

Virginia Woolf

## Pages from a Diary

Sunday, July 25th, 1926

AT FIRST I thought it was Hardy, and it was the parlourmaid, a small thin girl, wearing a proper cap. She came in with silver cakestands and so on. Mrs. Hardy talked to us about her dog. How long ought we to stay? Can Mr. Hardy walk much, etc., I asked, making conversation, as I knew one would have to. She has the large sad lacklustre eyes of a childless woman; great docility and readiness, as if she had learnt her part; not great alacrity, but resignation, in welcoming more visitors; wears a sprigged voile dress, black shoes and a necklace. We can't go far now, she said, though we do walk every day, because our dog isn't able to walk far. He bites, she told us. She became more natural and animated about the dog, who is evidently the real centre of her thoughts—then the maid came in. Then again the door opened, more sprucely, and in trotted a little puffy-cheeked cheerful old man, with an atmosphere cheerful and business-like in addressing us, rather like an old doctor's or solicitor's, saying "Well now—" or words like that as he shook hands. He was dressed in rough grey with a striped tie. His nose has a joint in it and the end curves down. A round whitish face, the eyes now faded and rather watery, but the whole aspect cheerful and vigorous. He sat on a three-cornered chair (I am too jaded with all this coming and going to do more than gather facts) at a round table, where there were the cake stands and so on; a chocolate roll; what is called a good tea; but he only drank one cup, sitting on his three-cornered chair. He was extremely affable and aware of his duties. He did not let the talk stop or disdain making talk. He talked of father: said he had seen me, or it might have been my sister, but he thought it was me, in my cradle. He had been to Hyde Park Place—oh, Gate was it. A

very quiet street. That was why my father liked it. Odd to think that in all these years he had never been down there again. He went there often. Your father took my novel—*Far from the Madding Crowd*. We stood shoulder to shoulder against the British public about certain matters dealt with in that novel. You may have heard. Then he said how some other novel had fallen through that was to appear—the parcel had been lost coming from France—not a very likely thing to happen, as your father said—a big parcel of manuscript; and he asked me to send my story. I think he broke all the *Cornhill* laws—not to see the whole book; so I sent it in chapter by chapter and was never late. Wonderful what youth is! I had it in my head doubtless, but I never thought twice about it. It came out every month. They were nervous, because of Miss Thackeray I think. She said she became paralysed and could not write a word directly she heard the press begin. I daresay it was bad for a novel to appear like that. One begins to think what is good for the magazine, not what is good for the novel.

"You think what makes a strong curtain," put in Mrs. Hardy jocularly. She was leaning upon the tea table, not eating—gazing out.

THEN we talked about manuscripts. Mrs. Smith had found the MS. of *F. from the M.C.* in a drawer during the war and sold it for the Red Cross. Now he has his MSS. back and the printer rubs out all the marks. But he wishes they would leave them as they prove it genuine.

He puts his head down like some old pouter pigeon. He has a very long head; and quizzical bright eyes, for in talk they grow bright. He said when he was in the Strand 6 years ago he scarcely knew where he was and he used

to know it all intimately. He told us that he used to buy second-hand books—nothing valuable—in Wyck Street. Then he wondered why Great James Street should be so narrow and Bedford Row so broad. He had often wondered about that. At this rate, London would soon be unrecognisable. But I shall never go there again. Mrs. Hardy tried to persuade him that it was an easy drive—only 6 hours or so. I asked if she liked it, and she said Granville Barker had told her that when she was in the nursing home she had “the time of her life.” She knew everyone in Dorchester but she thought there were more interesting people in London. Had I often been to Siegfried’s\* flat? I said no. Then she asked about him and Morgan,† said he was elusive, as if they enjoyed visits from him. I said I heard from Wells that Mr. Hardy had been up to London to see an air raid. “What things they say!” he said. “It was my wife. There was an air raid one night when we stayed with Barrie. We just heard a little pop in the distance. The searchlights were beautiful. I thought if a bomb now were to fall on this flat how many writers would be lost.” And he smiled, in his queer way, which is fresh and yet sarcastic a little; anyhow shrewd. Indeed, there was no trace to my thinking of the simple peasant. He seemed perfectly aware of everything; in no doubt or hesitation; having made up his mind; and being delivered of all his work, so that he was in no doubt about that either. He was not interested much in his novels, or in anybody’s novels: took it all easily and naturally. “I never took long with them,” he said. “The longest was *The Dinnasts* (so pronounced).” “But that was really three books,” said Mrs. Hardy. “Yes; and that took me six years; but not working all the time.” “Can you write poetry regularly?” I asked (being beset with the desire to hear him say something about his books; but the dog kept cropping up. How he bit; how the inspector came out; how he was ill; and they could do nothing for him). “Would you mind if I let him in?” asked Mrs. Hardy, and in came Wessex, a very tousled, rough brown and white

mongrel; got to guard the house, so naturally he bites people, said Mrs. H. “Well, I don’t know about that,” said Hardy, perfectly natural, and not setting much stock by his poems either it seemed. “Did you write poems at the same time as your novels?” I asked. “No,” he said. “I wrote a great many poems. I used to send them about, but they were always returned,” he chuckled. “And in those days I believed in editors. Many were lost—all the fair copies were lost. But I found the notes and I wrote them from those. I was always finding them. I found one the other day; but I don’t think I shall find any more.

“Siegfried took rooms near here and said he was going to work very hard, but he left soon.

“E. M. Forster takes a long time to produce anything—7 years,” he chuckled. All this made a great impression of the ease with which he did things. “I daresay *Far from the Madding Crowd* would have been a great deal better if I had written it differently,” he said. But as if it could not be helped and did not matter.

HE USED to go to the Lushingtons in Kensington Square and saw my mother there. “She used to come in and out when I was talking to your father.”

I wanted him to say one word about his writing before we left and could only ask which of his books he would have chosen if, like me, he had had to choose one to read in the train. I had taken the *Mayor of Casterbridge*. “That’s being dramatised,” put in Mrs. Hardy, and then brought *Life’s Little Ironies*.

“And did it hold your interest?” he asked. I stammered that I could not stop reading it, which was true, but sounded wrong. Anyhow, he was not going to be drawn and went off about giving a young lady a wedding present. “None of my books are fitted to be wedding presents,” he said. “You must give Mrs. Woolf one of your books,” said Mrs. Hardy, inevitably. “Yes, I will. But I’m afraid only in the little thin paper edition,” he said. I protested that it would be enough if he wrote his name (then was vaguely uncomfortable).

Then there was de la Mare. His last book of stories seemed to them such a pity. Hardy had liked some of his poems very much. People

\* Siegfried Sassoon.

† E. M. Forster.

said he must be a sinister man to write such stories. But he is a very nice man—a very nice man indeed. He said to a friend who begged him not to give up poetry, "I'm afraid poetry is giving up me." The truth is he is a very kind man and sees anyone who wants to see him. He has 16 people for the day sometimes. "Do you think one can't write poetry if one sees people?" I asked. "One might be able to—I don't see why not. It's a question of physical strength," said Hardy. But clearly he preferred solitude himself. Always however he said something sensible and sincere, and thus made the obvious business of compliment-giving rather unpleasant. He seemed to be free of it all; very active minded; liking to describe people; not to talk in an abstract way; for example Col. Lawrence, bicycling with a broken arm "held like that" from Lincoln to Hardy, listened at the door to hear if there was anyone there. "I hope he won't commit suicide," said Mrs. Hardy pensively, still leaning over the tea cups, gazing despondently. "He often says things like it, though he has never said quite that perhaps. But he has blue lines round his eyes. He calls himself Shaw in the army. No one is to know where he is. But it got into the papers." "He promised me not to go into the air," said Hardy. "My husband doesn't like anything to do with the air," said Mrs. Hardy.

Now we began to look at the grandfather clock in the corner. We said we must go—tried to confess we were only down for the day. I forgot to say that he offered L. whisky and water, which struck me that he was competent as a host and in every way. So we got up and signed Mrs. Hardy's visitors' books; and Hardy took my *Life's Little Ironies* off and trotted back with it signed; and Woolf spelt Wolff, which I daresay had given him some anxiety. Then Wessex came in again. I asked if Hardy could stroke him. So he bent down and stroked him, like the master of the house. Wessex went on wheezing away.

**T**HERE was not a trace anywhere of deference to editors, or respect for rank or extreme simplicity. What impressed me was his freedom, ease and vitality. He seemed very

"Great Victorian" doing the whole thing with a sweep of his hand (they are ordinary smallish curled up hands) and setting no great stock by literature; but immensely interested in facts; incidents; and somehow, one could imagine, naturally swept off into imagining and creating without a thought of its being difficult or remarkable; becoming obsessed; and living in imagination. Mrs. Hardy thrust his old grey hat into his hand and he trotted us out on to the road. "Where is that?" I asked him, pointing to a clump of trees on the down opposite, for his house is outside the town, with open country (rolling, massive downs, crowned with little tree coronets before and behind) and he said, with interest, "That is Weymouth. We see the lights at night—not the lights themselves, but the reflection of them." And so we left and he trotted in again.

Also I asked him if I might see the picture of Tess which Morgan had described, an old picture: whereupon he led me to an awful engraving of Tess coming into a room from a picture by Herkomer. "That was rather my idea of her," he said. But I said I had been told he had an old picture. "That's fiction," he said. "I used to see people now and then with a look of her."

Also Mrs. Hardy said to me, "Do you know Aldous Huxley?" I said I did. They had been reading his book, which she thought "very clever." But Hardy could not remember it: said his wife had to read to him—his eyes were now so bad. "They've changed everything now," he said. "We used to think there was a beginning and a middle and an end. We believed in the Aristotelian theory. Now one of those stories came to an end with a woman going out of the room." He chuckled. But he no longer reads novels. The whole thing—literature, novels, etc., all seemed to him an amusement, far away too, scarcely to be taken seriously. Yet he had sympathy and pity for those still engaged in it. But what his secret interests and activities are—to what occupation he trotted off when we left him—I do not know. Small boys write to him from New Zealand and have to be answered. They bring out a "Hardy number" of a Japanese paper, which he produced. Talked too about Blunden.

I think Mrs. Hardy keeps him posted in the doings of the younger poets.

*Rodmell 1926*

**A**S I AM not going to milk my brains for a week, I shall here write the first pages of the greatest book in the world. This is what the book would be that was made entirely solely and with integrity of one's thoughts. Suppose one could catch them before they became "works of art"? Catch them hot and sudden as they rise in the mind—walking up Asheham hill for instance. Of course one cannot; for the process of language is slow and deluding. One must stop to find a word. Then, there is the form of the sentence, soliciting one to fill it.

#### ART AND THOUGHT

**A** What I thought was this: if art is based on thought, what is the transmuting process? I was telling myself the story of our visit to the Hardys, and I began to compose it; that is to say to dwell on Mrs. Hardy leaning on the table, looking out, apathetically, vaguely, and so would soon bring everything into harmony with that as the dominant theme. But the actual event was different.

#### NEXT—WRITING BY LIVING PEOPLE

**N**I scarcely ever read it. But, owing to his giving me the books, am now reading *C.* by M. Baring. I am surprised to find it as good as it is. But how good is it? Easy to say it is not a great book. But what qualities does it lack? That it adds nothing to one's vision of life, perhaps. Yet it is hard to find a serious flaw. My wonder is that entirely second-rate work like this, poured out in profusion by at least 20 people yearly, I suppose, has so much merit. Never reading it, I get into the way of thinking it non-existent. So it is, speaking with the utmost strictness. That is, it will not exist in 2026; but it has some existence now, which puzzles me a little. Now *Clarissa* bores me; yet I feel this important. And why?

#### MY OWN BRAIN

**M**Here is a whole nervous breakdown in miniature. We came on Tuesday. Sank into a chair, could scarcely rise; everything insipid;

tasteless, colourless. Enormous desire for rest. Wednesday—only wish to be alone in the open air. Air delicious—avoided speech; could not read. Thought of my own power of writing with veneration, as of something incredible, belonging to someone else; never again to be enjoyed by me. Mind a blank. Slept in my chair. Thursday. No pleasure in life whatsoever; but felt perhaps more attuned to existence. Character and idiosyncrasy as Virginia Woolf completely sunk out. Humble and modest. Difficulty in thinking what to say. Read automatically, like a cow chewing cud. Slept in chair. Friday: sense of physical tiredness; but slight activity of the brain. Beginning to take notice. Making one or two plans. No power of phrase-making. Difficulty in writing to Lady Colefax. Saturday (today) much clearer and lighter. Thought I could write, but resisted, or found it impossible. A desire to read poetry set in on Friday. This brings back a sense of my own individuality. Read some Dante and Bridges, without troubling to understand, but got pleasure from them. Now I begin to wish to write notes, but not yet novel. But today senses quickening. No "making up" power yet: no desire to cast scenes in my book. Curiosity about literature returning; want to read Dante, Havelock Ellis, and Berlioz autobiography; also to make a looking glass with a shell frame. These processes have sometimes been spread over several weeks.

#### PROPORTIONS CHANGED

**P**That in the evening, or on colourless days, the proportions of the landscape change suddenly. I saw people playing stoolball in the meadow; they appeared sunk far down on a flat board; and the downs raised high up and mountainous round them. Detail was smoothed out. This was an extremely beautiful effect: the colours of the women's dresses also showing very bright and pure in the almost untinted surroundings. I knew, also, that the proportions were abnormal—as if I were looking between my legs.

#### SECOND-RATE ART

**S**i.e. *C.*, by Maurice Baring. Within its limits, it is not second rate, or there is nothing

markedly so, at first go off. The limits are the proof of its non-existence. He can only do one thing; himself to wit; charming, clean, modest, sensitive Englishman. Outside that radius and it does not carry far nor illumine much, all is—as it should be—light, sure, proportioned, affecting even; told in so well bred a manner that nothing is exaggerated, all related, proportioned. I could read this for ever, I said. L. said one would soon be sick to death of it.

**W**ANDERVÖGELN of the sparrow tribe. Two resolute, sunburnt, dusty girls in jerseys and short skirts, with packs on their backs, city clerks, or secretaries, tramping along the road in the hot sunshine at Ripe. My instinct at once throws up a screen, which condemns them: I think them in every way angular, awkward and self-assertive. But all this is a great mistake. These screens shut me out. Have no screens, for screens are made out of our own integument; and get at the thing itself, which has nothing whatever in common with a screen. The screen-making habit, though, is so universal that probably it preserves our sanity. If we had not this device for shutting people off from our sympathies we might perhaps dissolve utterly; separateness would be impossible. But the screens are in the excess; not the sympathy.

**R**ETURNING HEALTH This is shown by the power to make images; the suggestive power of every sight and word is enormously increased. Shakespeare must have had this to an extent which makes my normal state the state of a person blind, deaf, dumb, stone-stockish, and fish-blooded. And I have it compared with poor Mrs. Bartholomew almost to the extent that Shakespeare has it compared with me.

**B**ANK HOLIDAY Very fat woman, girl and man spend Bank Holiday—a day of complete sun and satisfaction—looking up family graves in the churchyard, 23 youngish men and women spend it tramping along with ugly black boxes on shoulders and arms, taking photographs. Man says to woman, “Some of these quiet vil-

lages don't seem to know it's Bank Holiday at all” in a tone of superiority and slight contempt.

#### THE MARRIED RELATION

**T** Arnold Bennett says that the horror of marriage lies in its “dailiness.” All acuteness of relationship is rubbed away by this. The truth is more like this: life—say 4 days out of 7—becomes automatic; but on the 5th day a bead of sensation (between husband and wife) forms which is all the fuller and more sensitive because of the automatic customary unconscious days on either side. That is to say the year is marked by moments of great intensity. Hardy's “moments of vision.” How can a relationship endure for any length of time except under these conditions?

*Tuesday, January 17th, 1928*

**Y**ESTERDAY we went to Hardy's funeral. What did I think of? Of Max Beerbohm's letter, just read; or a lecture to the Newnhamites about women's writing. At intervals some emotion broke in. But I doubt the capacity of the human animal for being dignified in ceremony. One catches a bishop's frown and twitch; sees his polished, shiny nose; suspects the rapt spectacled young priest, gazing at the cross he carries, of being a humbug; catches Robert Lynd's distracted haggard eye; next here is the coffin, an overgrown one; like a stage coffin, covered with a white satin cloth; bearers elderly gentlemen rather red and stiff, holding to the corners; pigeons flying outside, insufficient artificial light; procession to poets corner; dramatic “In sure and certain hope of immortality” perhaps melodramatic. After dinner at Clive's Lytton protested that the great man's novels are the poorest of poor stuff; and can't read them. Lytton sitting or lying inert, with his eyes shut or exasperated with them open. Lady Strachey slowly fading, but it may take years. Over all this broods for me some uneasy sense of change and mortality and how partings are deaths; and then a sense of my own fame—why should this come over me? and then of its remoteness; and then the pressure of writing two articles on Meredith and furbishing up the Hardy. And Leonard sitting at home

reading. And Max's letter; and a sense of the futility of it all.

*Tuesday, December 2nd, 1930*

NO, I cannot write that very difficult passage in *The Waves* this morning (how their lives hang lit up against the Palace) all because of Arnold Bennett and Ethel's\* party. I can

Soon after this A. B. went to France, drank a glass of water and died of typhoid. (March 30th. His funeral today.)

hardly get one word after another. There I was for 2 hours so it seemed, alone with B. in Ethel's little back room. And this meeting I am convinced was

engineered by B. to "get on good terms with Mrs. Woolf"—when Heaven knows I don't care a rap if I'm on terms with B. or not. B. I say, because he can't say B. He ceases; shuts his eyes; leans back; one waits. "Begin," he at last articulates quietly, without any fluster. But the method lengthens out intolerably a rather uninspired discourse. It's fun. I like the old creature. I do my best, as a writer, to detect signs of genius in his smoky brown eye: I see certain sensuality, power, I suppose; but O as he cackled out "What a blundering fool I am—what a baby—compared with Desmond MacCarthy—how clumsy—how could I attack professors?" This innocence is engaging; but would be more so if I felt him, as he infers, a "creative artist." He said that George Moore in *The Mummer's Wife* had shown him *The Five Towns*: taught him what to see there: has a profound admiration for G. M.; but despises him for boasting of his sexual triumphs. "He told me that a young girl had come to see him. And he asked her, as she sat on the sofa, to undress. And he said she took off all her clothes and let him look at her. . . . Now that I don't believe. . . . But he is a prodigious writer—he lives for words. Now he's ill. Now he's an awful bore—he tells the same stories over and over. And soon people will say of me 'He's dead.'" I rashly said: "Of your books?" "No, of me," he replied, attaching, I suppose, a longer life than I do to his books.

"It's the only life," he said (this incessant scribbling, one word after another, one

thousand words daily). "I don't want anything else. I think of nothing but writing. Some people are bored." "You have all the clothes you want, I suppose," I said. "And bath. And beds. And a yacht." "Oh yes, my clothes couldn't be better cut."

And at last I drew Lord David\* in. And we taunted the old creature with thinking us refined. He said the gates of Hatfield were shut—"shut away from life." "But open on Thursdays," said Lord D. "I don't want to go on Thursdays," said B. "And you drop your aitches on purpose," I said, "thinking that you possess more 'life' than we do." "I sometimes tease," said B., "but I don't think I possess more life than you do. Now I must go home. I have to write one thousand words tomorrow morning." And this left only the scrag end of the evening; and this left me in a state where I can hardly drive my pen across the page.

*Saturday, March 28th, 1931*

ARNOLD Bennett died last night; which leaves me sadder than I should have supposed. A lovable genuine man; impeded, somehow a little awkward in life; well meaning; ponderous; kindly; coarse; knowing he was coarse; dimly floundering and feeling for something else; glutted with success; wounded in his feelings; avid; thickclipped; prosaic intolerably; rather dignified; set upon writing; yet always taken in; deluded by splendour and success; but naïve; an old bore; an egotist; much at the mercy of life for all his competence; a shop-keeper's view of literature; yet with the rudiments, covered over with fat and prosperity and the desire for hideous Empire furniture, of sensibility. Some real understanding power, as well as a gigantic absorbing power. These are the sort of things that I think by fits and starts this morning, as I sit journalising; I remember his determination to write 1,000 words daily; and how he trotted off to do it that night, and feel some sorrow that now he will never sit down and begin methodically covering his regulation number of pages in his workmanlike beautiful but dull hand. Queer how one regrets the dispersal of anybody who

\* Ethel Sands.

\* David Cecil.

seemed—as I say—genuine: who had direct contact with life—for he abused me; and I yet rather wished him to go on abusing me; and me abusing him. An element in life—even in mine that was so remote—taken away. This is what one minds.\*

Friday, April 28th, 1933

A MERE note. We got out of the car last night and began walking down to the Serpentine. A summer evening. Chestnuts in their crinolines, bearing tapers; grey green water and so on. Suddenly L. bore off; and there was Shaw, dwindled shanks, white beard; striding along. We talked by a railing for 15 minutes. He stood with his arms folded, very upright, leaning back: teeth gold tipped. Just come from the dentist and “lured” out for a walk by the weather. Very friendly. That is his art, to make one think he likes one. A great spurt of ideas. “You forget that an aeroplane is like a car—it bumps— We went over the great wall—saw a little dim object in the distance. Of course the tropics are the place. The people are the

\* There is an entry in Arnold Bennett’s diary for 1930 in which he records that he went to a dinner party at which V. W. was another guest, and adds, “Virginia is all right: other guests held their breath to listen to us.”

original human beings. We are smudged copies. I caught the Chinese looking at us with horror—that we should be human beings! Of course the tour cost thousands: yet to see us you’d think we hadn’t the price of the fare to Hampton Court. Lots of old spinsters had saved up for years to come. Oh but my publicity! It’s terrifying. An hour’s bombardment at every port. I made the mistake of accepting

\* invitation. I found myself on a platform with the whole university round me. They began shouting We want Bernard Shaw. So I told them that every man at 21 must be a revolutionary. After that of course the police imprisoned them by dozens. I want to write an article for the *Herald* pointing out what Dickens said years ago about the folly of Parliament. Oh I could only stand the voyage by writing. I’ve written 3 or 4 books. I like to give the public full weight. Books should be sold by the pound. What a nice little dog. But aren’t I keeping you and making you cold?” (touching my arm). Two men stopped along the path to look. Off he strode again on his dwindled legs. I said Shaw likes us. L. thinks he likes nobody. What will they say of Shaw in 50 years? He is 76 he said: too old for the tropics.

\* Blank in manuscript.

Leslie A. Fiedler

## A Postscript to the Rosenberg Case

SINCE the execution of the Rosenbergs, it has become possible to see clearly what was for a long time obscured: that there were two Rosenberg cases, quite distinct from one another, though referred to by a single name; and that this ambiguity made it difficult for the pro- and anti-Rosenberg forces ever to engage in a real dialogue. How often in these past months we have been talking about quite different things under the same rubric!

The first Rosenberg case, which reached its climax with their trial in March, 1951, involved certain questions of fact about the transmission of secrets to the Soviet Union, especially the handing over of sketches for the detonating device of the atom bomb. Implicated in this first case, along with the Rosenbergs, were: the brother of Ethel Rosenberg, David Greenglass, who made a full confession; Morton Sobell, a physicist, who received a thirty years' sentence; Anatoli Yacovlev, the Russian vice-consul, who had got safely out of the United States in December of 1946; and the notorious Communist "drop," Harry Gold. Through Gold, who like Greenglass admitted all, the Rosenberg case was linked with those of the confessed espionage agents, Klaus Fuchs and Allan Nunn May, woven inextricably into a context against which their guilt appeared clear. The denials of the Rosenbergs seemed merely the mendacious pleas of two people fighting for their lives in the face of overwhelming evidence.

In this initial open-and-shut case, scarcely anyone was very interested. In the United States, it did not stir up nearly so much discussion as did even the relatively trivial business of Judith Coplon, to say nothing of the Hiss-Chambers affair. In Europe, it was ignored or meagrely reported, so that the European defenders of the Rosenbergs tended to be happily

ignorant of the first, or factual, case; and this ignorance in many instances they fought desperately to preserve. The Communists themselves maintained a strange official silence about the Rosenbergs for more than a year after their arraignment. They were wary, presumably, about identifying themselves with a pair at once so central to their whole espionage effort and so flagrantly guilty; and they were baffled, no doubt, by the problem of defending two "comrades" who had been underground for six years, and who refused to avow their party membership in court.

The second, or legendary, Rosenberg case was invented, along with the Committee to Secure Justice in the Rosenberg Case, at the end of October, 1951, in Knickerbocker Village, a housing settlement in New York City. The place of the double birth seems almost too apt; the Rosenbergs themselves had once inhabited that melancholy block of identical dwelling units that almost seem a visible manifestation of the pro-Communist petty-bourgeois mind: rigid, conventional in its own way, hopelessly self-righteous—the mind that dreamed the odd parody of martyrdom which was the role of the Rosenbergs in their second case.

The Rosenbergs stood alone in the new version of their plight—alone except for certain honourable ghosts. Gone were the real accomplices: Yacovlev and Sobell, Harry Gold, Klaus Fuchs, and Allan Nunn May, though "Davy" Greenglass, recruited to the Communist movement at the age of twelve by his nineteen-year-old sister, remained to play the shadowy villain. They were replaced by the evoked figures of Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney, the Scottsboro Boys, and, especially, Dreyfus. The cue had been given by the "progressive" (i.e.