justify the almost unanimous opinion of the people that he is overly aggressive, and, if given the opportunity, would establish a dictatorship in the country. He is not arrogant in speech, does not limit questions or answers, is not pompous, snide, nor sarcastic, bigoted, as one thinks of a decorum befitting an authoritarian, but perhaps there is no authoritarian type.

There is talk of a switch in Burma from nationalization and state-sponsored industrialization over to private enterprise. How far is this true? "That is partly true, but that does not mean we are no longer socialists. When we came to power as a nationalist, if not a socialist government we could not stand to see our economy controlled by foreigners. We nationalized the waterways, the timber, the cement, the sugar, the distillery. Where we could not nationalize, we made joint ventures, as in the case of the mine at Namtu (50 per cent) and BOC (30 per cent). Let me digress a bit; you know that BOC is the father of Anglo-Iranian Oil, but the son is larger than the father, the British government owning 50 per cent and BOC only 27 per cent. Now, we have nationalized 85 per cent of the export trade and 50 per cent of the import trade, that is practically every large company in the country (we did not nationalize the Swedish Match Company). But the object of a government, whether it is socialist or stands for free enterprise, is to raise the standard of living of the country, and if you have a country of beggars and you nationalize the begging bowls, you do not affect the standard of living.

"By the end of the war, half of our country had been destroyed, first by the Japanese and then by the American bombers. But since

19. For his history, see U Nu, p.304 n.6, *supra*.

we were under the British, and the British did not want American goods coming into the country, we did not receive aid. I visited Yugoslavia and found that even they had received aid, but we did not.

"Now we have recovered to 85 per cent of the 1939 pre-war level, but how to raise the standard of living? You can do it by one of two ways: either by importing foreign capital or by tightening your belt and reducing consumption to starvation level, as the communist countries are doing. We cannot follow the latter course, the people can't take any more sacrifice. We nearly lost in the elections and, of course, we want to stay in power. We have seen that the people can sacrifice just so much for the benefit of posterity; if the level is too severe, they will revolt, as happened in Poland and Hungary where industrialization was too rapid, and we are a democracy. We cannot institute authoritarian control in order to develop that way. Then you may say to me, how will we protect ourselves against control by foreign capitalists. I think that now a sufficient proportion of the economy is controlled by the State so as to be able safely to allot a segment of the economy to private enterprise."

You have given a 10-year guarantee against expropriation. Do you think that is sufficient, especially in such areas as mining, as to attract foreign capitalists? "That's why it is a guarantee of 10 years as a *minimum* period. No, if I were a capitalist, I would not invest my money for only a ten-year period. We have also given them the right to foreign exchange for the exportation of profits and the right to close down and export their capital if they wish. We shall see what happens. We already have an offer from Lever Brothers, wherein we would have a 25 per cent share. Perhaps later we might raise the share. With BOC, we have bought 30 per cent with the right to buy up to another 51 per cent and, with ownership at 75 per cent, we shall take over the direction."

The 'Arabs receive 50 per cent of the net profits of the oil companies without investment, whereas you get 30 per cent with which you must pay off the value of your stock. "Is that excluding taxes? If so, they have a better agreement. I'd be interested to know that. But we feel we mustn't frighten them." You know that Egypt offered equally good terms to foreign capital, but it did not come in, so when Egypt nationalized the Canal, it wasn't a surprise.

"Yes, our reputation at one period was as bad as Egypt's; we are trying to regain it. (Laughs.) The thing is to raise production and to increase the standard of living of the people. So we must not frighten the capitalists."

In the Shan and Kachin States there are complaints that development is concentrated in Burma proper. During my visit, I found the only new government industry is the sugar factory outside of Myitkyina. "You know that is the fault of autonomy. The States are themselves responsible for education, health, and agriculture. We have increased production of paddy, but if we tell them they should increase cultivation, they should open new land, they may rightly tell us that this is their domain. And in the Shan State it is a problem of two governments, the government of the Saohpas (the feudal princes) and the government of the Shan State. The Saohpas even run gambling to increase their income, although it is bad for the people. Whereas in the Kachin State, where you have an opposition, they are building schools and hospitals. The Saohpas are not too interested in educating the people, which would undermine their feudal authority. An appropriation has been made to pension them off. Once there is one Shan Government, you will see some progress."

But mining, forestry, industrialization, is not left to the States, it is within your jurisdiction. "Well, we are developing power. We have a hydroelectric project in the Shan State and within one year all the Shan villages will have light. In the Kachin State, we have two projects (that the Yugoslavs are carrying out), at Bhamo and at Myitkyina, and we have another in the Chin Hills. For any kind of industrialization, you need power. Then there is the point that factories must be near the source of demand for their products. We cannot put a cement plant in Myitkyina. We must, according to the market, put everything in Rangoon or Mandalay, and then we haven't built many factories!"

I believe you have allocated 20 per cent of your expenditure over the last four years to defence, equal to the amount expended on industrial development, and the insurgents still exist. Further, it has been stated that it is impossible to hold all of the country — despite this expenditure — and yet, as I understand, the government refuses negotiations. Would you subscribe to the view that the insurgents will just 'fade away' as it were? "No, not at all. The

insurgents are militarily defeated and politically demoralized. They hit and run, and then the press reports it. Look, this town was attacked and it is only five miles from a major town, etc. With all of this activity, they are hoping to create the appearance of not having been defeated militarily. They are using guerrilla methods. The only way they can be defeated is not by the army but by setting up counter-guerrilla units comprised of civilians living in the villages. We did this two years ago, but we had to disband them, for they created another problem, as they were not properly disciplined. So where we were winning militarily, we lost politically, and we disbanded them. Now we are beginning to reconstitute those counter-guerrilla units, and we hope to have them ready in a year's time.

"As for negotiations, I must go back and trace the genesis of this problem. In 1948, the Labour Government in Britain gave us our Independence, but there were British army personnel here who would not easily leave. Before they withdrew they gave arms and incited the Karens to revolt. The Karens were to take Burma back into the Commonwealth after they formed a new government. You know, we did not agree to remain in the Commonwealth. It has always been the policy of the British to divide and rule, to use a minority to suppress the majority. In Burma, it was the minorities, Karens, Kachins, which formed the army which put down the political revolt of the majority. They were converted to Christianity and were taught to identify themselves with Christians in the West. You know you can go to the Kachin and Shan States today more easily than I could under the British. They isolated those areas from contact with Burma proper. Thus while the British withdrew, these disaffected groups remained to render our independence ineffective. It is the same thing all through Southeast Asia. In Indonesia they set the Muslims to begin the Darul Islam movement, and so on. With the communalists, we have welcomed them back as brothers. You know we have nominated a Karen for the Presidency.

"As for the communists, we were working together when in February 1948 they went to a conference in India, where, in reaction to the Marshall Plan, the Sadarnoff line was laid down, which signalled revolt all over Asia, in Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia.

The communists felt that a third world war was coming, and they didn't feel that neutral nations were reliable, therefore their duty was to institute insurrections to overthrow these governments and constitute reliable ones to hold these countries in the event of war. We told our people not to revolt against us. We asked them to stay with us, but they didn't. At that time, we were thought of as communists by the West, and as stooges of Anglo-American imperialism by Moscow. Now, we have given a period of time for amnesty, those who come in and have not committed rape or murder are free men; one ran in the elections and won! But we cannot agree to negotiations or they will return as heroes of the revolution. This would have a very bad effect on the army; the men who were loyal will feel they should have joined the insurgents; it would be a bad lesson for the people. Democracy is alien to our culture, it is a new plant and must be guarded. We must teach the people that it is of no use to revolt, that it is of no advantage.

"How can we trust the insurgents. You know they recently killed the father-in-law of U Ba Swe and of Col. Kyi Win (Commander of the Chauk area). It was purposeful. You can imagine how they feel, it is one thing to revolt, another to commit political murder simply because he is their father-in-law, and we know it was done under instructions. Then you may have read, they killed the district AFPFL leader from Prome, but we do not kill them. Not one has been hung, at most they are imprisoned for life. Could you trust such people, yourself? Then, we have no guarantee that a part of them may come out while a group remains underground."

Would you not consider that the character of international communism has changed, with the admission that non-violent means can also achieve their ends? And is it not possible that the communists in Burma find themselves in an anachronistic position in being in armed revolt against the government and do really seek negotiations? "You know we discussed this at the Asian Socialist Conference in Bombay. The Japanese gave a paper on the question. We do not believe there has been any change in essence. We consider this a tactical rather than an ideological change. If you read *State and Revolution*, this is communism; as long as the communists do not admit to opposition, it is not a basic change. They may use

this as a tactic to gain power, but it is only tactical. Moscow informed others not to take it too seriously, and now Mao Zedong has gone along with Moscow. Are we not seeing a return to the Stalinist line?"

But how do you think the people are reacting to this continued strife? They have begun peace petitions in the Pakokku area, and how do the people react? "Of course, if you ask the peasant, he wants peace, he doesn't care if he lives under our government or a communist government, though he may prefer us to be the government, for he has had an experience of the insurgents, or he may just prefer the devil he knows to the devil he doesn't know. But in the towns among the middle class, they definitely want us, if only because they do not want the communists. We campaigned on this in the last two elections and we won; the opposition stood for negotiations."

But the opposition did increase its seats. Could this not be a reflection of an attitude for negotiations? "Partly. But it is largely the result of high prices. We tried to bring the prices down just before the elections. Perhaps also because we have been in power for a long time."

You say that you are prepared to admit anyone who surrenders. Would you accept the surrender of Than Tun as well, without trying him, and admit to his right to enter politics? "That is a good question. I cannot answer. You know we are a group, and I am not Prime Minister. If I were, I would answer you directly. But certainly we are not blood-thirsty!"

On the question of the three Kachin villages. I have been told that the Chinese produced documents showing their right to the villages, and thus Burma agreed. The Western press, however, and admittedly their coverage might have been biased, interpreted this as reflecting Burma's not having the power to deny China's claim. What would you say to this? "No, not at all. They have documents it is true, but we have an equally good historical claim to these villages. Actually, if there were a Kachin State, neither one of us would have a claim to those villages! But there is not, and as our respective administrations have pushed out, we came into conflict as to whose area it was, while before it was just a no-man's-land. We did not wish to have conflict with China. Then there is the

number 1 assigned tract [Nam Wan Assigned Tract] which the British had leased from China, and which is an integral part of our country." Has the immigration from China increased? "It can be controlled."

What is your attitude towards SEATO? "We belong to the Colombo Powers²⁰ which are all against any military alignment; our neutral policy is clearly laid down."

20. The Cold War had just begun, and Washington had not yet formulated any clear strategy to counter communism in Asia. But the British Commonwealth had exactly that purpose in mind when it launched its so-called Colombo Plan, an aid scheme created at a foreign ministers' conference in the Ceylonese (now Sri Lankan) capital in January 1950: it was a mini-version of the ambitious, US-directed Marshall Plan which had been designed to contain the influence of the Soviet Union in Europe. See Lintner, *op. cit.*, 99.

*Interview with Justice Party leader Dr. E Maung,
former Supreme Court Justice*

February 27, 1957 at his home

WHAT bills do you intend to move in the next session? "I am introducing an Amnesty Bill this morning to legalize the amnesty offer. The government declared that anyone not guilty of the crimes of rape, dacoity and murder was free to come in, but when it came to the High Court, the Judge ruled that this amnesty offer was just a "scrap of paper", as Wilhelm said of the treaties, and that to be binding it must be put in the form of law. The government will be in a difficult situation if they vote against it. They have said: 'How can we trust the insurgents?', and the insurgents feel 'How can we trust the Government?' My bill, if passed, will give assurances to the insurgents that the amnesty offer is law. I think the government can't afford to stand against this bill, to stand against the implementation of the amnesty. I believe they may reword it and introduce it themselves. Well, I don't mind. I don't want it to be my bill, I want it passed. I know they had a meeting about it yesterday with the Attorney General."

The government claims they cannot negotiate and allow the 'insurgents' to return as heroes of the revolution, that it would be dangerous to allow the principle of insurrection to succeed. And, on the other hand, the government admits that it is very difficult militarily to hold every area of the country. What do you say to this? "I don't believe the government wants to settle the insurrection. They know that if they settle, they will fall." Why do you say they would necessarily fall? "They have been in power for eight years. That's long enough for any party in a democracy. If the insurrection were over, they would have to disband their irregular forces, and the opposition would win." If the opposition can be so certain of victory over the AFPFL if the insurrection is over, would it not be in their interests to come in under the amnesty, providing there are assurances that Than Tun and others would then be free to act on a political level? "Yes, and they will come in under the amnesty, if I can get this bill passed which would give them legal assurance."

In some cases the government had not prosecuted those insurgents coming in under amnesty because they hadn't wanted to, but when those former insurgents began to work politically, they were detained. So prosecution has become a political weapon. "I'm moving another bill this week which will improve the situation, that would do away with the harsh criminal law which now exists. Such acts as the 'Defence of the Realm', other countries had during the war, but here it is still in force, laws which can be used against any opposition. If I can get this through, it will give further assurance. The insurgents have objected to these acts."

Why do you think the AFPFL lost more seats during the elections? "Because they are no longer a viable party. They should break up and reconstitute themselves. U Nu is pulling in one direction and Kyaw Nyein in another. If they broke up perhaps Nyein could do something and so could U Nu." If they broke up who do you think would command the most support? "Both have support, but if the AFPFL broke, I believe the Nationalist United Front would break up as well, with the People's United Party and the Burma Workers' and Peasants' Party joining U Nu. As for my Justice Party, I will remain in the opposition as long as there is a need for me to exist and hope that good government will render my party obsolete! I stand now for justice, for the implementation of the people's rights. The Constitution provides for freedom and equality, and I stand for its implementation. If there is freedom, and the people want the communists, I say they have a right to it, and if they say that they are anti-communist, they have a right to it, but perhaps this is because I was trained under the British.

"The trouble with the AFPFL is that all of the present government, both the Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, learned administration under the Japanese. They all worked in the Japanese government! My party is strictly legalistic, not economic, so either I'll be in the opposition or out of politics. We did not give any support to U Nu as a candidate for Prime Minister, but we said we would not vote against him. We can't support him because it is all the same; they are not individuals, but are all part of the AFPFL, and we cannot judge them as individuals. I believe it is the function of the opposition to remain in the opposition for at least

another three years, but I'm afraid they may be tempted to join in the government."

Do you think U Nu will invite them? "Yes, I think he will, but I think they should not. The AFPFL must break, it cannot go on as it is." And in such a break where do you think U Ba Swe will go? "Initially, he would probably join U Nu, but eventually he would have to leave and join Kyaw Nyein!" And yourself, you would not join U Nu? "No, despite the fact that we are very good friends. I have a soft spot in my heart for him and he for me, but I don't think he can be Prime Minister."

How would you differentiate between the People's United Party and the Burma Workers' and Peasants' Party? "I think the People's United Party looks to Russia for inspiration, and the Burma Workers' and Peasants' Party looks to China. And then you may say that the former is more theoretical, and the latter more practical. But my party is for the implementation of the law, and their emphasis is on economics."

And on foreign policy? "On foreign policy, our NUF has agreed to disagree, as a unit, of course. We support the government's foreign policy, but as for myself I am pro-British! During the meetings they held on the Egyptian question, I refused to go along. I supported Britain, rather than Egypt! I hope that doesn't shock you."

How many seats did your party take in the elections? "As a front, 45. My party won 14 out of the 18 seats we contested, the BWPP and PUF took 11 seats, and the rest are independents." Were the elections free? "No, there were malpractices. For instance, there were two candidates from the area of Deputy Premier Thakin Tin (and I don't know about these Deputy Premiers, they are not provided for in the Constitution), and both were declared ineligible. In the one case, the man gave his age as 30, but the register said 29, and therefore they said it was invalid because the ages listed were not the same. In the other case, the man gave his age as 30 and was registered as 30, but his was declared invalid because now it was a year later and therefore he must be a year older than the last recorded age! In another case, the votes were counted by the Commissioner, who counted 1,400 opposition and 1,000 for the AFPFL, but he turned round and

recognized the AFPFL candidate as the winner! So far I have submitted 15 petitions against such malpractices. I have told and urged my colleagues to petition all such cases, but they haven't. Perhaps it's because it demands 1,000 Kyats to submit such a petition, and all our candidates are not in a position to raise 1,000 Kyats. In some cases, I have put up the 1,000 Kyats myself, as well as submitting the petition. But I'm not able to put up the money for everyone."

*Interview with Sao Khun Hkio, Foreign Minister
and Head of the Shan State*

February 25, 1957; March 21, 1957

SAO Khun Hkio, the Foreign Minister of the Union of Burma, is the Prince (Saohpa) of Mōng Mit and the head of the Shan State; it is in his latter capacity that the interview was carried on.²¹ Next February with the closure of ten years of the Union, the Shan State has the constitutional right of secession,²² thus the overriding necessity — in the very interest of the Union — to evaluate, without false pride, the real situation within the State. Reality is primarily a psychological thing, the thing and the thing perceived, and man acts or reacts in terms of what he *believes* to be true. In the

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21. Both *Sao* and *Khun* are Shan titles reserved for the ruling families. Sao (Chao) Khun Hkio graduated from Cambridge and succeeded to the princship in 1925. Just before the war, he served in one of the two Shan battalions raised for the oncoming conflict. After the war, though not politically active, he was chosen by his peers to succeed Chao Sam Toon (killed together with Aung San) in the central government. As Head of the Shan State, he got on well with U Nu and other AFPFL leaders. He played a crucial role in obtaining British aid and sympathy for the AFPFL when communist and Karen rebels held almost all towns and controlled all roads and railways. Though Khun Hkio did not support the growing anti-Burman feeling in the Shan State, he was by the late 1950s forced to recognize the existing constitutional imbalance and the suffering of the population caused by the extra-legal powers exercised by Burma's army chiefs. In 1960, as Head of the Shan State (his second tenure), he accepted suggestions by non-princely leaders such as U Kya Bu, Panglong Khun Htee, U Toon Myint Lay and Thaton Hla Pe, for constitutional reform. Khun Hkio used his considerable skill and diplomacy to bring together state governments and leaders behind the proposal for constitutional amendments, resulting in the historic Taunggyi conference of 1961. However, U Nu and the AFPFL to whom this move was addressed, although popularly elected, had lost control of the army. In 1962, like many prominent Shans, Khun Hkio was jailed for five years without trial. On release, he lived quietly in Rangoon before being allowed to resettle in Britain. See Chao, *op. cit.*, 182.
22. See U Nu, p.308, n.10, *supra*.

Shan State as well, there is the thing and the thing perceived. The writer discussed with Sao Khun Hkio in an attempt to separate these two aspects of reality. If conflict has arisen, then what is the cause of this conflict? How far is this conflict based on objective fact and what portion of it is subjective perception?

The writer asked if it was not the army, an army seen by the Shans or by their Saohpas as 'Burman', which precipitated the feeling that they are repressed? Sao Khun Hkio replied that it was indeed the army, an army which for a time lacked the necessary discipline "A boy has nothing to do, so he joins the army, and in his leisure he has nothing to do, and so he does as all armies do. Then there were those in command who were anti-Saohpa, but their methods were such that the people finally swung round against them. The people seemed to feel that whatever the Saohpas were, they were at least better than the anti-Saohpa elements. The military administration of the Southern Shan State didn't help matters (the Southern Shan sub-states are many and consequently less powerful than the sub-states of the North). Then there was the interference at the time of the elections in Taunggyi. I heard about it and went to see Colonel Aung Gyi. First, I spoke to U Ba Swe about it, and then I went to the War Office. However, it was too late, as it was a day before the elections.

"The army is all right now. In Lashio, the administrative centre of the Northern Shan State, there is no trouble, aside from a personal thing between the Saohpa of Hsipaw and General Ne Win, which then became a difference between Colonel Chit Myaing of Lashio and the Hsipaw Saohpa. Other than this personal affair, there is no trouble concerning the army in Lashio. In Kengtung²³ (where the KMT are) there is one battalion which is not too good. And now the trouble in the Kalaw/Taunggyi area should be over. Richard, the administrator of Mong Kung, asked Colonel Tun Sein, who is in charge of Kalaw, for some troops — they both studied in England at the same time — and he immediately provided them, when he could have delayed had he wished.

"The difficulty is that what is done by an individual is interpreted as being done under orders from Rangoon — from the

23. The largest Shan sub-state with an area of 12,000 sq.m.

Government — or from the AFPFL executive, and my colleagues, the Saohpas, are shy, they will not come openly and tell U Nu, or even me for that matter, what they feel. They shun company; when they come to Rangoon, they would not think to seek an interview with the Ministers, and they're narrow-minded. I invite them to receptions to let them meet people, to extend their horizon, and what do they do but sit together in a group. Then they complain, yet they're not capable of sustained effort. I have to fight to get them to come down to Taunggyi for meetings, and it's difficult to hold them, after five days, they are nervous and want to get back. Some of them put forth ideas and plans, like the Saohpa of Kengtung (Sao Sai-luang, a young man of about 30, educated in Australia) and the Saohpa of Hsipaw (Sao Kya Seng, about 35 years old, with a mining degree from Golden, Colorado).²⁴ He had a scheme for mining, which eventually he gave up for lack of capital, and now he has a scheme for opening new agricultural lands, but they are the exceptions."

Some of the Saohpas complained to the writer of insufficient funds, saying that while the Union of Burma only gives the Shan State K.125 lakhs, the revenue from the Namtu Mine alone is K.12,000,000 in taxes and 3½ million Kyats being 50 per cent of the profit. "That's the trouble, they work out these unreal figures. I have a financial adviser attached to the Shan State, a retired Indian Civil Service man, and if they're interested to work out such a figure, why don't they go to him and do it thoroughly. They complained to U Nu of insufficient funds, and he told them that if they were willing to revise the tax structure of the Shan State equal to the taxation in Burma proper, and they were still short of funds for development, he would get that money for them, but that until this was done, he didn't feel justified to seek additional funds. He asked them to set up a committee to study this, but they didn't; it takes sustained effort, and they're not up to it. Their life in their states as Saohpas is a matter of three hours work a day, if that much; I know because I led that life; this gives them sufficient time

24. The writer had the pleasure of discussing with both of these Saohpas; re Sao Sai-luang, *see* 347-8 *infra*; re Sao Kya Seng, *see* 343-4, 350-2, 372-4 *infra*.

to make a study of what they want, but they don't do it. Now we have a three-year plan for which we will receive 6 crores from the Union Government plus about 50 lakhs from the Japanese reparations agreement. And then the army helps us from their budget to open up roads (such a road and bridge are being built in the Southern Wa States)."

In Yugoslavia, they encourage ethnic groups culturally, giving them this channel for expression of their distinctness to head off having it expressed in political terms. "Quite; all the communist countries do this. But it is more complicated in the Shan States because in the North we have Jinghpaws (the dominant ethnic group in the Kachin State) and we have other small groups within the State. In the Southern Shan States, where the people are close to the Burmans, they know Burmese, but in the interior, they don't, so Shan is and must be the medium of communication. A prerequisite is the construction of basic infrastructure; as I said, the army is helping with this. Then there is the problem of translation."

When you went to Mungshi (Mangshih?) in the People's Republic of China (50 miles inland from the shared border) what did you find was the situation of the Shans there, what of the 'Free T'ai State'? I've wondered what exactly this conference was about; one Saohpa described it to me as a 'picnic'. (Laughing) "Yes it was a bit of a picnic to them. I suppose it was largely to have our people meet their people, to let them understand that there were Shans and Kachins on that side of the border as well. As you cross over, it is the same topography as on our side, and the road is good. Mungshi will be the administrative headquarters of the 'Free T'ai State'. They have three-storey buildings there, painted white, and to the casual observer they're impressive, but they are only coated with white lime. I don't know what they're used for — meetings I suppose — but the Shans and their Saohpas have no administrative control, they are controlled from Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province, which is governed by a Chinese; effective control is in Chinese hands. But as you said, they are encouraging them culturally, their dances and literature. The women wear the Shan and Jinghpaw (Kachin) costumes, and the men dress as the Chinese do, in blue or black uniforms."

Is the script they use readable by the Shans of the Union of Burma? "No, it is different. I brought some books back with me, mostly school texts."

Is the military obvious there? Would your Shans feel that the Shans of China are militarily held? "Of course, the border is well guarded. But, no, I did not see the military, I don't know where they had put them. As for the police, one could not distinguish them, as all wear black uniforms."

What effect do you believe this had on the Shans who went to Mungshi? "I think our people realized that we in Burma have more administrative authority over ourselves than do the Shans in China." But was the economic development impressive? "Yes, Mungshi is being built up as a show-piece of the Free T'ai State."

The writer shared with Sao Khun Hkio her impression that the Shans did gain a sense of themselves from this trip. "Don't you think they realized this before?" Yes, they realized their power historically, but that is a historical pride, however, going there today, in this year, and seeing Shans did increase their image of themselves, that is why it was so adept of the Chinese to call this the 'Free T'ai State'. Some of the Shans began talking to the writer in these terms: 'The T'ais are 80 million strong' "Yes, Cambodia and certainly the Laos are T'ai, and over into Assam province in India."

Do you believe that secession is a possibility in the Shan State? "No, it's not practical, how could we get on by ourselves?" While I may agree with you that it is impractical, nevertheless there are those who do speak of it; they've not thought it through, I've found that, but they feel it. "That is the trouble, but then I don't believe they can get the agreement of all the Shans, there are 33 sub-states to consider. There are those who will exploit existing or past grievances, of course."

When you and U Nu go to China — they left on that very day — will it be to sign the agreement over the three Kachin villages? "I don't believe so. We are going to Kin Khawa in Yunnan, and I don't believe Zhou En-lai will be there. It's just that when U Nu was there the last time the people invited him to Yunnan for a visit, and that is what he is doing now."

The Shans Ponder

January 22-26, 1957

THE Shans are the largest non-Burman ethnic group in the Union of Burma. They inhabit a plateau area in the east central and northeast portion of Burma, occupying mainly the region east of the Irrawaddy and Sittang valleys, south of Bhamo District and north of the Kayah (formerly Karenni) State, and bordering on China, Laos and Thailand. The average elevation is 3,000 feet; its area 58,000 square miles, approximately the size of Michigan in the United States. In 1957, the Shans were estimated to be one and one half to two million. The Salween River serves to cut off and isolate the eastern sub-states, making them rather inaccessible from the rest of the Shan States and from Burma proper. Kengtung, a sub-state, is geographically more closely linked with Thailand, and this fact, plus the ethnic and cultural affinity of the Shans with T'ais, has political implications in this remote and unstable region. There are thirty-three Shan sub-states, each originally headed by a Saohpa or feudal prince. The states are administratively grouped into five districts, each with a Resident: Taunggyi, Kengtung, Loilem, Lashio (the old capital of the Northern Shan States) and the Northeastern Special District (formerly the Wa states). The sub-states vary from the smallest of 24 square miles, to Kengtung of 12,000 square miles. The populations of the sub-states vary from 2,000 in Sakoi to 226,000 in Kengtung. The average density for the Shan State as a whole was about 26.5 persons per square mile. Shans refer to themselves as T'ai and are linguistically related to the Siamese.²⁵

I arrived in Taunggyi, the capital of the Shan State government, on January 22, 1957, at a time when meetings were being held by the heads of the Shan sub-states, thirty-three Ministers in all. Apparently, there had been a statement by one of the Ministers to the effect that the Shan State should withdraw from the Union of Burma. In 1947 the Federated Shan States, formed in 1922, had to decide whether to

25. I'm indebted to Brant, Charles S., "The Shans", *Human Relations Area Files, Burma*, v.11, New Haven, 1956, XII, 622-5, for the above data.

remain under British rule which limited the real power of the Saohpas, or to enter the Union of Burma, led by the Socialist-oriented AFPFL. The Saohpas felt threatened by either choice. Their decision lay with the Union of Burma, with the proviso that they could withdraw after a ten-year period if they so wished;²⁶ February 12, 1958 would be the date when theoretically they could make that decision. U Nu, President of the AFPFL and designated Prime Minister, is the good negotiator who was here in the Shan capital along with Foreign Minister Sao Khun Hkio, who is also the Head of the Shan State. I arrived just two hours before this discussion, but I considered it theoretical, as visible everywhere was the presence of the Union of Burma Army, and the Shans have no comparable military force.

On the 23rd, discussions took place for three hours on the grievances of the Shans, who seemed to have responded in unison that the problem was the army. Their complaint was that the army is made up of Burmans who deal with the Shans as superiors to inferiors: "They seem to wish to be as the British were before them." The Shans led U Nu to understand that none of the Saohpas thought of seceding from the Union as long as the Shans were treated as equals, but the army did not treat them equally. They also complained that in the last election the army intervened to secure the election of nine opposition candidates, while the Saohpas won sixteen seats. U Nu admitted this had happened, but laid the responsibility with the local commander, the head of the 20,000 Brigade stationed here, and he assured the Saohpas that the commander was not acting on orders from the central government. The Saohpas also alleged the army had brought disturbances to the area. U Nu replied that that was when the Chinese Guomintang KMT invaded, and it was necessary to send in the army, however he did admit that this force was quickly constituted and did contain some undesirables, even dacoits, and while he assured the Shans he would rectify all of this when again he was Prime Minister at the end of March, he did not specify what exactly he would do. And, incredibly, U Nu went on to assure the Saohpas

26. See interview with U Nu, p.308, n.10, *supra*.

that the attitude of superiority manifested in the behaviour of the army towards the Shans was not unique as this was the behaviour of the army all over the country and must be corrected!

The Saohpas had long ago agreed to relinquish their power, but to a Shan State government and not to the government of the Union of Burma. However, the Shan State government had no money to pay them compensation. The Shan masses apparently support the Saohpas, and the army has only succeeded to intervene in the smaller southern Saohpa states, not in the north where the Saohpas are stronger. The Shans described themselves as too simple compared to the Burmans who have been in politics for many years.

The head of the Shan State is also the Foreign Minister. Some of the Saohpas asked that he not hold two posts at once, but others said, let him, for then he will have more power or at least influence with the central government. But they asked that a deputy head of state be appointed with full authority during the absence of the head of state, which was agreed, but when the Saohpas returned to the Shan State from Rangoon they were informed this would not be appropriate and instead an Assistant would be appointed, but without full powers. They also alleged they were threatened that if the Hill People's League (or Association) did not accept to affiliate with the AFPFL, the opposition would move a bill to abolish the Saohpas authority. The Saohpas no longer receive the state income as before. The Union government gives 125 lakhs of Kyats a year. Forty per cent is given to the government and of the remaining sixty per cent, either fifteen or twenty-five per cent remains to the Saohpas, and the balance must be used for carrying out the administration of the Saohpas' states.

And now the issue was raised as to what the central government had agreed with the Israelis on the cultivation of a *million acres* in the Shan State with wheat, barley, and soy bean. Shan students protested saying "The Jews are known all over the world", and now the Union government has changed the wording from "in the Shan State" to "within the Union of Burma" and has said that initially only 400 acres would come under experimentation. The Shans were also told that this is a matter which comes within the purview of foreign policy and as such is the prerogative of

the Union. While the Israelis will purchase the wheat from Burma, in return the Burmese are to make purchases from Israel. Further, the Israelis will set up a tyre factory, utilizing Burma's rubber, and they will buy the produce; and still other projects are under consideration. "The Israelis will employ us Shans to work for them; they have the capital! One million acres, imagine how many Israelis will be brought in, but the Shan students realize this and will never allow it to happen."

The Shan leaders did not doubt that the Union government is determined to undermine them. In the municipal election for Taunggyi, out of thirteen seats, the opposition People's Freedom League received three seats, and in the municipal election for Kalaw, out of six seats the opposition took two. When asked if the opposition representatives were socialists, came the reply, "No, not necessarily, they are anything, but the criteria seems to be that they are in total opposition to anything that we Saohpas do."

On January 24, in discussions with the Minister of Information of the Shan State and Secretary General of the Hill People's League, as well as Sao Kya Seng, the Saohpa of Hsipaw, I questioned that in their agreement to relinquish their powers they insisted on retaining legislative power, while the Constitution gave them that power as Saohpas, to which they would no longer be entitled. Their response was that this is not true for Saohpa is a title, as you have Lords in England, and those titles would be retained regardless of their relinquishing their administrative powers. When I asked if they stood for union or secession, they replied: "Before we finally enter into the Union, I believe there should be a proviso that the Constitution can not be changed except with the agreement of the State concerned, so that Article 154, Part II, will not be altered after we have relinquished our powers." This refers to the Second Schedule of the Constitution of the Union of Burma, 'Composition of the Chamber of Nationalities'. The composition of the Chamber represented an attempt to create a political instrumentality which would ensure the 'minority' people of Burma an appropriate voice in the determination of government policy, under which the Shan State would have 25 Representatives out of the 125, the other 100 going

to the Karens (24), Kachins (12), Chins (8), Kayah (3), and "representatives of the remaining territories of the Union (53)".²⁷

On January 25, I had a meeting with the Saohpa of Hsipaw and also the Minister of Education. They alleged the army had intervened in the elections. The Union government rationalizes its presence as being solely for the purpose of countering the Chinese Guomintang (KMT), whereas for two years military administration has existed in twenty-two of the sub-states, although at no time in Kengtung in the east where the KMT have incurred! Since the army came, there has been more trouble than before; their number has increased from twenty or thirty thousand to eighty thousand; of course, this could not be done systematically or thoroughly, and they felt the army should be completely withdrawn.

On January 26, I met with U Tun Aye (MP for Namkham), the leader of the People's Freedom League, who alleged they had twenty thousand members in the Shan State. He informed that their party was formed in 1952, but in 1954, at the urging of U Ba Swe, they joined the Hill People's League. The Pa-Os were with us until then, but this made them break away and go underground. Then finally we broke with the Hill People's League. "It was wrong to have joined them in the first place, as it was apparent this could not hold." When asked what he thought of the suggestion that the Hill People's League affiliate with the AFPFL, he replied: "This is a mistake, even if they affiliate, it cannot last, it will break." Don't you think it might be wise for the time being to affiliate, not to threaten the Saohpas until they relinquish their power and until this question of secession has passed? "No. I am more afraid of the communists than driving the Saohpas into an extreme position. The existence of the Saohpas gives the communists a clear-cut rationale to attack. They say to the people that the Saohpas are sucking their blood, and if there is affiliation, they will say the AFPFL is associated with the feudalists. The communists hold much of the ridges around here; they have been driven out of

27. Somit, Albert and Welsh, Janet, "The Constitution and Government of Burma" in *Human Relations Area Files, Burma*, v.11, New Haven, 1956, XVII, 927.

Lower and Central Burma and are working their way north. They are coming into the Shan areas, headed for the border with China.

"I have been telling the government that unless the Saohpas relinquish their rights and there is freedom for the Shans to begin a political battle on class lines, the Shan will be the first State to be communist within the Union. The Saohpas must relinquish their power as quickly as possible. The money has already been appropriated: five million Kyats or one million US dollars. I voted for the appropriation in October 1956, it is a cheap way to buy a revolution. They must then change Article 154, Part II, as the right to twenty-five non-elected seats in the Chamber of Nationalities was given to the Saohpas, and they will not then be Saohpas. There must be political freedom in the Shan State, and let them stand or fall in free elections. At that juncture, the AFPFL should open a branch here. The People's Freedom League will join, and the head of State, as well as the more progressive elements of the Hill People's League may also join, and we will begin the political battle on class lines, as we must.

"In the coming session of Parliament, an opposition party will move a bill to abolish the right of the Shans to twenty-five seats, and we will vote with them, although until now we have supported the AFPFL. The thing I am afraid of are the communists, not the Saohpas. The Saohpas have very little backing. We saw what happened to them during the Japanese occupation. They were taken away with their families, and they went alone, the people did not support them. If there is freedom, the Saohpas will not have support. The people fear them. In the past our people have been beaten and killed. They have oppressed us terribly, so if there is freedom, they will have no support."

Asked if he considered that if the Saohpas were threatened they might be driven to secession, he replied, "It is not easy, first they have to have a two-thirds majority, which they will not have, and second, it is subject to referendum. We have nine seats, and we will vote against it, as will the Hill People's League. All this talk of secession I believe comes from the Saohpa of Hsipaw. When I was in Denver, I met him and he talked so progressively saying they must relinquish their powers, but when he returned, I do not know what happened. I was near his area, and I asked to go and speak

with him, but he refused to see me. I believe it is he who has encouraged the northern Shans towards this extreme position."

When asked of his party's ideology, he said it follows the AFPFL, the socialist group. "But it is not wise to declare ourselves as socialists now. I constantly told the government in Rangoon, we must push ahead quickly. They overestimate the power of the Saohpas and underestimate the power of the communists in this area." Provocatively, I said that even if the Saohpas relinquish executive and judicial power, they insist to retain legislative power under Article 154, Part II of the Constitution. He responded: "A Saohpa is one who administers. There was a court case where an individual was prosecuted by the government for using the name Saohpa, and the court's decision was that Saohpa refers only to those who administer."

On January 26th, I had an interview with another Minister who is a Saohpa who shared that "In their hearts they are for secession, but they are afraid to say so. I say this to you because I trust you, but if the government knew, they would arrest me." He then asked: "What do you think, could the Shans be independent?" In response I urged realism. "Firstly, the Union of Burma, itself, is in a difficult enough position trying to retain both its independence and its neutrality. Secondly, the army of the Union is here in the Shan State. If you were to fight for independence, you would need arms and from where would you receive them? If from Thailand, from the Americans, China would be justified to intervene. If from China, against your own class interests, America would intervene, at least to the extent of giving full military support to the Union Government." And I opined a solution should be sought within the Union. "Have you spoken your grievances frankly to U Nu or to the head of the Shan States?" "No, we have not, we said some things, but not our total attitude." Naïvely, perhaps, I urged him to do so, for how could U Nu deal with their situation if he was not aware of the depth of their alienation. He elaborated that "The problem is one of Burmanization; at least one hundred posts in the government are held by Burmans. Even we Ministers have no real authority. We are only a consultative body to the Head of State, if he wishes our advice. The trouble is that they don't trust us. All over the Union there is dissatisfaction with the Burmans. Why? At first the army armed the Pa-Os against us; now they, themselves, attack the army. I believe a Commonwealth

status would be the best solution to our problem; as you say, independence for the Shans is not practical. But now we are completely at the mercy of the Union. We receive only 125 lakhs a year from the Union, and we have another 60 lakhs ourselves. Out of the famous no. 2 mine we receive only a ten per cent royalty." He asked if I would please tell them frankly in Rangoon the opinion of the Saohpas, and I promised I would, but I asked: don't you have confidence in U Nu? "Yes, in U Nu, but not in those socialists, and U Nu is pulled by them. He says he left office to deal with party reorganization, but everyone knows it is because of the pressure from the socialists. U Ba Swe is also the Minister of Defence, so the high officers are socialists, and, of course, the army here in the Shan State is against us."

U Tin, Councilor of the State Government felt that "the trouble is largely one of procedure. It is better to take a bit of time initially to gain the consent of the Shan State government than to spend so much time later on trying to explain why we have done what we did. The trouble is those chaps in Rangoon get a brain-wave and off they go, and they overlook procedures." Asked if the question of the Israelis gaining the use of Shan land fell into this category of procedural error, he answered, "Yes, I would think so, initially. However, when the Israelis come to draw up a contract, I will have many conditions ready. If they favour A, B, C, or D plan, I am ready. Within the Constitution, I am prepared to fight for the Shans."

On January 25th, I met the Australian-educated Saohpa of Kengtung, Sao Sai-luang,²⁸ who affectionately is called 'Shorty'. He is an articulate person of about 30 years old, but appeared much younger. He categorically declared: "In Kengtung we are T'ais, as

28. Sao (Chao) Sai-luang was the Saohpa of Kengtung until 1962. A minor when the Kengtung prince Sao (Chao) Kawngtai died, he was educated in Australia and returned to Kengtung only after World War II. As Saohpa, he was well-loved by the people and did much to foster education in Kengtung, especially by providing grants to university students from Kengtung. Sai-luang also lent his support to nationalist activist groups such as the Shan State Students' Association and the Shan Literary Society in both the universities in Rangoon and Mandalay. He was highly regarded by all sections of Shan society and
continued p. 348

are all Shans. I do not know from where that word Shan came! Geographically we are closer to Thailand; if there were no restrictions, our trade would more naturally be with Thailand. We are separated from Burma by the Salween River. Culturally as well, we are closer to Thailand. Our language is mutually understandable. During the Japanese occupation, Kengtung was ceded to Thailand in exchange for the Thais' political co-operation, but the Thais treated our people very badly. That was short-sighted on their part." To U Nu, the Saohpa had said this and added: "It's up to the Burman not to make the same mistake as did the Thais." The State of Kengtung has also deserved special treatment. U Tin told me it warranted a ten-gun salute, with only nine for the other Saohpa states!

In another discussion on the 26th, I was told that in a meeting with the Head of the Shan State, Sai-luang had said that the Saohpas must make clear to the people that they were relinquishing their power for the good of the people as a whole and were retaining their legislative power also in their interest. "But the problem is that when we relinquish power, if there is more trouble with the Burmans, our people will blame us for relinquishing our powers. If they would only treat us with respect, everything would be all right, but they don't. It will take years to undo what they have done. They never trusted us right from the beginning. Even the police are Burmans. We sent our fellows down to Rangoon for training, but they were rejected and sent back. What can we say? It is a mess, I don't know what will happen in the future." When asked if he had shared this frankly with U Nu, he answered that since the Head of the Shan State is also the Foreign Minister and close to U Nu, he would suppose he had told him. But when I asked if they had raised their complaints frankly with the Head of State, he laughed and replied: "No, we have not, I guess some don't trust him since he is so close to the Burmans."

continued n. 28

would have become a key national figure were it not for the 1962 *coup*. Sai-luang, like many Shan princes and prominent figures, was imprisoned for five years without trial. After his release, he was included in Ne Win's 33-member 'advisory council', but the federal structure the council recommended was never implemented. Sai-luang lived in Rangoon and was highly esteemed by Rangoon's diplomatic community. He died a few years ago. See Chao, *op. cit.*, 222-3.

Visit to Hsipaw

February 9, 1957

WE drove to Lashio, stopping at Hsenwi to see the Administrator, who is also the Saohpa of Hsenwi. He told us that in Lashio — about 30 miles down the road — a demonstration was going on by the Shans. At least a hundred trucks and fully-loaded buses had gone there to demonstrate. We rushed there to find the Shan flag flying from every truck with slogans, written in Shan and in Burmese, proclaiming: "We don't want those who are traitors" / "The Affairs of the Shans must be settled by the Shans." February 12th next year will be ten years after the Panglong Agreement signed with General Aung San²⁹ when the Shans agreed to enter the Union on condition they could secede after ten years if that were to be their collective will. The Panglong Agreement can not be read without the essential rider in Clause Five which dealt with the powers of the central government in Rangoon:

It will not operate in respect of the Frontier Areas in any manner which would deprive any portion of these areas of the autonomy which it now enjoys in internal administration. Full autonomy in internal administration for the Frontier Areas is accepted in principle.³⁰

29. This greatly respected leader was assassinated on July 19, 1947. In Rangoon, I had the honour to meet his widow, Daw Khin Kyi, a warm-faced, intelligent woman, the mother of three, a Christian nurse who cared for Aung San when he was injured in the war.

"What was I as his wife? I was his wife, as such a man needs a wife. No, I'm not involved in politics. My husband worked in politics; now, I work in social services. And then if you've suffered, it's easier to work with those who suffer, and you feel better. There are many who lost their lives in the independence struggle. I'm not the only one [to lose a husband]."

It's now their daughter, Aung San Suu Kyi, who sacrifices her personal self to return power to the people for whom her father gave his life.

30. For the full text of the Panglong Agreement, see Silverstein, Josef, *Burmese Politics: The Dilemma of National Unity* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1980) 107-8, cited in Lintner, op. cit., 81.

That night at a party at the club, the Special Commissioner, who is also the Saohpa of Hsenwi, confided that as Saohpas they must relinquish their powers and give freedom to the people, but without outside interference. On Thursday, February 7, Colonel Chit Myaing, a Burman who is in charge of the area, spoke of the demonstration: "I don't know if these people know why they had been brought here. The Saohpas must go!"

On Saturday, the 9th, we left Lashio for Hsipaw, a drive of an hour and a half. We went to the home of the Saohpa, Sao Kya Seng, where we also met his Austrian wife Inge, *nee* Eberhard, and their lovely daughter Mayari. They invited me to stay with them until Sunday when they would send me to Mandalay in their Volkswagen. It was agreed, and Ko Ko Gyi left me there with them. It was really a lovely day, the food was truly delicious and well-prepared, and we talked the day through until 11.30 at night when I went to bed in a soft, most comfortable bed, and everything was clean! In the morning, I woke to a hot bath, the luxuries of life!

After breakfast, Inge took me to see her maternity home of eleven beds, which has a visiting doctor, a nurse and two midwives. The running cost is 900 Kyats a month. They are short of blankets and sheets. They sterilize instruments in pots of boiling water, as there is no running water in the hospital. Forceps are used on women without anaesthesia. There is no rolling stretcher; women are carried by the two small nurses. They made screens for the windows and thought to do away with the mosquito netting over the beds, but the women cried all night that they felt naked sleeping in the open! They have thirty to fifty patients a month, who remain for seven days in the home, and when they leave, they pay whatever they can. The entry book shows payments of one to five Kyats each. Women are brought to the home in oxen carts, sometimes after a 30-mile journey. Some of the women had borne thirteen children before coming to the clinic. The infant mortality rate is sixty per cent, which explains the under-population of the area. The supporting Maternity & Child Welfare Society has 174 members who contribute to the upkeep, leaving a deficit of 800 Kyats a month. This is the only maternity clinic in the Northern Shan States. At Taunggyi, in the Southern Shan States, there is also one.

Inge wants to provide post-natal care. UNICEF's powdered milk is needed in greater quantities. I asked Inge if the government could not help. She responded that the government would take it over, but it's better run privately, for one thing, it is cleaner. The building is good; at first glance it appears to be a Circuit House. Inge told me that Dr. Christianson at the Namtu Mine has spent 125 lakhs a year since he arrived. After all this time, the British had not a well-equipped hospital for the workers.

Last year, Inge's husband, the Saohpa of Hsipaw, gave 8,000 Kyats for the support of the home. Inge, who studied social work in America, says she feels sick at the waste of money by the government when people are in such a situation. Inge speaks quietly and decently to the people, and although only 25 years old, is mature in her movements. We liked one another very much, and when I left, she said, "I wish I could keep you here," and I had the same feeling. I should love to return and spend at least a month with them, getting to know the area.

The Saohpa, Inge and their child, live in a white mansion with dining and living-room, four bedrooms, and three baths. It was built by the heir for himself as his father lived in the palace. During the war, the palace was destroyed and only the pillars remain; the jewels and the throne were destroyed with it. In Hsenwi, I saw the pillars of the Saohpa's palace; war is a great leveller! The Hsipaw Saohpa's summer home is built thirty miles further on the road to Mandalay. They wanted to grow fruit trees there, but failed to get an import licence for the necessary foreign exchange, although fruit trees would certainly help the area economically. These are some of the hindrances in trying to do something for the benefit of the Shans.

The Saohpa also spoke in frustration. The Shan State of Hsipaw had four lakhs invested in bonds in India which matured and the money was transferred to Burma. But the Union has yet to release these funds to Hsipaw which he would wish to use to buy tractors, about 20,000 Kyats per set of machinery, to clear a hundred acres. The money being withheld could buy 2,000 sets, which could open up 200,000 acres. He had hoped to give equipment to ten families jointly to work a hundred acres, with repayment over five years. He felt this was wiser than for them to demand his land. "There is plenty of land in the Shan State, no need to ask for what does not

belong to them." If the land is planted in soybeans, it could give a man an income of 2,000 Kyats a year, whereas presently his income would not be more than 800. And this would stabilize agriculture, whereas now deforestation and erosion are taking place.

The Saohpa, himself, has 5,000 acres of paddy land. There was trouble when he was studying in the United States, so when he returned he asked the tillers their grievances, and they complained the rent was too high. He looked into it, found it was true, and lowered the scale. The profit from paddy is 50 Kyats an acre. Government limits holdings to fifty acres, which would yield 2,500 Kyats per year. He felt this is insufficient, and since land was plentiful, more should be opened up, with no maximum holding. Because of the Land Nationalization Act, no transfer of land is allowed. He expressed a wish to transfer title of his land to the Shan State government, but legally he cannot. "I thought to solve the problem in this way, but I am not allowed to solve it. The thing they use against me is that I own the land, so I thought to get rid of it and finish this question. The way I have arranged the rents, the land is practically useless to me now, and it's a target for attack, so better to be rid of it, but I can't. The people are claiming the land as theirs because they've worked the land. I cannot recognize this. My forefathers opened this land. I made an analogy and told them, 'supposing I let you live in my house for 50 years, do you own it?'" I responded that it was the labour of many hands that opened the land and which kept it open. But he countered, "There is plenty of land here, let them go and clear their own land; wouldn't that be better rather than demanding what does not belong to them?" If the people would come and say, 'We are poor, give us your land, you don't need it,' I would give it to them, but I will not give it to them in response to organized pressure. They must know that you get something when it is just, and not when you organize. They demand the land now as their right. It is not their right. I will not give it on those terms for I am afraid where it will end. That's why I feel it is better to give them tractors on loan and let them go out and clear their own land. Even now, I would give it to them *as a charity* if they asked."

On the Road to Myitkyina
 'Town near the big river'

THE Kachins refer to themselves as Jinghpaw, meaning 'man'. They have five aristocratic families descending from the five elder sons of Wahkyet Wa, purportedly the father of the race. The Marips are the senior family. Men with any of the names of these five families are regarded as well-born, and the Duwas or 'chiefs' always belong to those families. The estimated Kachin population in the late 1950s was 350-450,000. The State, comprised of the Myitkyina and Bhamo Districts, totals 33,903 square miles. On the east, the Jinghpaw spread into Yunnan province of China as far as the Salween River, which marks the eastern limit of their concentrated settlement. To the west, they've pushed almost to the Brahmaputra River in northeastern Assam, the Singhpaws of Assam being identical with the Jinghpaw of Burma.³¹

On Wednesday, January 30, 1957, we left Lashio at 7.45 a.m. to drive to Namkham, over a climbing mountain road, where we arrived at 1.00 p.m. Before Namkham, we stopped at a village which was predominantly Chinese; straight ahead, 12 miles, lay the border. A river divides Burma from China; one could swim across to China, which I had an inclination to do! On the road, we were hailed by a man from the United States Information Services (USIS). His reaction on seeing me amongst my armed escorts was that it reminded him of 'Terry and the Pirates'! My escort of six police left us just outside of Lashio for a warm spring bath, so we went through quite alone to Bhamo. From about 2.00 until 3.45 we travelled on a terrible road: narrow, winding, and rocky. The topography is thick, jungle-like; wild bananas grow, and herds of buffaloes roam. Tigers are often encountered at night. At last, at 4.45 we reached Bhamo and were welcomed at the Circuit House with hot water for a tin-tub bath! The remark in my diary, 'I'm dead!'.

Bhamo in that year had a population of 7,000, yet it had a newspaper published in the Kachin language. The people are mostly

31. See Huke, Robert E., "The Kachins", XIII in *Burma*, v. 11 (New Haven: Human Relations Area Files, 1956) 666-720.

believers in nats³² — spirits that abound — or if Christian, about five per cent of the population, overwhelmingly they are followers of the American Baptists, Roman Catholics being few.

There's a steamer that leaves Bhamo every Friday for Rangoon; in the low season it takes three days, two days during the monsoon period, but it can't reach Myitkyina due to rapids. It is a distance of only 108 miles, but a four-and-a-half hour drive between Bhamo and Myitkyina. On that evening in the Circuit House, I heard music: 'Glory, Glory, Hallelujah'. It was Chinese New Year, and individuals sang and danced and contributed to their fund.

Amazing luck, the founder of PECDO (People's Economic and Cultural Development Organization) was in the Circuit House,

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32. Most Kachins are animists or spirit worshippers, called *nat* worshippers in Burmese. To the Kachins the spirits or *nats* are without number and they live in every conceivable place. "They rule the sun, the moon and the sky. They dwell on every mountain top, in every spring, lake or stream. Every waterfall, cave or precipitous rock will have its guardian, as well as every wood, field or large tree." Not all of the *nats* are known by any one Kachin, and indeed in each village there are special village *nats* to be pacified and in each home there are special household *nats* who demand attention. This great legion of spirits may be divided into several orders of which the spirits of the seven forces of nature rank first. These are followed by a host of celestial *nats*, a great number of earth spirits and two other orders which alone comprise thirty-nine *nats*. Next come the numerous monsters of the caves, woods, etc., and the *nats* which cause various diseases. The lowest order are the ancestral spirits which are numberless since every person becomes at death a sort of half *nat*. These ancestral spirits may be the lowest order of *nat*, but they have the strongest grip on the popular imagination. Kachin religious beliefs hold that there must be a Supreme Being or Great Spirit called *Kari Kasang*. There is no regular form of worship to this Great Spirit. He is called upon only in times of dire emergency when all other *nats* fail; at other times the Great Spirit is completely ignored. (Jesse, F. Tennyson, *The Story of Burma* (London: Macmillan, 1946) by way of a personal communication from Mr. Sword; Hanson, Ola, *The Kachins: Their Customs and Traditions* (Rangoon: American Baptist Mission Press, 1913) 151; Gilhodes, Charles, *The Kachins: Religion and Customs* (Calcutta: Catholic Orphans Press, 1922) Chapter III, Part II, for a detailed account of the Supreme Being; all quoted in Huke, op. cit., 685-7).

whom I went down to meet. The Duwa Sinwa Nawng is quite popular. He led the fight against the British, and in 1948, when the Union Government was no more than the 'government of Rangoon', he threw the weight of the Kachins on the side of the Union. This was important politically for much of the army was Kachin; very few Burmans were inducted under the British. In 1948, he assumed the Ministry of Defence, and he has held the title of Minister of National Solidarity. He was the Head of the Kachin State until July 1953 when he resigned as he faced a no-confidence vote precipitated by his allegedly over-ambitious plans for industrialization. It is said he hoped to establish an automobile factory in Myitkyina! The thinking here is that U Nu will offer him a Ministry, as he's quite fond of him. Yet it is the KNC — the Kachin National Congress — which is amalgamating with the AFPFL and not PECDO!

Asked about the impact of the missionaries, he said they had developed a separate alphabet for the Hill People, and though their Jinghpaw language was different from the Jinghpaw language of the plains, it could be written in the same characters to keep some unity at least among the Jinghpaw. But he criticized the missionaries for developing a prejudice for the West in people's minds. "Up here the people don't call themselves Baptists, but 'American Baptists'!" Each person I asked as to the emphasis of the missionaries' work responded: 'Bible education', and all remarked that since there's freedom of religion, they can't stop them.

Duwa Sinwa Nawng's criticism is that AFPFL says they're spending 20 per cent on industrial development, but what they mean is 20 per cent on the importation of foreign machinery. "What we need is a machine-tool plant, and then an iron-smelting plant. The Government was told there's not enough scrap iron in the country to keep that plant going for more than two years, so they put furnaces in! I think that German technician for telling them! Then we need mineral development. In the no. 2 mine we are in partnership with the British, but the lead is shipped out of the country as raw material. I'm against this. Let us make the wire from the lead, and if the British need it, give it to them free, but let's produce it here, not there! The foreigners tell us that we should extend our agriculture, but I don't believe them. Why must we import from the manufacturing countries and export raw

materials. In one space, the size of a room, I can produce very little paddy but many watches, perhaps 1,000 a day.

"In China, the Russians have gone in and set up plants and let the Chinese run them, without carting away the raw materials themselves, whereas with the British (no. 2 mine), they came, joint ventured, and off they went with our raw materials. This is all I have to say of the Cold War! There are many things in the West which I don't believe. I believe their scientific books, but not their history books. For instance, their history book says that Columbus discovered the 'New World'. But in this 'New World' there were Indians living with their own cultures and traditions, but they moved in and called it their 'New World'. I don't believe that was a 'New World'.

"In our Kachin country there's no trouble. We disagree politically, but we don't shoot one another; teach the Burman that, they're the ones killing each other! They should not forget that in 1948 the Kachins saved the Union by putting ourselves on the side of the Union."

When three AFPFL members asked me what I would suggest, I answered, "Give emphasis to the Jinghpaw, give them a larger share of everything, benefits, expenditure, and even set up a Ministry of Culture; study 'Nat-ism', their belief in spirits, respect it; learn the Jinghpaw language; work with the peasants, let them identify with your currently 'non-Kachin' AFPFL by seeing that their struggle is being carried on by you." When asked whether they themselves spoke Jinghpaw, the Shan answered 'yes', the Burman, 'no', the President, a Burman, 'a little!' "Thus begin by learning Jinghpaw." The justification for a Kachin State is that they are a distinct national entity within the Union and are on a different level from the rest of Burma. The definition of the State should be kept in mind. It's a Kachin state and therefore its Jinghpaw character should be maintained, all the while developing ideological rather than ethnic-based political groupings, horizontal rather than vertical divisions. And the army? They alleged the army treats all civilians badly, not only the Shans, the Kachins, but the Burmans as well. However, now the government is trying to train the army in psychological warfare to correct its relationship with the civilian population.

I visited an agricultural farm created by the Kachin state government, but was sad to learn the Jinghpaw did not join in, although they were given preference. Only the Shans and Burmans came for training. Apparently, the Jinghpaw prefer the army for there they earn more, and agriculture is considered the lowest profession. U San Hla, a graduate in agriculture from the US and Australia, said in frustration: "We wish to train them that they may then return to their villages, but what they wish is government employment rather than to be on their own. Before they come to us, they ask for a guarantee of future employment, and we can't give them that."

A sugar mill is behind schedule, and the sugarcane is overripe and dry, and so the cultivators lose, and lose confidence. I remarked that I had seen land being cleared for the army and asked if it could not be cleared and farmed collectively by the people. "Yes, I would love it, but the equipment belongs to the army, and they're doing it for their people. I wish the government would open a collective farm and bring the Jinghpaw down and settle them by force if necessary. There's no reason why we cannot raise crops for foreign exchange; our beans are highly in demand. But to do this, the government needs the desire, and I don't know that they desire to do so. We have mulberry under cultivation, 150 acres, with two Japanese technicians instructing us, and there are five co-operative stations attached to us, and we're opening another five soon. We will give mulberry cuttings, cocoons, etcetera to planters to start them off. This is to be financed by the Industrial Development Corporation. But between us, I don't believe we need such buildings as the Japanese have advised. We have plenty of bamboo here that can be used, and this would be something the Jinghpaw can afford to copy. Then we have three acres up further under cultivation just to show the people what can be done on soil that has been barren. Along the river we have alluvial soil, which is very rich, but remains unused. Up here we have dry farming. A Jinghpaw clears a new piece of land each year and leaves the other fallow for at least 10 years, or only four years if the land is limited. It's easier for him to clear a new area each year than to rotate crops and use manure (greens ploughed under). We have no irrigation; something like cauliflower, we water by hand.

There's also a weaving centre where 16 girls are receiving training, of whom eleven are Jinghpaw. The government subsidizes each girl at 30 Kyats per month. To produce 40 yards of material takes an experienced worker 10 days, or 20 days if inexperienced. Forty yards sells for 120 Ks; the cost of the cotton is 60 Ks, and the profit is also 60 Ks for 10-20 days labour. After graduating, the government gives long-term loans to the girls to buy wooden looms which cost 1,000 Ks, the equivalent of at least one year's labour. The goods produced are sent to the Institute at Mandalay to be sold. They also weave Kachin bags. A bag takes 6-7 days work to weave and sells for 15 Ks. The workers get 2 Ks per day. Wool is imported and the cost is high, and even cotton, which is grown in the south, is expensive.

On Friday, February 1st, I met the Assistant District Commissioner. One out of five Duwas is beginning to feel the same as the Shans, that the Burman is no better than the Britisher, but the balance is still held. "I don't know how it will go in the future. The provisions of our autonomy are not carried out. The question is who is a Kachin? We're administered by Burmans residing in the Kachin State, but they're not Kachins. The difficulty is that I can still count the number of educated Kachins on my fingers. We had three doctors before, now we have one. In Myitkyina there are two private practitioners, but they are both Indians. In the hospital, the doctors are all Indians, with the exception of one Burman woman doctor.

"I'm considered an educated Kachin, at least I understand the world a little, but I work for the government for my livelihood, and I can't go into politics unless I give up my job. So what are the Kachins to do? The AFPFL is a Burman organization, not a Kachin organization. The Kachin National Congress is going to merge with the AFPFL. Then what is to be done?"

When asked whether the missionaries try to understand the Jinghpaw 'nat believers', he assured they did not: "I guess none of them are sociologists. They never appreciate our culture, but consider all our ways as primitive! But I cannot resent them, for they gave us a written language and helped us."³³

33. Only in 1895 did the Jinghpaw have a written language, based on the Roman alphabet, developed by Ola Hanson, a Baptist missionary.

Both Myitkyina and Bhamo were bombed out during the war, and most of the buildings were destroyed. The Kachin State Government is only now having buildings erected for its offices in Myitkyina; all along the government has been situated in Rangoon! There are 150 persons in the Kachin State Government administration. As for basic infrastructure, the roads are in terrible condition, unbelievably poor.

There are missionaries working, but their emphasis is on Bible education. In the town there are high schools: government, American Baptist, Roman Catholic, Indian, Nationalist Chinese, and Communist Chinese: a free competition of ideas!

In Rangoon, the Chinese have 10 schools, one of which is Nationalist Chinese and the rest Communist Chinese. This is allowed by the Union Government so that Chinese might be taught Communism to know the system of government in their country. There's considerable immigration of Chinese into Burma. The District Commissioner in Myitkyina remarked that the border is at least 300 miles long and cannot be adequately watched; there are many ways to enter the country. When they find Chinese coming in, they turn them back, but control is very difficult.

One Saturday evening in Myitkyina, the District Commissioner came over and took me to the Circuit House to meet the USIS man from Mandalay, who had hailed our car on the road. Travelling with him was 'Tom Two Arrow' and his wife Stella. They had come up putting on 'American Indian' shows along the way. Tom would do a purportedly Indian dance and make some disgusting speech where he would say something like: "I'm an Indian, I'm an American, I own a refrigerator! In America, we Indians have accomplished many things, we drive cars ... !" Terrible prostitution! Four months of the year Tom is out selling his soul and the rest of the time he's an artist; incredible contradiction!

Tom is quiet, his voice melodic, perhaps it's the Iroquois left in him that makes him move ever so lightly. His wife Stella is from New York City, decent, if crude in argument. Bill, the USIS man, is from Phoenix, Arizona, and wears the last pair of his frontier pants! We discussed: is USIS not exploiting Tom and is Dr. Wright, the Black Cultural Affairs Officer in the US Embassy at Rangoon also not a prostitute? Despite my criticism, Bill's car was being driven back to Mandalay, and he was ready to give me a lift. Nevertheless,

these conversations were later reported to Washington by the US Embassy in Rangoon, as documented in Part II of my *mémoire*.

I was billeted in a second-storey beautiful room in the State Guest House meant for ministers. Before this, it was the home of the Sted Brothers; when their timber trade was nationalized, they moved out and the Kachin State Government bought it over. Hours after I slept, about 1.00 a.m., I was awakened by a knocking and in my sleepiness I walked to the sound and opened the glass doors leading to my second-storey porch, and there was Tom Two Arrow. He had climbed, God knows how, to this balcony on the second floor; "I came to tell you that you're right, and I'm glad you understand the position of my people. Stella tries, but has never understood exactly how we feel. I'm close to you, and I've come to tell you that." He then went down the porch pillar again; the dogs howled, but no one seems to have caught him. He was completely mad, as he could easily have been shot as a dacoit or an insurgent! I wondered if Bill from USIS realized that after they had slept, Tom had snuck out of the house and gone to my place to say that. Amazing!

Looking out from my balcony, watching the sun 'come up out of China cross the bay' — Kipling never knew this country, but he meant Myitkyina and not Mandalay — there are two rows of mountains, the second row is China. But even up here, the closest I have ever come to the roof of the world, an Israeli intruded: a Mr. Weil, an agricultural engineer, here to open up land. I was later to learn Weil had been 'hired' by the Ministry of Defence to open a 12,000-acre tract for agriculture in order to resettle ex-army personnel. The Burma army colonel who was present commented that Weil went back to Israel for the opening of the Sinai campaign. "Oh, were you there at that time and did the people support the aggression?" "We don't call it aggression, it was preventative, an act of self-defence; it depends on your definition of aggression." I countered that the world had defined it as aggression. Weil conceded that: "Unfortunately most did, but a few didn't." How wrong the Israelis and still so defiant!

Leaving Myitkyina back to Bhamo, I had one last visual: the steeple, the church, always the best structure in town: the Roman Catholic church is brick; the Baptist, stone; all other buildings are wood!

More on Kachins

ON February 25, ironically in Rangoon and not in Myitkyina, I met with the Kachin Head of State, U Zan Hta Sin and U Shan Lone, the Secretary. The Head of State is from Putao and the Kachin National Congress. I asked if it was true that the KNC would affiliate with AFPFL. "This is now under consideration: should we merge with AFPFL or simply merge our administrations. We're combined now in one government: two ministers as well as the Chairman of the Council are from AFPFL, and then there's a KNC minister, the Head of State, and the Parliamentary Secretary from KNC. KNC has been working with AFPFL for 10 years. But KNC is a race-bound organization, and should there be political organizations by racial groupings? Is it not too narrow? Should we not join AFPFL, irrespective of race? Eventually, in the larger interest it may be desirable to merge. However, we have our own peculiarities that may make it difficult to put the idea of a merger across to the people."

I asked if they saw fit to join AFPFL, which in the Kachin State is primarily a non-Jinghpaw political organization, where's the logic in having a separate Kachin State in the first instance? "The Kachin State is different from other states in that the Jinghpaw represent only half of the population. Now the non-Jinghpaw could merge with the Union if they wish, but if there's a clash of political views, it would be a very difficult matter. The Kachin State, unlike, for instance, the Shan State, has no right of secession."

As it stands today, is the emphasis on the Jinghpaw, to raise their level? The Secretary jumped: "That's what I've been wanting to ask the Head of State, that's what I've been asking myself. That's a very good question!" Then the Head of State responded, "In our development of health and education, the emphasis has been on the primary level for backward areas. The difficulty is that there are so few Jinghpaw graduates. Of those who have matriculated, 90 per cent are given stipends by the government, but on a non-racial basis, given for subjects of necessity to the State: medicine, teaching or engineering. There are 100 students from the Kachin State at University, 60 of whom are on government stipends and of those about half are Jinghpaws."

And then we discussed funding for the State, and there came the usual complaint that the State Government was not receiving what it requires and that they can't understand the Union Government's calculation as to their state's entitlement. "It is heart-rending! We haven't even roads connecting the country, so how can there be development? The Shan Government is more fortunate than we, they have tarred roads. Why, because they have had a centralized government of the Shan State. The Governor of our area had no authority, even education was in the hands of the central government. Now U Ba Swe has looked into the situation and said that the budget allotment isn't sufficient for the states to be able to do anything and that each state should draw up a plan of what they will require over a period of say five years, including development projects. This is the only real approach to the problem. Before, I would submit a plan and it would be turned down for lack of funds. This led to frustration, and frustration to despondency, and finally I said what the hell is the Union good for? There's no one more Union conscious than we are. But it can't go on like this past nine years. It is the complaint of all the states, it's the complaint of the Shans. Will we continue to be underdeveloped in another nine years? Why should a woman living in Putao have to suffer to pay 2 Kyats for soap, while the cost is half a Kyat in Rangoon; if to live up there means to suffer, then bring her down here! I'm enthusiastic for Ba Swe's plan, but we only hope U Nu, who is to succeed him as Prime Minister, will not let it drop. When you see Ba Swe please tell him the situation as it is."

He compared their situation with that of the Chins, who had been evacuated to India during the war where their students could continue their education. "Whereas we had no education at all during the war. Our boys went into the army, and after the war it was a problem to resettle them. We got completely bombed out, Myitkyina and Bhamo were levelled to the ground. In Myitkyina only what is now known as the State Guest House remained. That is what we faced at Independence, whereas the Shans did not suffer so completely."

Asked if there were complaints about any army abuse as there are in the Shan State, he replied, "No there's relatively little army in our State. There is only a brigade posted at Myitkyina; where

there's no concentration, there's no trouble. We're preparing to take over the problem of law and order by forming an organization of the people, a Kachin National Guard."

U Nu's Weakness & Ne Win's Coups

WHAT followed is bitterly ironic. As previously agreed, in March 1957, U Ba Swe stepped aside and U Nu resumed his position as Prime Minister. But the political contradictions got so far out of hand that on September 26, 1958, the very day government was to announce the promulgation of the budget, U Nu broadcast a brief message that General Ne Win had reluctantly agreed to take over as the new Premier on an emergency basis for six months, the maximum time permitted by the Constitution. Ne Win was tasked with restoring order and arranging for elections. Parliament would assemble on October 28th, U Nu would resign and propose Ne Win's election to the post. The General confirmed this and promised to work for free and fair elections.

Thakin Shu Maung — Ne Win — in pre-World War II days a post office employee, was active in the nationalist movement. But he was not one of the first group to accompany Aung San for military training abroad. Together with Thakin Hla Myaing, Aung San had stowed away on a Chinese ship intending to reach Shanghai to contact the Chinese Communists led by Mao Zedong. But this was on August 8, 1940, and when the ship arrived in Amoy, it had already been occupied by the Japanese. So they ended up being taken to Tokyo! The Japanese then sent them to Thailand, from where Aung San returned to Rangoon in February 1941. He gathered four of his comrades and left again the following month. Military training began in Japanese-occupied Hainan for these initial six; others joined them, until by July they numbered nineteen. Then later in July another unexpected batch of eleven arrived, including several members of a minority faction of the Dohbama which included Thakin Shu Maung (later to become Bo Ne Win). Their arrival caused concern as they did not belong to the majority left-leaning Dohbama faction, which honoured the old nationalist writer Thakin Kodaw Hmaing. This last batch belonged to the right-wing, Axis-oriented Thakin Ba Sein-Thakin Tun Oke group of which Ne Win was a prominent member.³⁴

34. It was reported that Aung San and Ne Win frequently quarrelled as Aung San was straightforward whereas Ne Win was cunning and *continued p. 365*

The Burma Independence Army (BIA) of these Thirty Comrades was formally set up in Bangkok on December 26, 1941 and entered Burma along with the Japanese army. On August 1, 1943, the Japanese granted 'independence' to Burma. A right-wing Burmese government was installed and Ne Win became commander of the reorganized nationalist forces, now named Burma National Army (BNA).

Initially, in 1958 when U Nu handed over to Ne Win, arbitrary military control was accepted as necessary if bitter medicine for the disease of corruption, government impotence, and threats of strife. From the beginning, the Communists launched attacks against Ne Win, who as early as October 31st abruptly closed the amnesty offer, while, on the contrary, the People's Republic of China and its Ambassador in Rangoon offered felicitations.³⁵

U Nu and Kyaw Nyein became involved in a vexatious quarrel, as U Nu suffered heavy political loss since he was obliged to take responsibility for the circumstances and policies that led him to conclude that General Ne Win should take over. U Nu then used religion to rebuild his support base. He boasted of his total abstinence from alcohol and sexual relations with his wife since 1948! He then devoted eighteen days to religious observances, and on November 25 divested himself of all possessions and lay clothing, assumed the yellow robe of a monk, and entered a monastery. His entire wardrobe was sold at auction and the proceeds donated to a home for waifs and orphans run by a Mrs. Luce. U Nu's sensitivity to traditional social values, gave him a great rapport with Burman villagers. But his push for the establishment of Buddhism as the state religion alienated both the national 'minorities' and the Muslims.

continued n. 34

calculating. But Aung San's main objection to Ne Win was his immoral character for he was both a gambler and a womanizer, which the strict moralist Aung San despised. Interview with Bo Kyaw Zaw, one of the Thirty Comrades, Panghsang, January 1, 1987, quoted in Lintner, Bertil, *Burma in Revolt*, op. cit., 42.

35. Unless otherwise credited, I'm indebted to Dr. Cady for the information in the following few pages. Cady, John F., Supplement to *A History of Modern Burma*, "The Swing of the Pendulum" (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1960) 1-34.

Ne Win, in this thinly disguised *coup*, initially formed a Cabinet without a single army officer, but it was solely responsible to him and not to Parliament, and was completely lacking in political support; he had in effect instituted an executive system. But army control was present everywhere at the lower levels of the administration, especially in the economic sphere.

Ne Win ruthlessly put down any disorder, and by the end of 1959 the incidence of crime had greatly diminished and rebellions had petered out. The Secretary General of the Nationalist United Front (NUF), politbureau members of the Burma Workers' & Peasants' Party (BWPP), and the presidents and secretaries of most other elements of the leftist parliamentary coalition, were taken into custody, as well as the officers of the Burma Muslim Congress. Rewards were posted for Thakin Than Tun,³⁶ his politbureau members, and the Muslim Mujahid rebel leaders in Arakan.³⁷ The arrest of political and other figures eventually amounted to thousands, and since Burma's jails were already filled to capacity, the prison camp on Coco Island, some 200 miles off the delta coast, was expanded. By March 1959, 106 political leaders from the NUF and 58 from U Nu's 'clean' AFPFL had

36. See Interview with U Nu, p.306-7, n.8 *supra*.

37. The Mujahid rebellion began in 1948 in the north of Arakan where the Muslims are a majority. It grew out of returning Muslims attempting to repossess their lands after the war and the Burmese immigration treating them as illegal immigrants. When the Burmese Government ignored their plea to be accepted as Burmese citizens, they took up arms, and by June 1949 the Union Government only controlled the port city of Akyab. In 1954, under pressure from Buddhist monks in Rangoon, the government carried out 'Operation Monsoon', an extensive campaign to defeat the Mujahid, which killed many of their leaders. In 1961, the Pakistan army collaborated with the Burmese to patrol the borders. The remaining Mujahid surrendered and were settled in Maungdaw in northern Arakan. In 1961, the provinces of Maungdaw, Buthidaung and western Rathedaung were combined into the Mayu Frontier Administration (subsequently abolished) and placed under the control of a special military administration. Devon, Tonia K., "Burma's Muslim Minority: Out of the Shadows?", *Southeast Asia Chronicle*, No.75 (October 1980) 27-8.

been arrested, compared to four from U Ba Swe's group. Ironically U Nu, who brought Ne Win to power, now complained loudly of the abuses of police power and the political persecution by the army and declared that democracy, itself, was endangered, but he blamed subordinate officers of the army rather than Ne Win. In December, Ne Win turned his attention to the university, arresting key Student Union leaders and banning politics from the university administration, as well as from the student body. Workers on government-financed projects were forbidden to engage in political controversy.

Maximum profit on retail sales was fixed at ten per cent, and consumer prices in Rangoon fell by six per cent in December 1958 and another six by March 1959. In a special notification, issued on 29 November 1958, the regime declared that Rangoon had to be 'cleaned up'! The effect on the poorest of the poor is best described by Bertil Lintner:

Houses were ordered to be painted and rubbish in the streets removed, as were about 165,000 squatters, mostly refugees who had streamed into Rangoon during the civil war and established ramshackle, ubiquitous *kwetthis*, or shanty-towns. The slum dwellers were now relocated to a series of new 'satellite towns' As a result, all the poor people who had been living close to the city — where most of them had jobs in the docks, or as day labourers, rickshaw pullers or servants for rich families — now found themselves living far out in new suburbs. While this made downtown Rangoon more pleasant to look at for the urban middle class and foreign visitors, the move created serious problems. Overnight it had become more expensive for those who had regular jobs to get to them; most of the day labourers found it almost impossible to survive. Hardly surprisingly, these new working class 'satellite towns' soon became breeding grounds for anti-army discontent.³⁸

As early as December 1958, there was talk of six months being insufficient for Ne Win to complete the reforms in progress and to restore order so that general elections could be held in April. By January 1st, U Ba Swe openly consented to an extension of Ne

38. The 1988 movement against the military and for democracy was especially strong in these areas, and some of the worst killings by the army took place there as well. Lintner, *op. cit.*, 180-1.

Win's emergency term of office. In order to force U Nu's hand, Ne Win refused to accept responsibility for April elections and refused to continue as Premier if the constitutional limitation of rule by a non-Member of Parliament to six months was not suspended. U Nu was faced with either acceding to Ne Win's continuing in power or to seeing U Ba Swe take over as Premier until elections were held in 1960. Opposition to Ne Win gradually faded. On February 24, 1959, Article 116 of the Constitution was suspended, and on the 26th Ne Win was again elected Premier.

As a result of the strong anti-communist position taken by the army, in 1959, a marked pro-Western shift developed in Burma's foreign policy. The United States now gave additional economic assistance, but Burma did not join SEATO, as it would have been gratuitously provocative to China.

On January 28, 1960, Ne Win concluded a border agreement with People's China in return for a ten-year non-aggression pact, which neutralized Burma. He ceded to China a portion of a long-disputed but inaccessible trans-Salween Wa country, while Burma obtained outright possession of the 100-square-mile highway route near Bhamo, an area the British colonial government of Burma had held under lease from China, and China also agreed to delimit other portions of the boundary along customary lines.

By the end of 1959, the population was tired of army rule. In Cady's analysis, the sweep of the pendulum in the direction of traditionalist cultural values and symbols of authority strengthened U Nu who now advocated a Buddhist State. In general elections held in April 1960, U Nu's Pyidaungsu (Union) Party captured 52 per cent of the votes and 157 seats, compared to 30 per cent and 42 seats for the military-backed 'Stable' AFPFL of Ba Swe and Kyaw Nyein, and on April 4th U Nu resumed the prime ministership.

February 1958 brought the closure of the constitutional right of the Shan states to secede from the Union. On April 24, 1959, all 34 Shan Saohpas formally gave up their positions at a ceremony in Taunggyi. The Shan states became the Shan State, administered by an elected state government. On January 24, 1961, the

Constitution Revision Steering Committee of the Shan State passed a resolution in Taunggyi calling for a more genuine federal structure. On June 8-16, 1961, Shan leaders, among them Burma's first president, Sao Shwe Thaik, and former foreign minister, Sao Khun Hkio, met in Taunggyi to initiate a federal movement to find a political solution to Burma's ethnic crisis. U Nu was sympathetic to their demands:

There was nothing sinister about the Federal Principle, which was an adaptation of the constitution of the United States. It had three main features: 1. Burma proper would be turned into a constituent state of the Union, bringing it into parity with all other existing states; 2. The two chambers of Parliament, namely, the House of Nationalities and the House of Deputies, would be invested with equal powers; 3. All constituent states of the Union (regardless of size and population) would have equal representation in the House of Nationalities.³⁹

On February 25, 1962, U Nu convened a Nationalities Seminar in Rangoon to find ways to amend the Constitution to allow for more rights for the 'minorities'. On February 28, the *Hanthawaddy* daily published a note which U Ba Swe had sent to U Nu protesting against the demands of the Shans and other ethnic groups to amend the Constitution, and on March 2, the Burma Army, led by Ne Win — alleging constitutional reform threatened the Union — overthrew U Nu's democratically elected government and seized total power, jailing U Nu and his ministers along with over 30 Shan and Karenni (Kayah) leaders.⁴⁰

Despite the widespread arrests in March of all manner of leaders, the reaction only came in July. According to Lintner,⁴¹ "At first no one took the *coup* terribly seriously. It was only when people, including the students, realized that the military had seized power in order to hold on to it that they began to demonstrate." This led to a series of confrontations with the police until a student was shot and wounded which so galvanized the stu-

39. U Nu, *Saturday's Son: Memoirs of the Former Prime Minister of Burma* (Bombay: Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 1976) 340, quoted by Lintner, *op. cit.*, 203.

40. Lintner, *op. cit.*, 444-6.

41. Personal communication of March 31, 2002.

dents that on July 7th they managed to evict the police from the campus and shut the gates. But in the evening, the army moved in and started shooting, even at running students; it was clear they shot to kill. The university looked like a slaughterhouse where hundreds of potential leaders of society lay sprawled in death. The man in charge of the operation was Sein Lwin, one of Ne Win's closest lieutenants, and the order to kill had come directly from Ne Win, himself. Then in the early hours of the 8th, Rangoon reverberated with explosions when the army dynamited the historic Students' Union building, reducing it to rubble. One hundred and seven students had been killed and over 300 wounded. The massacre on the campus prompted hundreds of students to join the underground.⁴²

During the repression, one thousand Muslims were arrested, singled out, put into concentration camps or made to work at forced labour, without trial and for as long as five years. Eighty Muslim students disappeared completely. All Islamic schools were nationalized and were now to be run by the state. The teaching of Islam was forbidden in schools, and Muslims were forced to say Buddhist prayers. There were to be no separate educational facilities for Muslim girls, and they were expected to wear shorts for physical education. The assets of the Masjids were nationalized without compensation, and they needed permission from the People's Councils for all their activities, including a permit to slaughter cattle at the 'Id. Burmese Muslims were not allowed to make the Haj, the pilgrimage to Makka. Unlike under U Nu, when U Raschid, his close friend and associate, was a Minister in the government, under Ne Win, no Muslim was included in the Cabinet.⁴³ The influence of the Israeli embassy was a continuing factor. They even dared to protest against certain sections of the Qur'an being included in the Burmese translation to be printed in Burma.

42. Lintner, *op. cit.*, 213-15.

43. Details on the repression of the Muslims are taken from Devon, Tonia K., *op. cit.* Following the 1977 attempt to assassinate Ne Win, the military government arrested a number of allegedly 'militant Mullah' and issued a statement accusing Qadafi and Bangladesh of complicity.

Perhaps the moral of the story is that once you let the army out of the barracks, it takes massive sacrifices by the people to push them back, if ever they can really be pushed back. One might say it was historic justice that U Nu, who brought Ne Win to power in the first place, should himself have been detained by Ne Win, but the people suffered immensely and go on suffering.

Twilight Over Burma

THE Saohpa of Hsipaw, Sao Kya Seng, took a mining degree in Colorado and returned to his Shan homeland with his Austrian wife, Inge Eberhard, where both tried to develop the Shans of Hsipaw. Inge learned both the Shan and Burmese languages and opened a clinic for the care of women and children. Her husband, the Saohpa, a Shan prince, attempted many development projects. Notwithstanding my discussion with him, which I minuted (351-2 *supra*), and his alleging land transfers were blocked by law, Inge writes that subsequently he did give over his paddy lands in Hsipaw state to the tenants who tilled them. Those fields — 5,000 acres according to my notes, tens of thousands of acres according to Inge — had been the property of the ruling Saohpa princes since their creation hundreds of years before. In her *Twilight Over Burma*,⁴⁴ Inge contends that while this brought immense jubilation from his subjects, Burma's army leaders were less pleased as they found it suspicious that a feudal lord cared so much for his people as to deprive himself of a substantial source of income. As a result of the transfer, their household expenses sharply increased as for the first time ever they had to buy bags of rice, also for the households of their 26 servants, as rice for the family was a traditional part of a servant's salary.

By early 1962, Sao had the satisfaction that years of preparation had brought his Tai Mining Company to the point where operations could begin.⁴⁵ The Australian geologist whom he had hired had walked through the remotest corners of the state to examine the sites of promising ore deposits. Together they had decided that a vein of rich lead and silver ore in the Kalagwe area should be the first site for mining operations. The site was ready and so was the crew, and the equipment was on its way. A salt plant would soon be operational. He had put in a pineapple plantation

44. Sargent, Inge, *Twilight Over Burma: My Life as a Shan Princess* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1964).

45. While mineral wealth was under the Union Government's jurisdiction, it was administered locally in the Shan State by the Saohpas.

in Loikaw, and had taken busloads of his people to view these fields, to encourage them as to what could be done, but by the time the pineapples were ready for the markets in Mandalay and Rangoon, prices had dropped sharply, barely covering the cost of picking and transporting the fruit. Sao had not foreseen such a development and immediately started planning a cannery for his pineapple, an obvious solution to the marketing problem. But after closer scrutiny, he had to abandon this, too, as what he could produce would only keep a cannery busy for three weeks in a year; it would have to wait until local farmers decided to grow pineapples! He also experimented with ginger and coffee.

Whenever there were fires around Hsipaw, Sao would rush to take command of fire-fighting activities. He was horrified when the Burmese military torched villagers' properties as punishment for one civil disobedience or another. Two hundred homes had been burned down not far from Hsipaw. The army surrounded the area and captured the villagers who were fleeing the inferno, torturing all of them and killing many. Some of those who lived went to Sao to tell their story. The Burmese interrogators had suspected them of harbouring an imaginary Shan rebel army they claimed Sao had been training and hiding in their district. Finding nothing, no secret arms cache, no private army, the army still made the civilian population pay with their lives and their belongings. And then Ne Win's army denied this outrage ever happened. News of these and similar crimes did not spread beyond the Shan State because the Burmese press was unwilling to arouse the displeasure of the army, the rising power in the Union of Burma. Sao presented every case of the army's brutality to the Shan State Council, which was the official government since April 24, 1959 when the ruling princes surrendered their individual powers. He was only one of sixty-six delegates, all of whom had similar stories to tell.

The Shan rebels, the *Noom Seuk Harn* (Young Brave Warriors), had tried to convince Sao to lead them, but he had sent them away more than once refusing to accept that the only recourse the Shans had was secession from the Union of Burma and armed struggle to achieve it. Chao Tzang Yawnghwe @ Eugene Thaike, writing in

The Shan of Burma: Memoirs of a Shan Exile,⁴⁶ speaks of Sao Kya Seng as a nationalist who, although hated by the army which regarded him as disloyal, was committed to upholding the Union. "Once in 1961 when a Shan State Independence Army leader, Sai Kyaw Sein, was secretly in Rangoon, I asked the Hsipaw Prince whether he would like to meet a rebel leader. Kya Seng brought out the Union Constitution and read out the oath of loyalty he had sworn as an MP of the Upper House."

When on March 2, 1962 General Ne Win made his final *coup* and thousands were arrested, even Sao's brother Khun Long was taken to Rangoon for detention, but Kya Seng, himself, was isolated in Ba Htoo Myo. He was held incommunicado in a bamboo-hut prison, while the government denied he had been detained. Inge has written that he had been offered a deal by his interrogator, Colonel Lwin, the despised head of Military Intelligence: he could save himself if he would co-operate. This was refused, and he was killed.

There is evidence that Kya Seng was detained: a handwritten note he sent out to his wife Inge on March 2, 1962 after his arrest near Taunggyi, yet on August 17, 1962, the Commander of the Eastern Command at Taunggyi wrote to Inge saying that Sao had never been taken into custody by the Defence Service, only his brother had been detained!

They killed Kya Seng, and eventually — while Inge still deceived herself that he was a prisoner somewhere — for the sake of her children, she had to arrange to escape from Burma, which she did. Meanwhile Sao Khun Hkio, Prince of Mōng Mit, former Foreign Minister and Head of the Shan State, was also detained. His English-born wife Mabel was stranded in Rangoon as the Burmese had confiscated her British passport. She was very outspoken and angry, and Shans and Burmese avoided her, fearful of the army. Yet Mabel dared to protest in front of the Ministry of Defence, carrying a poster demanding the release of all political prisoners. And so Burma languishes under the heel of the army, thanks to the ineptitude and confusion in the mind of U Nu who first called Ne Win to take power.

46. Op. cit., 195.

On Leaving Burma

U BA SWE had instructed that an itinerary be drawn whereby I would visit each of the disparate areas of Burma. I asked U Thant, then the Permanent Secretary in the Office of the Prime Minister, to allow me to meet with U Ba Swe. But he informed that Ba Swe preferred I first travel through Burma and learn of their problems, and only then would we meet.

By the time of my first meeting with U Ba Swe on February 27, I was in a deeply contradictory position. I was his guest, I had eaten his bread, which on an ethical, moral level was an inhibition, and at the same time I could not support his regime for there was glaring evidence that the Burmese army, itself, in the name of an anti-insurrectionist, anti-secessionist campaign, constituted a cardinal abuse of the people. And I was convinced that the demands of the national 'minorities' had to be met, not by the muzzle of a gun. I spoke of this to U Ba Swe. We had many such discussions, both about Burma and about the 'Arab World and the long-range menace constituted by the existence of Israel.

Perhaps it was in my last visit with U Ba Swe that he was to reveal why he had brought me to Burma. But first, he asked me to take his photograph whereupon, to my consternation, he closed his eyes and an expression of far-reaching satisfaction came over his face. He said he was thinking of what he would then tell me. If I would learn of Southeast Asia and its problems in the same depth as I now knew the 'Arab World, I might well become a useful spokesperson in Southeast Asia's defence against imperialist encroachment as I was *vis-à-vis* the 'Arab World, and of this he had direct experience. He volunteered to open Burma to me, all files and records, if I would write on their struggle and their problems. One needs to understand the situation obtaining in Burma at that time to realize the magnitude and depth of his trust. No foreigner was allowed to travel outside Rangoon without specific permission of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, as I recall, and very few foreigners were even given visas to enter Burma, let alone to travel in the country. While fully conscious of his generosity, my conscience forbade acceptance.

I begged U Ba Swe's permission to leave Burma. But he denied me this and set about organizing another programme for me to

visit the Tenasserim strip in the south, Tavoy being his hometown. I dutifully went, but meanwhile I had asked U Thant to arrange an air ticket for me to the closest point out of Burma, which was Bangkok where I had never been and where I was to arrive on March 29, virtually penniless, on my birthday!

Meanwhile, the Germans were cabling me, insisting I write on Burma, particularly as I was the first non-Burmese after Dorothy Woodman⁴⁷ — who visited the interior ten years before — to be allowed to enter the more remote areas, let alone to have done so with full Government support and all the necessary logistics. But I could not publish what I had written for this would be damaging to Burma, but neither could I write other than that pejorative truth. I never sent what I wrote, which led to my dismissal.

Not only were my German editors interested in what I had learned, so was the American Embassy, which would not spare me a confrontation. I wanted to leave Burma; as I frankly told U Thant, I could not accept U Ba Swe's further hospitality. But I had run out of pages in my passport. I asked U Thant to delegate someone from protocol in the Burmese Foreign Office to accompany me to the Embassy to forestall my being asked any embarrassing questions. I had earlier declined their invitation to dialogue! As soon as the American official saw my passport he rushed out of the room to return and inform that the Ambassador would be pleased to meet with me for a discussion on Burma. The First Secretary, Herbert D. Spivack, was insistent. I refused, saying I was the guest of the Government of Burma, and I would not betray that trust. It became a very nasty situation with his contending: "There's a war on, whether you know it or not. As far as I am concerned, there are no individuals entering Burma. You have had this rare chance to learn, and you have an obligation." When ten minutes had elapsed, as prearranged, Mr. Charles from protocol knocked on the

47. Dorothy Woodman, a British woman and wife of the former editor of the *New Statesman*, was considered the 'mother of Burmese nationalism'. Accordingly, she was Burma's guest at the time of independence. Burma was the only country in Asia which declined membership in the Commonwealth on achieving its political independence.

door to 'remind me' that I had an appointment with the Foreign Minister and should not keep him waiting. The now irate First Secretary advised me to return to America lest further dire consequences befall me! A most unpleasant man. As detailed in the second part of my *mémoire*, he then suggested to Washington that my passport be 'restricted', whatever that might have meant!

U Thant Lives in My Memory

MY relationship with U Thant began when I was the Prime Minister's guest and he was the Permanent Secretary in the Office of the Prime Minister, and it persisted through the rest of his life. It was one of my joys when this gentle, decent man, always concerned for my welfare, would take the time to visit with me at the Strand Hotel.⁴⁸ We formed a human bond that was ongoing. I can still feel his presence when before I left he put his lips in the hollow of my cheek and deeply inhaled, as if imbibing my essence.

U Thant was 20 years my senior, being born in 1909 in the Delta town of Pantanaw. After his education there, he went on to the University College at Rangoon, returning to his home town to become a teacher, and later headmaster. In 1947, he was appointed Director of Burma's Broadcasting Services at Rangoon. When U Nu became Prime Minister, he took U Thant as his confidant, and that was how I knew him.

Later in 1957, U Thant was to become Burma's Permanent Representative to the United Nations; after Dag Hammarskjöld's death in 1961, Acting Secretary General, and finally Secretary General. U Thant never wavered from his neutralist position despite the heavy pressures of the Cold War. His frankness did not enamour him to many leaders. He never dissembled, he was who he was. Not wishing or seeking a second term, it nevertheless befell him. When he retired, he remained in New York, where in 1972 he was awarded the UN Peace Medal.

My dear friend died of cancer on November 25, 1974, when he was only 65. Whatever his status, he always kept up his relationship with me. When I visited the States, some time earlier than

48. It's difficult to describe the Strand — created in 1901 by the Armenian Sarkies Brothers — as it was in 1957, before the intrusion of a big money make-over whereby suite-rooms now go for USD 450/- a night, when even into 1978, they went for USD 20/-. My sitting-room cum bedroom was about 30 feet in length, with a very generous bathroom and dressing room. While the overstuffed armchairs were worn and lumpy, there was the pleasure of writing on a teak or mahogany desk, and feeling totally at home. There was nothing synthetic in the hotel, before the onslaught.

1969, because my Grandmother Catherine was still alive, she gave me one of her prized African Violets (*Saintpaulia ionantha*) to take to him, and being naïve, I did what she said. When I reached his office — the appointment was made in advance — a huge American, possibly from the FBI, seized the violets from me. I was stunned and only slowly realized that the plant could have been bugged or even have been a disguised bomb! Dear U Thant insisted they give him the violets, bugged or not, bomb or no bomb. Typical of his consistent empathy, he asked if I needed a flat, as he now had enough money to buy one for me. As always in my life when I have been offered something, even something I really need, I do not know why, but invariably I have responded 'no, thank you, I don't need it'. Is that humbleness or pride or a deep-seated feeling of being unworthy, I wouldn't know. In fact, I was living in a very small room in MSRI's office in Singapore and would dearly have loved to have had the privacy of a flat!

The next time I saw U Thant was in 1970 at the One Asia Assembly in Manila, where he was an honoured guest. When we both rushed to one another with joy, Singapore Foreign Minister Rajaratnam paternalistically moved forward to announce that "She lives with us now"! I remember U Thant giving him his non-committal look in response.

U Thant cared about Palestine, but he cared equally about the death of a Palestinian kid or a Jewish kid, and he spoke of a resolution where mothers, be they Muslim, Christian or Jew, would never more need to weep over their dead sons. In his caring for the death of any child, he was the antithesis of the brutal Ne Win who let it be known that he would not welcome U Thant's return to Burma.

Only his body was to return on December 1, 1974, but that, too, was unwelcome; death hadn't softened Ne Win's antagonism. He intended to have U Thant's remains interred in a common cemetery, at a site near the leper colony. But fifty thousand of Burma's people felt otherwise. They converged on the cemetery and as the funeral procession was about to start, monks grabbed the coffin and handed it over to the students who put it on a truck, laden with floral tributes, and took it over a ten-mile drive to the Rangoon Arts and Sciences University, where it was installed in the Convocation Hall. Pongyis — Buddhist monks — from all over

Burma began to descend on Rangoon and were stopped only by a Ne Win travel ban.

On December 7th, Ne Win backed down and proposed that a mausoleum be built in Cantonment Park at the foot of Shwedagon Pagoda. But the students, not receiving a guarantee that there would be no reprisals, persisted in building a mausoleum at the university, beside the old Students Union building which Ne Win had had obliterated in 1962. On the 8th — the anniversary of the first student boycott against the British colonialists in 1920 — U Thant's UN flag-draped coffin was taken to the burial site and interred in a brick mausoleum the students had constructed.

Although the support for the students had numbered even up to a hundred thousand, by the 9th the numbers had dwindled, and on the 11th, when the protesters were asleep, a thousand soldiers and fifteen platoons of police stormed the university grounds. An hour later, the campus was under their complete control, and 2,900 people including pongyis were rounded up and roughly herded together. Some were taken away to Insein Jail and others to the Military Intelligence Services' detention centre. Fewer than half of those detained were students. At the same time, under Ne Win's orders, pneumatic drills were used to break open the mausoleum. U Thant's remains were moved to Cantonment Gardens for reburial.

The mistreatment of the pongyis enraged the Burmese people who began to attack police stations and other public buildings; even trains were set on fire. Martial Law was declared for the first time since Burma gained independence twenty-six years earlier, and a curfew was imposed from 6.00 p.m. to 6.00 a.m.; all schools, universities, markets, and some businesses, were closed. By the 11th, Ne Win's government announced that special courts were being formed from whose decision there would be no appeal. The masses were fired upon without warning and arrests continued. Armed troops with fixed bayonets were stationed at major intersections and patrolled the streets. Allegedly, in Rangoon 2,000 were taken in for questioning and another 445 in Mandalay.

Andrew Selth quotes Steinberg as stating that there were rumours of over 1,000 dead, buried in an unmarked mass grave near the Mingaladon military cantonment area. Selth goes on to say that "student sources have claimed that over 100 of their

number were killed in the demonstration... . Unofficial estimates [of the number arrested] run as high as 7,000, including 500 women and 350 monks." By the end of December, "official sources were speaking of 196 brought to trial, most of whom were sentenced to between three and five years in jail Between 100 and 200 so-called 'hard-core' protestors, including those known to have given speeches on the RASU campus, had been arrested and charged with treason. Then, as now, this offence carried the death penalty. The fate of those prisoners is still not known."⁴⁹

When in 1978 I was able to visit Burma again, the first time since 1957, I sought out U Maung Khant, U Thant's brother. I wanted to pay my respects at U Thant's mausoleum, but I found the grille door padlocked. On the roadside in front was a stall of someone purporting to sell drinks, but since there was no congregation of people milling about, all too obviously he was one of the regime's many paid informants. But really I didn't give a damn, as I loved and honoured U Thant. In the end, I had no option but to throw roses — of remembrance — through the locked grille and to take a photograph of his tomb as best I could.

U Thant's brother, the well-known Burmese writer, U Khant, gave me the photograph that appears in this book of U Thant doing obeisance to his mother Daw Nan Thaung on his departure for New York. How proud that lady must have been to have had such a principled son.

In another visit in August 1980, U Khant took me to the home of my erstwhile benefactor U Ba Swe. There I met his lovely daughters. They had been part of the student protest on the return of U Thant's body and had been detained. They showed me their arms that were so badly marked. They had been forced to clear with their bare hands a Burmese plant, the name of which translates 'touch me not', which is filled with thorns. But those spunky young women did not regret what they had done. I took photographs of their sadly marked arms in evidence, one of which appears in this book. They told me that at least one of their

49. *Death of a Hero: The U Thant Disturbances in Burma, December 1974*, Research Paper No.49 (Queensland: Griffith University, Centre for the Study of Australian-Asian Relations, April 1989) 23.

student leaders had been hung, but the fate of many remains unknown.

And so the struggle goes on for the resurrection of the life of Burma; many suffer, but will not be deterred. Let us leave Burma with this admonishment from U Thant:

The permanent greatness of Burma could be built only on sound morality and Buddha's ethical principles. The enemy is not across our frontiers, but in the degeneration of ourselves.⁵⁰

50. U Thant, "Respect for the Teacher", *The Burmese Review*, 1946, reproduced in Trager, H.G. (ed.), *We the Burmese: Voices from Burma* (New York: Praeger, 1969) 125-7, quoted in Selth, op. cit., 8.

OFFICE OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

Date 20/2/ 1957.

Dear Miss Gordon,

Thanks for
your very charming note which
I received last night from
U Kyau Tun. Herewith two
telegrams for you. I will
see you either tomorrow or
the day after. I will give
you a ring tomorrow.

Yours sincerely,

U Thant

(U THANT)

Miss Shirle Gordon
138 Strand Hotel.

also three letters. K.K. Chit
U Thant's stenographer.

1957 February: one of U Thant's many caring notes to the author.



UN Secretary General U Thant paying obeisance to his Mother Daw Dan Thaung at Rangoon, on the eve of his departure to New York.



c. 1978: U Ba Swe, wife and daughters, note the badly scarred arms of one of the lovely girls, the price of dissent; on her right is U Khant, famed writer and brother of U Thant.

ADDENDUM: THE BURMA-ISRAELI CONNECTION

I'VE just come into possession of Andrew Selth's most valuable *Burma's Secret Military Partners*.¹ There he documents linkages between Burma and Israel going back to December 7, 1949 when Burma was the first Asian state to recognize Israel, followed by U Nu's nine-day visit to Israel in May 1955, the first Prime Minister of any country to have done so. According to Liang Chi-shad in his *Burma's Foreign Relations*, a barter agreement was signed in December 1955 and on March 5, 1956, an economic co-operation agreement which included provisions for setting up a rubber-tyre factory, a ceramic and glassware factory, a paint and varnish plant, and a USD 30/- million agricultural development in the Shan State.²

Most importantly, Liang speaks of four villages modelled on the Israeli *kibbutz*, communal farming centres, built in the Shan State, west of the Salween River, about 125 miles from the Chinese border.³ Unfortunately, he cites no year, but only that this was subsequent to U Nu's 1955 visit and his interest in the *kibbutz* system for defending frontier settlements.⁴ According to Selth, another such settlement was established at Putao, in Kachin State. Over 50 Burma Army families were sent to Israel to be trained for these schemes.⁵

As is known, in 1958 Moshe Dayan, Israel's Chief of Staff, and Shimon Peres, then Director-General of their Defence Ministry, visited Burma, and the following year Ne Win paid an official visit to Israel. 1959 also saw the visit to Burma of Israeli President Yitzhak

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1. Canberra: ANU, Strategic and Defence Studies Centre, Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies, 2000.
 2. Liang Chi-shad, *Burma's Foreign Relations: Neutralism in Theory and Practice* (New York: Praeger, 1990) 192-3. Unfortunately, no details are given.
 3. *Ibid.*, 192.
 4. *Ibid.*, 192.
 5. Selth, *op. cit.*, 47.

Ben-Zvi, followed in 1961 by Israeli Prime Minister Ben-Gurion. An Israeli scholar has noted that the alliance with Burma managed to reach Israel beyond the 'Arab 'encirclement' to gain acceptance in a part of the Third World.⁶ More important for Israel, however, are the substantial — ongoing — links it developed with Singapore since 1965 when Singapore became independent of Malaysia, encompassing military, intelligence and economic ties, including the use of Singapore companies to repackage — launder — Israeli products to elude the ban on Israeli goods entering Malaysia.

Since 1988, when the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC) took over Burma, after massively crushing the duly-elected democratic forces, ties between Burma and Israel have considerably strengthened. One of the first arms shipment SLORC received was from Israel (also from Belgium) in August 1989, arranged through Singapore. Bertil Lintner has written that these arms came from Palestinian stocks captured by Israel when she invaded South Lebanon in the early 1980s.⁷ SLORC Burma, like the Philippines under Marcos, bought 9-mm Uzi submachine guns to be used by the bodyguards of the SLORC members, particularly when they venture out into public areas.⁸

At different times, Mossad (Israel's Central Institute for Intelligence and Security) has provided training, technical advice and other forms of assistance to SLORC's Directorate of Defence Services Intelligence, which is responsible for both internal security and support for military actions.⁹ Like Singapore, Israel has provided the Burma Army with specialized intercept and encryption equipment, together with training packages.¹⁰ They've also given training for Burma's élite counter-terrorist squad.¹¹

6. Benjamin Ben-Hallahmi, *The Israel Connection: Who Israel Arms and Why* (New York: Pantheon, 1987) 25, quoted by Selth, op. cit., 49.

7. "Myanmar's Chinese Connection," *International Defense Review*, Nov. 1994, 26.

8. Selth, op. cit., 50.

9. *Ibid.*, 51.

10. Selth, "Burma's Intelligence Apparatus", Canberra: ANU, Working Paper 308, 58.

11. Selth, *Transforming the Tatmadaw: The Burmese Armed Forces since 1988* (Canberra: ANU, 1996) 53.

Selth also writes that "From a regional base in Singapore, with which it shares a very close relationship, Israel has already managed to penetrate the lucrative Chinese arms market."¹² Israel ranks fifth among the world's top arms exporting countries, with more than 2,000 individuals and companies registered with the Israeli Ministry of Defence as approved arms dealers.¹³ "Israel is interested in the spread of nuclear, chemical and biological weapons, and the transfer of technologies related to the development of ballistic and other missiles." Links with Burma — a member of ASEAN — have the potential of diplomatic and intelligence dividends, while Burma is also a useful vantage point from which Israel can monitor critical strategic developments in China and India.

Israel's illegal occupation of Palestine has led them to view Islam and Muslims — wherever they might be — as enemies and to support any and all forces that would crush their movements, *even if they're not ideologically Islamic* but are meant to gain national liberation for Muslim peoples. Accordingly, "Israel has long used its small diplomatic mission in Rangoon to monitor the mood and international connections of Burma's Muslim communities, as well as Burma's official relations with the Islamic world."¹⁴ And, of course, they closely observe the Rohingya movement. In this context, Selth refers to Moshe Yegar's study, *The Muslims of Burma*. Yegar was ostensibly a diplomat posted to Israel's embassy in Rangoon. It's the same Moshe Yegar who then came to Malaysia and proceeded to analyse Islam here, using the Interasian Trading Company, incorporated in Israel, as a cover. He was exposed and pushed out from Malaysia in 1966.

12. Selth, *Burma's Secret Military Partners*, op. cit., 57.

13. *Ibid.*, 57, n. 58.

14. *Ibid.*, 58-9.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
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INDEX

- Abadan, 126
 'Abd Manaf, Hashim b., 200n
 Abdel-Quddous, Ihsan, (d. 1990), 213, 246, 247, 249n
 Abduh, Ibrahim, 153
 Abolitionists, 13n, 56
 Abu Nawar, Col. 'Ali, 191, 192, 193, 194, 197
 Abu Nawar, Ma'an, 199-200
 Abu Simbel, 167n
 'Aden: 212, 257, 259; liberation movement, 259
 Aflaq, Michel, (1910-89), 201, 260
 AFPFL *see* Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League
 Africa: 321; and Burma, 278, 291-2; All-Africa Congress, 292; Central African Federation, 287; East Africa, 289, 292; Equatorial Africa, 167n; Gold Coast, 288; North Africa, 222; Pan-African Liberation Bureau, 278, 287; *Resurgent Africa*, 291; Southern African Development Community Conference, 288n; technical education, need for, 291; Zambia African National Congress, 293; *see also* South Africa
 Africa Bureau, Delhi, 291
 African: Liberation Movement/Bureau, 275, 278, 287; National Congress, 293; Students' Association (India), 291
 African Union Trading Company for Imports & Exports (Cairo), 249n
 Agamia, Prof. Muhammad, 150
 Ahdut Ha'avoda, 265n
Ahram, al-, 184n
 AIDS, 119
 Aish, el-, Muhammad, 235
Akbar, al-, 230
 Akha, 307n
 Akigumo, 91
 Akyab, 309, 366n
 Alaska: 36, 86n; Native Claims Settlement Act, 87n; Pelican, 36; *see also* Aleuts
 Aleem, Prof. Abdul, (1906-76), 279, 294
 Aleuts, 86, 86-7n
 Alexandria, 156, 157, 174, 223, 280
 Alexei, 178
 Algeria/Algerian: 193, 206, 231, 245, 257, 260, 267-8, 269, 270n, 278; colons, 269n; National Movement/Liberation Front, 260, 266, 267, 268, 275
 All-China Federation of Writers and Artists, 283n
 Allen, Woody, 111
 Allied Middle East Command, 219
Amal, al-, 230, 231
 Ambedkar, Dr. Bhimrao, (1891-1956), 284-5
 Amenhotep, Pharaoh III, 167n
 Amer, Field Marshal Abdel Hakim, (1919-67), 249n
 Amer, Dr., 159
 American: Association for the UN, 121; 'Attache', 246; Bill of Rights, 91; characteristics, 56, 64, 241; Civil Liberties Act of 1988, 86; Civil War, 13-14; Constitution, 109, 120; Council for Judaism, 158; Declaration of Independence, 49n; Embassy: at Cairo, 169-70, 171, 172-3, 178, 179; at Rangoon, 359, 360, 376; Fifth Amendment, 109; GI Bill, 98; House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), 108-12, 117, 118; Indian Reorganization Act, 87n; Indians, 9, 10, 359; Jewish Alternative to Zionism (AJAZ), 159n; mining industry S. Africa, 290; National Council for Japanese-American Redress, The, 92; New Deal, 109, 111; press, 246; Revolution/Revolutionary War (1775-83), 3, 5, 6, 8, 9-11, 12, 47; University: of Beirut (AUB), 183, 207, 208, 211; of Cairo (AUC), 169-70; *Voice of America*, 257; *see also* Spivack
 Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund (Bund), 93-4n
 Amman, Jordan, 192, 200n
 Anand, Mulk Raj, 263, 281-2, 285-6
 Anderson, Marion, 12n
 Anglo-Egyptian Evacuation Agreement/Treaty, 1954, 220, 227, 237
 Anglo-Iranian Oil Company (AIOC), 123, 124, 135, 233n, 246-7, 324
 Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, 194, 197
 Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL), Burma, 299n, 300n, 302, 304n, 305, 306n, 309, 310, 312, 313n, 316-17, 318n, 328, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335n, 337,

- 341, 342, 344, 345, 346, 355, 356, 358, 361, 366, 368
- 'Aqaba, 232
- 'Arab: 138, 211, 232, 251, 252, 255, 257, 258, 278, 289, 301, 311, 325; Graduates' Conference, 207, 209, 235, 237-42; - Israeli War/Ramadan War (1973), 229n; League, 151, 184n, 221, 235; Legion, 191, 192, 194, 199, 253, 260; Liberation movements, 258-61; nation, 203; Nationalists: generally, 251; hostility to, 230; intellectual leader, 194; Jordan, 196, 236, 260; Kuwait, 211, 259; Lebanon, 174, 230, 243, 244; pan-'Arab, 200; Pan-'Arab empire, 257; Revolt, 1916, 244, 258; Socialist Party of Syria, 201n, 202; Students' Association, USA, 150; Students' Conference, USA, 1954, 47, 143; Treaty of Joint Defence, 1950, 221; Voice of the 'Arabs, Cairo, 211, 257-8; World, 184, 186n, 208, 209, 210, 223, 232, 234, 235, 240, 241, 243, 244, 245, 246, 248, 252, 253, 257, 260, 266, 279, 294, 375, 384
- 'Arabi, al-, Col. Ahmad, (1841-1911), 151
- 'Arabic, 151, 156, 164-5, 178, 248, 265n, 279n, 281, 289
- Arafat, Yasser, 229n
- Arakan: 309, 313n, 366; Sandoway, 309
- Aramco, 212
- Arana, Maj. Francisco, 129-30
- Arbenz Guzman, Jacobo, (1913-71), 129-30, 131, 132, 133n, 134
- Arévalo Bermej, Dr. Juan José, (d. 1990), 115, 129, 130
- Asbury Park, NJ: 7, 79; High School, 78; Press, 113n
- ASEAN, 385
- Asian immigration laws, USA, 85
- Asian: Socialist Conference, 1956, 265-70, 287, 319n, 321, 328; Writers' Conference, 1956, 282, 285
- Assad, al-, Hafez, (1930-2000), Pres. of Syria 1971-2000, 207n
- Assam Province, India, 339, 353
- Aswan Dam, 166, 167n, 187n, 221
- Atkinson: Albert; Bessie; Charles; and Clara (1868-1967), 20
- Atrash, al-, Farid, 200n
- Aung Gyi, Col., 302n, 318n, 336
- Aung San, Gen., (d. 1947), 299n, 306n, 313n, 335n, 349, 364, 365n, *see also* Khin Kyi, Daw
- Aung San Suu Kyi, (1945-), 349n
- Ayrout, Father Henri Habib, 161-2, 165
- Azm, al-, Khaled, 235, 251
- Ba'ath, al-, *see* Hizb al-Ba'ath
- Ba Maw, Dr., 306n
- Ba Sein, Thakin, 364
- Ba Swe, U. (1915-87), PM Burma: 267, 273, 275, 278, 291, 292, 294, 295, 299, 303, 304n, 312-23, 328, 333, 336, 344, 347, 362, 364, 367, 368, 369, 375, 376, 381; daughters, 381
- Bacall, Lauren, 109
- Bagdash, Khalid, 230, 235, 251-2
- Baghdad, 210, 293
- Baghdad Pact, 197, 208-9, 235, 236, 247, 259
- Baghdadi, Abdel Latif, 160n, 186n, 249n
- Bahar, Alexander, 102n
- Bahrain, 257, 259; liberation movement, 259
- Bakaric, Vladimir, 271-2, 273
- Bakr, Dr. Abdel Rahman, 259
- Baldwin, Sarah, 49, 74
- Bama, *see* Myanmar
- Bama *nainggun/bamapyi*, *see* Myanmarpyi
- 'Banana Republic', 129, 135
- Bandung Conference of Non-aligned Countries, 156
- Bangkok, 376
- Bangladesh, 370n
- Banque de Syrie, 250; Misr, 205
- Barclays Bank, 249, 250
- Barnet, Dr., 10
- Bashir, Tahseen, (d. 2000), 150
- Basking Ridge, 10, 11
- Battle of Princeton, 11
- Bauch, Gerhard, 189-90
- Bavarian Royal Family, 38n
- BBC, 257
- Beatty, Frank, 90
- Bechuanaland Democratic Party, Botswana, 288n
- Bedouin, 169, 191, 192, 211
- Begum, Ismat-un-Nisa Ismat-un-Nisa, 279n
- Beirut, 146, 149, 171, 174, 179, 186, 189, 197, 199, 207, 211, 228, 230, 232, 234, 235, 242, 244, 252, 256, 266, 278, 280
- Belgium, 227, 384
- Belgrade, 148, 221
- Ben Bella, Ahmed, (1919-), 270n
- Ben-Gurion (Grün), David, (1886-1973), PM Israel 1948-53, and 1953 intermittently through June 1963), 197, 224, 225, 265n, 270-1, 384
- Ben-Zvi, Yitzhak, Pres. Israel, 384
- Benginia, Frank, 34n
- Benyahia, Muhammad, 267-8, 269n
- Berger: Rabbi Elmer, (1908-96), 158, 159n, 176; Ruth, 176
- Bergische Universität, Wuppertal, Germany, 40

- Berkeley Heights, 97
 Bernardi, Herschel, 111
 Bernards/Bernardsville, NJ, 8, 10, 11
 Bernstein, Walter, 111
 Bevan, Aneurin, (1897-1960), 188
 Bhamo, 326, 340, 353-4, 359, 360, 362, 368
 Bhutan, 310n
 Biddle, Francis, US Attorney General, 86
 Biela (Bela): Doris Erna, (1919-98), 41, 42, 45, 46, 75, 83; Erneste (Ernö), (1880-1929), 41, 45-6; Johann (János), (1833-1911), and children, János and Mariska, 45n
 Bismarck, von-, Otto, (1815-98), 39, 43
 Bitar, Salah, (d. 1980), 201-3, 204, 206, 207n
 Black, Eugene, 221, 223
 'Black Saturday', Cairo, 1952, 220
 Blacklist, 109, 111
 Blair, Dr., 21
 Blitz (Bombay), 257, 279, 280
 Bo Zeya, 307n
 Board of Education, Melbourne, PA, 29
 BOC, 324, 325
 Bombay, 257, 265, 266, 278, 279, 280, 289, 292
 Botswana, 288n
 Boulder, Colo., 83-5
 Bound Brook mansion, 54-8, 74
 Bourguiba, 236
 Boylan: Aaron (father of Dr. James), 8, 10; Aaron (son of Dr. James), (1774-1858), 7, 8, 11; Catherine Ann, (1809-1863), 7, 11; family, 11; James, Dr., (1743-1823), 8, 10-11; John, 8; Osee Melinda, (1813-1905), 7; Roger, 8; William, 11; William H., 11
 Boylan's Tavern, 10
 Brandeis, Justice Louis (1856-1941), 120
 Brando, Marlon, 109
 Brandt, Joseph, 9, 10
 Braunthal, Julius, 266-7
 Brazil, 201n
 Brecht, Bertolt, 109
 Breese, Phoebe, (1783-1862), 7
 Britain/British/England/Great Britain: 3, 5, 6, 11n, 42-3, 49n, 123, 124, 126, 145n, 191, 192, 194, 195, 196, 202, 206, 209, 210, 212, 214, 216, 220, 222, 224, 225, 226, 227, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 244, 245, 247, 249, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 259, 260, 261, 272, 273, 276, 277, 290, 301, 310, 311, 320, 325, 328, 330, 332, 333, 335n, 341, 351, 355, 358; and Burma, 299n, 306n, 327, 335n, 355-6; and China, 320; and Egypt, 168, 209, 210, 219-27, 257, 260, 261; and Iran, 123-6; and Iraq, 209, 210; and Israel, 225-6; and Jordan, 191, 194, 195; and Kuwait, 214; and Nasser, 225; and Suez Canal, 239-40; army, 265n; Baghdad Pact, 208-9; House of Commons, 5n, 220; Labour: Government, 126; Party, 245, 287-8
 Brockway, Fenner, (1888-1988(?)), 276, 287
 Buchner, Otto, 39
 Buddhism: 284; in Burma, 300n, 301n, 305, 317, 318, 365, 368, 370, 382; Monks, 366n, 379, 380
 Buenos Aires, 18, 34, 62
 Bulganin, 226, 252
 Bunce: John W., 39; Mary, 40n
 Bund, see Amerika-Deutscher Volksbund
 Burg, Germany, 40, 41, 42, 43
 Burke, Edmund, 5, 49n
 Burma: 291, 292, 297-385, and Africa, 278, 292; and Britain, 299n, 301, 306n, 313n, 327, 332, 335n, 355-6; and China, 307n, 310, 312, 315, 316, 329, 330, 333, 338, 339, 340, 341, 345, 353, 360, 365, 383, 368, 385; and Israel, 294, 299, 300-1, 302, 342-3, 370, 383-5; and Pakistan, 366n; and US, 299n, 301, 345, 368; agriculture/paddy, 351-2, 355, 357, 360, 372-3; amnesty, 301n, 307-8, 312-13, 314, 331, 365; anti-Burman/Burman/Burmanization, 297, 301, 303, 314, 335n, 336, 338, 341, 342, 346, 348, 350, 355, 356, 358; Chamber of Nationalities, 303, 343, 345, 369; Chinese, 307n, 315, 329, 330, 353, 354, 359; Chinese immigration into, 315, 358, 359; Chinese schools, 358; Christians/Christianity, 327, 354, 358, 360; Coco Island, 366; communists, 299n, 306-7n, 311n, 327-8, 332, 335n, 344-5, 358, 365; Constitution, 300n, 303, 308n, 332, 333, 335, 343, 346, 347, 368, 369, 374; coups, 318n, 366, 369, 374; 'Defence of the Realm', 332; detention, 300n, 301n, 318n, 335n, 348n, 366, 370, 374, 380-1; education, 316; elections, 303, 309, 316, 318n, 329, 332-4, 341, 343-4, 364, 368; foreign capital, 325, 326; independence, 327, 365; Indians, 315; Japanese occupation/reparations/technicians, 306n, 324, 338, 345, 348, 357; Justice Party, 332; literature, 300n; martial law, 380; Maternity and Child Welfare Society, 350-1; minerals, 372n; Muslim Congress, 366; Muslims/Mujahid, 366, 370, 385; Nationalist United Front (NUF), 332, 333, 366; nationalization, 304, 315, 324,

- 352, 360; No. 2 Mine, 347, 355, 356; Northeastern Special District, 340; Nu-Attlee Agreement, 306n; Our Burma Association, 299n; Parliament, 303, 343-4, 345, 364, 369; peasants, 315, 372; People's United Party (PUP), 332, 333; police, 348; PVO, 306n; Pyidaungsu (Union) Party, 368; Rakhines, 297; Revolutionary Party, 318n; secession (Panglong Agreement), 308, 335, 340-1, 345, 346, 349, 361, 368, 373, 375; Student Union, 367, 369-70, 380; Thirty Comrades, 307n, 365; Unity and Development Party, 313n; Workers' and Peasants' Party (BWPP), 332, 333, 366; *see also* Arakan; Hill People's League/Association; Kachins; Kyaw Nyein; Nu, U; Pa-Os; Rangoon; Rohingya; Shans; SLORC; Thakin; Thant, U; Taunggyi; Tavoy; Wa; and *see under* entries Sao and Saohpa
- Burma Independence Army (BIA), 365; Burma National Army (BNA), 365; Burmese army, 300-1n, 302n, 307n, 314, 327, 336, 341, 342, 344, 346-7, 355, 357, 360, 362-3, 366-70, 371, 372-4, 375, 383, 384
- Bushen, Dimitri, 173, 174, 178
- Bustani, al-, Emile, 235
- Buthidaung, 366n
- Butler, Walter, 9-10
- Byroade, US Ambassador Henry, 169-70, 176-8
- Cabrera, 129
- Cady, John F., 368
- Cairo: Fire, 220; Radio, 226, 262; University, 200
- Cambodia, 339
- Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), 276n
- Campbell, Rhoda Emeline, (1846-1915), 35n
- Canfield, Jennie M., 6n
- Capitalism, 112, 245, 251-2, 272
- Castillo Armas, Col. Carlos, 134
- Castro, Fidel, (1926-), 133n
- Catholic: 5, 97, 177; church, 78; school, 78
- Centenary Church, Newark, NJ, 14
- Centenary College, Hackettstown, NJ, 12
- Chadirihi, Kamel, 210
- Chaldean Christians, Iraq, 136
- Chamaoun, Camille, Pres. Lebanon 1952-58, 242
- Chamber of Nationalities, *see under* Burma
- Chao Sam Toon, 335n
- Chao Tzang Yawnghwe @ Eugene Thaike, 301n, 307n, 313n, 318n, 335n, 348n, 373-4
- Chaplin, Charlie, 109, 111
- Cherry Valley, NY, 8-9
- Chiang Kai-shek (Jiang Jie Shi), (1887-1975), 283n
- Chick, 98
- Chigusa, Lt.-Com., 91
- Chile: and Israel, 273; Popular Socialist Party of Chile, 273
- China, People's Republic of: 67, 75, 227, 236, 252, 282-3, 329, 364; and Britain, 320; and Burma, 299n, 305, 307n, 310, 312, 315, 316, 329, 330, 333, 338, 339, 340, 341, 345, 353, 360, 365, 368, 383, 385; and Egypt, 221, 226, 249n; and Jinghpaw, 353; and Shans, 338; and T'ais, 339, 340, 347; First National People's Congress, 283n; Free T'ai State, 338-9; Union of Chinese Writers, 283n; *see also* Chou En-lai (Zhou En-lai)
- Chinese, 85, 195, 202, 203, 221, 226, 227, 249, 279, 282-3n, 299n, 320
- Chins: 297, 299n, 306n, 314, 326, 344, 362; Rifles, 315
- Chit, Thakin, 307n
- Chit Myaing, Col., 336, 350
- Chou En-lai (Zhou En-lai), (1898-1975), 279, 292, 310, 339
- Christians/Christianity: Alice and the Black Bible, 277n; Archbishop of Canterbury, 276-7n; Baptism, 72, 97; Burma, 327, 354, 358, 360; Coptic, 161-2, 164-6; Egypt, 253; Greek Orthodox, 168-9, 201; Jordan, 192; Lutheran: 71; Missouri Synod Lutheran Churches, 44n; Maronites, Lebanon, 189, 230, 243; missionaries, 276n; Presbyterians, 23n; Protestants, 4, 13, 45n, 100, 107; Zentralarchiv der Evangelischen Kirche, 108n; *see also* Chaldean; Methodists, and *see under* Germany
- Christianson, Dr., 351
- Churchill, Sir Winston, (1874-1965), 220, 276
- CIA: 233n, 247n, 261-2; and Egypt, 187, 261-2; and Guatemala, 129, 132, 133n, 134, 135-6; and Iran, 125, 126-8; and Kenya, 294n
- CIO-AFL, 269
- Circurel, Salvatore, 245
- Clare, de-, Margaret, 4
- Cobb, Lee J., 110
- Coco Island, Burma, 366
- Coffee, 129
- Coffin, Selden J., 24

- Coghill, 192
 Cohn, Roy, (d. 1986), 119
 Cold War, 108, 111, 112, 125, 157, 202, 236n, 274, 330n, 356
 Coleraine, Ireland, 8, 9
 Colombo Plan/Powers, 319n, 330
 Columbia: College, 31n; Law School, 120; Teachers College, 23; University, 12, 23, 24, 29-30, 47, 114, 117, 119, 128, 136, 138-9, 143-4
 Common Sense, 49n
 Commonwealth, 321, 327, 330n, 376n
 Communist Party: of Burma (CPB or Red Flag), 306n, 313n; of Germany, 101; Burmese Communist Party (BCP or White Flag), 306n, 307n, 308, 313n; Tudeh, Communist Party of Iran, 126
 Communists: 256, 260; Asia, 326; Burma, 299n, 306-7n, 311n, 313n, 327-8, 332, 335n, 344-5, 365; China, 283n; Egypt, 152, 157, 220; France, 245; Germany, 103, 104, 105, 108; Guatemala, 132; Iraq, 259; Jordan, 194, 260; Syria, 230
 Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez, *see* Suez Canal Co.
 Compañía del Gas, Uruguay, 16
 Concentration/internment camps: Egypt, 157, 162; Japanese-Americans, 84, 85, 86-8, 92, 93; Nazis, 104, 106, 107, 268
 Confederacy, 13n
 Constitution Hall, Wash. DC, 12n
 Conzen, Kathleen Neils, 93n
 Copeland, Miles, 88-9, 127n, 128, 135, 187n, 208, 222, 226, 261-2
 Copts, *see* Under Christians
 Corson, Thomas M., 24
 Cottrell, Bert, 98-9
 Cousé: Hallie, (1930-2001), 112-13; Percy, 113
 Cox: Captain A.B., 8, 9; Mrs., 9
 Crane, The Revd. J.T., 11
 Crist, *see also* Krist
 Crist, Henry, (1844-95) and Rudolph, 35n
 Cuba, 31, 133
 Cyprus, 222, 245
 Czech Arms Agreement, 1955, 157, 222, 246, 251
 Czechoslovakia, 103
 Dalits, *see* Untouchables
 Damascus, 201n, 207n, 229, 244, 254, 256
 Damrosch, Frank, 44
 Daughters of the American Revolution, 12; Revolution, 12n; Descendants of the American Revolution, 12n
 Davis, Bette, 109
 Dayan, Moshe (Moshemo), (1915-81), 383
 Denver, Colo., 3, 14, 22, 27, 30n, 31, 37, 47, 83
 Denville, NJ, 35
 Depression, 54, 57, 63, 64, 94n
 DeWitt, Lt.-Gen. John L., 85, 91-2
 Diaz, Col. Carlos, 134
 Dickinson College, NJ, 12, 29
 Die Welt, 189-90
 Dies, Martin, 108
 Dimitrov, Georgi, (1882-1949), 101-2
 Dina, Queen of Jordan, (Sharifa Dina Abdel Aziz Oaun, b. 1929(?)), 194, 200, 201n
 Diyar, *al-*, 231
 Djumblatt, Kamal, (1917; assassinated 1977), 184, 187-8, 236, 241, 242, 243, 247, 265
 Dohbama Asiayone, 297, 299n, 313n, 364
 Donnelly, Edward G., 127
 Douglas, Justice William O., (1898-1980), 119
 Driscoll, Hannah, 6-7
 Druze, 187-9
 Dublin: 9, 13, 14n; Castle, 4; University, 13, 15n
 Duggans, 58
 Dulles: Allen, (1893-1969), Head of CIA, 132, 134, 135, 261; John Foster, (1888-1959), Secretary of State, 127n, 132, 134, 135, 187, 208, 221-2, 224, 261; Sullivan & Cromwell, Dulles brothers' law firm, 135
 Dunlop: Anna, (1746-1831), 8, 10-11; The Revd. Samuel, (d. 1779/80?), 8-10, 30
 Dunn, Huddie, 113n
 Dutton, Bishop Dr. Dennis C., 14n
 Duwa Sinwa Nawng, 355
 Duwas, 353, 358
 E Maung, Dr., 308, 331-4
 East Orange, NJ, 49, 74, 98
 Eban, Abba, (1915-), 143-4
 Eberhard, Inge, wife of Sao Kya Seng, 350-1, 372, 374
 Edelstein, Al, 98
 Eden, Sir Anthony, (1897-1977), 224-5, 227, 240-1, 253, 261, 320
 Edward the Confessor, 3
 Egypt: 141, 143, 145, 150-79, 185, 186n, 194, 195, 201, 209, 211, 212-13, 219-62, 266-7, 277, 278, 280, 288, 289, 325-6, 333; and Australia, 219; and Britain, 168, 209, 210, 219-27, 257, 260, 261; and China, 221, 226, 249n; and France, 225-7, 257, 261, 266-7; and Iraq, 230, 250; and Israel, 157, 222, 225-6, 227;

- 267, 274; and Lebanon, 230-1, 250; and Saudi 'Arabia, 250; and Syria, 202-4, 205, 250; and US, 220, 221-3, 226, 228, 246, 247, 248; and USSR, 223, 226, 228; Arms Agreement, 251; army, 155, 156, 157, 160, 201, 225n, 226, 227; Association of Social Studies, 185n; attitude, 246; British-French attack, 226; British occupation, 219-21; censorship, 171, 175; Christians, 253; Committee for the Defence of, 234-5; communists, 157, 220; Constitution, 155; Consultative Assembly, 155; Copts, 161-2, 164-6; cotton, 222, 249; Council for Social Services, 185n, 235; economic blockade, 249-50; Free Officers', 156, 160, 168n, 186n, 220, 249n; humour, 153; Information Office, 159; intellectuals, 151-2, 155, 167; Kalabsha Dam, 166; Luxor, 31, 161, 165; mentality, 151; nationalization, 227; prisoners of war, 227; repression, 185; Revolutionary Command Council (RCC), 150, 155, 159, 186n; Ruwad, al-, social movement, 185n; Sa'idi, 162; Shadi, Salah, (Ikhwan), 154; Support for Egypt Committee, 251; teachers in Kuwait, 212, 215; Third Anniversary of the Revolution (July 1955), 156, 280; torture, 154; Wafd, 152-3; *see also* Alexandria; Bedouin; Farouk; Free Passage; High Dam; Institute of Higher 'Arab Studies; Nile; Radio: Cairo, Free Egypt; Responsibles; *Rose el-Yousef*; Sabri, 'Ali; Sadat, Anwar; Sinai; Suez, and Tripartite States
- Eisenhower: Pres. Dwight, (1890-1969), 132, 134, 136n, 226, 236n, 320; Doctrine, 311
- Elberfeld, Germany, 40, 41, 42, 43, 47, 70
- Emerson, Grace, 20
- Entente Cordiale: of 1904, 239; of 1956, 260
- Ericsson, Dr. Frans A., 98
- Estes Park, Colo., 31, 47
- Europe, 241-2, 249, 287
- Evans, Helen D., 21
- Fair Haven, NJ, 68
- FAO, 319n
- Farhan, Hamad, 195, 196, 236n
- Farouk, King of Egypt, 1936-52, (1920-65), 153, 161, 186n
- Fascist/fascism/anti-fascism, 114, 276n
- Fayhid, Shaykh, 214
- FBI, 86, 110
- Feiffer, Jules, 113
- Faisal II, King of 'Iraq, b. 1939, r. April 04 1939, killed July 14, 1958, 224
- Faisal ibn Abd al-Aziz ibn Sa'ud, (1905-75), as Amir (Prince) of Saudi 'Arabia, 212; as King, 1964-75, 229
- Fellah Society, 145
- Fellahin, 145n, 151, 161-2, 165, 227, 249
- Ferrer, José, 109
- Fida'yin attacks, 157, 225n
- Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 44
- Firman, Ottoman Sultan's, 237, 238
- Fitz (Fils, son), 3
- FitzGerald: Catherine Ann, (1840-1924), 3, 11-12, 14, 15-16, 19-20, 27, 29, 31; family origins, 3-4; James, (18th cent.), 4, 6; James Newbury, (1837-1907), 7; John, (1774-1861), 6-7; John, (18th cent.), 3-4; John, (20th cent.), 4; John Driscoll, (1813-92), 7; Joshua, (1806-56), 3, 7, 11; Maurice, (12th cent.) 3; William, (1729-1813), 4, 6-7
- Fitzgibbon, 6
- Flood, Henry, (1732-91), 4-5
- Fonda, Henry, 109
- Forster, E.M., 263
- Fort: Monmouth, NJ, 113; Sumter, Charleston, SC, 13n; Taggart, Gaza Strip, 157
- Forty Pals, 48
- Foster, R.F., 5
- France/French: 193, 210, 219, 224, 225, 226, 231, 235, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 244, 245, 247, 250, 251, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 260, 261, 268, 272, 277, 278; and Algeria, 231, 245, 260, 267-8, 278; and Cyprus, 245; and Egypt, 225-7, 257, 261, 266-7; and Israel, 225-6; and Madagascar, 278; and Suez Canal, 239, 240; Lebanese Mandate, 205, 206; Revolution, 49n; Socialists, 245, 266, 267, 269
- Franco, Gen. Francisco, (1892-1975), 276n
- Frangieh, Hamid, 234
- Free Officers: of Egypt, 155, 160, 168n, 186n, 220, 249n; of Jordan, 192-3
- Free Yemenite Movement, 212, 259
- Friends of New Germany, 93n
- Gallman, US Ambassador to 'Iraq, 210
- Gallt (or Guest), Elizabeth, 8-9
- Gamero, Domingo, 17
- Gandhi, Mohandas Karamchand/Mahatma (1869-1948); Ghandism, 242, 284, 291
- Garfield, John, 109, 110
- Garwood, NJ, 58
- Gaylani, Rashid 'Ali, 207
- Gaza Strip, 145n, 157
- Gerald of Windsor, 3

- German, Edward, 83
- Germany/German: 41-2, 91, 94-5, 99, 100, 101, 106, 147, 189-90, 268, 276n, 291, 355; -Americans, 44n, 93, 95; Christians, 106; culture, 48, 66; Defence Bazaar, 43; Evangelical Clergyman, 107; language, 70; Nazis, 99-108; surrender, 95
- Gestapo (Geheime Staatspolizei) 103, 104, 107-8
- Gevelsberg, Germany, 41
- Ghazi ibn Feisal, King of Iraq, 1933-39, 213
- Gherardini, 3
- Ghorbal, Dr. Mohamed Shafiq, 151
- Glubb, Lt.-Gen. Sir John Bagot, (Glubb Pasha), 191-2, 193-4, 197, 260
- Glück-Christmann, Dr. Charlotte, 38
- Glyn, Knight of, 4
- Goldwyn, Sam, 109
- Gordon, Clarence Dunlop
(Buddy/Bud/Tad), (1873-1964), 12, 14, 15, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27-33, 35, 47
- Gordon, Clarence Edward (Pat/Patsy), (1907-94), 20, 21, 22, 37, 40, 47, 48, 49n, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58-60, 62, 68, 71, 73, 74, 76-7, 83, 97, 146, 149; and watch, 17
- Gordon, Jr., Clarence Edward (Buttle), (1930-), 20n, 47, 53, 59, 60, 68-9, 72-3, 74, 78, 79, 84, 96, 97, 120; and watch, 17
- Gordon, Edward FitzGerald
(Edwin/Eduardo), (1868-1917), 3, 7n, 11-12, 14, 15-23, 25, 27, 31-3, 34, 35, 37, 47, 61-2, 63; watch (given by The Revd. Thomas Edward Gordon), 16; watch (Reward for Valour), 17
- Gordon, Jr., Edward FitzGerald, (d. 1910), 20, 62n
- Gordon, Eliza Anna (Lila Anna) (Czarina), (1877-1922), 12, 14, 15, 18, 21-2, 29, 34-6, 37
- Gordon, Gerald Benjamin (Dinkas/Dinky), (1870-?), 12, 14, 15, 16-17, 18, 19, 21, 23-30, 34, 35, 47
- Gordon, Jay Vincent, (1874-1911), 12, 15, 21, 33, 34
- Gordon, Margaret, 25, 26n
- Gordon, The Revd. Thomas Edward, (1836-1919), 3, 11, 13-14, 15, 16, 24, 25, 26n, 27, 29, 31, 47
- Gordon, Shirle Doris, (1929-): activism, 78, 98-9, 143; ancestors, 3-49; Baghdad, 293; Baptism, 72, 97; birth, 37, 53-4; Burma, 292, 294, 299-382; change of name, 96; childhood, 54-79; education, 71, 73, 74, 77-9, 83, 97-9, 114, 117-23, 120-3, 136, 143; Egypt, 150-79; India, 265-8, 272, 275, 278-81, 282-3, 284, 285, 291, 292; Jerusalem, 197; Jordan, 191; journey to Middle East, 146-9; Lebanon, 183-90, 207; molestation, 65; music, 48-9, 73, 77; New York apartment, 146; Palestine, 121-2, 143-6, 197-9; photography, 95-6, 97-8; religion, 71, 72, 97, 177; riding, 84
- Gordon, Valerie, (d. August 1998), 27
- Gordon, Vivian Boylan (Osee/Zuzie), (1883-1967), 12, 14, 15, 22, 29, 31, 33, 34, 37, 47
- Gordon Brothers: Co., 21, 25; Construction Company, 21, 47
- Gordon Circle cemetery, Linden, NJ, 14, 35
- Göring, Hermann, (1893-1946), 101-2, 104-5
- Gorki, Maxim, (1868-1936), 51
- Goslar, Lower Saxony, 30n
- Gough, Lloyd, 111
- Goumhuriyah, al-*, (The Republic), 257
- Government Sanitary Agent, 14
- Graham, William F., 26n
- Graham Norton, Ann, 26n
- Green, Mrs., 77
- Guatemala: 129-36; Bar Association, 130; Commission for Historical Clarification (CHC), 136; Maya, 131, 136; Memory of Silence, 136; Preventive Penal Law Against Communism, 134; Railroad Company, 129; toxic chemicals, use of, 135; *see also* 'Banana Republic'; United Fruit Company
- Guest, Elizabeth, *see* Gallt, Elizabeth
- Guindi, el-, Ahmad Yussef, (d. 1994), 249n
- Guomintang (KMT), 283n, 336, 341, 344
- Gypsies/Romany, 67
- Habash, Dr. George, (1927-), 194
- Habashi, Shaykh Khan, 259
- Habschmidt, Mr., 74-5
- Hackettstown, NJ, 12, 36
- Hafez, Dr. Amin, (1926-), 228
- Haffar, Lutfi, 206
- Haifa, Palestine, 255
- Hainan, 364
- Hakim, Adnan, 243
- Hakim, Col. Said, 166
- Hakim, al-, Tawfiq, (1898-1987), 141
- Hale, Leslie, MP, 294n
- Halim, Capt. Said, 170, 171
- Hamburg, Germany, 39
- Hammarskjöld, Dag, (1905-61), UN Sec.-Gen. 1953-61, 378

- Hamwi, Soheil, 242
 Hanson, Ola, 358n
Hanthawaddy, 369
 Hari, P.T., 281, 283
 Harijans, see Untouchables
 Harragin, Justice, 288n
 Harris, Sir Arthur, 43
 Hart, Parker, 169-70, 173
 Hartmann, Margarethe, 63n
 Hashem, Ibrahim, 193
 Hashimids: of Cairo, 200n; of Hijaz, 250-1; of Iraq, 213
 Hashish trade, 201
 Hassan, Prof. Ibrahim, (Ibrahim Sakr), 150
 Hassell, Justice Leroy, 99n
 Hatem, Col. Abdul Qader, 156, 160, 176
 Hathorn, Col. John, 6
 Hawaii, 89
Hayat, el-, 229, 242
 He Long, see Ho Lung
 Headley, Helen, (1909-91), 36
 Heidegger, Prof. Martin, (1889-1976), 99
 Hellmann, Lillian, 111
 Hennessey, Danny, 96
 Hensler, Dr. Fritz, 99
 Herzstein, Robin Edwin, 93n
 Hey Surgical Saw, 11
 Heycock, A.J., 19
 High Dam, 166, 187, 204, 221-3, 228, 231, 232, 248
 Hildebrandt, Karoline, 40
 Hill People's League/Association, Burma, 302, 342, 343, 344, 345
 Hilton Dahlia Farms, 67; Hilton Farm, 20
 Hindenburg, 101
Hindenburg, 66
 Hinduism, 242, 283-7; see also Untouchables
 Hitler, Adolf, (1889-1945), 72, 94n, 100-8, 246, 276n
 Hizb al-Ba'ath al-'Arabi: 194, 196, 201-6, 207n, 231, 243, 244, 251; in Iraq, 202n, 203, 259; in Jordan, 191, 203, 205, 241, 260; in Lebanon, 184n, 203, 243, 244; in Palestine, 191; in Syria, 202, 203, 260
 Hla Aung, U, 270
 Hla Myaing, Thakin, 364
 Ho Lung (He Long), Vice Premier, People's Republic of China, 279
 Hollywood, 109
 Holmes, Justice Oliver Wendell, (1841-1935), 120
 Hong Kong, 320
 Hoover, John Edgar, (1895-1972), FBI Director, 86
 Hopkins, Harry, (1890-1946), 90
 Hourani, Akram, 202, 204, 231
 Hourani, Hamad, 198n
 Hsenwi, 349, 351
 Hsipaw, 349-52, 372-4
 Hungary, 226, 267, 274, 321-2, 325
 Hurewitz, Prof. J.C., 144
 Hussein, Ahmed, 220
 Hussein: Dr. Ahmed, (1902-84), 145, 159, 185n, 222; Dr. Aziza, (1919-), 144-5
 Hussein, Maj. Kamal al-Din, (d. 1999), 160n, 186
 Hussein ibn Talal, King of Jordan, (1935-1999), 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 199-200, 250
 Huxley, Julius, 188
 Ibrahim al-Sayed, Wing Comdr. Hassan, 160n, 186
 Ickes, Harold, (1874-1952), US Secretary of the Interior, 89-90
 Ikhwan al-Muslimin (Muslim Brotherhood), 152, 154, 156-7, 162, 186n, 212, 215, 220
 Ikhwan ('White Shirts') in Saudi Arabia, 212
Ile de France, 48, 146, 147
 ILO, 145n
 Imperialism/imperialist: 117, 175, 190, 202, 207, 228, 230, 232, 233, 238, 240, 241, 243, 245, 248-9, 251, 253, 261, 262, 268, 277, 279, 303, 328, 375
 Independence Party, Iraq, 207, 210, 259
India, 38
 India/Indian: 240, 252, 254, 257, 259, 265-95, 310n, 315, 327, 351, 362; and Israel, 272, 274, 275, 289, 301n; *Illustrated Weekly of India*, 280; -China Friendship Association, 279; Lok Sabha (Lower House of Indian Parliament), 274; Praja Socialist Party, 280; Progressive Writers' Association, 280n; *Times of India*, 291; see also Aleem, Prof. Abdul; Anand, Mulik Raj; Hinduism; Nehru, Pandit Jawaharlal; Untouchables
 Indian School of International Studies, Delhi, 279, 295n
 Indonesia: and Israel, 272; Darul Islam movement, 327
 Institute of Higher Arab Studies, Cairo, 150, 151
 Institute of Musical Art (Juilliard School of Music), NYC, 44, 46
 International: Bank for Reconstruction and Development, 221, 222, 319n; Court of Justice, 123; Law, 123; Workingmen's Association (First International), 266
Intisari, 119n, 208, 209

- IPC: 232, 255; Lebanon, 232
- Iran: 122-8, 137; Shah of, 126-8, 184n, 233n; Shiraz, 122
- Iraq: 137, 138, 168, 175, 184n, 190, 200n, 206, 207, 208, 209-10, 213, 215, 224, 227, 229, 234, 240, 241, 244, 253, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259; and Britain, 209, 210; and Egypt, 230, 250; and Israel, 252-3; Commerce Association, 210; communists, 259; Lawyers' Association, 210; liberation movement, 259; National Congress Party, 259, Democratic Party, 207, 210, 259, Party, 236; *see also* Jamil, Hussein; Sa'id, as-, Nuri; Shanshal, Sadiq
- Ireland: 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 14n; Anglican ascendancy, 5; Anglo-Irish, 5; Battle of the Boyne, 4; Belfast, 14n; County Kildare, 11; Duke of Leinster, 3; Gaelic, 4, 5; history, 4-5; Kells-the-Four Castles, 3-4; Patriot Movement/Cause, 4, 5; Renunciation Act, 5; Scotch-Irish, 9, 11; Ulster, 8; Williamite forces, 4; Wilson, Dr. K.A., 14-15n; Yorke, Philip, 5; *see also* Coleraine; Dublin; Flood, Henry; Trinity College
- Irrawaddy Valley, 340
- Irvington, NJ, 75-6
- Islam/Islamic Law: 120, 136, 201, 203, 248, 289, 295n, 370, 385; and 'Arab civilization, 201; Dar al-Islam, 248, 327; Dar al-Harb, 248; Islamism, 248; Qur'an, 243, 370
- Isma'iliya, 223, 226
- Israel: 145n, 157, 159n, 177, 186n, 198, 199, 222, 224, 225, 226, 229n, 233, 245n, 251, 252, 253, 254, 265, 266-7, 270-2, 273, 274, 275, 300, 302, 342-3, 360, 375, 385; and Britain, 225-6; and Burma, 294, 299, 300-1, 302, 342-3, 360, 370, 383-5; and Chile, 273; and China, 385; and Egypt, 157, 222, 225-6, 227, 267, 274; and France, 225-6; and India, 272, 274; and Iraq, 252-3; and Italy, 272; and Malaysia, 385; and Muslims, 385; and Singapore, 384, 385; Interasian Trading Company, 385; Uzi submachine guns, 384; *see also* Mapai; Mapam; Meir, Golda; Sharet, Moshe; Peres, Shimon; Yegar, Moshe
- Istanbul, 149
- Italy, and Israel, 272
- Ivy League, 23
- Jaber, Shaykh Abdullah, 214
- Jacobins, 49n
- Jaffar, Ezzat, 214
- Jaffri, 'Ali Sardar, 282
- Jafri, Farid, 247-8, 266
- Jalal, Fuad, (1908-63), 160n, 185-6, 235, 236
- James II, 4
- Jamil, Hussein, 207, 209, 210
- Japanese: 75, 83, 85; -Americans, 84-8, 91-2, 95; attack, 90-1; language, 84; Nisei, 87-8; Redress Administration, 88; *see also* Latin American Japanese; Pearl Harbor
- Jarida, al-*, 228
- Jawdat, 'Ali, 230
- Jerseyville, NJ, 68, 71
- Jerusalem, 192, 196, 197, 198, 199, 229n, 253, 254-5
- Jerusalem Post*, 270
- Jess, 65
- Jessup, Dr. Philip C., (1897-1986), 122-3
- Jews/Jewish: 93-4n, 96, 100, 107, 108n, 111, 157-8, 159n, 176, 177, 245, 250, 255-6, 265n, 269, 270-1, 302, 342, 379; Agency, 265n, 272; anti-semitism, 100; Brigade, 265n; financial skills, 250
- Jiang Jie Shi, *see* Chiang Kai-shek
- Jinghpaws, 338, 353, 355, 356-8, 361
- Jivanovitch: Alexandre and Jacqueline, 148
- Joginis *see* Untouchables
- Jones, Sidney, 31n
- Jordan/Jordanian: 190-6, 202, 203, 213, 222, 225, 228, 232, 233, 236, 240, 241, 250, 253, 255-7, 260; Aliya, Princess of, 200; Constitution, 195, 196; Law of Defence, 194; Leftists, 260; National Front, 191; Socialist Party, 194, 260; United Front, 194; *see also* Amman; Dina, Queen; Hussein, King
- Joseph, John, 147-8
- Julliard School of Music, *see* Institute of Musical Art
- Jumabhoy, Ameer and Amina, 286n
- Kabutu, 291
- Kachin: National Congress (KNC), 355, 358, 361; National Guard, 363; People's Economic and Cultural Development Organization (PECDO), 354, 355; Rifles, 315; State, 326, 327, 329, 338-9, 355, 358-63, 383; *see also* Myitkyina
- Kachins: 297, 299n, 301n, 306n, 307n, 309, 310, 314, 315, 326, 327, 329, 338, 344, 353-5, 356-63; and American Baptist Missionaries, 355; Singhpaws, 353; *see also* Duwa Sinwa Nawng; Duwas; Jinghpaws
- Kafka, 99, 169

- Kaiserhaus Saal*, 30n
 Kaiserslautern, Germany, 37, 38, 95, 108n
 Kalaw, 336, 343
 Kallas, Khalil, 204, 206
 Kamal, (Muhammad) 'Adel, (1928-), 160
 Kamalondo, Chikako, 291
 Kanbauk Mine, Burma, 318
 Kappa Gamma Chi fraternity, 29
 Karanjia, R.K., 279, 280
 Karenni, 299n, 300n, 301n, 369; *see also*
 Kayah
 Karens: 297, 299n, 300n, 306n, 308-9, 315,
 327, 335n, 344; KNDO (Karen rebels),
 306n
 Kasemzadeh, Hussein, 147-8
 Kashmir, 247
 Kaunda, Kenneth, (1924-), Pres. Zambia,
 1964-91), 288n
 Kayah State (formerly Karenni), 297, 340,
 344
 Kazan, Elia, 110
 Kearny School, NJ, 24
 Keith and Gannon, Winnipeg, Canada, 26,
 27
 Kelly, Pat, (CIA), 262
 Kengtung, 336, 340, 344, 348
 Kenya: 275-6, 277-8, 288, 293; African
 Union (KAU), 276; *see also* Kikuyu
 Kenyatta, Jomo, (1893 (?)-1978, 1st Pres. of
 Kenya, 1964-78) 276, 294n
 Khaddoumi, Farouk, 252n
 Khadduri, Prof. Majid, 121, 136, 159-60, 173n
 Khalil, Osman, 236
 Khama, Sir Seretse, (1921-80), 287-8n
Khamseen, 234, 244
 Khan Yunis, 157
 Khatib, Dr. Ahmad, 210-11, 212, 215
 Khatib, Anwar, 243
 Khatib, el-, Ahmed, 259
 Khayat Bookstore, Beirut, 183
 Khedive/Ottoman Sultan, 238; Khedival
 Rights, 237
 Khin Kyi, Daw, widow of Aung San, 349n
 Khomeini, Ayatullah Ruhollah, (1900-89),
 128
 Khrushchev, Nikita, (1894-1971, Soviet
 Premier, 1958-64), 233
Khun, 335n
 Khun Long, brother of Sao Kya Seng, 374
 Khuri, al-, Bishara, Pres. Lebanon 1934-52,
 242
 Kibbutz, 272, 383
 Kikuyu, 275, 277
 Kimberly, Alice, 36
 Kimmel, Adm., 89
 Kishtainy, Khalid, 153
 Kissinger, Henry, (1923-, US Sec. of State,
 1973-77), 229n
 Klein, Mr., Popular Socialist Party of Chile,
 273-4
 Knox, Secretary of the Navy, 90
 Ko Ko Gyi, 350
 Koch, Howard, 111
 Kodaw Hmaing, Thakin, 364
 Kokang Chinese, 307n
 Konvitz, Marion and Father, 96
 Korea/Korean: 85, 117; War, 114, 117, 120
 Kreuder, Amelia (Emilie) Louisa (Mildred),
 (1899-1980), 41, 43-6, 49, 70, 74, 75, 83,
 84; *see also* Reuter, Luise Karoline
 (Carrie) (Nana), (1866-1941)
 Kreuder: Caroline Willhelmine, (1846-7),
 Johann Wilhelm, and Karl August (b.
 1843), 40
 Kreuder, Elizabeth J. (Tootsie), (1901-78),
 41, 45, 46, 70, 97
 Kreuder, Erna, (1906-66), 37, 40, 41, 45-6,
 47-9, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57-9, 61, 64-5, 68,
 70, 71, 72-3, 74-9, 83, 84, 96-7, 120, 146,
 172, 323
 Kreuder, Georg, (1867-1937), 41
 Kreuder, Gretchen, 41, 70
 Kreuder, Karl August, (1866-1917), 40-1, 42,
 43, 44, 45, 47, 70
 Kreuder Bakery, 40-1, 42, 43, 45
 Krist: Gary Steven, (1943-), 36; Gordon
 James, (1942-), 36; Henry Kelvin
 (Kelly), (1905-96), 22, 36, 37; James
 Gordon (Jim), (d. 1989), 22, 36;
 Katherine Lila, (1911-2002), 22, 36;
 Martha Jean, (1939-), 36; Susan
 Margaret, (1936-), 36; William James,
 12, 22, 35-6; William Kelvin (Bill),
 (1940-), 36; *see also* Crist; Metcalf
Kristallnacht (1938), 108n
 Ku Klux Klan, 99n, 108-9
 Kugel, Wilfried, 102n
 Kuhn, Fritz J., 93-4n
 Kunze, Gerhard Wilhelm, 94n
 Kurds: 136-8, 146, 150, 160, 168, 172, 174,
 175, 208, 209, 259; Kurdish National
 Movement, 144; Kurdistan, 137, 138-9,
 210
 Kuwait: 184n, 211, 213-16, 257, 259;
 National Cultural Club, 211, 213, 215;
 Water, 215; *see also* Sabah, al-, Shaykh
 Abdullah al-Salem
 Kya Bu, U., 335n
 Kyaukpyu, 309
 Kyaw, Zaw, Bo, 365n
 Kyaw Nyein, (1915-86), 299n, 304, 318n,
 324-30, 332-3, 365, 368; Cho Cho, 304n

- Kyaw Zan Shwee, 313n
 Kyi Win, Col., 328
- Lackawanna Bridge Company, 23
 Lafayette College, Easton, PA (est. 1826), 12, 23, 34
 Lahu, 307n
 Lake Nasser, 167n
 Laos, 339, 340
 Lashio, 336, 340, 349, 350, 353
 Latin America, 115; Latin American:
 Japanese, 93; socialists, 321
 Law Society of Manitoba, Canada, 27
 Lawton, Gen., 88
 Le Harve, 146
Le Soir, 230
 Lebanon/Lebanese: 174, 178-9, 183-90, 202n, 205, 209, 210, 229n, 230, 232, 233, 240, 242-3, 250, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257; and Egypt, 230-1, 250; and IPC, 232; All Students' Congress, 244; currency, 250; economy, 256; Maronite Christians, 189, 230, 243; Phalangist party, 230, 231, 243; Progressive Socialist Party, 184, 187, 236, 241, 242, 243, 247, 265; *see also* Beirut; Djumblatt, Kamal; Majdalany, Gebran; Maksoud, Clovis; Malik, Charles; Yafi, Abdullah
- Leemaster, Clyde, 178
 Lenin: 245; Peace Prize, 285
 Lerner Studios, 95
 Lesseps, de-, Ferdinand, (1805-94), 223, 233
 Letya, 299n
 Lever Brothers, 325
 Levi, Carlo, 285
 Liang Chi-shad, 383
 Libya, 160
 Lie, Trygve (1896-1968, 1st UN Sec.-Gen.), 119
 Lilienthal, Dr. Alfred, (1913-), 158
 Lincoln, Gen., 10
 Lincoln, Pres. Abraham, (1809-65), 13n
 Linebarger, Paul, 262
 Lintner, Bertil, 297n, 302n, 307n, 313n, 318n, 330n, 349n, 365n, 367, 369n, 370n, 384
 Little Aaron, 9-10
 Lohia, 292
 Loilem, 340
 Londonderry, NH, 8
 Lubbe, van der-, Marinus, 101-2
 Luce, Mrs., 365
 Luzzatto, Lucio M., 272
 Lwin, Col., 374
- Wilheim, (1899-1982), 63, 65, 74;
 Maximilian Wilheim, 63n
 Mabel, wife of Sao Khun Khio, 374
 Madagascar, 278
 Magelli, Samira, 164, 165
 Magruder, Gen. John, 89
 Maher, 'Ali, 155
 Mahmoud, Capt. Ibrahim, 169, 171
 Mahmud, Dr. Fawzi, 160n
 Mailer, Norman, 109
 Majdalany, Gebran, (1928-), 183-4, 191, 241, 265, 266
 Maksoud, Clovis, (1929-), 184, 265, 266, 292
 Malaysia, 295, 384, 385
 Malik, Charles, (1906-87), 143, 256
 Mamoun, Maj. Fathi, 162
 Mandalay, 305, 313n, 326, 347n, 350, 351, 357, 359, 360
 Mandereau, Jean, 148
 Mandy, Shaun, 280, 281
 Mango, 'Ali, 194, 196, 236, 241
 Mangold: Anneliese, (d. 1986), 95; Family, 38, 95; Kurt, (d. 1990), 94-5
 Mao Tun (Shen Yan Ping), (1896-1981), 282-3
 Mao Zedong, (1893-1976), Founder of the People's Republic of China), 329, 364
 Mapai, Israeli Labour Party, 265, 270
 Mapam Party, 272
 Maplewood, NJ, 20, 48
 Mary, 281
 Marips, 353
 Marshall: Gen. George, (1880-1959), 90; Plan, 327, 330n
 Marxist/Marxism: 272; Burma, 305, 306n; Marxist-Leninist, Burma, 307n
 Masai, 275
 Masons, 24
 Mattar, Omar, 193
 Matthew, Father, 97
 Mau Mau, 275, 276
 Maung Khant, U, 381
 Maungdaw, 366n
 Maya, *see under* Guatemala
 Mayu Frontier Administration, 366n
 Mboya, Tom, 294n
 McCarthy: Sen. Joseph R., (d. 1957), 112, 114, 119, 123; era, 109; McCarthyism, 117, 118, 119
 McCrea, John, 90
 McMahon: Sir Henry, (1862-1949), 310n;
 Line, 310
 McQuillan, Betty, 26
 Meany, George, (1894-1980, AFL-CIO leader, 1955-79), 269
 Meeropol family, 118n
- Maas: Ed, 64; Mary, (1926-71), 63, 64, 65;
 Max Edward (Sonny), (1929-), 63; Max

- Mehta, Asoka, MP, 273
 Meir, (Mebovitch), Golda, (1898–1978), 227
 Melhas, Said, 195, 196
 Memorial Continental Hall, Wash. DC, 12n
 Mendès-France, Pierre, (1907–82), 245, 269
 Mennonite pacifists, 44n
 Mergui, 318
 Merotic language, 166n
 Metcalf: Alan, (d. 1980), Jane, (d. 2001), and Sue, 36; *see also* Krist, Katherine Lila
 Methodists: 7, 13, 71, 79; Camp Meeting, Mount Tabor, 7; Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association, 7n; Wilson, Dr. K.A., 14–15n; Women's National Holiness Association, 7
 Mexico, 31, 133n
 Micks, Mary, 25
 Middle East: 311n; Institute, Wash. DC, 121; Society, Columbia University, 128, 143–4
Might is Right, 101
 Millburn Public Schools, NJ, 24–5
 Miller, Arthur, 109
 Mirko, 149
Misri, al., 152, 171
 Missionaries: Kachin State, 355, 358, 359
 Milla Pass, 225
 Mohieddin, Zakaria, (b. 1918), 161–2, 163–4, 169, 170–1, 175, 178, 249n
 Mollet, Guy, (1905–75), 224, 266, 269, 272
 Monasterysky (Marlin), Irwin, 79
 Mong Kung, 336
 Mõngmit, 335
 Monmouth Junior College, NJ, 97
 Mons, 297
 Montclair State Teachers College, NJ, 121
 Montevideo, Uruguay, 15, 16, 62, 133n
 Mooty, Salah Abdul, 168, 171
 Morgan: Harry Wadsworth, 39; Johnny, 94
 Mori, Toshio, 93
 Morocco, 244, 268
 Morristown, NJ, 11
 Moses, Prophet/Mūsā, Nabt, 168
 Mossad, 384
 Mossadegh, Dr. Mohammed, (1882–1967), 122–8, 228, 233n, 246, 247n
 Mostel, Zero, 111
 Motion Picture Industry, USA, 109–11
 Moulmein, 318
 Mount Tabor, 7, 34
 Movement for Colonial Freedom, 276, 287
 Mrowa, Kamel, 229
 Mrowa, Hussein, 242
 Mubarak, Shaykh Abdullah, 214
 Mufti, el-, Said, 194
 Muhammad, Maj., 176
 Muhammad, Prophet. (570–632), 71, 200n, 227, 244
 Muharram, Maj., 159, 163
 Mujahid rebellion, Arakan, 1948, 366n
 Mukhtara, Shouf mountains, Lebanon, 187–8, 189
 Mulhall, Daniel, 4
 Mumia Abu-Jamal, 118n
 Mungshi, 338–9
 Muro, Don Julio, 17
 Murrow, Edward R., (1908–65), 119
 Murumbi, Joseph, 275–8, 279, 287, 291, 292, 293, 294n
 Museum for Hamburg's History, 42
 Myanmar ('Bama'), 297
 Myanmar *ngainngan* (the myanmar state), 297
 Myanmar *pyi* (myanmar country)/*bama nainngan/bamapyi*, 297
 Myanmar, 297
 Myitkyina, 326, 353, 354, 355, 358, 359, 360, 362
 Nabulsi, Sulaiman, 191, 194, 196, 236
 Nader: Claire and Ralph, 121
 Nag as-Siag or Sawagi, 161, 175
 Naguib, Maj.-Gen. Mohammed, (1901–84), 152, 220, 246
Nahar, an., 184n, 230, 256
 Najada Party /Najadis, 243
 Nam Wan Assigned Tract, 310, 330
 Namkham, 353
 Namtu mine, 324, 337, 351
 Nan Thuang, Daw, 381
 Nasser, Fouad, 194
 Nasser, Kamal, (assassinated 1973), 199
 Nasser, Pres. Gamal Abdel, (1918–70), 156, 157, 160, 186n, 187n, 200, 201n, 204, 207n, 208, 209, 212, 216, 217, 220–8, 230, 234, 240, 241, 246, 249, 253, 257, 258, 261, 278, 287; and *see* Chapter VII
 nat worship, 354, 358
 National Bank of Syria, 250
 National banks, 250
 National Security Agency (NSA), 91, 320
 National Socialist: German Labour Party, 106; Party, Germany, 101, 102, 103, 105
 Nationalization of the Suez Canal, *see* Chapter VI and VII, 267, 273
 NATO, 219, 268
 Nawas, Abdullah, 191, 196, 197, 199
 Nazis, 66, 72, 93, 94, 95, 99, 100–1, 107, 108, 177, 233n, 278; anti-, 9, 117, 126
 Ne Win, Gen., (Shu Maung, Thakin, 1910–2002), 300–1n, 304n, 307n, 313n,

- 318n, 336, 348n, 364, 365, 366, 367-8, 369, 370-1, 374, 379-80, 383-4
- Neely, Sen., 124
- Neff, Anette, 108n
- Negro/Blacks ('Nigger'), 13n, 56-7, 98-9, 108, 111, 112, 113n, 120; *see also* Slavery
- Nehru, Pandit Jawaharlal, (1889-1964), 178, 221, 247, 273, 274, 279, 284, 294, 299n, 311, 312
- Nenni, Pietro, (1891-1980), 272, 274
- Netherlands East Indies, 90
- New Jersey: Bar, 7; State Exams, 97-8; State Police, 126, 233n; *see also under* Newark
- New School for Social Research, NYC, 117
- New Times*, Moscow, 255
- New York Times*, 119, 125, 143
- New York World's Fair, 74
- New Zealand, 219
- Newark, NJ: 3, 7, 11, 21, 22, 34, 41, 43, 46; Conference of the Methodist Church, 13; Prudential, 19, 70; *Star-Eagle*, 23
- Newbury, Mary (1772-?), 7
- Newmarket, NJ, 59
- Nicaragua, 136
- Niemöller, Pastor Martin, (1892-1984), 107-8
- Nigeria, 288
- Nile, 151, 155, 162n, 166-7
- Nirumand, Bahman, 125
- Nishizu, Clarence, 88
- Norman Conquest (1066), 3
- Normandy, 3
- North Atlantic Treaty Organization, *see* NATO
- North Coventry Township Schools, Chester County, PA, 29
- Norton, Ann Graham, 26n
- Nosseir, Abu, 249
- Nu, U, (1906-95), 299-312, 315, 318, 332-3, 335n, 337, 339, 341, 346-7, 348, 355, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 378, 383
- Nu-Attlee Agreement, *see under* Burma
- Oawayni, Haj Hussein, 243
- Ocean Grove: NJ, 7n, 79; Camp Meeting Association, 7
- Oda, Dr. Mary, 87, 92
- Odinga: Oginga, 294n; Raila, 294n
- Ogden, Hon. Aaron, 7
- Ohn Bin Kwin, 318
- Oil/Petrol: 89, 90, 212, 214, 235, 240; cartel, 123-4, 216, 227, 231, 235, 240, 248, 250, 255; embargo, 229n, installations, 234; Iran, 122-6; Kurdistan, 137; Kuwait, 214; nationalization, 248; OPEC, 229n; pipeline cut, 226; pipelines, 240
- Old Prussian Union Church, Germany, 107
- Old Victor Talking Machine Company, 44
- Ollenhauer, Erich, (1901-63), 267, 274
- Olson, Gov., 86
- One Asia Assembly, 379
- Operation Monsoon, Burma, 366n
- Orange County NY: 4; militia, 6
- Orange Order, 4
- Orozco, José Clemente, (1883-1949), 117
- Osborne, William B., 7n
- Osseiran: 'Adel, 235, 236, 243; Leila, 229n
- Ost Korrespondenz*, 190, 197, 200, 265-6, 280, 293, 376
- Ota, Mabel, 85, 87
- Ottoman: Empire, 138, 265n; Government, 238
- Pa-Os, 297, 309, 344, 346
- Pagan, 317
- Pai Lay, Daw, 318
- Paine, Tom, (1737-1809), 49
- Pakistan: and 'Arabs, 247-8; and Baghdad Pact, 208; and Burma, 366n; and Israel, 272; army, 366n
- Palestine: 121-2, 143, 150, 157, 186n, 190, 191, 197, 198, 201n, 202n, 229n, 245-6, 247, 255-6, 265n, 278, 299, 379; captured Palestinian weapons, 384, 385; Qalqilyah, 197-8; *see also* Gaza Strip; Jerusalem; Nasser, Kamal; Nawas, Abdullah; PLO; Ramawi, Abdullah; Sanbar, Samir; Tarazi, Zohdi
- Panglong Agreement, *see under* Burma, secession
- Panglong Khun Htee, 335n
- Paris, 146
- Parker, Capt. John, 10
- Parker, Karen, 93
- Parkinson, Catherine, 8
- Parsons, Neil, 288n
- Pearl Harbor, 85, 88-91
- Peck, Gregory, 109
- Peffer, Prof. Nathaniel, (1890-?), 117-18
- Pennington Seminary, 35, 36
- Peres (Perski), Shimon, (1923-), 383
- Perine, Bertie, 68-9
- Persian: Empire, 138, 152; Gulf, 124
- Petri, Dr., 65
- Pettit, Ph.D., Marilyn, 23n, 30
- Phi Kappa Sigma Fraternity, 29-30
- Philippines, 90, 384
- Phillips, Dr., 27-8
- Piermont, 13n
- Pingry Academy, Elizabeth, NJ, 23
- Pisano, Rosemary, 78
- PJ Carleton*, 15

- PLO, 184n, 199, 229n, 252n
 Pogadaev, Victor, 282n
 Point 4, 236
 Poitier, Sidney, 109
 Poland, 325
 Ponce, Gen. Francisco, 129-30
 Pontecarvo, Harold, 96
 Port: Fuad, 226; Newark, 23; Said, 219, 226, 255
 Potter, Mrs., 97
 Price, Fred M., (1906-93), 46n, 97
 Princeton: NJ, 11n; University, 147
 Public Law and Government Society, Columbia University, 117
Punch, 227
 Pyu Saw Hti, 302n
- Qadafi, 370n
 Qashqai, 127n
 Qatar, 184n
 Quinn, Anthony, 109
 Qur'an in Burmese, 370
- Rabbat, Edmund, 236
 Racism: 85, 88, 91-2, 95, 96, 98-9, 100-1, 135, 288n, 292; racial law, 100
 Radio: Cairo, 262; Free Egypt, 226
 RAF, 257
 Rafai, Samir, 193
 Rahl, Prof. Wilhelm, 103
 Rahman, Obeid, 162, 172, 178
 Rajaratnam, Foreign Minister Singapore, 379
 Rall brothers, 65
 Ramawi, Abdullah, 191, 205, 212, 236, 241
 Rameses II, 167n
 Randolph, John, 111
 Rangoon: 270, 278, 291, 313n, 326, 336, 337, 342, 346, 347, 354, 355, 358, 359, 361, 364, 366n, 367, 370, 374; Arts and Science University, 367, 370, 380; University, 299, 304n, 318n, 370
 Raschid, U, 370
 Rathedaung, 366n
 Rationing, 254-5
Ray, et al.-Aam (Public Opinion), 194, 233
 Reading, Lord, 232
 Reagan, Ronald, 110
 Red Sea Straits, 271
 Reed, Christiana, (1807-1900), 35n
 Reichstag: 106; Fire (1933), 100-2
 Reno, Janet, 88
 Republican Party, 44n
 Responsibles, The, 161-2
 Reuter, Friedrich, 40
 Reuter, Luise Karoline (Carrie) (Nana), (1866-1941), 40, 41, 42, 45-6, 64, 69-71, 74, 93, 147
 Richard, Administrator of Mong Kung, 336
 Richardson, Adm., 89
 Richmond, Defence of, 14
 Ritt, Martin, 111
 Rivera, Diego, (1886-1957), 117
 Robinson, Edward G., 109
 Roeder, US Consul Cairo, 170, 179
 Roetter (Rodelheimer): Charles, 106; Dietrich, 106; Friedrich, Dr., (1888-1953), 99-106, 114; Jurgen, 106
 Rohingya Muslims, 309n, 385
 Ronge, Dr. Volker, 40, 41, 42
 Roosevelt: Archie, 126; Eleanor, (1884-1962), 12n; President Franklin Delano (1882-1945), 12-13, 23, 54, 61, 85, 89, 90-1, 94n, 108, 109, 111, 121, 127n; Kermit (Kim), 126-7, 128, 138, 187n, 233n
 Rose, Saul, 288
 Rose el-Yousef, 249n
Rose el-Yousef, 162, 176, 178, 213, 233, 246, 249n
Rose Mary, 123
 Rosenberg: Ethel, (d. 1953), 118; Fund for Children, 118n; Julius, (d. 1953), Michael, and Robert, 118
 Roussan, Col. Mahmoud, 193
 Rowaysi, Yousef, 236, 242
 Russell, Earl-, Bertrand, (1872-1970), 276n
- Saadabad Pact, 1936, 208
 Sabah, al-, Shaykh Abdullah al-Salem, (r. 1950-65), 211, 213, 215
 Sabri, 'Ali, Wing Comdr., (b. 1920-?), 160n, 168, 169, 170-1, 175, 212, 233
 Sadarnoff line, 327-8
 Sadat, Anwar, (1918- assassinated 1981, Pres. of Egypt from 1970), 150, 160n, 168n, 186n, 225
 Sagher, Mubarak, Sec.-Gen. Pakistan Socialist Party, 272
Sahafa, as-, 230
 Sai Kyaw Sein, 374
 Sa'id, as-, Nuri, (1888-1958, pro-British PM of Iraq 14 times; assassinated 1958), 168, 207, 209, 210, 213, 224, 252-3, 259-60
 Saida, wife of Dr. Abdul Shakur Shalaan, 150, 151
 Salaam, Sa'eb, 232
 Salem: FM Gamal, 160-1, 163-4, 168, 171; Salah, 160n, 169, 171, 233
 Sales, de-, Sister Agnes, 97
 Saltaneh, Princess Zia, 123n

- Salvador, El-, 133n
 Salween River, 340, 348, 353, 383
 Samerrai, Fayek, 210, 236
 San Hla, U, 358
 San Myaing, U, 318
 Sanbar, Samir, 174, 183, 184, 190, 191, 207, 243-4, 266
 Sands: Dr., 121; William, 121, 179
 Sao, 335n
 Sao (Chao) Kawngtai, 347n
 Sao Khun Hkio, Saooha of Mông Mit, 335-9, 341, 369, 374, 375
 Sao Kya Seng, Saooha of Hsipaw, 336, 337, 343, 344, 345-6, 349-52, 372-4
 Sao Sai-luang, Saooha of Kengtung, 337, 347-8
 Sao Shwe Thaike, 369
 Saooha of Hsenwi, 349, 350
 Saooha of Hsipaw, *see* Sao Kya Seng
 Saooha of Kengtung, *see* Sao Sai-luang
 Saooha of Mông Mit, *see* Sao Khun Hkio
 Saoohas, 294, 302-3, 314, 326, 335, 336, 337, 338, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344-5, 348, 350, 368
 Sarkies Brothers, 378n
 Sa'ud, Ibn-, (Abd al-Aziz ibn Sa'ud), (c. 1880-1953, King of Saudi Arabia 1902-53), 121, 127n, 212, 250
 Saudi Arabia, 121, 127n, 183n, 184, 194, 204, 212, 213, 222, 228, 229n, 240, 250, 256
 Sauers, Adm. Sidney, 89
 Saw Ba U Gyi, 299n
 Sawagi, 161
 Sayyed, Jalal, 236
 Schaefer: Brewing Co., F & M, 30n; Caroline ('Lina') Josephina, (1861-1913), 30n; Maximilian, 30n
 Schmidt, Käthe (Kätchen), 'Tante', 38, 71-2
 Schonfield, Hugh J., 219, 220
 Schuetz, Ludwig, 37
 Schuetz/Schultz, Louis, (1856-1909), 37-8, 39, 40n, 72, 94
 Schulitz (*nee* Schwinn), Frau (b. 1913), 38
 Schultz: Catherine (Kätchen) Emma (Katie), (1886-1969), 19-20, 21, 22, 25, 31-3, 37, 38, 39, 47, 48n, 59, 60, 61-3, 64, 66-8, 72n, 94, 95, 96, 379; Charles, (1894-1975), 39, 48, 72, 94; Charles Augustus Jr., (1921-95), 77, 94; Charlotte Laverne, (d. 1925), 39; Emma, 21, 39; Family, 48, 95; Gerald Benjamin, (1926-2000), 94; Gordon, (1905-86), 39, 94; Louis, (d. 1948), 39, 94; Louis, (1922-87), 94; Rudolph Cornelius, (1900-7), 39, 60-1, 94
 Schumann-Heink, Mdm., 44
 Schwarzkopf, Gen. Norman, (1934-), 126, 233n
 Schwinn: Lena, 38n; villa, 38
 Seale, Patrick, 208
 Seals: 86n; 1966 First Seal Act, 87n; North Pacific Fur Seal Convention, 86n; Pribilof, 86n, 87n; Sealing, 86n
 SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization), 310, 320, 330, 368
 Seaview Hotel, Spring Lake, NJ, 96
 Seeger, Pete, 110
 Sein Lwin, 370
 Selth, Andrew, 380-1, 383-5
 Sha'b, Ash-, 169, 171, 233
 Shafei, Hussein, 160n
 Shahir, Yousef, 193
 Shaker, Maj. Amin, 156
 Shalaan, Dr. Abdul Shakur, 150, 151
 Shameem, Saira, 294n
 Shan Lone, U, 361
 Shan States: 294, 299, 300-3, 309, 314, 326, 327, 335-9, 340-8, 361, 362, 368, 383; People's Freedom League, 343, 344, 345
 Shanakdakhete, Queen of Meroe, 166n
 Shans: 294, 297, 299n, 300n, 301, 303, 306n, 307n, 309, 312, 314, 326, 336, 338, 339, 340-8, 349, 351-2, 358, 372; independence army, 374; Literary Society, 347n; *Noon Seuk Harn* (Shan Young Brave Warriors), 373; Students' Association, 347n; Tai Mining Company, 372; T'ais, 339, 340, 347; Taungyo, 309
 Shanshal, Sadiq, 207, 209, 210, 236
 Sharet (Shertok), Moshe, (1894-1965): 265, 267, 273, 274, 275; pressure to evict the author from Asian Socialist Conference, 275
 Shatt al-'Arab, 215
 Shawaf (Shawwaf), Tarek, 143, 183, 184
 Shaykhs: of Gulf area, 250; of Kuwait, 213-14, 215, 259
 Shelley, Joshua, 111
 Shen Yan Ping, *see* Mao Tun
 Shepilov, Dmitry, (1905-95), 157, 202, 223
 Shilton, Richard, 8
 Shokeir, Dr. Abdul Rahman, 194, 196
 Shu Maung, Thakin, *see* Ne Win, Gen.
 Shudras, 285
 Shukhairy, Ahmad, Ambassador of Syria to the UN, 143
 Shukri, Leila, 144
 Shurkit Khamis (Company of Five), 205
 Simonov, Konstantin, (1915-79), 282

- Sinai: Peninsula, 145n, 225, 226, 227, 360; St. Catherine's Monastery, 168-9
- Sinatra, Frank, 109
- Singapore: 295n, 384, 385; and Burma, 384; and Israel, 384
- Singapore Straits Times*, 293
- Sinnu, Kamal, 231
- Sipalo, M., 278, 287-93
- Sittang Valley, 340
- Slavery: 13n, 56-7, 98; Underground Railway, 56; *see also* Ku Klux Klan
- Slim, Taib, 277
- SLORC (State Law and Order Restoration Council), Burma, 384
- Smith, Gen. Bedell, (1895-1961), 127n, 135
- Smith, Marshall P., 99
- Social Democratic Party of Germany, 43n, 101, 108, 267, 274n
- Socialist Asia*, 270
- Socialist International, 265-6, 267, 271, 272, 319n, 321
- Socialist Party: of Burma, 304n, 305, 317, 345, 347; of Egypt, 152, 220; of France, 224, 266, 269; of Italy, 272; of Pakistan, 272
- Socialistische Liedertafel, 43, 45
- Soe, Thakin, (1905-89), 299n, 306n, 313
- Solh, Riyad, 234, 243
- Somerset County, NJ, 7, 10, 11
- South Africa: 277, 288n, 289, 290; Boers, 290; Pass Law Regulations, 290; Union of South Africa, 219
- Southeast Asia Treaty Organization *see* SEATO
- Sovereignty, 237, 238, 239, 241, 249, 251, 272, 278
- Sozialdemokrat*, 43n
- Sozialistengesetz* (Socialist Law), Germany, 43
- Spain/Spanish, 37, 57, 276n
- Spanish-American War, 1898, 19
- Special UN Fund for Economic Development *see* SUNFED
- Spivack, Herbert D., First Sec., US Embassy Rangoon, 376-7
- Spring Lake, NJ, 73
- Springfield, NJ, 60
- SS Etoma*, 19
- St. Rose's School, Belmar, NJ, 97
- Stander, Lionel, 111
- State Normal School, Trenton, NJ, 34
- Sted Brothers, 360
- Steger: Ernest; Gustav; and Maria, 45n
- Steinberg, David I., 380
- Stember, Herb, 149
- Sterling, Lord, 10, 11
- Stern, Bill, 95-6
- Stevenson, Adlai, (1900-65), 320
- Stewart: Robert (Doc), Tommy, and Trigg, 46n
- Stimson, Henry, (1867-1950), Sec. of War, 90
- Strand Hotel, Rangoon, 378
- Strasser, Gregor, (1892-1934), 106
- Sudan: 155, 156, 166, 219, 220, 289; Condominium Agreement of 1899, 219
- Suez, 169, 226
- Suez Canal: 145n, 184n, 186, 187, 202, 209, 211, 219-28, 230-2, 237-39, 251, 272, 273, 289, 325; Anglo-Egyptian Agreement/Treaty of 1936, 219, 237; Constantinople Treaty 1888, 221, 233, 237, 238-9; Declaration of 28 February 1922, 237; Evacuation Treaty (of the Canal Zone) 1954, 237; Free Passage, 237-8, 239, 271, 272, 273; London Conference, 1956, 238-41, 244; Riad, Gov. of, 223; strike in support of nationalization, 242-4, 259; Treaty of Lausanne 1914, 238
- Suez Canal: Co. (Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez), 223-4, 232, 233, 237, 238, 239; Users Association, 225, 248
- Sulaiman, Musa, (d. 1992), 149
- Sultan of Morocco, 268
- SUNFED (Special UN Fund for Economic Development), 319-20
- Summerskill, Dr. Edith, (1900-80), 188
- Supreme Court: 'Aden, 123; US, 91, 119, 120; Virginia, 99n
- Suratgar, Prof. Lutfali, 122
- Swedish Match Company, Burma, 324
- Syed, Lia, 38
- Sykes-Picot Agreement of 1916, 239
- Syria: and Jordan, 137, 184n, 194, 195, 201-7, 229-30, 231, 235, 240, 248, 250, 251, 254-5, 256, 258, 260; and Egypt, 202-4, 205, 250; and Lebanon, 205; communists, 230; Council of Ministers, 229; Hama, 204; Parti Populaire Syrien (PPS), 230, 256; Sha'b Party, 204, 205; Syrian National Party, 256; *see also* Aflaq, Michel; Azm, al-, Khaled; Bagdash, Khalid; Damascus; Hourani, Akram; Kallas, Khalil
- T'ais, *see under* Shans
- Ta'mari, al-, Salah, 200, 201n
- Tantawi, 157
- Tapline: 204-5; Co., 232
- Tarazi, Zohdi, 199, 252n

- Taunggyi: 300, 336, 337, 340, 343, 350, 368-9, 374; conference, 1961, 335n
- Tavoy, 318, 376
- Telegraph, The*, 231, 233
- Temesvar, Hungary, 44
- Temple, Shirley, 68
- Thaelmann: Committee of Paris, 105; Ernst (Teddy), (shot by the Nazis, 1944), 100, 102, 103, 104-7; Rosa, 102, 107; Irma, 107
- Thaikie, Eugene, *see* Chao Tzang
- Yawnghwe
- Thailand, 301n, 340, 345, 348, 364
- Thakins, 297
- Than Pe, Comdr., 302n
- Than Tun, Thakin, (1911-68), 299n, 306-8, 313-14, 331, 366
- Thant, U, (1909-74), 305, 375, 376, 378-82
- Thaton Hla Pe, 335n
- Thirteen Colonies, 3, 4, 6
- Thompson, Alice, 26
- Thornton: Elizabeth, 26; Gordon S., 26; Mary Ethel, 25-6; Robert, 26
- Tibet, 310n
- Time*, 85, 88, 92
- Tin, Thakin, 304n, 333
- Tin, U, 347, 348
- Tin Tun, Thakin, 307n
- Tito (Josip Broz, 1892-1980), 221
- Toon Myint Lay, U, 335n
- Torgler, Ernst, (1893-1963), 101
- Torture, 104-5, 154, 269-70n
- Tower of London, 276
- Townsend, Capt. Henry, 6
- Trek, 93
- Trenton Normal School, NJ, 12, 34
- Trinity College, Dublin, 5n, 9, 15n
- Tripartite States (England, France, Israel): 237, 238, 252; aggression, 266-7, 272, 273, 274, 279, 292
- Truman, Pres. Harry S., (1884-1972), 89, 123, 236n
- Trumbo, Dalton, 111
- Tucker, Bev, 36n
- Tudor period, 5
- Tun Aye, U, (MP for Namkham), 344
- Tun Oke, Thakin, 364
- Tun Sein, Col., 336
- Tunis/Tunisian government, 236, 252n, 268, 277
- Turkey, 137, 208, 209, 219, 221
- Turton, Grace May, (1886-1943), 36
- Tuscany, 3
- Tushratta, King, 167n
- Twain, Mark, (1835-1910), 1, 51, 81
- Twaini, Ghassan, 230, 232, 256
- Two Arrow: Stella, 359, 360; Tom, 359, 360
- Ubico, Jorge, 129, 130
- Uganda, 290
- UNESCO, 145, 167n
- UNICEF, 351
- Union, 13n
- United Fruit Company (UFC), 129, 130, 131-2, 135; use of toxic chemicals, 135
- United Nations: 121, 182n, 224, 225, 226, 229n, 243n, 251, 272, 274, 319n; and PLO, 229n; ceasefire in Egypt, 226, 227; Declaration of Human Rights, 231; secretariat, 119; Sec.-Gen., 119, 378; *see also* Thant, U
- United States: 219, 220, 224, 227, 228, 229n, 246-7, 256, 269; and Burma, 299n, 301, 320, 323, 328, 345, 368; and China, 320; and Egypt, 220, 221-3, 226, 228, 246, 247, 248; and France, 269; and Guatemala, 132-6; and Iran, 124-7; and Nasser, 261-2; Congress, 85; Federal Writers Project, 61n, 109; Information Services (USIS), 353, 359, 360; press, 246; State Dept., 121, 128, 132, 173n, 187n, 257; Work Projects Administration (WPA), 61
- University: of Berlin, 100, 279n; of Colorado, 85; of Harvard, 12, 23, 24, 29, 34; of Heliopolis, 152; of Jena, 100; of Johns Hopkins, 136; of Neuchatel, Switzerland, 123n; of Tehran, 138; of Venezuela, 130; of Wisconsin, 100; Aligarh Muslim University, 279, 280n, 295n; Princeton University, 147; Yale University, 30, 117
- Untouchables/Dalits (Oppressed)/Harijans (Blessed of the Earth), 263, 282-7; joginis, 286-7
- Upsala College, East Orange, NJ, 98, 120, 121
- Uranium, 290
- Uruguay, 17
- USSR/ Soviet Union/ Soviets: 89-90, 195, 208, 227, 233, 249n, 250, 252, 253, 255, 256, 267, 282n, 314, 320, 328, 329, 330n, 333; and China, 356; and Egypt, 223, 226, 228; invasion of Hungary, 274
- Vauxhall, NJ, 45
- Vilanova, Maria Cristina, 133
- von Saal: Emilie, (1885-1962), 25, 27, 30-1, 33, 47; Dr. Frederick Charles von Heppenheim, (1854-1905), 30n; Frederick Maximilian, (1883-1981), 30n; Rudolf Ernst, (1889-1969), 30-1; W. Rudolf, 30n

- Wa: 307n; States, 310, 337, 340
 Wadi Halfa, 166
 Wahkyet Wa, 353
 Waite, Dr., 21
 Wanamassa Grammar School, NJ, 77, 78, 83
 Wandsbek, Germany, 39
 War Crimes, 93
 Ward, Robert, 111
 Warren, Earl, (1891-1974), 86
 Warwick, Orange County, NY, 6
 Washington, Gen. George, (1732-99), 11, 49n, 93n
 WASP (White Anglo-Saxon Protestant), 40, 78
 Weekes, Richard, 122
 Weidner, Grace Shaw, (1895-1985), 48
Weissenheimer, 69
 Weiss, Emilie, 40
 Welles, Orson, 109
 Wells, Mary, 8
 Werner: Emma (1862?-1950), 39-40; Fred, 39; Mary Charlotte, (1862-1950), 37-8, 39-40, 48, 66, 94; Mr., 39
 Westside School, Newark, NJ, 70
 Whitman: Ann and Ed, 132
 Wilhelm, Kaiser, (1861-88), 39, 47
 William, Ruth, 287-8n
 Winchell, Walter, (1897-1972), 68-9
 Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, 25, 26
 Wisner, Frank, 187n
 Wood, John S., 108
 Woodman, Dorothy, (d. 1970), 376
 World War I: 38n, 44n, 138, 265n; burning of German books and restrictions on German language, 44n
 World War II: 13n, 30n, 42-3, 66, 72n, 75, 76, 83, 85-95, 126, 233n; and Israel, 265n
 Wright, Dr., US Cultural Affairs Officer, Rangoon, 359
 Wuppertal, Germany, 41, 42-3

 Yafi, Abdallah, PM Lebanon, 231, 243
 Yegar, Moshe, 385
 Yemen, 186n, 212, 250, 259
Yokohama California, 93
 Youssef, Salah Ben, 236
 Yugoslavia: 148, 204, 274, 325, 326, 337, 338; and Israel, 271-2, 273
 Yunnan: 339, 353; Kunming, 338

 Zahedi, Maj.-Gen. Faziollah, (1897-1963), 126, 233n
 Zain al-Sharaf, (1915-94, Mother of King Hussein ibn Talal of Jordan), 191
 Zan Hta Sin, U, 361
 Zayad, Tawfiq, (b. 1932), 181
 Zayyat, el-, Mohamed Hassan, 146
 Zayyat, el-, Muhammad, 145
 Zhou En-lai, *see* Chou En-lai
 Zibian, Assad, 244
 Zimbabwe (Rhodesia): 277n, 287, 288n, 289, 290; United National Independence Party, Northern Rhodesia, 287, 293
 Zimmer, Ada, 100, 105, 106
 Zin, Thakin, 307n
 Zionism/anti-Zionism, 143, 144, 157-8, 159n, 176, 183, 186n, 197, 199, 245, 272, 273
 Zucker, Wolfgang, 99
 Zweibrücken, Germany, 37-8, 72n

GENEALOGY (PART 2)

CODE: m. = married
div. = divorced

Louis Schwaetz/Schultz m. (8) Mary Charlotte Werner
b. Dec. 15, 1856; d. Sept. 13, 1909 (May 24, 1882) b. Aug. 5, 1862; d. July 23, 1950
(age 52 years and 9 months)

