Mainstream

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HE BLOODY COURTHOUSE

ART SHIELDS

Art Shields has been a reporter and feature writer for the *Daily Worker* and the *Worker* since 1924. He has known the piney woods of Mississippi long before he investigated the Poplarville lynching, and travelled widely in the South, from which his father came.

HE red brick courthouse dominates the little county seat town of Poplarville. It is the biggest building in the late Senator Bilbo's ne town. And it is the power center of the Apartheid system of racial pression in the piney woods of Southern Mississippi for 10 to 20 miles und. Here white voters—the only voters—are registered. Here white ors—the only jurors—are selected. Here Negroes are sentenced to State Prison Farm or the State gas chamber on whites' accusations. d here Mack Charles Parker, a young Negro lumber worker, the only pport of a sick mother, was kidnaped last spring by hooded lynchers, o had the sheriff's keys.

It was court day when I arrived, and a hundred men were strolling chatting inside. There were blue-jeaned farmers and croppers from cabins in the piney woods clearings, little business men from Poplar- e and other small towns, a few big tung and pecan orchard men a few age wage earners, a few FBI men, and the usual courthouse hangers on. White faces only! The one Negro, who was due to be present, in prisoner's dock on a "rape" charge, was at the bottom of Pearl River. would not be found until the high waters went down. But everyone talking about him. And a tall, tobacco-chewing man in faded tan isers and blue shirtsleeves, sidled up to me and whispered: "You one hem Guvment men?" He seemed pleased when I said I was a writer, began showing me around. I had expected him to be on the defensive ut the lynching, but I found a proud showman instead. "Too bad you n't heah yestaday," he said. "I could a-showed you plenty o' blood en they drugged him down this hall. They drugged him through that from the jailhouse. That niggah was bleedin' like a hawg, they tell " He was savoring that blood like a confection. I learned later that

he was a typical court hanger-on, who picked up a little money as a ju or special deputy now and then and brought in voters from the pi woods cabins on Democratic Primary Day.

I was rescued by a plump little man in a conventional gray sumr suit and flowered four-in-hand tie. He motioned me to join him whe burly liquored-up friend grabbed my guide's hand. "I hope you wo listen to that man," my new acquaintance whispered when we were so distance away. "He's just plain no-account. This lynching is a bad bu ness, and I'd like to tell you what I think if you won't put my na in any paper. I'm a business man from Picayune."

I understood why he was so cautions when he said "Picayune." T is a neighboring town in the same country, with a local newpaper t is known for its savage racism. This paper, the Picayune *Times,* violently abused Mr. Parker and his two Negro attorneys three d before the lynching. The diatribe ended on this sinister note: ". . . Mack Parker is found guilty of this crime, no treatment is too bad him or those who would attempt to get him out of it." I agreed to bl out the name, and the Picayune visitor continued: "That lynching bad, and it was foolish, mighty foolish. That Nigra would have gotte fair trial and been sentenced to death in a law-abiding way. But th hot heads. . . ."

An annoyed voice interrupted him. "Yes Suh, he'd been sentenc said a blue-jeaned stranger, who had edged in. "He'd been senten Sho' thing. But you know what the high cou't would-a-done. It wo a-throwed the case out 'cause we don't have no niggahs sit on no jur and we ain't nevah goin' to." He was echoing the editorials in the Jack papers, that blame the Supreme Court for the lynching.

I waited until the Picayune man and I were alone again; the asked him why he was so sure of a conviction. "The woman who said was raped wasn't positive it was Parker," I remarked. "She said he 'loo like' the man, but his voice was 'different.' "

"That was when she saw him in the police line up," the Picayune m replied. "But she's sure now. Says the picture in the papers is him. believe her, and no Pearl River County juror will take a nigra's w against a white woman's."

He spoke softly, without heat, and I ventured to ask him if th was any medical proof that a rape had been committed. None was m tioned by prosecutor or press. That seemed to bother him. And he wa a few moments until he replied: "I really don't know. But I'm sur one thing—he'd have gotten a fair trial. I know Judge Dale. He's a man," the Picayune man was saying.

Just then the bailiff stepped into the hall and bawled that Court was opening. The courtroom filled quickly. The main floor was a pool of white faces, while three Negroes looked down from the tiny Jim Crow gallery above. But the session was brief. There was no defendant to try, the judge calmly explained, as he sent the jury veniremen home.

Then His Honor came down from the bench to chat with the Southern reporters. He was a smiling, elderly, handshaking fellow with thinning gray hair. And he seemed quite at ease as he defended his role in the Parker case. Yes, he had advised Sheriff Moody to leave the jailhouse unguarded on the fateful night. Yes, he had refused a defense motion to transfer the prisoner to a distant county, when attorneys pleaded that a mob might kill him in Poplarville. He hadn't expected any trouble from the good people of Pearl River County, the judge explained. And—he added defiantly—"if I had to do it again I'd do it the same way."

As for the untried Negro—the judge's verdict was Guilty in advance of any defense. The "evidence" was "enough to convict him," the High Priest of Apartheid justice told his newspaper friends. The Pearl River County jurist never used the word "Negro," or even the in-between "Nigra," but only the slaveowners' "nigger" when referring to members of Mr. Parker's race. It was easy to see why when I looked at the judge's attire. Judge Dale wasn't wearing the usual vestments of the bench; he was dressed exactly like his old friend Bilbo, the Mississippi Goebbels. "That blue suit and red tie and red silk handkerchief in breast pocket are the trademarks of old Bilbo," a Mississippi reporter remarked. And Bilbo's boast, "I'm a Klansman," and his many incitements to violence against Negroes, came to mind as I listened to his Poplarville disicple.

I was in a hurry to quit this temple of Bilboism, but I still had work to do. So I followed a surly official through the jailhouse, which is built wall to wall against the courthouse like a Siamese twin. I was not able to talk with the Negro prisoners who witnessed the kidnaping. But I felt the thick bars of their joint 16-by-16 foot cell. I also noted a tiny barred cell connecting with this room, where Parker had been held. And I could see that the young lumber worker might still be alive if the mob hadn't had the sheriff's keys.

It was noon now. But I had barely settled down in a little cafe when two men I had seen in the courthouse took the next table. "They'll nevah convict nobody," one man was saying, as he sipped his Coca Cola. "No, nevah," the other replied.

I had to admit to myself as I listened that his "No, nevah" had 82 years of history behind it. No Mississippi lyncher has been punished, so far as I know, since President Hayes took Federal troops out of Jeff Davis'

state in 1877. And my mind went back to an unpunished mass lynching that I investigated on the spot in this piney woods area many years ago. The victims of that tragedy were five white union men, who dared to save a Negro brother from lynching. They were butchered in a sawmill and pulp-wood processing town across Pearl River, a few miles away—Bogalusa, La., where many Poplarville men work. It is also the place where many FBI men stayed during the Parker investigation, where Parker's mangled and decomposed body was autopsied when it was taken out of the river, and where the woman who accused Parker lived until a few days before she filed her charges.

The story goes back to the AFL's Southern drive in 1919. The carpenters were organizing Negro and white sawmill workers together in the big plant of the Great Southern Lumber Co. The AFL's International Union of Timber Workers was organizing the Negro loggers in the forests. The two unions were helping each other. The climax came when Sol Dacus, the Negro leader of the Timber Workers, came to town to confer with the sawmill men's president, a white man named Lum Williams. The company gunmen had gathered to snatch Dacus, when Williams intervened. An armed band of white men surrounded the Negro, and the black and white leaders walked together down the main street with their shotgun and pistol battalion.

But the mill siren sounded the white heroes' death knell at noon the next day. A mob of 75, led by a local banker, answered the Great Southern's whistle. They rushed into the little pine board shack that the sawmill men used as a headquarters and blasted Williams' heart with buckshot. Four other white sawmill leaders fell next. The union was smashed. And A. Conger Goodyear, the company president, a Buffalo man, became a leading trustee and financial angel of the Museum of Modern Art in New York a few years later. The memory of the martyrs didn't die in the piney woods, however. It remains a shining light in Southern labor history. I think that the names of Lum Williams and Sol Dacus will be cherished when the Bilbos and Dales are forgotten.

I mentioned this massacre to a retired woodsman, who was driving me around later that day. He was a gentle old fellow, who had toiled in the forests until the big timber was gone. But the smile went out of his mild blue eyes, when I referred to the Great Southern Lumber Co. I remember those killings," he said. "That was a mighty mean company. I used to haul Mississippi logs to that mill. I drove an eight-wheel wagon with four yoke of oxen. . . . The roads was that bad. . . . And they paid me almost nothin' at all."

Did he know Lum Williams, I asked.

"It almost seems like I did," he answered. "Folks talked about him so much. The working people liked him right well."

Any unions there since?

"No Suh, they's no unions in this whole piney woods country. Ain't none since Lum Williams was killed."

Don't folks need unions?

"They sho do. I reckon this is the lowest payin' town in the South. But the Big Men don't want them."

Who are the Big Men?

"I'll tell you," he said, "if you don't write my name down." The Big Men, he explained, are Judge Dale and Sheriff Moody and other county officials. They run the county with the help of the Big Men on the land and in the mills.

I asked him if the Big Men didn't keep the people down by dividing them on the race question. Wasn't that what the Great Southern Lumber Co. did? Wasn't that what Lum Williams was fighting? Wasn't that what the Big Men were trying to do with the Parker case? The idea wasn't new to this veteran worker. "I knowed that a long time," he said. "But a man's got to watch who he's talkin' to down heah. I wish you was stayin'. I'd like to talk to you again."

I left the old man's car at the business crossroads in Lumberton ten miles away, and set out on foot for the Parker family home. It was a half-mile journey from one world to another. All paving ends before the Negro "Quarter" is reached. The "Quarter" is a Ghetto of unpainted wood huts, a wood school, wood church, dirt roads, and barefoot children. I didn't see a single white face. But I was welcomed by an elderly Negro I met on the road, when he learned the kind of paper I represented. And we turned together into a winding footpath that ran between high bushes to a three-room cabin, where Mother Eliza Parker lived with a baby grandchild and with Mack C. Parker's three surviving brothers and sisters.

There was a tense moment when I entered the crowded cabin. Mrs. Parker, who lay on a sick bed in the 10-by-10 foot livng room, stared in grim silence at first. She had just had two white visitors, who left the smell of death behind them. The Pearl County Prosecutor, William Stewart, who had hoped to send her son to the gas chamber, had come with Sheriff Moody, whose keys were used by the lynchers. They had come, they said, while reporters scribbled their words down, to express their "sympathy" for her son's violent death. I felt the cabin's atmosphere change like magic, when my guide explained my mission. Mrs. Parker

leaned forward and gripped my hand and said: "I'm glad you came. I want to tell you that I'm proud of my son. He was a good boy, and smart. But he didn't have a chance in Mississippi."

"None of us have a chance, Mother Parker," said a young man, who had come in from a neighboring cabin.

Another young man spoke up. "I went with him to High School. That's the little colored school you passed on the road. He did mighty well. But he didn't have a chance to finish. The Army took him."

I could see the mother was suffering; but she didn't break down. And she told how her son had talked of learning a trade when he left the Service. "But a colored man hasn't a chance to do that in Mississippi," she said. "And he wouldn't leave home. He was my only support."

So young Mack Parker got what work he could in this Apartheid land. "We loaded pulp wood on trucks in the woods—he and I," the first young man said. "We were paid by the cord, and made up to $35 and $40 a week."

"That's good money heah," the other youth said.

"My boy was only 23," said the mother. "And he was soon to be married to a very sweet girl. And now he is dead. But I know my boy was innocent. 'I didn't touch that woman, Mama,' he told me. And I know he told the truth. He wasn't that kind of a boy."

The kindly elder, who had brought me in, left when I did. "This is a terrible thing," he said as we followed the winding path, "but it's happened to thousands of my people before. I once saw the body of a woman, who had been lynched with a baby still kicking inside her. I lived in another county then. My people begged the white doctor to save the child. But he didn't care. That's Mississippi," he continued. "But we trust in the Lord. The whole world is watching us now. And I know that our deliverance is coming."

I learned long ago in the South that Negroes know much more about whites than whites know about Negroes. And this lesson was driven home again before sunset that day in a ride with two white boys of 16. I had to get to Hattiesburg quickly, so I told a filling station operator on the edge of white Lumberton that I'd pay someone to drive me. The boys, who were gossipping with the operator, told me to jump in their Chevvie. I sat with the driver, a grinning redhead, who was dressed better than average. The other lad, who was also clad pretty well, sat behind. He was a frail chap, with a long, gooselike neck, that hung over my shoulder while he talked with hardly a break.

The lad didn't talk about the lynching at first, however. "Say, Mistah," he began, "can I see any movie stahs if I come to New York? Oh, Bill!

(turning to the driver) I'd like to get me a little movie star. Oh Boy, ust her and me!" I remarked that movie stars were hard to get—why ıot just enjoy them on the Hattiesburg screen? This seemed to dis-ɔourage him, and he turned to the lynching of his own volition. "That vasn't really a lynching, Mistah," he said. "You know what? They tell ne the niggahs busted into that jailhouse and took Parker out. The ıiggahs rescued him. That's what they tell me." "But the blood!" I inter-ected. "That was cow's blood, Mistah. That's what they tell me. Them ıiggahs is smart. They spilled a bucket o' cow's blood in that jailhouse. That's what they tell me."

The boys began talking together, Bill said: "They's a hotel in Hatties-ɓurg with a lot of women." The back seat kid grunted in delight and vanted details. Bill hadn't any more, however, and I was wondering where ny fare money would land eventually, when a truck driver hailed them, nd shouted: "How's yo' Pa, Bill?" He was a lean, tanned man of 40 or nore, with a big straw hat and a suit of worn jeans. He was hauling a ɓad of thin pine logs. When we drove on I said to Bill: "I guess that man as a good job." "No," answered Bill. "He don't get nothin'. Old Man Bass don't pay nothin'."

"Old Man Bass owns about ev'ything roun' heah," the back seat boy aid. "He's got thousands of acres in pecan and tung trees and pine voods." I asked who worked the tung and pecan groves. "He works ɔme with hi'ed laboh, some with tenants," the boy replied. Then he dded: "And some with white folks, some with niggahs."

"Do they make good money?" I asked.

"They don't make nothin'."

We were passing long patches of scrubby second- and third-growth ine, that sprang up after the virgin long-leaf pine forests went down. he woods were broken from time to time by cattle pastures and small ecan and tung orchrads. Once in a while a tiny cabin, with ragged Negro or white children, appeared. And I was thinking of the questions I ould like to ask King Bass, when we saw a Negro on the road. He was a red looking man of 50 or more, and the boys didn't offer him a lift, though they knew him. The back seat boy just yelled: "Whe'ah you ɔin,' Sam?" But the Negro didn't reply; just inclined his head slightly, ıd plodded on without turning around.

"See that, Mistah," the back seat boy growled. "They ain't friendly no o'."

The sight of the black man started him thinking, and he leaned far ver the front seat, and asked in a puzzled tone: "Say, Mistah, you travel un'. Just wheah do the niggahs come from?"

I was somewhat taken aback. "You boys go to school?" I inquir "Tenth grade," the back seat lad answered with pride." "That's Hi School?" "Sho is, second yeah in Lumberton High."

"That's fine," I answered. "Do you study history?"

"History?" Then he got the idea. "Sho' do. Got a book about t Presidents and the wars."

"Well, you've had ten years of education. That's fine," I remark "And I know you can understand what I'm going to tell. There's a continent called Africa. It's got a couple hundred million peo And—"

But here he broke in. "I know about Africa, Mistah. But they's nativ ain't they? You mean they's the same as our niggahs?"

"Some folks may call them natives," I agreed. "But their great-gre grandfathers were the ancestors of the Negro people in Mississippi."

Bill took this information in his stride, but the back seat boy neec time to digest it. A minute passed before he asked: "Why did they co heah, Mistah?"

I answered indirectly: "Suppose you were sitting down to supp Just sitting with your Pa and Ma and eating fried chicken and snap be and sweet potatoes and grits and gravy. Everything nice and peac Then you hear a lot of shooting, and a mob of strangers busts into y home and they shoot your Pa and Ma and tie you up like a hog carry you to Gulfport and throw you on a ship and take you to anot country and sell you to a big, mean man, who whips you and works from sun up to sundown and pays you nothing. "Tell me," I said, "w would you say if some one asked you why you came to that land?"

The driver got the idea at once, but the back seater had to h it explained. "That's how the African people came to Mississippi," I s The lad didn't give up yet, however. "Why don't they go back to Afric he asked. "We don't want them."

I guessed that he had lost some of his self-confidence, however, w he asked one final question, as we were entering Hattiesburg. "What they think about us in New York?"

"They are thinking about Mississippi's low wages, for one thing answered as I was getting out. "They wonder why Mississippi folks the lowest wages in the United States. They wonder if it's because white folks are so busy trying to keep the Negro people down that t can't get up themselves."

That shook him a little, and he looked rather solemn as he good bye.

I was sorry I couldn't stay in Hattiesburg more than a few hours

next day. For this town of 25,000 is the metropolis of the piney woods region. Here Henry Winston, the Negro Communist leader, who is caged up as a political prisoner today, was born. Here his father worked in a sawmill at scanty Apartheid wages. . . . They were paying little more than a dollar a day for 10 hours labor when I visited Hattiesburg in 1929, three years after the Winstons departed. . . . And here his son's anger began to kindle against the white-supremacy mobs that were murdering his people.

Some whites were angry too. In 1929 I talked to a Hattiesburg editor, who was crusading against lynching. But the White Citizens Councils are intimidating Mississippi's white liberals today. While I was there a Hattiesburg radio station took an opinion poll on the Poplarville lynching with shocking results. The answers of 29 men and women were recorded on tape. The exact score wasn't given, but the station's manager reported that approximately half the white persons interviewed approved the mob murder.

That's the kind of news the *Voice of America* doesn't touch. But such facts must be faced without flinching, a Jackson Negro leader told me when I reached the capital city. And he asked me to read the day's editorials in the *Jackson Daily News* defending the lynching. They are as bad as anything written in South Africa, he said.

The *Jackson Daily News* is the journalistic right arm of James O. Eastland, the millionaire planter, who is chairman of the U.S. Senate's Judiciary Committee. It has the biggest newspaper circulation in the State, where the White Citizens Councils were born. Its racist propaganda is read every day in Hattiesburg, Poplarville, and a hundred other towns. I'm summarizing the three editorials in that May 2nd issue.

The first editorial is an attack on Northern critics of the lynching. Why object to the "kidnaping of a savage?" the Jackson editor begins. And he ends with an hysterical scream against New York City as an "infernal, whoremongering passion pit," that should be thrown into "the hot, bottomless boiling bowels of hell." The second is directed against the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Federal Courts. They defend "savages," the Jackson editor cries. And he ends with a shriek of hate against "Willie McGee, Emmett Till, Mack Parker, Autherine Lucy, Martin Luther King, Minnijean Brown, Paul Robeson, Daisy Bates, Chief-Justice Warren and Eleanor Roosevelt," who are described as "fuzzy-brained, wild-eyed characters."

The third editorial—"Paris and Poplarville"—might have been written by Hitler's lewdest editor, Streicher. It begins by quoting Attorney General Rogers as saying that the Poplarville lynching had gotten more

headlines in Paris than the foreign ministers' meeting, and America's prestige was damaged. Then the Jackson editor continues: "Just why Paris, and its streets clogged with Communists, should weep over the kidnaping of a Negro savage isn't quite clear, while you could hardly find a virtuous woman over 14 years of age per city block in Paris." The rest of the editorial raves against Paris as a "city of queers and prostitutes," against New York as a "sin-pocked city of sluts," and against the Negro people as "kinky-haired morons" and "lint-headed rapists."

This is just one side of Jackson, however. I saw the other side at an heroic protest meeting the night before those editorials appeared. The meeting was held in the historic Pearl Street African Methodist Church, which freed slaves built 90 years ago. It was called by the Progressive Voters League that is fighting for the franchise (only 5,000 Negroes out of a million vote in Mississippi). Its speakers fearlessly denounced the "white-supremacy cannibals," who murdered Mr. Parker, and they raised funds for the stricken mother.

Mother Parker was gone when I returned to Lumberton. She had fled to a sister in Merced, Calif., to escape the white hoodlums who threatened her. I visited other piney woods towns, however, and heard a ghastly story of Parkers' mutilation by the mob, which had leaked out of the courthouse. The story was denied by an official, as the decomposed body was hurriedly buried. But the Negro people believe it.

Meanwhile the killers run loose. Mississippi's 578th recorded lynching goes unpunished like the 577 before. The FBI men, who knew the names of the kidnappers, have returned to their anti-Communist beats. And the case of Mack Charles Parker is again in the hands of Bilbo's pupil, Judge Dale, who recently said: "If that woman had belonged to my family they wouldn't have had to look very far to discover who took him."

But the last chapter of the Parker tragedy won't be written inside the bloody courthouse walls.

TWO POEMS

HERSHEL HORN

MORNING DEPARTURE

I

O lady with your tarpit hair that encased all flies,
lead my hand to the sweet places and to the dark pools,
lead me to drink of you as stars drink of the sky,
as colors drink the lips of the horizon by.

Cold in the dawn with water lilies trembling
the morning light waits admittance in your room.
Frozen rhododendrons break with color as
the warm sun warms and warns that all time is near.

II

Crepuscular pterodactyls of the sun
slow down the insane morning as the children slide
off to the cones of schools there to ride
in all secret places honeyed with swinging time.

III

Cold is the morning sky; I have left you dear,
drink from my temperate eyes as trees drink from a pool,
remembering that those frozen windows are not round,
nor do they all contain two hands that act in clock.

The sun has almost made a mockery of the fire,
a moving sea out of the strained sheets of the night,
and you in there, listening to, O why! that radio
dialing in your mind again to time my dear.

POEM IN THE DESERT OVER A DEAD LIZARD

Perhaps your days have fallen into song
sweet lizard? No more can I recommend the sun.
Dust was your city and you always existed
on the ground floor. With your long tongue you were
the city's janitor; you ate your leaves
from a pool of locked green stone, and the gifts you gave me
were songs without end:
an orange tree
that bloomed without water in your mapless desert,
a form as graceful as a tongue of mountains;
yourself a form, a cloud; yourself, a door.

Country pastor, in the days that knew you whole,
many saw you wandering on your pilgrimages,
with your bearded walking stick, like an ancient apostle:
a calligraphy in the shadow of the sun.

How long has it been since you ate your last spider?
Ages, I think; each foot for you now seems
imminent as mountains, and now the dear earth lies
as poor as maps which cannot lead the dead
nor raise the least lean moving corridor from
your back.
I say you shall inherit winds,
you shall grow old and stale, you shall hear the music
in your cold enduring sermon and be whole.

THE CREATIVE THOUGHT OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

SIDNEY FINKELSTEIN

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT, who died on April 9, 1959, two months before his ninetieth birthday, was one of the few American creative rtists of the 20th century to become a world influence. An architect f astonishing imagination and originality, he insisted throughout his areer that architecture was an art, not merely a craft serving the world f business. He had learned this in what was perhaps the best practical chool of architecture in the United States during his youth, the firm of ullivan and Adler. Louis Sullivan, of Irish, and Dankmar Adler, of German Jewish descent, one architect and the other engineer, had cen-ered their activities in Chicago, and were among the first to build sky-crapers, or large public and office buildings using steel and iron frame onstruction. Their buildings are landmarks of American architecture, nd are still outstanding for their beauty.* With this firm Wright, upon eaving the University of Wisconsin, got his first job. He was associated ith Sullivan and Adler for about seven years.

Sullivan was close in spirit to the Populist movement, and had many erceptive ideas about the relation of architecture to democracy and the ation. He wrote in his book, *Kindergarten Chats*:

> To discuss architecture as a specific art is interesting enough. But to discuss architecture as the projected life of the people is another story. This is a serious business. It removes architectural thought from a petty domain —the world of the bookworm—and places it where it belongs, an inseparable part of the history of civilization. . . . The true function of the architect is to initiate such buildings as shall correspond to the real needs of the people. . . . The people wish to be expressed. They wish for national self-expression.

* A fine, richly ornamented facade built by Sullivan for a 12-story office building can seen in New York at 65 Bleecker Street, between Broadway and Lafayette. It is a shaft lyrical beauty rising in the midst of what has become a section of industrial slums.

In this spirit Wright later declared, "No building has the right to erected unless it is the working out of some idea, the practical demo stration of some principle at work."

Wright, like Sullivan, was both builder and thinker, practical arc tect and visionary. He was, as this article will show, less firm in democratic beliefs than Sullivan, and his struggle for great architectu became largely a fight for self-expression against a society which saw in the main as hostile to him. However, it was certainly the fo of circumstances rather than his own inclination which caused most the buildings he actually put up to be private homes, built for ri people who were willing to go along with what he himself would prou call his "radical ideas." He did design some notable public and off buildings, like that of the Larkin Company in Buffalo (1904), the Un Church in Oak Park, Illinois (1906), the Midway Gardens in Chica (1913-14), the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo (1915-22), the Johnson W Company building in Racine, Wisconsin (1936), and most recen the Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art, in New York Ci And he had dreams of architecture which went beyond not only whate commissions were granted to him, but even beyond what was a practi possibility in his time. He nevertheless worked out such projects detail as if he expected to start building them at any moment. He wr prolifically about architecture. It is mainly with his theories that t article will deal, for they not only were carried out in his buildings, a help explain their striking qualities, but also affected the thinking o host of architects, and some have become an integral part of what is kno as "modern architecture."

A term central to Wright's concept of architecture is "plastic." refers to the beauty possessed by a structure by virtue of the sh sensuous appeal of its materials and their textures, its space proporti and its interplay of surfaces. For an architect to work plastically, he h first, as Wright said, to discover "the nature of materials," and be t to them. This approach was diametrically opposed to the prevalent pr tice of disguising wood or metal to look like marble or of imitatin French chateau, medieval cloister, Italian villa, Greek temple, or Rom bath. He did not conceive of elegance as a compilation of quotati from old monuments: Renaissance porticos and Athenian pedime columns and cornices. Wright's approach to "plastic" is very close the principles of building in ancient societies. He wrote, "The appre tion of beauty on the part of primitive peoples, Mongolian, Indian, A Egyptian, Greek and Goth, was unerring."

THIS discovery of the "nature of materials" has nothing in common with a "return to nature" simplicity. Wright said of such "back to nature" movements, in his *Autobiography,* "What did they mean when they used the word nature? Just some sentimental feeling about animals, grass and trees, the out-of-doors? But how about the nature of wood, glass, and iron—internal nature?" What is the nature of wood? It displays certain qualities to the casual eye. It reveals others when it is used to make a fire. It reveals still others when a carpenter cuts, planes and hammers it. Thus to discover the nature of the materials, for a particular purpose, requires imagination. Wright says of his own experiences in building, in the essay *Modern Architecture* (1903), "So now I began to study the nature of materials, learning to *see* them. I learned to see brick as brick, to see wood as wood, and to see concrete or glass or metal.' Again in his *Autobiography,* he writes, "The beauties of wood lie in its qualities as wood, strange as this may seem. Why does it take so much imagination—just to see that? Treatment that fails to bring out these qualities, foremost, is not *plastic,* therefore no longer appropriate. The inappropriate cannot be beautiful." The qualities to which Wright refers are discovered by labor, bent by the imagination to fill a definite human need. He recalls from his childhood kindergarten days, "The smooth, shapely maple blocks with which to build, the sense of which never afterwards leaves the fingers; form becoming feeling." Architects, of course, do not work like potters or carpenters, with the materials actually under the fingers. But what Wright had—and certainly all great architects must have had this quality—was the ability to achieve tactile feeling through the imagination. Thus he wrote of the time he was building the Millard House in California (1923), using concrete blocks with various textures, "Standardization *was* the soul of the machine, and here I was the Weaver taking it as a principle and knitting a great future with it. Yes, crocheting with it a free masonry capable of stunning variety, great in architectural beauty. . . . Now here was I, Frank Lloyd Wright, the Weaver."

In Wright's admiration for the lessons in primitive and ancient building, there was no nostalgia for a vanished past. It is true that there is sometimes an echo of ancient building in his work, of the great pylons, wall slabs and heavy lintels of Egyptian temples, the massive horizontals and step structure of Mayan temples, and the geometric patterns of American Indian ornament. But basic to his thought was the appreciation of the powers of the machine as a tool. In a remarkable early essay, *The Art and Craft of the Machine* (1903), he becomes lyrical over the plastic possibilities of the machine. "The Machines used in woodwork

will show that by unlimited power in cutting, shaping, smoothing, and by the tireless repeat, they have emancipated beauties of wood-nature, making possible, without waste, beautiful surface treatments and clean strong forms that veneers of Sheraton and Chippendale only hinted at with dire extravagance." In the case of marble, machines "have made it possible to reduce blocks ten feet long, six feet deep, and two feet thick to sheets or thin slabs an inch in thickness within a few hours, so it is now possible to use a precious material as ordinary covering. . . . Here again a distinctly new architectural use may bring out a beauty of marble consistent with nature and impossible to handicraft." Thus the machine was for Wright a tool in human hands making possible an exuberant freedom.

The concept of the plastic use of materials, disclosing and employing the qualities inherent in them, was one of Wright's major contributions to modern architecture. However he never intended this to result in the hard, cold and bare blocks of building that today frequently accompany the use of "modern" materials like aluminum and glass. He wrote, "The Machine should build the building. . . . But it is not necessary for that reason to build as though the building too were a Machine." He expanded on this in the *Autobiography*: "Nine pounds where three are sufficient is obesity. But to eliminate expressive words in speaking or writing—words that intensify or vivify meaning—is not simplicity. Nor is similar elimination in architecture simplicity. It may be, and usually is, stupidity." His teacher, Sullivan, had been noted for his fine use of ornament and for the lovely sensuous surfaces of his buildings. Wright developed this search for sensuousness differently, fascinating the eye with the shape of the structure itself and with the tactile qualities disclosed in the materials with which it was built. He explained this approach in the *Autobiography*. "The magic word 'plastic' was a word Louis Sullivan himself was fond of using, in reference to his idea of ornamentation as distinguished from all other or applied ornaments. But now, why not the larger application in the structure of the building itself in this sense? Why a principle working in the part if not living in the whole?" Wright's Midway Gardens in Chicago is an especially gay example of such ornament running riot. And it is typical of all of Wright's buildings that even in photographs—inadequate as they are for the appreciation of a work of architecture—they interest and enchant the observer.

OUT of Wright's rediscovery of the plastic use of materials arose his concept of "organic architecture." This may be described as

the unity in a single work of function, materials and form, the form being a product of the function, and realized as a beautiful objective shape through the imaginative handling of the materials. "Function creates form" has become a byword in architectural and industrial design today. But this phrase is often used to justify a coldly objective efficiency or mechanical practicality quite different from what Wright saw as the relation between function and form. While he never went as far as Sullivan in seeing the function of architecture as a kind of democratic "national expression," he nevertheless always saw function in terms of the human needs and potentially expanded life of the people using a building. And it was this approach to function, as a human problem, which made it possible for his architecture to possess a two-fold content or idea, one aspect being that of giving scope to the special activity that would be carried on in a building, and the other being that of Wright's own artistic self-expression. It is not altogether certain that these two aspects of "content" always moved hand in hand. Queries have been raised as to whether some of Wright's buildings function as well as they look, in terms of such matters as convenience of movement, the amount of light they make available, and the protection they afford against wind and rain. Objections have been raised that some of his private homes, with their flowing, open space and liberation from what he called a series of "box-like rooms," impose a style of life upon the occupants. In Wright's early years he insisted that "all furniture was to be designed by the architect as a natural part of the whole building," (*Autobiography*), and at times this furniture proved to be better looking than comfortable. He himself ruefully confessed to getting black and blue spots from some of it. His conviction that the building materials should provide their own decorative qualities caused him to assert that there should be no paintings hung on a wall of a home, and that if the owner did possess some works of art, he should keep them in a special gallery. The question of whether Wright opened up a broad avenue for the future of architecture can only be settled definitely when society is in a position to start building on a grand scale, with no other aims than the fullest satisfaction of human needs, both practical and aesthetic. So far as Wright's relation to the future is concerned, it is certainly true that his ideas have been taken up by a host of architects, and yet it is also true that he objected strenuously to what they did in the name of carrying on his innovations. But what cannot be denied is that Wright's own buildings have a combination of originality and beauty that makes them works of art.

An example of Wright's architecture at its most controversial is the

Guggenheim Museum of Non-Objective Art at Fifth Avenue and Eigh Ninth Street in New York City, which is now in its last stages of c struction. The main building, of yellowish concrete, is a broad six-st cylinder, with its sides sloping inward. It is set in the corner of t massive walls which also contain corridors, and the longer one of wh leads to and envelopes another, smaller building. The latter structure also cylindrical, but contrasts with the main one in having a strong, squ slab jutting out below the roof.

Unlike traditional museums, the Wright building group could har be mistaken for an imitation Renaissance palace. It announces its strikingly as a place for some kind of special exhibit, for entrance i "another world." It is functionally constructed, in the sense that the ma building applies itself directly to showing paintings and enabling peo to look at the exhibits conveniently, with none of the wasted space, grandiose entrances, foyers and great staircases of the traditional mu ums. Topping the building is a plexiglass dome. The building itself c sists of a continuous ramp, spiralling down, on the sides of which paintings are hung. The visitor takes an elevator to the top and th walks down the gentle slope, winding about the building.

The entire structural group has style, in the sense that it is a u made up of interlocking curves and planes. It looks as if it had be molded in one piece by a giant hand. One can grasp the essential char ter of the interior by looking at the outside. In fact the main functio part of the interior, the spiral ramp, also forms the wall of the buildi Deep grooves on the outside mark off the ramp itself. There is decoration, Wright trusting to the fact that the interplay of flat pla and slopes, of straight walls and cylinders, will provide a lyrical feeli

The main building has been called derisively a "teapot" and a "wa ing machine." And certainly there are some cogent criticisms of it. though Wright has described it as "a little temple in a park," it is ensconced in a park, and it looks especially strange when contrasted w the sedate apartment houses jutting against it. Painters have objected the slope of the ramp, claiming that the paintings won't hang right that the eye will be disturbed. Here again, Wright's planned "functi ality" takes perhaps too imperious and dictatorial a turn. It practica demands that visitors look at all the paintings in one set order. It ma no provision for flexibility, such as the arrangement of small, indepe ent exhibits. And one wonders, what if a visitor wants to see just or two select paintings, or deciding to take another look at one pr ously seen, finds himself forced to go uphill or against the strea

More than the Wright homes, which do look like places to live in, this museum itself almost resembles a piece of non-objective sculpture. But to this writer, who has seen the Guggenheim collection in its old building, Wright's structure is a more appealing work of art than most of the non-objective paintings it is planned to house.

THREE thoughts are embraced in Wright's concept of "organic architecture." One is the relation of human beings, through the structure in which they live and work, to nature. A second is what he calls "the principle of continuity." The third is, in his own words, the relation between "inside and outside."

In discussing "organic style," Wright constantly used the examples of trees and plants. "What is style? Every flower has it; every animal has it." He repeatedly told his students to study trees and flowers, for lessons of structure. From them they could learn how to achieve the continuity and unity of all the parts of an organism, the distribution of tension and the strength to resist natural forces. One of Wright's own great triumphs in this respect was the famous Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. By separating the floor slabs into segments, and resting them cantilever style on piers that would adjust to the movement of the earth, he was able to build an edifice that would stand the most severe shock. In fact, when the terrible earthquake of 1923 rocked the city, killing 100,000 people, this building was the only large structure to survive. To explain its resiliency, Wright frequently used the image of two hands with interlocking fingers.

A building, Wright said, should be "rooted to its site." He further explained, in the *Autobiography,* "It is in the nature of any organic building to grow from its site, come out of the ground into the light—the ground itself held always as a component basic part of the building itself." Describing Taliesin West, the work camp he built for himself and his students in Arizona (the first such camp, called Taliesin, was built by him in Spring Green, Wisconsin), he said, "The building was to grow up out of the desert by way of desert materials." This is a development of the idea of "plastic." Now the materials the architect handles are not only wood, plaster, concrete and metal, but also the ground itself, with its slant, curve and texture, and the grass, water and trese. The house fits into its surroundings. It is not an imitation of natural forms. It is a new form created by the artist, but also one in which he has worked up and raised to a new level, motifs taken from the surrounding land. It is thus both united with its surroundings and yet different from them, their opposite, a "shelter." Far from pretending

to imitate nature, it is in Wright's words, "a great clarifier and developer of the beauty of landscape."

"Continuity" is explained by Wright, in his book, *The Natural House,* (1954), in these terms: "Have no posts, no columns, no pilasters, cornices or moldings or ornament; no divisions of the sort nor allow any fixtures whatever to enter as something added to the structure. Any building should be complete, including all within itself. Instead of many things, *one* thing. . . . Let walls, ceilings, floors now become not only party to each other but *part of each other,* reacting upon and within one another; continuity in all, eliminating any merely constructed features as such, or any fixture or appliance whatsoever as such." In this approach Wright tilted headlong against the prevailing concept of a house. Conventionally, a house was, as Wright describes it, a large ""box" cut up into rooms, or "little boxes." Architecture "chiefly consisted in healing over the edges of the curious collection of holes that had to be cut in the walls for light and air and to permit the occupant to get in or out." (Essay, "In the Cause of Architecture," 1908). It was a self-contained little domain protected from nature. The walls were disguised on the outside with masonry or wood stuck on to imitate an Italian villa or Norman castle, and on the inside, were areas to be hidden as much as possible by paint, molding, pictures, furniture, drapes and hangings. For Wright, however, a wall was a thing with its own function, solidity, materials, weight and textures, to be seen as such, and to appear as such from outside or within. As it served different functions, such as acting as a support for the sheltering roof, a barrier against light and natural elements, or a screen through which nature could partly enter, it took on different shapes, materials and mass.

OUT of this concept came his view of the interrelations of "inside and outside," of "man-made environment" and the 'outer world." These were not seen as antagonistic or mutually exclusive elements, but intermingled and interdependent. The house was built not to shut off its occupants from nature, but to act as a place for heightened life and special occupations. Instead of sharp transitions from outside to inside, there were many gradations from one to the other. The inside walls were cut down to a minimum, and their textures were a pleasure to the eye. The eye was delighted as well by the opening up of space, instead of having its vision constricted by box-like rooms. There was a unity and flow of space throughout the house, shaping itself in one place as a 'laboratory" for kitchen purposes, in another an expansive living room for social and family life, and in a third as a private "sleeping-box."

And so, through the principle of "organic architecture," architecture could become again a true art, in which human expression controlled the techniques, materials, and every element in the all-over shaping of the form. Sullivan had touched on this. "So the materials of a building are but the elements of earth removed from the matrix of nature, and reorganized and reshaped by force; by force mechanical, muscular, mental, emotional, moral and spiritual. If these elements are to be robbed of divinity, let them at least become truly human." The result is that like a work of art, each building is different from the other. It has to be so, for the combination of the site, the needs of the occupants, and the materials most readily available to work with is different. And this quality is beautifully exhibited in Wright's work, as in the series of "prairie houses" built between 1900 and 1910, and the lower cost "Usonian" houses of the 1930's. All of each series embody the same principles, yet every one is different from the other.

Since many of Wright's methods have been adopted by modern architects, the fact that he has continually attacked the "modernistic" in architecture would appear to be a strange quirk, and perhaps an example of his own subjectivity or self-centeredness. It is true that from Wright's books and essays, one would conclude that apart from Louis Sullivan, his "beloved master," there were no modern architects of any worth other than himself. Yet there are cogent points in his critique of the general practices in architecture that offer themselves as "modern." Involved is the distinction he makes between "style" and "styles." "Style" is art, organic unity, a valid, plastic construction. "There should be as many kinds (styles) of houses as there are kinds (styles) of people." The "styles" on the other hand are fashions, stock solutions, arbitrarily imposed upon human needs and conflicting with them. The "styles" are as wrong when they are "modernistic" as when they are Renaissance, Louis XIV, Gothic or Georgian. They embody no creative thinking to fit a specific human situation. Of the "modernistic," Wright wondered whether it was a "system of architecture" or a "system of photography," a kind of building intended mainly to photograph well. His own buildings, he felt, could not be photographed adequately because they were three-dimensional in concept and rooted to the site. The "modernistic" was fake simpliicty. The buildings it produced looked "as though cut from cardboard with scissors, the sheets of cardboard folded or bent in rectangles with an occasional curved cardboard surface added to get relief. . . . Construction complicated or confused, merely to arrive at exterior simplicity." (*Modern Architecture,* 1930). It is interesting that when in 1937 he went to Moscow, invited to attend a world conference

of architects, he did not deride the Soviet Union for not having what critics called a "revolutionary" modern architecture. He understood why architects there had tried for a time to employ this kind of "modernistic" building and then dropped it. As he wrote in an essay, later reprinted in the *Autobiography,* "Misfortune befell Moscow when her modern architects took after the left wing. That mistake in direction left some very negative and foreign results—indeed, drab, lonesome, technically childish. The popular reaction from that fiasco could only be luxurious picture-making in the antique." He enjoyed what he called the "palatial" subway stations, saying, "The Moscow subway makes the New York subway look like a sewer." This does not mean that he thought Moscow had a great, truly modern architecture. He felt that it would have been better if instead of seeking beauty in a turn to the past, the Soviet builders would have followed out his own concepts. Nevertheless he saw how much better even their sort of ornamental beauty was, with its fine materials and craftsmanship, its lyrical elements of line, curve, shape and picture, in contrast to a bare modernism whose "functional" or pseudo-functional form made people feel as if they were attendants of a great machine. Their approach coincided with his own demand for beauty in buildings that would be rich and sensuous, embodying the "romance" element in art as an expression of joy in life.

IN line with Wright's attacks on "'modernistic" architecture was his even greater fury at the overuse of skyscrapers. Wright had no objection to tall buildings as such. He himself designed some. But in his view, a tall structure should be part of a complex of buildings, organically bound to smaller buildings about it, with space for light, air and grass, the whole adding to the ease and freedom of human life. With fine insight, he said that the function of the skyscraper in the modern city was not human, but commercial. It was a way of adding to real-estate profits. To build a structure fifty stories high merely multiplied by fifty the rentable value of its area. "Architects, advertising as wholesale manufacturers of space for rent,' are advocating tall, taller and tallest, in behalf of their hardy clients." He wrote this in 1930. Such a function could not inspire true works of art. It produced only a mechanical bareness, failing utterly to make a truly creative use and fulfillment of its essential materials, such as steel and glass. "I see it really as a mechanical conflict of machine resources. An internal collision!" Also in 1930, in a lecture, *The Tyranny of the Skyscraper,* he pointed out what is today being seriously—and hopelessly—discussed, in such terms as "the sick

netropolis.' He said, "New York, even at this very early stage of the igh and narrow, speaks of the traffic problem, openly confessing such ongestion—though guardedly. And as congestion must rapidly increase, netropolitan misery has merely begun." Wright did not comment, to his writer's knowledge, on the kind of spectacular structures being put p at the present time in New York in the fifties, on Park and Madison venues, each trying to outdo the other in its gleaming "skin" of glass r metal sheathing, and each flaunting proudly the name of a great bank r corporation. Their "outside" has no relation to the life or functions oing on within them. They are stiff, cold, almost inhuman in their ack of shapeliness; tremendous rectangular "blocks" whose main appeal s their shiny newsness. But in 1937, in an essay, *Some Aspects of the ast and Present in Architecture,* he put his finger on the actual function f many of these later buildings, namely that of serving as gigantic orporation advertising posters. "Let us frankly admit it: The universal nodern 'art' is really salesmanship. . . . The show-window is the most mportant form of all artistry in these United States. Let it stand for ne symbol of this era."

Of all the arts, architeccture is most tightly and immediately bound o the upper strata of wealth and power, the corporations, banks, trusts nd real-estate interests. So it was inevitable that, with his crusade for honesty" in architecture, from the days of his apprenticeship with ullivan and Adler on through his entire career, Wright should find imself directly engaged with economic, social and even political natters. His "Broadacre City" projects, developed in the 1930's, were nore than visionary essays in architectural possibilities. He broached n terms of these projects an entire rebuilding of the United States, with ne dissolution of the present cities, and a breakdown of the division etween city and countryside, the homes being set in the midst of nature, ne cities being merely factory depots; the erection of separate cultural enters, all connected by super highways; and the entire countryside esembling a "well-developed park." The student colony he instituted Taliesin in the 1930's, and then at Taliesin West, was not merely school of architecture, but a little society, and an experiment in cul- re, social life and cooperative labor. He was never one to hold s tongue about the evils of the system he saw about him, bitterly at- cking "money sharks," "rent," the city as "money coming alive," and ne "profit system." "Profit taking as a motive for civilization does not em to me to be an ennobling basis for one" (*Autobiography*). When e returned from the Soviet Union in 1937 with glowing reports, some his friends become concerned over whether his artistic radicalism

was also becoming a political radicalism. He wrote lyrically about t way architects were treated:

> In Moscow the architects enjoy a large old palace complete, as their Academy. . . . There seems to be none but friendly rivalry among them. Why should there be other than willing cooperation? Worldly rewards cannot benefit them. They are economically independent for life and so are their loved ones. One man's success hurts no one else but is a stepping stone for his fellows. The sting has been taken out of competition. There is no humiliation in today's defeat because failure today may be retrieved by tomorrow's triumph. The road is open. And their "tomorrow" is today in the sense that Eternity is Now. You feel it so when you talk to them. . . . Have you ever known Russian hospitality? No? Well, then, be an architect and go to visit Russian architects.

He admired the education, the care for mothers and children a the collective farms, which he thought heralded the breakdown of division between city and country. He admired the city planni "Plans for the new Moscow are still wrong from my standpoint far ahead of any city planning I have seen. . . . The scope and libe character of the proposed changes and extensions are astonishin He sensed the happiness of the people, and made this statement, wh subsequent events have proved to be prophetic: "Having seen and sen the Russian spirit, I should say that the enemies interfering with Soviet Union would not only have to reckon with the whole male po lation bearing arms, but with the women too, and every child above n years of age." When he returned from his trip, he tried to talk ab it. This is his comment on the reception he got. "No one wanted hear anything good about the U.S.S.R. To commend anything Russ got you in wrong with the powers-that-be—socially, financially, especially morally. My God, of what hypocrisy we are capable!"

THERE was, on the other hand, a violently reactionary side to Wrig thinking. He had a bitter resentment of trade unions, and despi the workers, referring to them as "slaves." Describing the building the Midway Gardens in Chicago, he wrote, "Mueller rented slaves fr the Union by making the usual terms." (*Autobiography.*) At Talie he organized a little cooperative community, where his students wor with their own hands not only at building but at growing their o food, cooking and waiting at the table. At night they discussed But here too he had to hire additional workmen, who were presum indifferent to culture, and to whom he paid four dollars a day, of wh

they got twenty-five dollars a month in cash and the remainder when the project was finished. He was furious at the objections the workmen raised to this treatment, although the courts characterized the conditions as "slave labor." He attacked the relief projects that were keeping millions from starving during the depression '30's. He dabbled with fascistic ideas such as "Social Credit." He vehemently opposed Federal low-cost housing.

> The poor are to be *built in!* Yes, the slums of today are to be made into the slums of tomorrow. That the poor will benefit by increased sanitation may be granted at a glance. But not only are the living quarters of the poor to be more germ-proof, but life itself where individual choice is concerned is to be rendered antiseptic. (*Autobiography.*)

There is some point to his remark, for the low-cost housing projects in New York City have, many of them, turned into something close to slums, because of the callous mismanagement and lack of proper organization on the part of the city authorities. But Wright shows a contemptuous disregard of the plight of the thousands living in fire-trap, garbage-laden and filthy tenements, with constant battles against rats and vermin. There is also a streak of chauvinism in Wright's thinking. He attacks the common people in such terms as "worship of Demos," the "rabble," and "mobocracy," with special attention to the evils presumably brought by immigrants. "The servant mind is a menace to us as it is a menace to Democracy. And it is a natural inheritance of the melting-pot. It comes from the lower ranks of society and permeates the upper ranks to destroy them—the drag of innate servility on the struggle for independence: the congenital curse put upon the true or innate aristocracy we call Democracy." This is from the *Autobiography,* where he writes of "the culture-lag we inherited with our various nationalities, especially that one washed up on our Eastern shores." He betrays among other things a thorough ignorance of American history, with its lesson that the peoples coming to labor and build the country, the Germans, Irish, Slovaks, Poles, Jews, Italians, were in the forefront of the democratic struggles, whether for free public education, for the eight-hour day, for the formation of trade unions, for some curbing of the powers of the trusts and monopolies.

In a similar vein is Wright's fury at education. Sullivan had made a distinction between two kinds of education. "I am not tolerant of that aristocratic spirit which misdirects American youth in its search for knowledge—and would seek to impose on it those formulas of

learning and attitudes of mind towards learning which have descended to us from times when education was for the 'gentleman'—for the few, for a class; that 'education' which separates one from his people by the violence of its badge of alienation and uselessness." But Wright would close up the schools. "Were I a Rockefeller—Ford—or Du Pont, I mean as rich, I would buy up our leading universities—close them and hang out the sign—closed by the beneficence of one, Frank Lloyd Wright" (*Autobiography*). In a late book, *Genius and Mobocracy* (1949), intended as a homage to Sullivan but actually a Frank Lloyd Wright manifesto, he still decries universities as "knowledge factories" and places of "standardized misery," derisively pointing out that now they are "overflowing with G.I.'s." Sullivan would have welcomed the idea of so many veterans of the Second World War, most of them sons of the poor, entering the universities.

THE clue with which we can begin to extract some consistency out of these contradictions is the nature of Wrights life-long struggle. It was that of the artist as a beleagured individualist, fighting for his right to create with integrity and what is more, to get work as an honest artist, in what he described as "the poetry-crushing environment of a more cruel materialism than any seen since the days of the brutal Romans." From his earliest days as an independent architect he saw himself as a Daniel in a cage of lions. As he put it, the artist "is going into a country almost abandoned to the enemy." Whatever move he tried to make, he found himself faced with the elusive enemy, the commodity principle of capitalism, which had no use for art as the satisfaction of human needs but asked of everything produced that it be standardized and be able to turn itself into cash and profit. Sullivan had raised sharply the question of the ethics of the architect: "Are you for or against Democracy? . . . In a healthy democracy the individual may not, can not, have TWO SYSTEMS of ethics, one for his private use and one for his business, professional or political use." And the young Frank Lloyd Wright in one of his best, germinal papers, *A Philosophy of Fine Art* (1900), raised just this question of artistic ethics. "In business, it is in the stock pattern that fortunes are made. So in architecture, it is in the ready-made article that the money lies, altered to fit by any popular 'sartorial' artist. . . . In consequence architecture today has not even commercial integrity, and the architect as he practices his profession is humiliated and craven." Wright follows this with a merciless exposure upon the economic and political realities of the architectural world, with the architect joining clubs to make acquaintances

and get jobs, "hanging to the coat-tails of his friends," "stalking victims," "working wires," "hiring "a professional promoter to drum up trade'." He attacks the successful architects whose offices have become 'plan factories." "As no Rockefeller may rise to a legitimate point of vantage that would justify the control of such a vast share of the earth's resources, how unspeakably vulgar and illegitimate will it be for one man to undertake in the fine arts more than he can characterize in noble fashion as a work of art." The architect, Wright says, "has degenerated to a faker."

THROUGHOUT all his life, Wright remained faithful to these principles of artistic integrity. It was an unending struggle. He got commissions and did a fair amount of building. Fame came relatively early. In 1909 a German professor teaching at Harvard was attracted to Wright's work, and arranged for a portfolio of his buildings to be published in Germany. This made Wright world renowned, and led, among other things, to the now historic commission to build the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. And yet Wright was almost always in debt, and in 1927 lost Taliesin, the house he had built, through mortgage foreclosure. His insistence upon the social responsibility of the artist turned into a furious personal combat for what he called "truth against the world." It was not that he selfishly sought wealth, or power over other people, or an easy life. It was that the world narrowed down to his struggle, and people were either friends or enemies. He lashed at everything that stood in his way. It might be the Union—he always capitalized it derisively, as if it were a mock deity—insisting on the wage standards it had painfully achieved. It might be contractors. "My lot was cast with an inebriate lot of criminals called builders; sinners hardened by habit against every human significance except one, vulgarity.' ' It might be the young women who captured the affections of some of his students at Taliesin. It might be his own family. He left his first wife and six children, and said of himself, "I have had the father-feeling, I am sure, when coming back after a long time to one of my buildings. That must be the true feeling of fatherhood. But I never had it for my children." (*Autobiography.*)

In line with Wright's contempt for education, his own learning had devastating gaps. Economics, history, science—except in the sense of something that mysteriously put machines at his service—did not exist for him. Only art emerged as the source of truth, progress and enlightenment. The result was a grandiose dream of architecture not adorning but reforming the world. "Organic architecture" became to

Wright not merely a way of creating beautiful buildings in which hu man beings could live expansively, but a means for the redemption o society. "The creative artist is engaged in unwrapping the windin sheet that holds the world in bondage. He alone can set the worl free! And of course the greatest of the arts is architecture, "the gre mother of the arts awaiting the return of her children." Only b building great buildings for society, by thus opening up a "new visio in the minds of people, by tearing down ugliness and replacing it wi "Broadacre Cities" over the land, can a new society be brought into bein

It is in its own way an inspiring vision, and one rooted in poss bility. In fact, one can say with reasonable confidence that organical planned and beautiful cities such as Wright argued for will be built ov America, if not perhaps according to his specific sketches. But of cour Wright places the cart before the horse. People do not need a ne "spatial vision" to tell them what they have to do to reshape their s ciety. They are learning what they have to do from real life, a particularly from the disparity between the tremendous feats of soci labor, with still greater potentialities, and the destructive, anarchist outmoded individual ownership of the means of production. Wrigh with deep insight, touched on matters that whether he knew it or not, a possible only with socialism. Capitalism cannot eliminate slums, whi are both profitable and multiply faster than housing projects. It is n possible to plan "Broadacre Cities" when a great industrial establishme may suddenly close its doors and change a thriving community into "ghost town," or for that matter when factories are built, jammed t gether, torn down, all at the caprice of their owners, or when the pr duction that is the lifeblood of an entire nation is planned in secret a for no other aim than the protection and piling up of private pro

AN ARTICLE in the magazine *Culture and Life* (No. 8, 1958) te about the town planning now going on in the Soviet Union. Fra Lloyd Wright had glimpsed some of this in 1937, but now, desp the terrible devastation and setback of the fascist invasion, it is on higher level than ever before. It is extraordinary how much of t description reads like one of Wrights visionary articles, although discusses in simple practical terms, projects in the making. A lir has been set to the population growth of large cities, by restricting furth industrial construction. Cities are being decongested by the building

> new industrial enterprises in small and medium towns with favorable conditions or industrial development. . . . A city will no longer be re-

garded as a single territorial unit, but as a group of contiguous, interrelated towns with one of them playing the role of an administrative and cultural center. This structure, or one that is very similar to it, is a feature of Soviet towns today. . . . The building of an architecturally and artistically integral town depends primarily on the complex spatial composition of its layout as a whole. . . . We believe that in modern conditions of industrial construction—which, nobody will deny, is the only way of solving the housing problem—the necessary diversity in the development of separate blocks and districts can be achieved mainly through architectural composition.

In 1937, when Wright was making his enthusiastic reports of what he had seen in the Soviet Union, he was asked whether he had become converted to Communism. He answered, "I believe in a capitalist system. I only wish I could see it tried some time." Wright wanted no other life for himself than that of work. His sense of joy in creative work is an inspiring vision of the future breakdown of the division between mental and manual labor. By "capital" he meant the creative powers latent in every human being. And he saw the development of this "capital" as the essence of freedom. "Freedom? Yes, when the margin of human leisure and the culture of every man who works may widen with his work. And every man works with joy and self-respect in his work. (*Autobiography.*) What he did not see was that this would come about cooperatively and socially, just as in the past, every great step in the conquest of nature and development of society had been carried on socially, and each had brought about a new stage in human potentialities and freedom. Like other men of genius in twentieth century United States, his actual life work is only a fragment of what he could have done under different conditions. But he never deviated from the principle of integrity that he set himself as an artist, and finding himself engaged in a cynical, brutally competitive commercial world which he called the world of "the wolf, the fox and the rat," which put a premium on chicanery, dishonesty and sycophancy, he never let it cut him down to its size. And so his life work with its vision of human possibilities represents a kind of unfinished business for those that follow to take up.

FOUR BLOCKPRINTS BY ANTON REFREGIER
from *Song of Peace,* arranged by Walter
Lowenfels (see review in this issue).

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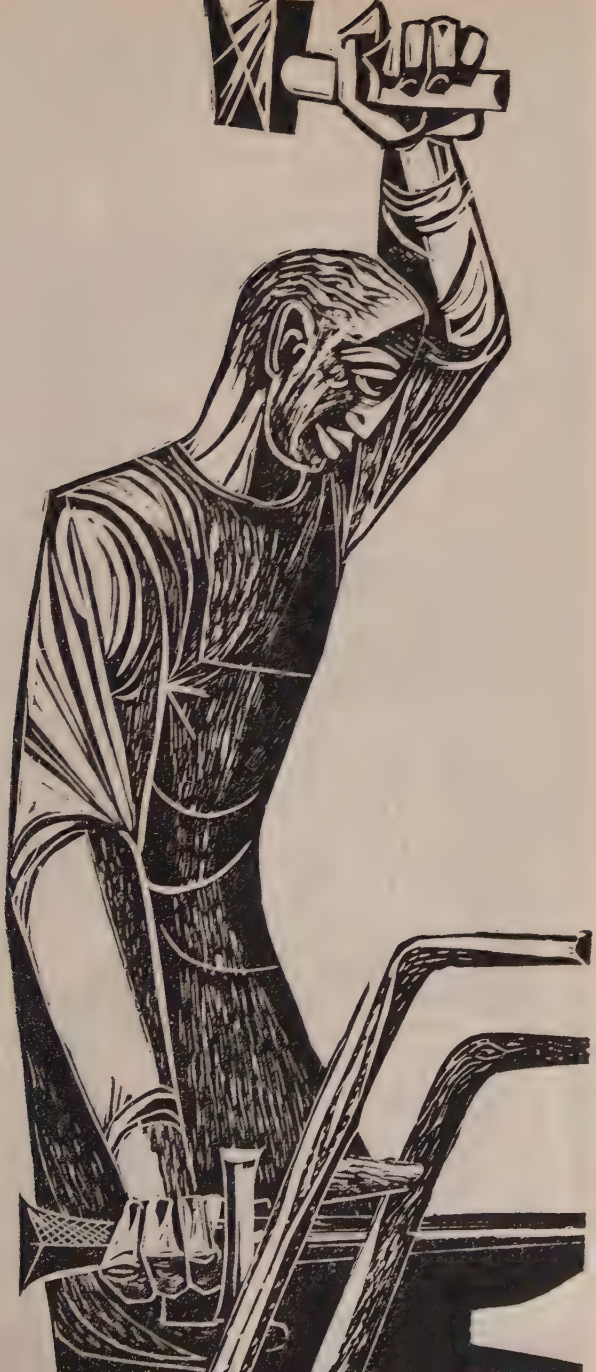

THE "SUPERFLUOUS" MILLIONS

HYMAN LUMER

"THE BOURGEOISIE," wrote Karl Marx and Frederick Engels in the *Communist Manifesto* more than a century ago, "during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. In the years since then, and especially in the twentieth century, productive techniques have advanced at an even more rapid pace, and today automation and atomic energy have brought us to the threshold of a new technological revolution of truly breath-taking proportions. For the first time in man's history, the material conditions exist for the eradication of all poverty and the attainment of an abundant life, free of back-breaking toil, for every human being.

But capitalism has brought with it also such hitherto unheard-of phenomena as periodic crises of overproduction and "technological unemployment." And the more the techniques of production have been improved, the more we have succeeded in turning out a greater abundance of goods with less work, so much the more menacing has the specter of chronic unemployment become.

In a capitalist economy, the cost of technological advance is growing waste of human resources and the scrapping of workers who have been rendered "superfluous." Automation, developing under the conditions of monopoly capitalism, only accentuates this waste.

"In all important respects," says Norbert Wiener (*The Human Use of Human Beings: Cynernetics and Society,* New York, 1954, p. 15) "the man who has nothing but his physical power to sell has nothing to sell which it is worth anyone's money to buy." Nor, it should be added, do those whose experience and skills have been obsolete. There are millions of such people today, left to shift for themselves.

To the capitalist, the existence of an excess supply of labor power is not at all an undesirable state of affairs, since it cheapens the cost of this commodity and facilitates the pitting of worker against worker to weaken their unity against him. The achievement of a condition of

employment has, however, become a problem of general social concern, and in this country, through the Unemployment Act of 1946, "maximum employment" has been made an object of government policy. In recent years, the reduction of unemployment, thanks chiefly to the war and its aftermath, has led to widespread proclamations that this goal has been substantially achieved. Through the judicious use of government fiscal and monetary policy, it has been asserted, the specter of chronic mass unemployment has been banished and can be prevented from ever returning.

But the rejoicing is, to say the least, premature.

In its issue of April 6, 1959, *U. S. News and World Report* said:

> There's a growing bread line in this country.
>
> Right now, 5,230,000 persons are in this line getting regular rations of butter, cheese, dried milk, rice, flour and corn meal. The food costs these people nothing. It is drawn from the nation's farm surplus, now valued at 9 billion dollars and still growing.
>
> The number of people in the bread line today is double that of a year ago. It is the largest since January, 1942, when emergency programs of New Deal days were giving way to the boom of World War II.

These are people who are unemployed, on relief, or with incomes so low as to require supplementation. The figures given above, however, do not include all who should be receiving surplus foods, since there are some communities which have not yet taken the requisite steps to enable their distribution.

To anyone who recollects the Thirties, this picture has a dreary familiarity: on the one hand, huge surpluses of unsaleable products; on the other, masses of unemployed people too destitute to buy them. In short, the old specter of unemployment, though exorcised for a time during the war and the years immediately following, is now returning to the economic scene.

In March, 1958, there were, according to the official count, 5.2 million unemployed—7.0 per cent of the labor force, allowing for seasonal factors. At that time, the economy was near the bottom of its most severe slump since the end of the war.

Since then, however, a pronounced recovery has taken place. By March of this year, industrial production had already exceeded the pre-depression peak. Steel production, down to less than 50 per cent of capacity a year earlier, had climbed to more than 90 per cent, and in actual tonnage March output this year set a new record. Automobile

production had risen from an annual rate of 4.5 million vehicles to one nearer to 6 million.

But this recovery, as is well known, has found relatively little reflection in reduced unemployment. In March, 1959 there were still some 4.4 million out of work, or 5.8 per cent of the labor force. To be sure, April witnessed a marked improvement, with the official total declining to 3.6 milion, and this has been a cause of much public rejoicing by government officials. But this still amounts to 5.3 per cent of the labor force, in contrast to 4.0 per cent in April, 1957. And it should be noted that it is due in part to the building of steel inventories in anticipation of a strike.

Moreover, long-term unemployment has grown. Of those unemployed in April of this year, 1.4 million or 38.5 per cent had been without jobs for 15 weeks or longer, and half of these had been out of work 26 weeks or more. This compares with 36.8 per cent in April, 1958 and 26.2 per cent in April, 1957.

In addition, the current situation caps a period in which a large proportion of American families had already suffered in some measure from the effects of the depression. As of October, 1958, according to a study by the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan, about four of every ten families had felt the impact of unemployment, shorter work weeks or other financial setbacks. Since then the number so affected has unquestionably grown. In view of this, the ability of a large section of American families to cope with a continuing siege of unemployment has greatly diminished.

The official figures, it should be noted, understate the actual level of unemployment. These define "unemployed" as "looking for work," thereby excluding large numbers—older persons, housewives, youth and others—who are not actively looking because there is no market for their labor under present conditions, but who are definitely available for work. Nor do these figures include the many who are on short work weeks—the partially unemployed. If we make proper allowance for these categories, the total in March was actually well over 6 million, a number approaching 10 per cent of the labor force.

Among Negro workers, according to the March estimates, the rate of unemployment was about 13 per cent. But in many large industrial centers the actual rate has been between 20 and 25 per cent—a level of joblessness of truly serious proportions.

A STRIKING feature of today's pattern of unemployment is the rise in the number of so-called distressed areas throughout the country.

Of 149 major industrial areas regularly surveyed by the Department of Labor, 74 were classified in March as areas of substantial unemployment —that is, having more than 6 per cent of the labor force unemployed. In 11 of these, the rate was above 12 per cent. In January, 1957, there were only 19 such areas. By January, 1958, with the economy deep in depression, their number had grown to 45. Today, despite the economic recovery, it is almost two-thirds greater.

Formerly these distressed areas consisted chiefly of centers of the chronically "sick" industries—textile and coal mining. Now they include a number of centers of the auto, steel and other basic industries which have been especially hard hit by unemployment, among them such key industrial cities as Detroit and Pittsburgh. A product of a complex of factors, among them the shifting of production to new plants in other areas, coupled with the displacement of workers by automated machinery, these blighted communities continue to spread; indeed, they have come to constitute a pressing national problem.

In these areas a new expression has become current: the "permanent unemployed." Here chronic unemployment has produced human hardship and suffering of appalling dimensions.

One of the worst examples is West Virginia. With long-standing unemployment in the coal mines, and with nearly one of every six workers jobless today, this state presents a picture of chronic depression reminiscent of the worst days of the Thirties. At hearings of a Senate subcommittee on production and stabilization, held early in March, a procession of witnesses painted a picture of destitution summarized by Senator Jennings Randolph of West Virginia in these words:

> I have no hesitancy in expressing the belief that the facts to be presented before you . . . will be supported by your own observations of the gray specter of hunger and deprivation that attends the vast unemployment—much of it chronic unemployment—in too many areas of our home state.
>
> The evidence is here if one but looks. It is present in the pinched faces of too many children—some of whom no longer even receive hot lunches at school. It is seen in the more stark reality in the homes of too many families lacking the means to clothe their children of school age. It is the uninvited guest at the tables of upward of 300,000 West Virginians whose economic circumstances are such as to make them eligible to receive and be sustained—meager though the sustenance may be—by the inadequate diet offered by Government surplus food commodities. It is demonstrated in the dull glaze of the eyes of able-bodied men who cannot break the tedium of enforced idleness.

The situation is even more vividly described in the testimony of Mrs. T. R. Fulton, a Morgantown social worker:

> I have been in these homes, and these are the things I see: People living in houses without heat, houses without roofs, houses without utilities. I see children going to school without shoes and without warm clothing. I see houses and homes where children have nothing to eat except surplus commodities and the canned goods which their parents put up in the summer that they got from the fields and the bushes. . . .
>
> This is as bad as I saw in 1932 and 1934 in Baltimore. This is the first time I have actually seen children without shoes in the snow. It is worse.

Nor are such things confined to West Virginia. When 7,000 AFL-CIO workers, employed and unemployed, went to Washington on April 8, they told the nation of their plight. "The jobless speak," wrote the *AFL-CIO News* of April 11, "and it isn't pretty." The following stories, reported by the *New York Times* on April 9, typify the situation of many jobless workers:

> Ralph L. Powersock, 34, of Lima, Ohio, said he had worked three days in the last sixteen months. That was in the post office during the Christmas rush. He has three children aged 3, 7 and 11. He is behind in payments on his house, he said, and is trying to hold his family together on his wife's earnings as a waitress. . . .
>
> Joseph Pete, 46, of Detroit, was laid off sixteen months ago.. He sent his wife and two children to California last year to live with relatives. He stays with relatives in Detroit, doing "an odd job once in awhile, a little painting, something like that."

Of Pennsylvania, which boasts six of the nation's eleven "critical unemployment areas" (12 per cent or more jobless), the *AFL-CIO News* writes: "Only slightly more than half of the unemployed collect unemployment compensation. These people and their families linger in varying stages of poverty—relying on 'relief,' dependent upon family assistance, loans and handouts."

Such examples could be multiplied almost without end.

A shocking aspect of the situation is the woeful insufficiency of provisions for the welfare of the unemployed. During the past year, the gross inadequancy of present unemployment compensation standards has become glaringly evident. In 1958, according to *Labor's Economic Review* (March, 1959), less than one-fourth of total wages lost were re-

placed by unemployment insurance. Average individual benefits were no more than one-third of lost wages. From January to October, 1958, over two million completely exhausted their benefits. In Michigan, as in Pennsylvania, half of those unemployed in March of this year had used up their benefits.

Even more shocking is the deficiency of provisions for relief, as well as the inhuman conditions often imposed on relief applicants. Thus, in one Michigan county, the *AFL-CIO News* of April 11 reports, "welfare officials ruled that all of those receiving aid must plant gardens by May 1 and that to be eligible for continued assistance they must prove they tried to can vegetables out of the garden."

Such is the plight of a growing army of unemployed workers today. As the *AFL-CIO News* says, "it isn't pretty."

A NUMBER of big business spokesmen and economists have attempted to explain away the current persistence of large-scale unemployment as a "normal" lag in a period of recovery. It is, they assert, due principally to the fact that as production rises, the general tendency is first to increase the number of hours per week for those employed before laid-off workers are rehired. Hence the absorption of the unemployed is simply a matter of time.

This tendency exists; in fact, there are numerous instances in which those employed are even given considerable overtime work before any new hiring takes place. In Detroit, this practice led recently to picketing of the Chrysler plants by unemployed workers in protest. But this is hardly adequate to explain the extent of unemployment today. Nor is there any assurance that with continued recovery unemployment will be greatly reduced. For the chief factor in the picture is the displacement of workers by rising productivity.

There are a number of observers who recognize this. In a recent article ("Current Labor Force Problems," *Monthly Labor Review,* January, 1959) Commissioner of Labor Statistics Ewan Clague estimates that in November, 1958, there were 1¼ million "surplus unemployed" whose jobs had vanished thanks to technological advances and rising productivity, that this number will be swelled by another two million in 1959, and that in the same period the labor force will grow by three-quarters of a million. He concludes that to reduce the rate of unemployment to 4 per cent it will be necessary to find four million jobs. But this would require a rise of 10 per cent in the gross national product—a rate of growth generally conceded to be a virtual impossibility.

Similarly, the well-known American economist W. S. Woytinski,

writing in the *New Leader* ("How to End Unemployment," April 1 1959), concludes that "a substantial reduction of unemployment by th end of 1959 is highly improbable." He argues that to reduce the numbe of unemployed to three million would require the absorption of 1. million unemployed workers (of a total of 4.7 million at the beginnin of 1959) plus an increase of one million in the labor force. This, alon with a further rise in the weekly hours of work and the effects of a 3 pe cent rise in productivity, would require a rise of 10.5 per cent in th gross national product this year, a rise of whose likelihood there is "no the slightest indication."

The rise in employment does not keep pace with that in productio Thus, from April to December, 1958, production went up 12.3 per cen but employment grew only 5.6 per cent. Underlying this is the fact tha rising productivity resulting from the introduction of automation an other technological improvements, as well as a considerable amount o rationalization and speedup introduced during the depression period, displacing a growing number of workers in manufacturing. In industrie like auto and steel especially, where a considerable amount of automatio has taken place, rising production has been accomplished with relative little increase in the number of production workers.

Hence in Detroit, when production of 1959 models was already i full swing, unemployment remained at a level of 15 per cent. And i Pittsburgh, with steel output reaching new peaks, 12 per cent remaine jobless. In the auto industry, according to union estimates, some 180,00 jobs have been eliminated, and in the steel industry about 100,000. comparable situation exists in a number of other industries.

In this process of displacement, automation has in recent years playe an increasingly important part. Its effects, however, were temporari masked by the boom of 1955-57, when expanding output for a tim offset the displacement, and when the newly-constructed automated plan were being put into operation along with the existing facilities. B with the end of the boom and the onset of the slump in 1957, the delaye impact of automation made itself felt in an aggravated fashion. For th plants which were first shut down were the older, non-automated one employing the greatest number of workers per unit of output, whi those kept in operation were principally the newest ones, requiring th smallest number.

Now, thanks in part to continued automation and intensified ratio alization during the depression period, it is possible to attain new pea of output with production confined mainly to the most modern an efficient plants, and thus with considerably fewer men than before.

However it may be distorted by the economic cycle, technological advance in the hands of big business has taken its toll over the years. Today, 11.9 million factory workers turn out 35 per cent more than did 12.7 million in 1948.

LEAVING aside cyclical fluctuations, the rate of unemployment has tended to rise in successive boom periods. During the war, it fell to a level varying between 1 and 2 per cent. After the war, it rose to a peak of 5.9 per cent in 1949, then fell to a low of 2.9 per cent in 1953. In 1954 it rose again to 5.6 per cent, but in the ensuing boom it dropped only to 4.2 per cent in 1956. In 1958 it reached a postwar record of 6.8 per cent, and today it is still well above 5 per cent.

What this trend indicates is that the industrial reserve army, the product of technological development under capitalism, though absorbed for a time during and after the war, is once again emerging. And this, it should be noted, with 10 per cent of the nation's output going into military expenditures, and with millions of workers absorbed in the armed forces, in government jobs growing out of military outlays and in war industries.

All indications are that this re-emergence is not temporary, and that despite short-term fluctuations, chronic mass unemployment is apt to be a growing feature of the American economy in the years ahead, in good times as well as in bad. Says Woytinski in the article cited above: "There is a very slim chance that economic recovery and growth will absorb or reduce mass unemployment. It is more likely that the disequilibrium between the labor demand and the available labor force—or between the available work opportunities and the demand for jobs—will become increasingly serious, even if we learn to eliminate periodic recessions." In such predictions, Woytinski is by no means alone. And needless to say, capitalism is not at all likely to "learn to eliminate periodic recessions."

WITH the rise of chronic mass unemployment, the fight for jobs is once again coming to the fore as a major issue for organized labor. The mass conference held by the AFL-CIO in Washington on April 8 is a testimonial both to the seriousness of the situation and to the mounting pressure on the labor leadership to act. To a growing extent, this leadership is being compelled to depart from an all too prevalent policy of writing off the unemployed as being no longer part of the given industry, hence no further concern of the union.

The present level of unemployment is giving rise to widespread concern in other circles as well. Thus, New Jersey's Governor Robert B.

Meyner recently referred to it as "little short of a national disgrace" and called for immediate action to improve the lot of the unemployed. On the other hand, the Eisenhower Administration continues to exude its customary optimism, coupled with a callous disregard of the plight of jobless workers, and assures the American people that unemployment will soon disappear of its own accord

This optimism, however, is belied even by the Administration's own forecasts. By October of this year, Labor Secretary James P. Mitchell assured the AFL-CIO Washington conference, "unemployment will be 3 million or less." He offered to eat his hat on the White House steps if this did not come to pass. Similarly, Raymond J. Saulnier, Chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, predicted that the number of unemployed at the end of this year will be less than 3.5 million.

But Mitchell, says the AFL-CIO publication *Economic Trends and Outlook* (April, 1959), "failed to point out that October is the seasonal low-point for unemployment and that 3 million jobless in October means over 4 million jobless in January and February." And Saulnier's figure would be the highest for the year's end in the entire postwar period, barring recessions. The article goes on to say: "These predictions mean that Administration leaders expect high unemployment to continue at the end of 1959—a year and a half after the start of the pickup from the 1958 recession." It concludes that even with a continued economic uptrend "there is a real danger that the number of jobless will settle at 3½ to 4 million, or 5 per cent to 5½ per cent of the labor force."

Mitchell's dining on his hat will provide little nourishment either for him or for the millions of unemployed. What is urgently needed is vigorous action to alleviate their lot and to reduce unemployment.

An especially burning need is the drastic improvement of the unemployment compensation setup. It is now generally conceded that at the very least benefits must be substantially raised and the duration increased. These and other improvements are embodied in the Kennedy-Karsten-Machrowitz bill, which has the support of most Democrats and of organized labor. The bill calls for setting minimum federal standards, raising minimum benefits to 50 per cent of individual average earnings, extending the duration to 39 weeks, widening the coverage and limiting eligibility restrictions which now unjustly deprive many unemployed workers of compensation.

Some consider even this inadequate, and call for minimum benefits of two-thirds of average earnings. In some labor circles, a movement is developing for extending the duration of benefits to the entire period during which the recipient is unemployed. Such a step would mark an

important advance in the principle of unemployment compensation.

The Administration has fought against such legislation, particularly against the establishment of federal standards. To head this off in the 1958 session of Congress, the Administration worked to push through a measure for assisting states to provide a temporary extension of benefits, which expired on April 1. It was recently extended for three months for those exhausting regular benefits before the expiration date. The argument for such a tapering-off is that supposedly unemployment is tapering off, or in the words of President Eisenhower, that "we are on a course of rising prosperity."

The Democrats, of course, charge the Eisenhower Administration with responsibility for continuing unemployment, asserting that under the guise of fighting inflation the President is placing a balanced budget ahead of the popular welfare. It must be noted, however, that the strongly Democratic Congress, despite the people's mandate, has so far done almost nothing to meet the situation. The limited three-month extension of unemployment benefits was adopted even though the Democratic program called for a full one-year extension. The passage of such legislation as the Kennedy-Karsten-Machrowitz bill is thus hardly likely without a great deal of popular pressure, particularly from the labor movement.

Related to the question of unemployment compensation is the problem of the distressed areas. Programs of aid to such areas have been proposed, in the form of loans and other inducements to new industries to enter the areas, and of assistance in retraining the displaced workers for other jobs. The concessions to business contained in such programs are of dubious value and potentially dangerous; however, a proper program can serve to provide much-needed assistance and relief to the workers in these areas.

Another major issue brought to the fore by the persistence of mass unemployment is job discrimination. This was pushed into the background for some time by the relatively low rates of unemployment and by the development of the intense struggle for desegregation which has occupied the center of the stage. But with the alarming level of unemployment in Negro communities today, and with the rise in discrimination in periods of mass unemployment, the need to combat job discrimination becomes increasingly acute.

Above all, the present situation has given a tremendous stimulus to the movement for the 30-hour week. This movement had already been building up under the impact of automation and other technological change. Today it is developing into a national crusade.

Numerous unions are on record for a shorter work week. At its Feb-

ruary meeting, the AFL-CIO Executive Council called upon Congress reduce the standard work week to 35 hours by amending the Fair Lab Standards Act. And legislation to that effect has been introduced Senator Pat McNamara of Michigan.

However, a shorter work week cannot be won by mere declaratio It represents a major inroad into the profits of the big corporations, a hence can be achieved only over their fierce resistance. So far, the t labor leaders have failed to wage the kind of fight required. In spite militant speeches, when the chips are down such demands are all t often abandoned on the grounds that they are for one reason or anoth "unrealistic." It is significant that at the April 8 Washington conf ence, the demand for the 35-hour week was scarcely mentioned.

Arguments that such demands are "unrealistic" are, of course, n hard to find. Not least among them is that recently advanced by Sena John F. Kennedy. In a speech before a UAW district conference, opposed a shorter work week on the grounds that "it would be unfortuna for us to lessen our sights in the production war with the Soviet Unio This cold-war cry, at the very time when the Soviet Union is proceedi to shorten the work week for growing numbers of workers, has unfor nately been picked up by more than one labor leader.

Nevertheless, the demand for a 30-hour week with no reduction pay is spreading and becoming ever more insistent. This is a moveme which promises to grow in numbers and militancy until the goal is wo

THE 30-hour week is, of course, no panacea. It cannot do away wi unemployment in a capitalist economy. It will serve, however, give workers a greater share in the fruits of technological advance, a to reduce unemployment.

Nor, as growing numbers of Americans are beginning to see, do hu military budgets constitute a cure-all. The present unemployment pictu has developed, as we have noted, despite the destruction of 10 per ce of the national product each year in arms expenditures. Substantially creasing the volume of such destruction may stave off rising unempl ment for an added period of time, but it can do so only temporar and only at the expense of added inflation and a still heavier burd of taxes, not to speak of the greatly heightened danger of plunging t world into nuclear war.

There is no real cure for unemployment in a capitalist economy. N only is the economic cycle, with its booms and busts, inherent in su an economy, but so, too, is the historical tendency toward the growth an industrial reserve army of unemployed workers. This tendency ari

rom the fact that capitalists are driven to utilize "labor-saving" machin-ry as a means of cutting their wage bills—of getting rid of "super-luous" workers. As Karl Marx put it:

> . . . the industrial war of capitalists among themselves . . . has the peculiarity that the battles in it are won less by recruiting than by discharging the army of workers. The generals (the capitalists) vie with one another as to who can discharge the greatest army of industrial soldiers. (*Wage Labor and Capital,* International Publishers, 1933, p. 45.)

Today, in the intense competition that goes on among the corporate iants of industry, the watchword has become: "Automate or die." As a etter circulated by the General Electric Company a few years ago ex-ressed it: "The employer must automate to stay alive . . . it is impera-ve that he remove from his payroll any substantial surplus of employees."

Such a process, Norbert Wiener warns, "will produce an unemploy-ent situation, in comparison with which the present recession and even e depression of the Thirties will seem a pleasant joke." (*Op. cit.,* p. 162.) o ward this off, however, he can only appeal for an "awareness . . . f the social dangers of our new technology" on the part of employers.

Whatever the vicissitudes of production and employment, whatever e distorting effects of war and war preparations, the tendency toward e emergence of an industrial reserve army repeatedly asserts itself. nd in the present stage of capitalist development—the stage of gen-al crisis, when the world transition to socialism is in process—this ten-ency asserts itself all the more vigorously, making itself felt at times ven in boom periods. Today, rising production and an expanding econ-my are no assurance of full employment.

Only in the socialist countries has the curse of unemployment van-hed. The fact that in the Soviet Union unemployment is totally un-nown stands in sharp contrast to the situation in this country. There, here the limiting factor in production is not private profit but the eeds of the people, there is always a shortage of labor. There, auto-ation does not give rise to "technological unemployment," but is uni-ersally welcomed as a means of freeing workers for other tasks, of in-easing leisure time for all, and of creating the abundance which makes ossible the achievement of a communist form of society.

In the postwar years of relative prosperity, unemployment has tended be more or less transient. Layoffs were, in the main, of comparatively ort duration, and few workers regarded themselves as part of an "army unemployed." But today the growth of long-term joblessness is creat-

ing a different state of affairs. The "permanent unemployed," with li
prospect of a return to steady work, are bound to become a factor
increasing economic and social weight, whose organization and strug
will play a growing part in the total picture. As the ability of a
bodied men and women to find reasonably steady work becomes less
less sure, the fight for jobs will grow. And in the course of it, increas
numbers of American workers can be brought to recognize in social
the only real answer to this problem.

RiGhT FaCe

Rinse That Cortex

Woo the consumer and offer him really new products. These were the main ingredients of a prescription for dispelling the recession, presented yesterday by Dr. Ernest Dichter, president of the Institute for Motivational Research.

Today's consumer "wants to be wooed," he said. "He wants to be told repeatedly how important he is; unless there is a real attempt to grant the consumer this self-importance, he may use a recession period as an excuse to punish salesmen for their lack of understanding."

Addressing 400 members of the Sales Executive Club of New York and the Advertising Federation of America, at a joint luncheon, Dr. Dichter said that advertisers who want to help combat the recession "must learn to present products that are really new, that provide truly new experiences."

He contended that recessions, like prosperity, were "man-made" and that they were "a reflection of the psychology of people and their outlook on life."

Dr. Dichter chided those who subconsciously "are frightened by continued prosperity."

"We consider it almost a sin, and many of us felt relieved when the future began to look rough," he said.

"A year ago it was correct to advertise the purchase of home air-conditioners under the slogan, 'You deserve to sleep in comfort.'

"Today, it may be psychologically more correct to shift to a moral approach, utilizing spartan, work-oriented appeals such as 'You can't afford to be tired all day,' or 'You work better and produce more after a refreshing night'."

Dr. Dichter termed this one approach for giving the consumer "moral permission" and a "rational justification" for buying products that represent the "good life."

Studies by his organization have indicated that consumers sometimes welcome a recession. Dr. Dichter said, because it enables them to assert their importance.

"The consumer is still smarting from the disinterested and high-

handed attitudes evidenced by salesmen, manufacturers and distributors during wár-time and the ensuing era of prosperity."

Motivation research's view on price cuts, according to Dr. Dichter, is that they must be accompanied by advertisements that explain to the consumer the reasons for the change. Otherwise, "there is a grave danger that the consumer will become more than ever convinced that he was being cheated during a period of prosperity."—The *New York Times.*

Rehabilitation

This British colony [Hong Kong], faced with a high rate of crime, has established an open prison scheme that is said to be the only one of its kind in the Far East.

The prisoners work seven hours a day, six days a week. They receive an average wage of 80 Hong Kong cents (about 14 cents) a week. They can spend 75 per cent of their earnings. The rest is compulsory savings.—Reuters dispatch.

Driven Snow

"I expect to have a swell time, and get a warm welcome. Why not? I'm as anti-Nazi now as they come." Hanfstaengl was one of the earlier followers of Hitler. Today he still lives in the villa where he entertained Hitler and his top henchmen.

The United States Consulate in Munich has told him that "I am clean as a hound's tooth for a visa to the States," Hanfstaengl said.—NANA dispatch.

Boring is the Word

Japanese physicians at the Hiroshima Atomic Disease Hospital, a Government institution for treating victims of the atomic bombing of the city, have decided to stop announcing further deaths resulting from the radioactive blast thirteen years and eight months ago.

The reason given for the new policy was the adverse psychological effect of what the *Japan Times* called "'the depressingly monotonous report of yet another death from the delayed effects of the first atomic explosion."—The *New York Times.*

rt in Society

IE PHILOSOPHY OF ART HIS-TORY, by Arnold Hauser. Knopf. $7.50.

NY venture into art history pre-supposes a world view, whether ne historian is aware of it or not. l his methodology is based upon this look. His selection of material, in-pretation of artistic works, delinea-n of styles and outlining of trends ie from his world view. A theo-cal exploration of these matters is de by Hauser in his present work. 1951, he had published his two-ume *The Social History of Art* cently re-issued as a four-volume erback), which surveyed with phil-phic scope and social orientation the ory of the arts in Europe from their innings to the present. Hauser had there offered a general statement his viewpoint. The present work, tells us in his preface, is intended erve as an introduction to the *Social ory,* which was deeply influenced historical materialism. Although ser now says that his dialectical ypoint remains unchanged, he notes in his present work he enters ain "reservations . . . against the ical formulations of this theory." shall see that these reservations e us in doubt as to the precise re of Hauser's philosophical posi-

Having stated his ideas about the scope and limitations of the sociological approach, Hauser proceeds to a discussion of the concept and role of ideology, in the sense of "false consciousness," in art history. He then examines the psychoanalytic theory and its applicability to his subject; engages in a lengthy critique of various modern theories of art history; deals with the delicate subject of the relation of folk to fine as well as popular art; and concludes with an investigation of the conflicts that arise when an artist departs from tradition and sets out in new directions.

The book's title would lead one to expect a systematic, logically developed statement of Hauser's approach. It is actually a series of essays on diverse topics, in the course of which a number of theoretical principles are adumbrated. Hauser states his "leading principle" as follows:

> . . . everything in history is the achievement of individuals; individuals always find themselves in a certain definite situation in time and place; their behaviour is the product of both their inborn capacities and of the situation (vi).

This statement constitutes for him "the kernel of the dialectical character of historical events" (vi). Nowhere does he precisely define what he means by the "sociological" approach; his usage of the term in this book makes it inter-

changeable with a dialectical approach to history. There are, however, sociological approaches which do not coincide with Hauser's and adherents of the historical materialist view would find his "leading principle" too vague. A careful reading of the book does indeed show that Hauser is loath to commit himself to any final philosophic view.

An art work, says Hauser, "is the nodal point . . . of at least three types of conditions: psychological, sociological and stylistic" (13). While sociology impinges upon individual psychology and style at important points, there are elements of psychology and style that are not reducible to sociology. "All art," he writes, "is socially conditioned, but not everything in art is definable in sociological terms" (8). Individual elements of uniqueness arise from the artist's personal psychological makeup. And style is a distinct area of experience in which materials—color, space, words, rhythms, sounds and the like—are employed in a special way. Style thus has, in a manner of speaking, a technology of its own, just as physics or engineering has. Such distinctions seem to me valid. Yet Hauser sometimes separates psychology and style from the social so categorically as to tend to contradict his view that all art is socially conditioned.

This appears, for instance, in his statement of the distinction:

> All that sociology can do is to account in terms of its actual origin for the outlook on life manifested in a work of art, whereas for the appreciation of its quality everything depends upon the creative handling and the mutual relations of the elements expressing that outlook (8).

"Creative handling" may in a sense considered technical and non-sociol cal. But the achievement of h quality in the artist's treatment of mutual relations of the elements pressing that outlook" does not excl the sociological. For the quality o in part depend on the adequacy w which the artist expresses the feeli and ideas embodied in the content the art work. Such ideas and feeli are subject to sociological analysis, they signify the penetration of artist into the situation he has j jected. Social and psychological se tivity and insight as well as techni are an inseparable part of the art equipment.

The section of the book devoted the relation of psychoanalysis to and art history is occupied mainly w Freud's theories and points out r vancies as well as limitations in th application. Although Hauser decl himself "an enthusiastic, profession uncommitted outsider" (vii), he is an uncritical admirer. He does, h ever, believe that "Historical mate ism as a dialectical philosophy of tory and psychoanalysis as a dyna [and therefore dialectical—L.H.] th of mental processes could go a way together" (69). For, he says, are concerned with "false consc ness," the first on the social and second on the individual level. He ports the view that Freud's concep "rationalization," that is, the as ing of false but socially acceptable sons for individual behavior, pro a "psychological model" to show ideology, in the sense of "false sciousness," comes into being.

Freud's conception of art as "s

tutive gratification," the psychoanalytical view of sublimation, symbolism and imagery are discussed in their bearing on art, as well as the relation of art to mental illness. Though Hauser asserts that Freud has made a profound contribution to a scientific psychology and to our understanding of creativity, he suggests a number of limitations in the applicability of psychoanalysis to art and art history. Psychoanalysis, says Hauser, is irrelevant to an art work as a public object; it contributes nothing to the analysis of artistic form or to style, which is not subjective but objectively and socially determined; its view of symbolism falls far short of adequacy for art; it is ahistorical and therefore of limited value for art history; it cannot account for the quality of art works. Indeed, apart from the chapter devoted to the subject, psychoanalysis figures very little either in the present book or in the *Social History*.

Hauser's longest chapter is given over to a detailed discussion and critique of a number of theories of art history formulated in the main by Germanic scholars of the past-half-century or so—Heinrich Woellflin, Alois Riegl, Max Dvorak, Gottfried Semper, Georg Simmel, Wilhelm Dilthey, Wilhelm Pinder and others. The central idea with which Hauser is occupied is that of style, whose genesis and changes and meaning are crucial to the history of art. In one way or another, Hauser shows, each of these theorists conceived style mistakenly. For Woellflin, who receives most attention, style develops autonomously: it is determined by the mode of seeing, by the "artistic optics" of a period based on the psychological and physiological conditions of the time. Riegl held that the artist at any time could create freely according to his will and was superior to material conditions. Dvorak believed that the history of style was actually a record of the development of naturalism, of mastery in depicting nature. Semper viewed style as determined by the nature of the materials and technology available to the artist.

But all of these theorists, Hauser shows, tried to found style on the basis of purely formal or internal problems alone. "The greatest danger for art history," he writes, ". . . is that it should become a mere history of forms and problems" (161). His critique of these and other theorists of style and other aspects of art history is too detailed and intricate to summarize here. But in refutation of all their views Hauser offers the idea that style is an "institutional structure." It emerges not only from inner formal considerations but also from the influence of social conditions and individual talent. To discover the "real origin" of a style,

> one has first of all to consider its public . . . the first stimulus for a change in style always originates—even if not exclusively—in the emergence of new classes of interested persons . . . the new outlook is always connected with a social upheaval or a change in the social composition of the public interested in art. And moreover, without getting deeply involved in questions of the ultimate truth of historical materialism, we can take a further step: we can confidently assert that, whatever the true cause of these stylistic changes, they could scarcely have won general acceptance without appropriate social and economic changes (267).

Despite the tentative character of Hauser's historical materialistic outlook, most of his *practice* of art history

is based on this theory and much of his criticism of other theories is similarly oriented. However, when he does get "involved in questions of the ultimate truth of historical materialism," the discrepancy between his theory and practice becomes apparent.

His ambivalence toward, and sometimes rejection of, basic principles of Marxism emerge most clearly in his discussion of "Historical Necessity and Individual Freedom" (pp. 188-206). He is inclined to doubt that history has any direction:

> But in reality there is neither an underlying plan nor a logical sense in events. Historical events have ascertainable subjective causes and are the result of particular aims of persons, but in themselves they are accidental and aimless; there are no historical laws in any objective sense (189).

Curiously enough, Hauser does actually employ what can only be construed as historical laws in other theoretical statements and in practice and these laws are closely related to those of historical materialism. His approach to the problem of style is in fact governed by historical law. Such a law is implied, for instance, in his assertion that "the relation of stylistic form or socio-economic form seems so striking that we can hardly picture it as occurring under any other conditions" (268). Again, there is his assertion that "The art of a historically complex age can never be homogeneous, if only because the society of such an epoch is not homogeneous" (268). Such statements are based on the acceptance of a regular causal relationship between artistic and social phenomena. Indeed, if such regularities were not present and ascertainable by research and analysis, there could be no such thing as art history, except in the sense of chronology.

In fact, Hauser explicitly asserts that historical laws are the very basis of art history.

> The socio-historical treatment of art can claim to be scientific in spite of the fact that no hard and fast laws governing the relation between social form and art-form can be established (272).

Hauser does not explain just what he intends by the lack of "hard and fast laws." It is true that the complexity of art history is such that final formulations of such laws are not at present feasible and Hauser does acknowledge that even within such limits a scientific approach is possible. If he were not guided by such laws, he never could have written the *Social History* or the critique in the present book. Carried to its logical conclusion, his rejection of the possibility of objective historical laws in the earlier quotation is not only inconsistent with the later one, but would vitiate his whole work.

Hauser's ambivalence toward Marxism may be illustrated by the following passage:

> To recognize that economic conditions *often* have a decisive influence . . . does not necessarily imply that the material factor in history is more real than the ideal (274—italics added).

This is a proviso curiously attached to his statement that he accepts Marx's thesis that being determines consciousness. Now, in Marxist theory, economic conditions do not "often" have a decisive influence; they are *always ultimately decisive,* although the complexities of the superstructure tend to con-

ceal this basic influence. Hauser himself, in the passage I have already quoted from page 267 of his book, asserts that stylistic changes could not occur if not conditioned by "economic and social changes."

Further, one does not know exactly what he means by insisting on the reality of the "ideal factor." According to Marxism, the "ideal factor" is an element of consciousness, which is itself a reflection of matter and an emergent form of matter. Does this satisfy Hauser as to the status that Marxism gives to the "ideal factor"? Apparently not. For he asserts that the "real objection" to historical materialism is that it has "replaced the untenable doctrine of the absoluteness of spirit by the equally untenable absoluteness of matter, one metaphysic by another" (275). Does Hauser then affirm a *dualism* of spirit and matter? He does not say. We are left with his rejection of materialistic monism without a declaration of an alternative.

To confuse matters further, Hauser then calls this monism "an extreme form of historical materialism" (275). Does he then regard the monistic view as a *misinterpretation* of Marxism? Is there a preferable and more adequate alternative interpretation? He gives no clear answers to such questions.

In addition to such fundamental ambiguities, Hauser in a number of passages casually makes erroneous interpretations of Marx's views. We cite one example. "The individual as such," writes Hauser, "is ultimately irrelevant for Marx, as for Hegel" (199). He does not attempt to document this assertion. But in fact the action of the individual in changing society was essential for Marx, as he made explicitly clear in the *Eighteenth Brumaire.* In the beginning of this essay, Marx wrote:

> Men make their own history, but they do not make it just as they please; they do not make it under any circumstances chosen by themselves, but under circumstances directly found, given and transmitted by the past.

Although the weight of Marx's statement is on the circumscribing influence of external circumstances, the actions of individual men are essential to the making of historical events. Without individual action the events would not occur and hence cannot be "ultimately irrelevant."

We have dwelt at some length on Hauser's uneasy relationship to Marxist theory because his actual practice is so extensively based upon historical materialism. The ambiguities to which we have drawn attention, however, should not be allowed to obscure the great values in the book. It is rich in ideas and highly stimulating in many phases of art history. It sums up and critically examines a great deal of recent theorizing on the subject. And in spite of Hauser's own inconclusive comment on the theory of historical materialism, the book abundantly shows how indispensable is the Marxist approach to any adequate study of art history.

LOUIS HARAP

Queen of the Platform

ERNESTINE L. ROSE and the Battle for Human Rights, by Yuri Suhl. Reynal & Co. $5.75.

JUST before the close of the last century Susan B. Anthony was asked who should head the Honor Roll of pio-

neers among 19th century woman suffrage workers. She replied: "Generally I should say begin with Mary Wollstonecraft . . . then Frances Wright—then Ernestine L. Rose. . . ."

Thus Yuri Suhl ends his admirable biography of the young Polish Jewish woman who became the "Patrick Henry of the [American suffrage] movement." To present this first study in depth of Ernestine Rose was no easy task. As Mr. Suhl says in his preface, "The few available accounts of her life . . . are sparse, sketchy and in some instances factually incorrect," and basic source material was almost totally lacking. That a credible, fascinating personality emerges against an authentic background is a tribute to the five years of painstaking, affectionate labor on the part of the author.

Ernestine Louise Potowski was born in Piotrkow, Poland, in 1810. Her father, an orthodox rabbi, was partly consoled that his first and only child was a girl by the fact that she early showed a "boy's head" for learning. However, that consolation turned to consternation some years later when, at the age of sixteen, Ernestine refused the husband he had selected for her, took her cause into a Polish courtroom and won her case.

At seventeen she went alone to Germany (unprecedented!), then to Holland, then to England. Here she became a lifelong friend and disciple of Robert Owen, and later met and married William Ella Rose, a talented jeweler and silversmith. In 1836 they came to America.

It was the height of the Jackson era. The common man had come upon the political scene at about the same time as the freethinkers and Transcendentalists began to dominate the intellectual world. Workers were beginning to organize and strike against unbearable conditions. Anti-slavery petitions were already circulating.

All these causes struck sympathetic chords in Ernestine Rose. She joined in turn several of the Owenite experimental communities, and also began a series of lecture tours, speaking on such subjects as education and anti-slavery with an eloquence that in two decades won her the title Queen of the Platform.

But the subject of women's rights drew her main energies. Finding the legal freedoms of American women as circumscribed as those of their European sisters, she began a campaign throughout New York State in support of a Married Woman's Property Bill. It was uphill all the way. In five months of knocking on doors she had collected five signatures to a petition endorsing the bill! The campaign—eventually successful—brought her to Paulina Wright Davis, and later Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who for the rest of their lives were associated with her as founders and leaders of the women's rights movement.

Of special interest is Mr. Suhl's account of the affinity that developed between the Abolitionists and the exponents of women's rights. Born at a World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London in 1840, which Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott attended, the idea of a movement for women's rights came to fruition in the famous Seneca Falls convention of 1848. There, it was Frederick Douglass who persuaded the hesitating delegates to include in their platform the bold demand for "the right of the elective franchise" for women.

From then until the Civil War th

ti-Slavery Society and the Women's ghts Association (later the Equal ghts Association) flourished side by e, often exchanging speakers and ring platforms. During the war years women willingly subordinated their ims to those of Union and Emancion. But shortly after the war the mony of that relation was shattered. May, 1869, the Equal Rights Associan refused to endorse the 15th Amendnt because it was so worded as to conue to exclude women from voting hts.

In vain did Frederick Douglass plead: . . the ballot . . . with us . . . is natter of life and death. . . . When men, because they are women, are gged from their homes and hung n lampposts, when their children are n from their arms and their brains hed out . . then they will have the ency to obtain the ballot equal to our n."

But emotions were running too high the final break came when Ernestine e herself proposed that the name of organization be changed to Woman's rage Association.

This severing of a valuable bond, and subsequent split in the women's ts movement, may well be called most tragic chapter" in its history. breach in the movement was not ed for some twenty years, and it was ost forty years more before the nen's ballot was finally secured.

Meantime an ailing Ernestine and husband had set sail for England, e with a brief exception they to spend the rest of their days. iam died in 1882. Ernestine lived years longer, keeping in touch the movement still closest to her rt. Shortly after her death Frederick Douglass listed her among "the best of mankind."

Although one might have wished that Mr. Suhl had at some point explored the impact of socialist currents upon the movements of the day, there is no question that he has performed a multifold service. He has brought out from obscurity a brilliant early champion of women's rights, free public education and abolition. He has illumined several pages of mid-19th century American history. And he has added importantly to the slowly growing gallery of portraits of forthright women without whose contributions and sacrifices America would be the poorer.

DOROTHY ROSE BLUMBERG

Open Handshake

SELECTED POEMS OF LANGSTON HUGHES, Alfred A. Knopf. $5.00.

LANGSTON HUGHES, that warm, world-wide sight-seer in depth, has here, in a tall, elongated book, put together what he would want to save after a deluge, what he would grab for in case of fire. The results make for a limpid congregation of effortless rhyme and folk-like simplicity.

The whole of the black man's world is dealt with: Africa, Spirituals, blues, Jim Crow, the South, Harlem, and the dream of freedom. There are also less implicated poems, those dealing with love and the sea, for instance, which give the book a well-rounded nature of complete human experience.

There is no doubt that Hughes understands the roots of his people's faith. It is only with understanding and sympathy that a lovely, painful thing like his "Sinner" can be written:

Have mercy, Lord!

Po' an' black
An' humble an' lonesome
An' a sinner in yo' sight.

Have mercy, Lord!

Conventional morality does not mar these pages; the politics is in the poetry. Hughes moves quietly through the everyday world of good and bad, the next-door world of gossip, and the absent world of necessary dreams intent upon catching their actual flavor. The last half of "Young Sailor" goes like this:

What is money for?
To spend, he says.
And wine?
To drink.
And women?
To love.
And today?
For joy.
And the green sea
For strength,
And the brown land
For laughter.

And nothing hereafter.

He is thoroughly and maliciously on the side of life:

Nature has a way
Of not caring much
About marriage
Licenses and such.

But the neighbors
And her mother
Cared very much!

The baby came one morning,
Almost with the sun.

The neighbors—
And its grandma—
Were outdone!

But mother and child
Thought it fun.
(from "S-sss-ss-sh!")

Debiting the book are two items in my estimation: One is the use of c
ings in white against a black
ground; the other, a few longer p
at the end of the volume. The c
ings, by E. McKnight Kauffer, ar
produced from one of Hughes' e
volumes, his *Shakespeare In Ha*
published by Knopf in 1942. With
or two exceptions, these drawings d
merit their company. The longer p
alluded to are gathered under the
ing of *Words Like Freedom.* Wel
as they may be in a political way,
poems on freedom and equality
their subject because they never d
from the abstract principles invo
Poetry cannot exist apart from the
crete and Hughes, not being a rhet
poet, does not render the length o
utterance in a solid fashion. His e
tial qualities are, in its best sense,
like. He is almost always sweet,
and delicate—great virtues in a
and needed ones in an art as ill
violence and intellectual strutting
poetry today.

The poetry of Langston Hughes
habits the open handshakes of his
ture, and in its joy, proclaims its
dom:

Life is fine!
Fine as wine!
Life is fine!

ALVARO CARDONA-H

The Universal Theme

SONG OF PEACE, by Walter Lo
fels and Anton Refregier. Rc
Eye Press, 37 West 8th Street, N
$1.35, paperback; $5.00, cloth.

WALTER LOWENFELS and A
Refregier have here collabo
on one of the most beautiful pu
tions to come from the indepe

poetry presses during the past year. *The Song of Peace* is in the nature of a *collage*—the poems from which it is composed are nearly all translations or adaptations of existing translations. They have been assembled somewhat in the form of a chorale whose *leit motif* is the almost universal hatred of war and desire for peace.

Rounding out the book are nine stunning woodblocks by Anton Refregier, all variations on the same theme.

The poets whose works have been fitted into this mosaic include the Cuban Nicolas Guillen, France's Paul Eluard, the Chilean Gabriela Mistral, the Roman Horace, the Turkish laureate Nazim Hikmet and the Yiddish Itzik Feffer, plus poets less well known (to me, at least) writing originally in Russian, Czech, Chinese and the Sioux Indian. With such a wide variety of languages and cultures represented it is, of course, difficult to determine the fidelity of the translations and it might be argued that they all sound somewhat like Walter Lowenfels (who has himself contributed a moving sonnet to the sequence).

Nonetheless, whatever alchemy the adapter has permitted himself, the important thing is that the work has a surprising integrity and unity as a whole and the individual translations are distinguished by simplicity and lack of pretension.

Linus Pauling has contributed as a foreword a vigorous appeal for the cause of world peace, while the work of the poets involved is in itself an eloquent testimonial to the universal aspiration toward amity among nations and an end to war.

The authors and publishers are to be congratulated on the venture. Let us hope that it will set a precedent for more collaborative books of the same high quality.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK

No Joyce

ST. PETERSBURG, by Andrey Biely, translated from the Russian by John Cournos. Grove Press. $4.75.

FIRST published in Russia in 1913, this novel is now presented in translation as a major work of the 20th Century. Biely is claimed to be one of the most brilliant writers of the Russian symbolist movement and *St. Petersburg* is hailed as a "prophetic vision of the ferment which exploded in Russia with the revolution." The scene of the novel is the city of St. Petersburg during the unsuccessful 1905 revolution. Its hero is a sickeningly unattractive young man who agrees to assassinate his father, a senator, with the aid of a bomb concealed in a sardine tin which is supplied him by the underground. The son's motivation for this agreement is not given at all, and his later despair and unwillingness to carry out his assignment is equally mysterious. Plain enough, however, is the son's total incompetence, for he succeeds neither in blowing up his father nor in getting rid of the bomb. It explodes in a meaningless whimper, leaving father and son to continue their ineffectual lives at the end of the book —but no longer under the same roof. What light this mutually unrewarding incident supposedly throws on the coming Russian revolution is impossible for this reviewer to say. It is the kind of murky, misty light beloved of the symbol seekers, who conjure camels and whales out of cloud shapes. The little social fact Biely supplies is almost totally obscured by a self-con-

scious, pretentious style so larded with symbols as to read like a self-parody.

Here is a description of the Senator riding in his carriage:

> . . . a desire was born in this mighty official that the carriage should speed forward, that prospect after prospect should rush to meet him, that the entire surface of the planet should be embraced, as in the coils of a serpent, by blackish gray cubes of houses; that the entire earth, prospect-bound, should in her linear cosmic rotation intersect infinity on the rectilinear principle, that the network of parallel prospects, intersected by a network of other prospects, should expand and cover the world with square and cubical planes; a square to an inhabitant. . . .

There is a great deal more of such writing. Happily, some of the imagery is more pointed and sharp than the sample quoted. At best, Biely's style, which has been said to have had an influence without equal on Russian literature, can convey a sense of quick movement, of surface impression remarkable for its time. Though this choppy, tense style (so similar to film techniques) does create the chaotic, nightmarish atmosphere Biely wishes, its effectiveness is weakened by overuse. In the end we are irritated and nauseated. If it were true about the influence, it would have been a disaster for Russian literature.

Here is a typical example of the hero describing an inner state of being: "Everything quivered, pulsated, ran onward—faster and faster, and was transformed into a tremendous feeling, as though of being torn apart and pulled in different directions: first, the heart came out; then like a switch out of wattling, the vertebrae came out of the spine." Physical descriptions are drawn to repel, as that of Lippanchenko, the party man, "with lips that resembled slices of salmon—the yellowish kind." Though there is humor in this type of vision, it is employed consistently to heighten the horror of the view.

It is possible that what appears as a self-indulgent debauch of words stems from the difficulty of translating a style whose music can only be rendered in the language in which it was written. But whatever the technical problems, the author's point of view is surely not distorted, and it is essentially from this nihilistic, mystical source that Biely's offenses spring.

An introductory note informs us that Biely and Alexander Blok were among the few well-known Symbolist writers in Russia who initially accepted the 1917 revolution; that Biely left Russia in 1921 for a two-year stay in Germany and returned in 1923 to begin working on a cycle of novels. He died in 1934. "After 1930, like Pasternak, Biely found himself in an increasingly isolated position," we are told. This obvious maneuver to win readers through an appeal to partisanship forces a comparison most detrimental to Biely. There is no measuring the poetic gifts of the two men by the same yardstick. More than that, one is appalled by the inference that political censure by the Soviet Union will persuade us to accept bad writing as good, through a sort of literary worthiness by association, though the same sources would surely condemn us for maintaining the opposite.

Much also is made of comparison with James Joyce, and again Biely comes off badly. Joyce's power lies not in the textural manipulation of language for its own sake, but for the sake of the

der, to win for him new areas of man experience and feeling. There none of this in Biely, and therefore thing new. What he offers, despair, pelessness, violence, we have had re than our share of. It is not these ributes in their work which make the sters of the decadent school power- to us, but rather the genius which Arnold Hauser says, "advances more d more dangerously towards chaos, rescues more and more extensive vinces of the spirit from its clutch." ith Biely, without having advanced inch in understanding, we are, if stay with him, over the brink.

HELEN DAVIS

ear Miss

IE WATSONS: Jane Austen's frag- ment continued and completed by John Coates. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $4.00.

N 1803 or 1804, several years after she had completed her high-spirited *rthanger Abbey* and the first draft two other novels—*Pride and Preju- e* (then called *First Impressions*) *Sense and Sensibility* (then *Elinor Marianne*)—Jane Austen wrote the t 15,000 words of an unfinished vel, *The Watsons*. The fragment may ve been discarded earlier, but if not work on it was certainly inter- pted by her father's death in Janu- , 1805, and when she again began write some five or six years later had obviously decided not to con- ue it. She thriftily embodied an im- tant scene from this beginning in revision of *Pride and Prejudice* and characters in her revision of *Sense Sensibility*. Later she used two re characters and the heroine's name in *Emma* and an important plot ele- ment in *Mansfield Park* .

Now Mr. John Coates, a devoted Eng- lish "Janeite," has undertaken to write the missing three-quarters of the book, and has achieved a conscientious, work- manlike reconstruction of what may well have been the original major plot, with reasonably good facsimiles of mi- nor Jane Austen figures where new characters were needed. Even the oc- casional imitativeness of these and of the minor plot complications is, in a sense, more Jane Austen's fault than Coates'. The style too is so well ap- proximated that there is no perceptible join even where he has interpolated fragments of dialogue in her own be- ginning. There is almost no single sen- tence or paragraph Jane herself could not have written, although only in the unrevised last novel, *Persuasion,* could we find any whole page as comparatively flat as is the bulk of the additional material here.

But because of the expectations raised by these very virtues the book as a whole is a great disappointment to any- one hoping for a new Jane Austen novel or, more realistically, anything remotely like one.

What then is so completely missing? One is tempted to reply as Charles Lamb once did when Wordsworth, in his pontifical age, remarked that he did not see much difficulty in writing like Shakespeare if he had a mind to try: "Clearly, then, nothing is wanting but the mind." In this case, nothing but the mind of a satirist, which was the innermost core of Jane Austen's genius.

If Jane had really written any or all of the pleasant drawing room comedy romances that bear her name in adapta- tions for stage and screen this effort

would deserve "A" for acomplishments as well. But her concern with "lady gets gentleman" was no such light-hearted romantic thing as such adaptations, or John Coates' more difficult and sensitive achievement would imply. She was always realistically and often bitterly aware that marriage was in general the only possible career for a woman in her time and place. Under all the apparently delightful frivolity of flirtation and the suspense of courtship her heroines were often grimly conscious that, as she wrote in a letter of advice to her favorite niece, on the one hand "single women have a dreadful propensity for being poor" and, on the other, "nothing can be compared to the misery of being bound [in an unhappy loveless marriage]."

In *Pride and Prejudice* Charlotte, the heroine's closest friend, accepts a proposal from a stupid, selfish and insensitive clergyman. The twenty-year old Elizabeth Bennett reflects on the sadness of "a friend disgracing herself and sunk in her esteem," but the thirty-five year old Jane Austen says,

> [Charlotte's] reflections were in general satisfactory. Mr. Collins, to be sure, was neither sensible nor agreeable; his society was irksome, and his attachment to her must be imaginary. But still he would be her husband. Without thinking highly either of men or matrimony marriage had always been her object; it was the only honorable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want. This preservative she had now obtained; and at the age of twenty-seven, without having ever been handsome, she felt all the good luck of it.

The Watsons itself begins with an even more explicit dialogue bet two sisters; one an almost resi adopted, but has been forced to re a very beautiful young girl of nine The latter, like Fanny Brice in *Mans Park,* has been brought up by wea relatives by whom she was to have adopted, but has been forced to re to her father's poor and barely ge home. *Miss Watson* begins:

"You know, we must marry. I d do very well single for my own pa little company, and a pleasant ball and then, would be well enough me, if one could be young forever; my father cannot provide for us, a is very bad to grow old and be and laughed at. I have lost Purv is true; but very few people marry first loves. I should not refuse a because he was not Purvis. . . ."

Emma replies, and in reading her erence to a school we must reme the realistic boarding schools of C lotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre,* with teachers' salaries ranging *up* to 20 po a year. She rather cavalierly says:

"Poverty is a great evil; but woman of education and feeling it c not, it cannot be the greatest. I w rather be a teacher at a school (a can think of nothing worse), than m a man I do not like."

"I would rather do anything be a teacher at a school," said he ter. "I have been at school, E and know what a life they lead; never have. I should not like m ing a disagreeable man any more yourself; but I do not think ther many very disagreeable men; I th could like any good-humored man

comfortable income. I suppose my
t brought you up to be rather re-
d."

There is an unusually naked tone
bitterness and desperation here
ich may explain why Jane Austen felt
nesessary to leave this novel unfin-
d when, in 1805, her father's death
Mrs. Austen with an income of
ely £150 a year on which to sup-
t herself and her two unmarried
ghters.

But the novel as completed by Mr.
tes not only ignores the unwonted
breness of its opening—it gives no
t at all of the sharply satirical view
woman's whole social position, and
the effect it too often has on her
racter, which runs so clearly through
y page of Jane Austen from *Love*
Freindship, the earliest misspelled
enilia to *Sanditon,* left uncompleted
ner death.* One can only be grate-
for the good taste and ingenuity
Mr. Coates' attempt to make a gift
as he says, those fellow Janeites
ose delight in her books is equalled
their regret that her books are so
" while deploring this well-bred
horse's inability to bite.

ANNETTE T. RUBINSTEIN

For a fuller discussion of this point see
essay on Jane Austen, pp. 328-374, in
Great Tradition In English Literature:
Shakespeare to Shaw.

espect for Man

ANTHROPOLOGIST AT WORK, Writings of Ruth Benedict, by Margaret Mead. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

HIS book has a uniqueness of presentation and organization befitting the special qualities of the person it concerns—Ruth Benedict. Compiled and organized by Margaret Mead, originally Ruth Benedict's student and then her intimate friend and colleague, it does not fall under the usual heading of biography nor does it constitute an evaluation of her contributions in the field of anthropology. Instead it presents material from which we may construct for ourselves something of her personal development and the progress of her writing and thinking.

Published and unpublished articles by Ruth Benedict are grouped together loosely into sections to show different periods of her work. From an initial interest in tracing separate customs and beliefs and their significance to particular groups of people, she moved to characterizing theoverall dominant temper of a culture, its geist or ethos The fragments of cultural behavior, which she had first devoted her time to analyzing, are later interpreted, given meaning, in the light of the dominant character of a culture. Attitudes, beliefs, and moralities existing in different societies are described and shown to inform individual behavior. Attention is drawn to their social sources. Benedict is concerned with emphasizing the range of variation in the selection of ideals of conduct and of showing that individual deviance in behavior is related to the paterns of behavior differentially rewarded in a particular society, instead of being measured by moral and psychological "absolutes," which upon examination turn out often not to be absolutes but an imposition of our own particular values laden with assumptions of superiority. This approach to the "wholeness" of a culture was made famous in her *Patterns of Culture,* which

in the paperback editon alone has sold close to a million copies.

Another section contains articles on race prejudice, problems of freedom and democracy, and on war. Benedict took to writing on these subjects in the Thirties and Forties from her sense of the urgency of world problems and from her belief that it was the moral obligation of the anthropologist to apply his special area of competency.* During the war and a short post-war period (she died in 1948), her work was concerned with providing guides for the recognition of cultural diversities in contemporary national societies. She cautions against trampling on cultural values which may be alien to us but are not inimical.

Benedict's writings in anthropology make up only part of this book. There are also fragments of diaries, journals, selections from correspondences of Edward Sapir to Ruth Benedict, between Benedict and Margaret Mead, and between Benedict and Franz Boaz. This material and a short autobiographical sketch give some understanding of the person behind the writings and invest the writings with more meaning. A selection of her poems, written under the *nom de plume* of Anne Singleton, and an essay of hers on Mary Wollstonecraft, in whose life she saw the achievement of an ideal toward which modern woman still continues to struggle, add to the rich image of Ruth Benedict that emerges. Each of the several sections of the book opens with an i duction by Margaret Mead, who plies some of the interconnecting th of events and thoughts. No defin analysis is imposed. What does communicated is the aura and fe enwrapping the life of Ruth Ben and the field of anthropology at time, an atmosphere of dedication gency, and of being on the very fron of new learning.

Franz Boaz, Benedict's teacher colleague, had been largely instrum in the organization of American thropology as a scientific and acad discipline. He infused work in an pology with commitment to the i of respect for individual and cul differences and with an oppositio conditions causing the degradatio humiliation of any group of pe Benedict's work helped create and tinue this spirit.

Ruth Benedict brought to her not only her literary skills and i ests but her personal search, her re for the dignity of individuality, he proval of a "passionate attitude to life," and her skepticism toward A can culture. Self-realization did finally through her work in anthr ogy—in her interest in finding values and meaning that inhere in ferent acts of behavior among p living in different societies, in their terns of culture." Her respect for viduality became translated into spect for the diversity of cultural terns. She avoided more rigid and cultural determinism, viewing man life as invested with purposes man himself has invented or esp and seeing man as an initiator and tor.

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* *Races of Mankind,* written with Gene Weltfish and based on her more scholarly book, *Race: Science and Politics,* was denounced as subversive in Congress during the war because of the statement that some Northern Negroes had scored higher in intelligence tests than had some Southern whites.

This book gives one the opportunity to understand something more of the relationship between an individual's life and the work he does. Ruth Benedict's life and work reflect in addition many of the problems and concerns of a particular era in American intellectual development. She encapsulates much of the very best in American liberal idealism. That she was a sensitive woman, has undoubtedly enhanced the need she felt to find dignity and meaning in life.

MERL NOLAN

The Cuban

FIDEL CASTRO: REBEL—LIBERATOR OR DICTATOR? by Jules Dubois. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

THIS is a crash product, turned out in three weeks to capture a market in which the story of Fidel Castro, which hitherto had gone begging, suddenly skyrocketed on the literary stock exchange. If the book, slovenly written and edited, also captures the hearts of American readers, this is due not to the merits of the author, but to those of his collaborators: the Cuban people and their leader, Fidel Castro, who give grandeur and eloquence to many pages of an otherwise run-of-the-mill work. In fact, the book's chief value is as a source of Castro's revolutionary writings and of other documents of the great people's movement that toppled Dictator Batista at the beginning of the year.

Of Castro's own statements presented in the book the most important are the excerpts from his five-hour address to the court during his trial for organizing the attack on the Moncada military barracks July 26, 1953 (from which his movement took its name), his fiery manifesto to the Cuban people of July 12, 1957, and his December 14, 1957, letter repudiating a so-called unity pact signed by several opposition parties in Miami. The address to the court is an extraordinary document, more an indictment of the Batista crimes than a defense of Castro and his comrades, and at the same time a program of national and social liberation. (The full text has recently been published in English translation by a group of American friends of free Cuba under the title *History Will Absolve Me*—Castro's concluding words.) This noble utterance, soaring and passionate, deserves to take its place with the great court speeches of other famous political prisoners: Albert Parsons, August Spies, Vanzetti, Dimitrov—to mention a few available in English.

The book also gives additional details of a shameful chapter in American diplomatic history: the active intervention of the State Department, the Pentagon and U.S. Ambassadors Arthur Gardner and Earl E. T. Smith on the side of the gangster dictatorship. Smith is revealed as frantically seeking to save Batista up to the eve of his downfall and then trying to glue together a military junta to cheat the Cuban people out of the fruits of their victory.

The author, John Dubois, Latin American correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune,* had a unique opportunity to observe the Cuban drama and to know many of its leading actors. Unfortunately his defective social vision puts many things out of focus: his real sympathies lie not with the radical middle-class democracy which Castro represents and which seeks social transformation

no less than flourishing civil liberties and full national independence, but with the conservative anti-democratic forces symbolized by ex-President Prio Socarras who want a return to that status quo ante which spawned Batista. Naturally (even if ludicrously) Dubois is obsessively anti-Communist; he distorts and largely deletes the important role of the Popular Socialist (Communist) Party in Cuba's freedom struggle and seeks to obliterate the facts of Communist cooperation with the 26th of July Movement in ousting the Washington-imposed dictatorship. But history will undoubtedly vindicate the Cuban Communists as it did Fidel Castro.

B. A. LESHEM

Theory of Acting

METHOD OR MADNESS, By Robert Lewis. Samuel French. $3.00.

THIS book is a phono-stenographic transcription of eight lectures given by Robert Lewis in New York City during the spring of 1957, which were heralded for their common-sense approach to what has become a controsial issue in the theater. It may be said that as they appear in print they justify the enthusiasm with which they were reportedly received. The author, an actor and director of considerable experience, uses a wealth of practical examples to make his points, the clarity and cogency of which give his discourse a welcome ring of authenticity.

Mr. Lewis' lecture series was occasioned by the continuing and intensified ferment in theatrical circles about the widely misunderstood system of performing technique devised by Constantin Stanislavski—the "Method." Mr. Lewis' contribution is his insistence that the misunderstandings involved are not necessarily the exclusive monopoly of the opponents of Method. Some of its most passionate sponsors, we are told, have as narrow a conception of it as its most out-spoken antagonists—and usually for the same reason: unwillingness to accept, or ignorance of, that portion of Stanislavski's work dealing with the physical or mechanical aspects of stage performance. It may come as a shock to some to learn that the well-known, much hailed and much attacked section of Method centering around the idea of "living the role"—the by-words and curse words of the respective factions—constitutes only half of Stanislavski's teaching; the other half, dealing with less romantic, but not less essential, aspects—voice-placement, diction (oh, yes!), acrobatics, dance, manner of walking (that, too!)—was also considered to be of primary importance to the actor. This area, Mr. Lewis asserts, is either unexplored or ignored by many professed Method enthusiasts as well as by most over-hasty critics.

Mr. Lewis also points out that *the* Method is *a* method, one system of acting among many which may be used with great advantage by some actors or ignored by others without in any way hampering either group from earning their keep. No method, says Lewis, will make an actor out of a non-actor, but some method or technique is employed by every actor even though a particular artist may regard him—or herself as a "natural." The specific technique may be Method or not depending on the inclination of the actor. It is just as ridiculous to assert that no one can

perform without the Method as it is to assert the contrary.

In discussing the source of the confusion Lewis notes that the two volumes in which Stanislavski expounds the two respective aspects of his system—separately—appeared in translation at widely separated dates. The first, (*An Actor Prepares*) came out in 1936, and the second (*Building a Character*) in 1949. But it seems hardly likely that this circumstance could have prevented any but the most casual student from obtaining the whole thesis through sources. Of course, many of the most vociferous exponents and opponents of anything from Method to Marxism fall into just that category of casual inquirers.

Lewis does not come to grips with any organized trend in present Method ideology which might be open to criticism. He deals mainly in his critcal approach with the vagaries of particular anonymous players with whom he has had professional contact, and, in his exposition, with some of the fuzzier aspects of Method the significance of which has been widely misinterpreted. This is a necessary step because Stanislavski's own terminology was frequently imprecise, and successive interpreters have done a great deal to complicate matters by translating his words into expressions of their own which are no improvement on the original and tend only to muddy the waters further. The characteristic label of verbal imprecision is the inevitable "By that we mean . . ." which begins the following sentence. Every exposition of Method is peppered with by-that-we-mean's, an infallible sign that the fog of inexactitude between conviction and expression has not yet been dissipated.

In his discourse, Mr. Lewis uses the advantage of his substantial professional experience in the theater to help interested readers to cut through some of the mist which still enshrouds what was always intended to be not a metaphysic but an intensely practical system of acting technique. His book is a valuable guide to those interested in the theater on either side of the footlights.

DAVID AVERY

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