FEBRUARY, 1961
50 cents

Mainstream

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on
E CIVIL WAR

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E. B. DU BOIS
Color of England

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WILLIAM FAY
Episode in
Fayette County

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D. EVANIER
Henry Winston

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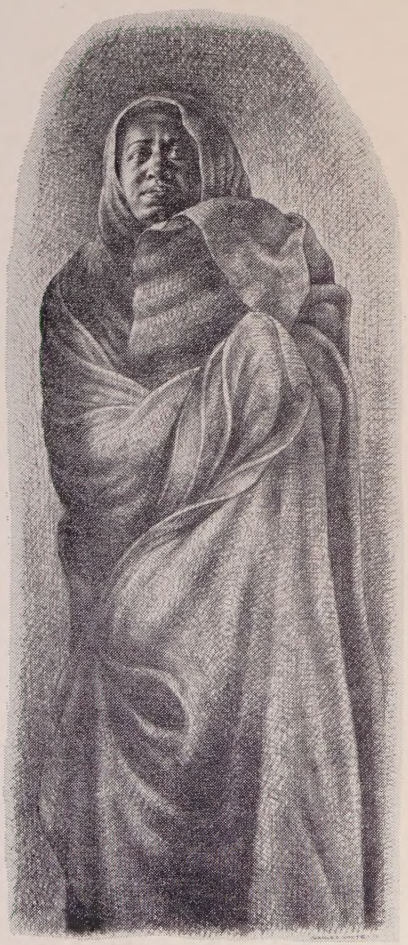
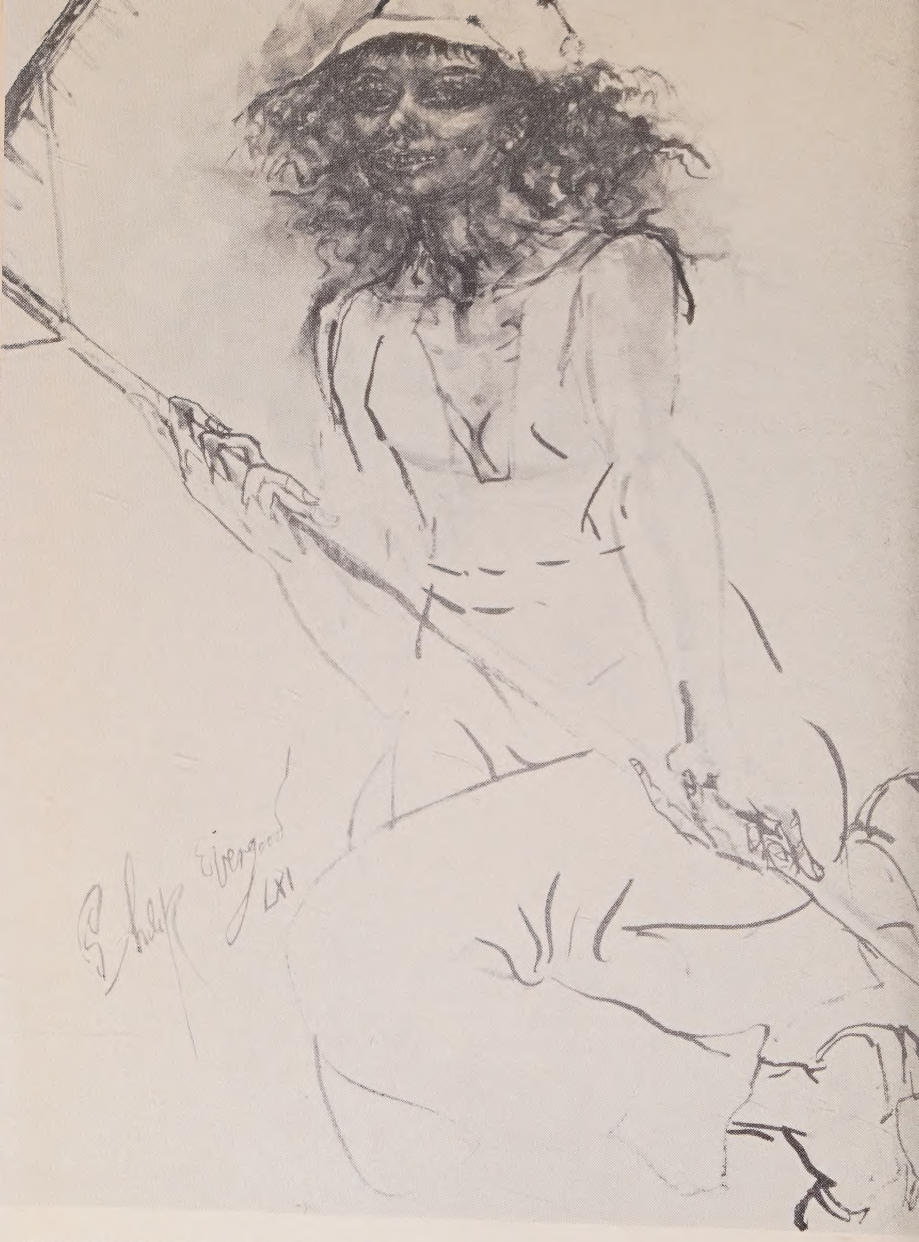
Art by
RGOOD · CRICHLOW
FREGIER · WHITE



NEGRO HISTORY WEEK 1961



LET US HARVEST THE EARTH TOGETHER

Philip Evergood

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AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Herbert Aptheker, noted author, lecturer, and educator, is curre at work on a history of the United States, the first two volumes of wh have already appeared. His latest book is *The World of C. Wright M* (Marzani & Munsell Publishers).

W. E. B. Du Bois, the distinguished Negro historian-lecturer, travelled widely and written extensively in a long and illustrious ca devoted to peace, understanding and democracy.

The *Reverend William Howard Melish* is the New York repre tative of the Southern Conference Educational Fund.

David Evanier is a twenty year old college student. A poem of appeared in last month's issue of *Mainstream.*

Robert Forrey, 27 years old, is assistant to the Editorial Board *Mainstream.*

Among our reviewers, *Alan D. Bush,* the English composer, direc and accompanist writes occasionally on musical theory. *Elizabeth Lau* specializes in the literature of Southern history.

Philip Evergood is an outstanding American painter. A retrospec exhibition of his work was held at the Whitney Museum of Amer Art in New York last year.

Charles White's powerful drawings have won world wide accl The drawing on our cover is part of the portfolio printed to celebrate 10th anniversary of the World Peace Council, in Leipzig, G. D. R.

Ernest Crichlow is an American Negro artist of exceptional ta *Anton Refregier,* a world famous artist and muralist, is active in the in national peace movement. *Alice Neel's* drawings are well-known to *M stream* readers.

NEXT MONTH

We will have an exchange between an American college prof and *Dr. Hyman Lumer* on the subject of "Socialism and Ethics." An cisive analysis of the present day political situation in France, and economic alignments around DeGaulle will be included. Watch for important article by *R. F. Shaw.*

in the mainstream

Racism and Censorship

Recently, the NAACP branch in Torrington, Connecticut objected to the use of a high-school English textbook because it included certain anti-Negro writings by Edgar Allen Poe and Joel Chandler Harris. This produced rather sharp condemnation from commentators as varied as Mrs. Roosevelt and the editorial writers for the *New York Herald Tribune.*

The *Tribune* (Dec. 29, 1960) expressed "sympathy" with "the feelings of colored children," but alarm lest such sympathy and the objections raised by the NAACP might result in censorship or even, it feared, "book-burning." The editorialist argued that "the nineteenth century is an historical fact" and that "slavery existed, and all that went with it, including a goodly body of literature." Hence, the paper concluded, it was necessary that all this—"historical fact" and body of literature—be freely taught.

Ignored in this argumentation is, first, the question of selection, for obviously in a high-school English course, the whole body of literature is not going to be and cannot be offered. Is it pure accident that so often what is presented does contain racist overtones? Could not one principle of selection be an effort to avoid such examples?*

Second, it is not true at all that the "facts" concerning slavery and the body of literature of the 19th century are fully and freely taught in our schools. The contrary is true, and the concern of the *Tribune* against

* In the *New York Times* (Jan. 11, 1961) an Anti-Defamation League study reports our secondary school textbooks give a distorted view of minority groups. "Textbook treatment of racial inequality and attempts at its eradication tend to consist of complacent generalizations, not hard facts," the story noted.

censorship is belated and misdirected.

There has in fact been, and there continues to be, censorship; this censorship operates to becloud the truth about slavery and to present in a very one-sided manner the literature of the 19th century and of all other periods. *Efforts to eliminate racism do not represent censorship; they are part of the struggle against that censorship which has helped create and maintain racism.*

An easy test of the validity of this position can be made. Ask one hundred white Americans to identify Robert E. Lee and almost certainly all would be able to do so. But ask the same one hundred people to indentify Frederick Douglass and it would be a pleasant surprise if five were able to do so. Yet, by any test, in terms of character, mental capacity and service to country and to mankind, there can be no real question but that Frederick Douglass completely overshadows Robert E. Lee. If the above is true, does this not result from a form of mis-education and is not censorship a major element in this process of mis-education?

Rather than raise a cry of alarm over the "censorship" represented in the NAACP's objections to selections of racist fragments from the writings of Poe and others, what is needed—as part of the effort at democratic education and in line with a struggle against censorship—is a careful re-examination and extensive revision of the entire methodology of education in this country and the principles of text-book creation and selection. This has nothing at all to do with "book-burning," nor even any kind of excision, for, where necessary and appropriate, proper notes or appendices can be offered the readers to bring them the full benefit of modern scientific findings. Rather, a result would be presenting our youngsters a much broader range of selection with the explicit purpose of combating the poison of racism.

Slur Against Nast

The article on page 21 of the *New York Times,* December 25, News Section, entitled "Civil War Weekly to be Reissued," contains an implied slur against a great artist, Thomas Nast. The article reads as follows:

"At the beginning of the Civil War Harper's printed a few pro-Confederate cartoons and articles. On one occasion it was suppressed temporarily by Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, as giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

"One of Nast's first great political drawings showed an exultant soldier over a gravestone marked:

'To the Memory of Union Heroes in a Useless War.'"

Nast's cartoon, entitled "Compromise with the South," shows behind the "exultant Confederate soldier," a desperate Negro family, being put again in chains, while Columbia, symbol of the republic, is weeping. The cartoon was a scathing, highly effective attack upon the principle of "Compromise," which was being advanced at the time (1864) at the Chicago Convention. The Convention was controlled by Fernando Wood and the "Copperhead," Clement Vallandigham, who had already been imprisoned for treason and whom Lincoln had generously freed. The cartoon, furthermore, was not "one of Nast's first great political drawings." Nast had already been called by Lincoln, "our best recruiting sergeant." Just a little error; a passionate opponent of slavery being made a defender of it by the *Times.*

Cuba vs. Louisiana

Our leaders are besides themselves with rage at the audacity of the Cuban people in freeing themselves from U.S. economic, political and cultural domination. Yet let us compare how we in this country handle basic questions and how they are handled in Cuba.

At the end of July 1960, 23,000 children, in Louisiana, were dropped from welfare benefits. Many of these children had to rummage in garbage cans, to keep from starving. Evictions forced these children into the streets, or to share already crowded homes of others. In one case—11 children and 2 adults lived in one bedroom and kitchen. No bath, no running water, no toilet and no gas or lights.

The terrible crime committed by these children was that they were born out of wedlock. Governor James H. Davis of Louisiana requested thirty bills be passed to strengthen segregation in that state. One of these bills branded the homes of any children born out of wedlock as ineligible for welfare benefits. Most of the mothers were too poor to afford the cost of marriage.

How did Cuba handle the problem of children born out of wedlock? The Cuban government arranged mass marriages. Thousands of couples with their children and in some instances grand children were brought together and mass civil and religious marriages were performed FREE. The main reason these people, as those in our country, lived in common law was poverty, brought on them by a system that made them so poor they could not pay for a wedding.

The mass marriages were great solemn and festive occasions, with members of the revolutionary government in attendance to congratulate these happy people and to share in their great joy.

After the marriages were over, the government proudly announced

there were more illegitimate children in Cuba: In this case who represents democracy and progress, the Louisiana legislature or the revolutionary government of Cuba?

Advise and Dissent

We feel constrained to come to the defense of the *New York Times* in the by-now notorious *Advise and Consent* case. Mr. Allen Drury's novel by that name was puffed into the best-sellership list by the well-known, if dubious, methods of critical drum-beating by which poor talent is hoisted to preposterous genius. He felt he could parlay his favorable situation from the Book-of-the-Month club to the Broadway Stage.

So an "adapter" was hired. The novel was hacked apart, then put together again according to Broadway specifications; it was propped up with money, and lo and behold, it became a play.

Nothing wrong with that—that is how masterpieces are made these days. It opened. It had all the ingredients of a bad play but a Broadway success—with one thing more. Tucked away, both in the book and the play, was a sleeping tiger—an implied critical blackmail. This was a political play, both in content and in purpose: it was, as the novel was in its guise a projection of McCarthyism to the stage. Ordinarily, the tiger would have slumbered on, unawakened, since most of the critics jumped obediently through the hoop and came up with the right kind of reaction, at the right moment, in the right places.

All but one. And thereby hangs the tale.

Mr. Howard Taubman, critic of the *New York Times,* chose to advise without consenting. He says of the play, as art: "It employs devices that are melodramatic trumpery. . . ." "(It) . . . turns history on its head and makes day seem night . . . it is deficient as human drama, meretricious as a conflict of political ideas and ignobly distorted as a commentary on our times."

When Mr. Taubman's dissenting review appeared, a strange process ensued. Each day for a week or so, the *New York Times* published full scale reproductions of the reviews as paid ads, of all the other New York critics, whose raves and hosannas contrasted so dramatically with the own critic's jaundiced review. As if that were not enough, letters began to pour into the offices of the *Times,* climaxed by an especially arrogant one by the wounded author himself—Allen Drury.

But what, the reader may ask, is so strange about this? Writer bits critic—that's been done before.

True: but the ominous element here is that the foul stench of McCarthyism has been blown once more into the cultural atmosphere, a

ombined with other incidents of a similar nature, might well mark the turn of the heirs of the late unlamented Senator, unless scotched at the ry beginning.

It is a sad fact to note, incidentally, that Mr. Tuabman himself as so nervous about airing his frank opinion of the play that he felt mpelled to imbed it in a protective armor of some Communist-baiting his own. It seems that the worst thing he could say against Drury's play that it aped the Soviet style of playwriting!

We hope the day will come—the sooner the better—when a man n say what he thinks without fear or favor, even in the *New York Times,* whose embattled editors we offer a sincere—if ironic—salute.

"Poor Sports" President John F. Kennedy feels that our national health is declining "despite our emphasis on school athletics." *Sports Illustrated* (December 26, 1960). But our emphasis on hletics in this country may be working more against than for national ysical fitness. The "star system" in athletics has taken a toll. Interest professional sports, which are profit-making, has increased appreciably the years since World War II. College athletics have similarly grown hen they were able to follow a professional pattern in promoting ents and recruiting athletes. This system exalts exceptional athletes, t it does not reflect a broad base of athletes below.

Professionalism in sports, or the play-for-pay spirit, leads to cynicism d corruption among the performers. In the *New York Times Sport Sec-on* (Sunday, December 11), Harry Schwartz, the man who usually es to make the Soviet Union look silly, authored an article headed: J.S. Track Teams Made Up of Pros, Soviet Coach Says." Schwartz otes Gavrial Korobkov, Soviet track coach, who said: "The achieve-ents of American athletes are not the natural result of a people's health, mass sports. No, this is the product of professionalism. . . . This plains the origin of one of the most surprising contrasts of the nerican way of life: world record athletes and the continuously wor-ning physical preparation of the growing generation of Americans."

Immediately below Scrwartz's column, there is a story headed: ll-America Stalwarts Still Love Football, But . . ." The story is based interviews a *Times* reporter had with a group of football players no had been selected by *Look* magazine as All-Americans and flown New York for award presentations. The players' beefs are pretty ch the same: They recognize college football is big business and resent e small share they get as student, "amateur" athletes. A man from *ok,* tired of the player's complaints, calls them "animals." The Queen

of the Cotton Bowl, a coed from Arkansas, says "The football housi unit at school is known as the zoo. The players are called animals and t coaches are called animal trainers." Despite the *Times* reporter's acceptar of the charge that the players are nothing but animals, the players least know that even the jungle has laws; and that since they go out ev Saturday of the football season to play a dog-eat-dog game, they shou be allowed a little bigger cut of profits from ticket sales and T.V. rigl

Amateurism frequently leads to hypocrisy in American sports. T *Times* sports writer, Arthur Daley, ties into two young American ten players, Buchholz and MacKay, who recently turned professional. Wh infuriates Daley is not that these young men squeezed money out amateur promoters, but that they squealed about the money after th squeezed it. "It's the total lack of gratitude on the part of MacKay a Buchholz that's so appalling. They first bit the hand that fed them and th ran into the sheltering arms of Kramer." (*New York Times,* Dec. 1960.) The Romans demanded true chastity from the Vestal Virgi Presumably it would be all right with Daley if the Virgins were p miscuous as long as they shut up about it. "Earl (Butch) Buchholz a Barry MacKay," Daley writes, "sang a sorry exit chorus, not as gentlem but in the fashion of those who kiss and tell." As corrupt as many ar of American life are, there are still those like Daley who want to kee fiction of non-professionalism, of playing for fun, as one of our natio ideals. Amateurs are paid under the table to play for fun for us, it is not fun for them. Two of the U.S. top three tennis players kis and told; the third, Chuck McKinley, not only actually lost in the Da Cup matches, but argued with the referee, kicked balls into the r and threw his racket into the crowd of spectators. But at least McKin has not bitten whatever hand is feeding him, and for this Mr. Daley m be grateful.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: A CENTENARY ARTICLE

HERBERT APTHEKER

FROM 1861 to 1865 civil war ravaged the United States. This War has been a favorite pre-occupation with American historians—and novelists—ever since it occurred; literally thousands of volumes have been devoted to one or another aspect of the conflict. Now, with the centennial, the United States is being deluged with additional books and articles and plays dealing with the War. The general weight of the literature—new and old—is to treat the War as either a senseless and needless tragedy resulting from human failure, or a mechanically determined conflict deriving from immutable and inflexible tendencies, in which human emotions, desires, plans and activities were irrelevant. The body of the literature as a whole manages to be more or less ardently pro-Confederate; almost all of it suffers from a virulent chauvinism reflected either in the omission of the Negro people from any serious consideration, or in picturing these Negro masses as indifferent to the War or, if anything, "loyal" to the master class and its Confederate States.

Since the Civil War revolves around basic issues—many of them still burning questions, in somewhat altered form, in the present United States—the literature on it is not only enormous but very tendentious and emotional. Involved is the whole question of counter-revolution and the nature of revolution, the status and rights of the Negro people and of the masses of poorer Southern white people, the "patriotism" of the rich—North and South—the active role of the masses in the making of history and their decisive role in saving the Republic, the reality of international solidarity, etc. All these matters, as I have said, are not questions simply

of antiquarian interest; on the contrary, they possess the most direct relevance to present-day American life and politics. With current American reality being the domination of the Government by monopolists, and therefore a sharply reactionary orientation internally and externally, the ruling tendency in historical writing is pro-Confederate, just as for World War II it is anti-Soviet.

In this paper, however, we do not wish to offer an historiographical guide; we desire, rather, to present an interpretation and analysis of certain major features of the Civil War in the United States and to do this with the brevity necessary in an article. With this purpose, and under these limitations, we shall examine three aspects: 1) the origins of the Civil War; 2) the conduct of the War; 3) the results of the War.

I: THE ORIGINS

In origin, the Civil War in the United States was an attempted counter-revolution carried out by a desperate slaveholding class. The aggressors were the dominant elements among the slaveowners, and the resort to violence was long planned, carefully prepared and ruthlessly launched. There was not unanimity among the slaveowners; some feared that the resort to violence would fail and that its result would be the destruction of the slave system. But those who so argued were over-ruled and the richest and most powerful among the planter-slaveholders carried the day for secession and war.

Why did the slaveholding class violently attack the Government of the United States in 1861? It did so because it had become convinced that it had everything to gain and nothing to lose by a resort to violence and, in the past, whenever an exploitative ruling class has reached this decision—*and had the power to do so*—it turned to violence. Here specifically, the decisive elements in the slaveholding oligarchy came to the conclusion that if they acquiesced in the developments culminating in Lincoln's election in 1860, they would, in fact, acquiesce in their own demise; that if, on the contrary, they did not passively yield, but refused to accept this culmination, they had, at any rate, a fighting chance to reverse the course of those developments. In other words, they decided if we yield now we shall be buried; if we do not, we may win and so bury another. But if we lose we shall be no worse off than if we did not fight—*i.e.,* if we lose we shall then be buried. Given belief in such an alternative—and given the capacity to undertake it and carry it out—all exploitative ruling classes have chosen the path of counter-revolutionary violence. Such classes are devoid of humanistic feelings; suffering means nothing to them, since their rule is posited on human travail and

heir wealth and power derive from its infliction; such considerations ere especially marked among the American slaveowners—arrogant, ruthless and racist to the core.

Affirming that a sense of desperation drove the slaveholding class nto the path of counter-revolutionary violence, leads at once to the ques- on: what made this class desperate? What convinced its leaders that ney had everything to gain and nothing to lose if they chose the path f civil war?

There were, I believe, four great forces producing this result; each ill be examined separately, but it is vital to bear in mind that they were nterpenetrating, each influencing the others.

First: the momentous socio-economic transformation of the United tates north of the Mason-Dixon line and extending from the Atlantic cean to the Mississippi River; second: the quantitative and qualitative rowth of the Abolitionist movement; third: the intensification of mass nrest and class conflict within the South; fourth: the accumulating im- act of certain organic contradictions within the plantation-slavery sys- m. Let us briefly examine each of these.

: THE SOCIO-ECONOMIC TRANSFORMATION IN THE NORTH

THE basic nature of the shift in socio-economic foundations in the North appearing with the Revolutionary War, accelerating with e War of 1812 and its aftermath and accumulating speed after 1840— as the growing weight of industrialization and urbanization. It is in e decade of 1850-1860 that the value of the product of the factories proaches the value of the product of the soil for the first time in Ameri- n history; that is the great watershed mark. Before that, agriculture had gnificantly outweighed industry in the total economy; after that the verse was to be increasingly true. The turning point comes in the de- de preceding secession and marking the appearance and growth of the w Republican Party. In 1790 about 5% of the total population was ban (living in places of 2,500 inhabitants or more); in 1830 about % was urban; in 1860 about 20% was urban—and while this urbaniza- on did not completely skip the South, it was overwhelmingly concen- ted in the North.

The population leap in the United States is remarkable in the pre- vil War generation. rising from 12.8 millions in 1830 to 31.4 millions 1860, but while half the population of the country lived in the South 1830, about one-third the population of the country lived there in 60. In the 1830's immigration to the United States averaged about ,000 per year; in the 1850's immigration averaged about 250,000 each

year—and the vast majority of these newly-arrived working people s
tled outside the slave-ridden areas.

A rising industrial bourgeoisie was one of the results of these devel
ments; but the predominant class in the government of the Uni
States in the 1830's and 1840's was the slaveholding class. Its predo
nance was not without challenge, and increasing challenges, as the ye
passed and the changes accumulated, but that class did rule. It domina
Congress and its committees; it dominated the Presidency; it had a ma
ity in the Supreme Court; apologia for slavery characterized the prev
ing and respectable institutions—the press, the churches, the schools,
texts. A domestic and foreign policy to the liking of the slavehold
class characterized U.S. history during these decades. This polit
ideological superstructure became increasingly anachronistic and inhi
ing as the socio-economic base was transformed in the manner indica
Hence, political and ideological battles and recurring crises marked
period from the late 1840's and especially the 1850's; the culminat
politically, was the smashing of the two-party system, the emergence
a new, broad, coalition-type party, under the hegemony of the indust
bourgeoisie, and the ultimate victory of that Party in the 1860 electi

Additional decisive changes were occurring in the socio-econo
structure of the North. With the rise of industry and with urbanizat
appeared a more and more numerous working class, and both its org
ization and its consciousness intensified as the Civil War approach
They found the institution of slavery more and more reprehensibl
here the influx of thousands of revolutionary exiles from the Europe
1830 and 1848 played a significant role—and found their own inter
less and less considered insofar as the federal government and its poli
were concerned, dominated as that government was by the slaveown
Fundamental ideological conflict appeared, especially as the challen
and distraught slavocracy began to develop a full-blown theory of
propriety and necessity—if "civilization" were to survive—of the ensl
ment of the laboring portion of any country's population, whether its c
plexion be light or dark.

Significant distinctions began to appear among the commercial b
geoisie of the North. With the growth of factories in the North and
development of agricultural production there, slave-grown produce pl
a smaller and smaller part in the businesses of Northern merchants.
creasingly, these merchants were engaged in hauling and selling c
wheat, cattle-products, machinery, shoes, clothing, furniture, rather
sugar, tobacco, rice and cotton. The merchant bourgeoisie had been
fundamental political allies of the slaveholding planters and the bulw
of the northern wing of the Democratic Party, generally the prefe

arty of those planters. Now, this Northern economic and political bul-ark was split; this is of basic importance in understanding the actual ivision that occurred in the Democratic Party with the election of 1860, o that two Democratic Party candidates ran for the Presidency (Douglas f Illinois on the Northern ticket and Breckinridge of Kentucky on the outhern)—without which split, Lincoln would not have been successful.

Meanwhile what was then the West—from the Ohio to the Mississippi o the Great Lakes—was being swiftly populated. Pressure mounted for rapid and democratic land-settlement policy on the part of the Federal overnment, only to meet the rigid resistance of the planters; at the ame time, the movement was made possible because of the tying to-ether of the East and the West with thousands of miles of newly-laid ailroads. This in turn fed the growth of industry in the northeast; it erved, also, to unite the farm west and the factory east, and to defeat alhoun's grand plan of an agricultural united front of western farmers nd southern planters and farmers which would outweigh the urbanizing ast.

This socio-economic transformation showed itself, as we have indi-ated, in the smashing of the traditional political apparatus, and in the oming to the fore, through the new Party, of new demands appropriate o the interests of the developing classes: a protective tariff, internal nprovements at federal expense, national currency and banking legisla-on, a homestead law, the exclusion of slavery from the federal lands, reversal of domestic and foreign policies favoring the slaveholders, in-uding the rejection of the vitiating of the Bill of Rights which had een so prominent a part of the cost of maintaining slavery.

So much, for present purposes, by way of elucidating the first of the our forces driving the plantation oligarchy to desperation.

: THE GROWTH OF ABOLITIONISM

UNLESS one sees the revolutionary nature of the Abolitionist move-ment, he cannot understand it. This movement hitherto has been esented as either the unfortunate fruit of the labors of mischievous natics or as some kind of liberalistic, reformistic, benevolent enterprise. hese views agree in ignoring the fundamental character of the move-ent: a Negro-white, radical effort to revolutionize America, by over-rowing its dominant class. That is, Abolitionism sought the elimination that form of property ownership which was basic to the power of the aveholding class, and it was that class which, as we have stated, domi-ated the government of the United States during the pre-Civil War eneration.

The movement, being revolutionary, suffered persecution and fier denunciation; but its members—Negro and white, men and wome Northerners and Southerners, with a large percentage of youth, and almo all of them not of the rich—persevered, as true revolutionaries, and final led the nation to victory. Its great curse, early in its life, was sectaria ism; it advocated courses which persistently narrowed its appeal—f instance, an extreme pacifism and anarchism. But as the classes objective opposed to the continued domination of slavery grew, as the existence slavery in the United States became a more and more intolerable sten in the nostrils of civilized peoples in the world, as the struggles of t slaves themselves mounted, and as the reactionary offensive of the slav owners impinged on the rights and beliefs of ever wider elements in t population, the movement itself grew. As it grew, it found the sectaria ism more and more contradictory and absurd and so developed a mu more rounded, flexible and politically astute outlook; this in turn stim lated further growth. This growth was qualitative as well as quantitativ the movement turned more and more to effective political efforts and the renunciation of a crippling kind of pacifism, especially in the fa of the institutionalized violence of the slaveowners.

More and more, as the 1840's gave way to the 1850's, the Abolitioni became admired and respected leaders of groups decisive in both ideological and a political sense; by the 1850's the *N. Y. Tribune*—t newspaper with the largest circulation in the nation, whose Europe correspondent was Karl Marx—was decidedly anti-slavery, though n actually Abolitionist.

It is not without interest that some of this sectarianism infect working-class oriented and even Marxist-inspired groups. Some tend to view the conflict between a slave-based agrarianism and a wage-lab based industrialism as merely a contest between two sets of "bosse concerning which "real" Marxists could have no choice. Fortunately, Ma himself was then alive, of course, and when he was appealed to for opinion as to whether or not Marxian socialists should take a "plague-o both-your-houses" position in this conflict, he replied that he was appall that anyone alleging adherence to his views could possibly raise such question. Of course, Marx insisted, Socialists were the strongest foes chattel slavery because, in the first place, they desired the liberation four million slaves and because, in the second place, as between industr capitalism and agrarian slaveholding, the former was the more progr sive force and the latter was completely backward and regressive.

The quantitative and qualitative growth of the Abolitionist movem was seen by the slave-owning class. Its culmination in the sensatio success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* early in the 1850's, the extraordinary s

and influence of the economic analysis of the backwardness of slavery produced by Hinton Rowan Helper, a non-slaveholder from North Carolina, under the title *The Impending Crisis* (1857), and then the noble martyrdom of immortal John Brown and his Negro and white comrades, and the intense sympathy they aroused throughout the North and the world, helped create a sense of panic and desperation in the minds of the dominant slaveowners.

C: INTENSIFICATION OF CONFLICT WITHIN THE SOUTH

THE dominators of the South always have sought to propagate the idea that their region is "solid," is united in support of the "way of life" characterizing the area. This effort is made today, and the picture it seeks to spread is quite false; the effort was made in the days of slavery, and the picture conventionally presented of that epoch—of a monolithic South with the Negro slaves cherishing their chains and with all the whites, regardless of class position, firmly committed to slaveholding dominance in the name of white supremacy—also was thoroughly false.

The fact is that the slave South was an area torn by antagonism and basic contradictions: slaves versus slaveowners, large slaveowners versus the smaller slaveowners, the non-slaveholding whites versus the slaveholding whites, and especially opposed to the richest among them. Far from the Negro people making docile and "ideal" slaves, that people created a heritage of militant and ingenious struggle during their crucifixion that has no superior among any people on earth. They resisted their oppressors in every possible way: they "slowed up" in their work; they fled by the thousands; they rose up individually in rebellion; they plotted and rebelled collectively scores of times; they infused their stories and songs and music and religion—every aspect of their lives—with this central theme: resist slavery; struggle for freedom. In this sense the magnificent liberation struggles of the American Negro people today are in direct line with and represent a splendid continuation of, the profoundest traditions of their entire history.

This militancy reached its highest point, in the history of American slavery, during the decade from 1850 through 1860. In that period more slaves fled—singly and in groups—than ever before; more individual assaults against slaveowners occurred than ever before; more numerous conspiracies and uprisings occurred than before, and many of them had a deeper political content—including the demands for the distribution of the land—than before, and characteristically in this decade, unlike the previous period, whites were involved in such plots and uprisings. The

master class was keenly aware of this intensified unrest of the slaves; their private letters, diaries and newspapers are filled with concern about it.

Class struggle between slaveowners and non-slaveowners characterizes all Southern politics from about 1790 on; but this reached its most intense and most widespread form in the years from 1850 to 1860. The struggle appeared in the growing cities and especially in the predominant agrarian areas. It took the form of the creation of new anti-slaveowners political parties, and of significant organized efforts by the non-slaveowners to overthrow the political domination of the plantation lords. The aim was the remaking of the political structure, of the taxation system, of the educational system; the aim was the achievement of something approximating an advanced bourgeois-democratic society. Its greatest weakness was that while it opposed the slaveowning class, it did not oppose slavery as such; while it hated the planters, it lost no love for the slaves. The whole system of chattel slavery made extremely difficult the forging of unity among the Negro and white victims of the plantation oligarchy, and while some advances towards such unity were made—and terrified the Bourbons—the fact is that these advances fell far short of the achievement of any real solidarity.

But, while the effort to overthrow the dominance of the slaveholding oligarchy within the South was not successful, it was serious and it worried that oligarchy very much. Many of its leaders actually feared civil war at home before they could launch their counter-revolutionary effort against Washington. This internal challenge to the continued domination of the South by the Bourbon has been relatively neglected in the literature; it is, nevertheless, one of the fundamental forces driving the slaveholding class to the desperate strategy of creating the Confederacy and attacking the United States government.

D: CONTRADICTIONS WITHIN THE PLANTATION-SLAVERY SYSTEM

IN addition to the forces already described, certain contradictions organic to the nature of the plantation system, as a socio-economic system, were plagueing it and driving its masters distraught. First, the system was one that required steady and swift expansion in order to live. The system existed for the purpose of realizing a profit from the sale of commodities in a world market. The rate of profit rose in direct correlation with the increase in the number of slaves employed and in the acreage tilled, especially the tilling of virginal lands, where the crops per acre rose. The system of slavery, where mechanization was minimized

and scientific farming was almost unknown, required constant expansion. Here fertilization, dry-farming, varying the crops planted, etc. either was not comprehended or was not practical, or the necessary fluid capital was not at hand—especially in view of the fact that about one thousand dollars of capital was tied up in the ownership of each slave.

Hence, the system of American slavery was very oligarchic; it moved rather quickly towards the declassing of the smaller slaveowners and the concentration of the ownership of slaves and more and more land—and the best land—in the hands of fewer and fewer great planters. So, while 35% of the white population in the South had some interest—direct or indirect, through family—in slaveholding in 1850, this figure had dropped to 25% by 1860. It is this sharp oligarchic tendency in the slave system which accounts for the intensity of the class struggle characterizing it; and it is the especially swift rate of such concentration during the pre-Civil War decade that explains the particularly sharp nature of the class struggle marking that period.

The natural tendency towards expansionism of the slave system had two other significant stimulators. One was the fact that the piling up of a slave population within a restricted area intensifies police problems. Such problems were considerable in any case; they might reach Santo-Domingo proportions, with equally disastrous results for the slave holders, if they did not manage to acquire new land regularly into which the slave population could be sent and thus that "dangerous" component in the population diffused.

In addition, plantation expansionism had a clear political motive. For, of course, slavery in the United States—localized in the South—faced the development of the free-labor system outside of the South. One of the meeting places of this developing conflict was the federal public lands; if these were to be settled by free farmers and workers and by a wage based bourgeoisie then the political weight of the West would fall on the anti-slavery side and the planters' domination of the federal government would end.

For all these reasons, the expansionism of the slave-south was intense and notorious. It helped precipitate war upon Mexico in the 1840's—a rather unpopular war outside the South; it helped account for filibustering assaults against Nicaragua a little later; for the diplomatic pronouncement by three U.S. Ministers in Europe that Cuba should belong to the United States and not to Spain; and for the naval expedition financed by the U.S. government through the Amazon Valley region of Brazil, with an eye to weighing its possibilities as a base for an extended slave empire.

At the same time, this expansionism precipitated the sharpest kinds of political struggles on the national election scene; it was the Republican

Party's promise that "not a foot" of federal soil would be given over to slavery—and Lincoln's insistence, with his election, on keeping that promise—that finally decided the slaveowners that whatever the Republican Party might promise as to the sanctity of slavery "where it was," the promise was useless in fact since if slavery could not expand into where it was not, it could not last long where it was.

Here, then, are internal and external contradictions eating out the heart of a particular form of exploitative social order; and the launching of the secessionists' attack upon Lincoln's government represents the classical reaction of a sorely threatened ruling class to the threat.

WAS SECESSION A POPULAR MOVE IN THE SOUTH?

WE have characterized the Confederate assault upon Washington and the secession from the United States as a counter-revolutionary development. It was counter-revolutionary not only in its regressive motivations and its profoundly anti-democratic essence—challenging as it did the integrity of the bourgeois-democratic republic and the ideology of the Declaration of Independence; it was counter-revolutionary, too, in that it was done secretly, with malice aforethought, and *against the will of the vast majority of the Southern people.* One-third of those people—the Negro masses—abhorred the Confederacy, of course, and desired nothing so much as its destruction which, they knew, would mean their own emancipation. But, in addition, the majority of the eight million Southern white people—and there were in 1860 only about 300,000 actual slaveowners—also detested the planting oligarchy and also were opposed to secession and to the whole Confederate conspiracy.

The bulk of the literature on the Civil War assumes or asserts the contrary, I know, and insists that the Confederate movement had the overwhelming support of the masses of Southern whites, at least. But the truth is the opposite. This is why the leaders of secession made no effort to submit the question of secession to a vote of the restricted electorate in the southern states—prior to secession—and why, in fact, they resisted all proposals for such a vote. It is for this reason, too, that this so-called popular uprising disintegrated when put to the test of a war carried to the South by the invading and—allegedly—bitterly despised foe.

In eight States of the Confederacy the question of secession was never submitted to a vote of the electorate. In the three States where the question of secession was voted upon—Virginia, Tennessee, and Texas—this was not done until after each of them had already been committed to the Confederacy, and hostilities had actually begun (except for Texas where

he voting occurred on Feb. 25, 1861). Furthermore, even the voting—held under war-time conditions, with secession an accomplished fact, and with secessionists counting the votes—showed these results: Texas, for secession, 34,794; against, 11,235; Virginia, for secession, 128,884; against, 32,134; Tennessee, for secession, 104,019; against, 47,238. Moreover, even in these three, Tennessee split in half, Virginia split in half, and the Governor of Texas (the anti-secessionist, Sam Houston) was illegally superseded:

The Southern counter-revolutionists knew their cause was not popular and said so. It was, for example, ex-Congressman Aldrich of South Carolina who said of secession, late in 1860: "I do not believe the common people understand it but whoever waited for the common people when a great movement was to be made? We must make the move and force them to follow." It was ex-Governor Richardson of South Carolina who declared during the same period that the white people of no State in the south was for secession with the possible exception of his own. It was Edmund Ruffin, one of the richest slaveowners and a leading ideologist of secession—he was given the "honor" of firing the first round against Fort Sumter—who confided to his diary on April 2, 1861, that it was "communicated privately by members of each delegation [to the Confederate Constitutional Convention] that it was supposed people of every State, except South Carolina, was indisposed to the disruption of the Union—and that if the question of reconstruction of the former Union was referred to the popular vote, that there was probability of its being approved."

Only this background makes understandable the complete disintegration of the Confederacy when put to the test of battle. Pro-Bourbon historians, faced with this utter collapse, have no real explanations. Thus, for example, Professor E. Merton Coulter, co-editor of the multi-volumned and "definitive" *History of the South,* in the volume which he himself wrote in that series, *The Confederate States of America* (1950), "explains" the collapse by saying it resulted from a "loss of morale," that "the spirit of the people gave way" (p. 70); or, "why did the Confederacy fail? . . . The people did not will hard enough and long enough to win" (p. 566).

But Coulter's explanation explains nothing; it rather poses the question in different words. Why was there a "loss of morale"; why did "the spirit of the people give way"? Because it was not a popular war; because Congressman Aldrich and Governor Richardson and Edmund Ruffin, and the members of the Confederate Constitutional Convention were correct when they feared that the Southern white people—let alone the Negroes—did not favor secession.

II: THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR

NOWHERE was Karl Marx' genius more dramatically demonstrat than in his grasp of the real nature of the Civil War and in his co prehension of the unpopular character of the Confederacy. The milita experts of the world were agreed that the North would not be able defeat the South; at best they saw a long and drawn-out war exhausti both sides with some kind of military draw resulting and a negotiat settlement concluding the conflict. Marx disagreed; he held that t North would defeat the South and do so rather quickly and accompli it utterly. And Marx insisted on this exactly because he knew it was n the North versus the South, but rather the United States versus a sla holding oligarchy. Marx, of course, paid careful attention to the cl forces involved in the struggle; he followed with close attention the p cedure of secession; he noted that no plebiscite on this was permitt He insisted upon the oligarchic and non-popular character of the Co federacy.

The world's military profession agreed that the Confederacy, with great population, its enormous area, its tremendous coastline, its num ous military cadre, would never be defeated by the North (this w another reason for the failure of France and England to intervene mo actively than they did on the side of the Confederacy—why do so wh she *could* not lose?) Indeed, even Engels, a military expert, seriou doubted the outcome of the war, and as late as September, 1862, ask Marx: "Do you still believe that the gentlemen in the North will cru the 'rebellion'?"

Marx replied that he "would wager his head" on that belief. It w based, he wrote, not only on Lincoln's supremacy in resources and m (for this alone need not be decisive—witness the American colonies ver Great Britain, Holland versus Spain, etc.), but also on the fact that t South was not in rebellion, but that rather an oligarchy of some 300,0 slaveholders had engineered a counter-revolutionary *coup d'etat.*

Individual monographic studies by Laura White, Georgia L. Tatu Olive Stone, Herbert Aptheker, Albert Moore, Charles Wesley. John Bettersworth, Harvey Wish, Roger W. Shugg, W. E. B. Du Bois, B Wiley, and others have demonstrated the enormous amount of popu disaffection—among Negro and white—which bedevilled the Co federacy, ranging from mass desertions, organized guerrilla warfare which, by the way, there was almost none inside the South *against Union forces*), mass flights of slaves, strikes in factories, hunger dem strations and riots, anti-conscription outbreaks, etc. etc.

When one remembers the degree of treason among the officer caste in the United States Army—with almost none among the enlisted men—the pro-Confederate activities of Buchanan's Administration in the days before Lincoln took office, the Copperheadism in the North, the white chauvinism there, the graft and corruption with which the bourgeoisie always conducts government and especially government faced with war, the hostility of most western Europe governments to Lincoln's government and the assistance given the Confederacy, I think one must conclude that there were grounds, apparently, for the belief that the North would lose. In the face of all these sources of weakness, Lincoln's victory—and within four years, little enough time, as 19th century wars were conducted, especially in the vast distances of the United States—could not have transpired without the active opposition to the Confederacy by the overwhelming majority of Southern people.

In the result of the War, the sympathy for the cause of the Union felt by the common people of all Europe, of Canada and of Mexico was important. The role of the First International, under the personal leadership of Karl Marx, in helping to organize and focus this popular opposition, especially in Great Britain, is well-known. Less well known is the important contribution to the Union cause made by the Mexican revolutionary masses, led by the great Benito Juarez, in resisting the efforts of France to conquer Mexico. Had this conquest been complete and not seriously contested, the Confederacy would have had a long land border with a friendly French power, and this would have added difficulties to the imposition of an effective blockade of the Confederacy. It is somewhat ironic that the Mexican masses helped preserve the integrity of the United States, less than twenty years after the United States had stolen from Mexico, through war, one-third of its own territory.

In the actual fighting of the War, it was the common people—the working men and the farming masses—who bore the brunt of the battle, made the sacrifices in blood, crushed the Confederacy, and saved the American Republic. The basic patriotism of these masses—in the South and in the North—came to the fore and with it grew an understanding of the stakes of the conflict so far as the cause of democracy was concerned.

THE NEGRO PEOPLE IN THE WAR

BY now a considerable literature depicting in truthful and realistic terms the absolutely decisive role of the Negro people in the Civil War has made its appearance. It was to maintain and extend the system of their enslavement that the counter-revolution was launched; here one has a classical example of the profound involvement of the general fate of the United States, and especially of the democratic advancement of

the United States, with the specific condition of the Negro people. Here one sees how the system of the Negro's special oppression almost caused the suicide of the entire American republic.

The Negro leadership was in the forefront of the effort to make clear the decisive nature of the slave system to the power of the Confederacy; it therefore led in advancing the necessity to revolutionize the conduct of the war. The war, if conducted passively, defensively, if conducted only to "defend the Union" with an insistence that the institution of slavery was irrelevant to the conflict, would not terminate happily for the Union. No, to defend the Union it was necessary to destroy the power base of those who attacked it; to defend the Union it was necessary to add to its resources the mighty power and passion of the Negro millions. To defend the Union it was necessary to destroy slavery. The salvation of the Union required the emancipation of the slaves; the emancipation of the slaves required the salvation of the Union. Thus did the dialectic of history manifest itself in specific form in the great Civil War.

The process of revolutionizing the conduct of the war was a relatively prolonged one; and it was one that required agitation, organization and struggle. In this, the Negro masses were in the front ranks. And when success was achieved in the basic change of strategy, to implement the change, the Negro fighter would have to step forward and show his mettle. The Negro people did so and did so with decisive results for the course of the War. About 220,000 Negro men fought as soldiers; about 25,000 battled as seamen. Another 250,000 Negro men and women served Lincoln's forces as teamsters, scouts, pioneers (what are now called engineer troops), cooks, nurses, fortification and railroad builders, etc. And in the South, the Negro masses were the eyes and ears of the advancing Union forces; without effective military intelligence, battles and wars cannot be won. The best source of such intelligence for Lincoln's army and navy came from the Negro masses who knew—and know—the South better than anyone else. Meanwhile, Negro slaves fled by the thousands—probably half a million succeeded in fleeing during the four years of War—and in doing this withdrew their labor power from the despised Confederacy and brought it to the side of the Union. Dr. Du Bois once characterized this phenomenon of mass flight as a kind of "mobile general strike" and the observation is highly illuminating.

Conventional American historiography—deeply chauvinist as it is—presents the Civil War as a white man's quarrel as a result of which rather absent-mindedly the Negro people were *given* their freedom. Nothing could be further from the truth; the basic connection between the institution of slavery and the source and nature of the Civil War is clear, and the active role of the Negro people in fighting for their own emancip

tion—and for the integrity of the Republic—is established by the evidence. Rather than declaring that the American Negro people were given their freedom as an incident of the War for the Union, it would be more accurate to say that the Negro people contributed decisively towards the salvation of the Union as part of their heroic battle to achieve emancipation.

This whole matter shows again the deep interpenetration of the history and struggles of the Negro people with the struggles of the mass of the American people altogether to advance the cause of progress and democracy; it shows, too, that in this organic connection no one is doing anyone else any favors. This matter of Negro-white unity is a question not of benevolence but of alliance.

III: THE RESULTS OF THE WAR

THE basic structure of modern America is laid down with the Civil War and its outcome. The unity of the republic is confirmed; the preservation of the bourgeois-democratic form is achieved. Industrial capitalism emerges triumphant and dominant; it fastens its grip upon the State and it leaps forward mightily as an economic force. Organization of this bourgeoisie on a national scale is achieved and it moves swiftly ahead toward achieving complete hegemony over the national market. At the same time, with the leap ahead of industrial capitalism, its necessary antagonist leaps forward too; the working class multiplies in a short period and becomes very much more highly organized—also upon a national scale—by 1866 than it had been in 1860.

By constitutional amendments—the 13th and 14th—the institution of chattel slavery is prohibited and efforts at compensation by some of the former slaveowners thwarted. Here appeared an extremely significant precedent; these Amendments consummated a revolutionary transformation. With the 13th amendment, several billion dollars worth of private property-hitherto perfectly legal—were confiscated and by this blow a basic element in an entire social fabric was eliminated. This was done on the basis of the reactionary and truly subversive character of such property ownership; it is a revolutionary precedent that the present ruling class prefers be forgotten.

In preserving the bourgeois democratic form, in the leap forward of industrial capitalism, in its achieving governmental domination, in the destruction of the system of chattel slavery, in the emancipation of four million Negro men and women, in the advance of the labor movement, the American Civil War, which begins as a counter-revolutionary effort, terminates as the Second American Revolution.

That the industrial bourgeoisie, swiftly moving towards monopoly status, coveting the enormous resources of the South, desiring the retention in the country of a large mass of especially exploited working people, and wanting the political support of the former slaveowners, fail to complete this Revolution is another question. They are a leading element in the coalition of forces which hurls back the threat of the slaveowners; but when that common foe is defeated, the bourgeoisie betrays the coalition—and especially the Negro people. It allows the former slaveowners to remain the dominant plantation owners; it makes of them satraps—"little foxes," in the words of Lillian Hellman's incisive drama—and the basis of the Republican-Dixiecrat reactionary alliance is laid back in the 1870's betrayal of the hopes of the masses.

Much unfinished business remains from the Civil War, and much more unfinished business has accumulated for the forces of democracy and peace in the century since that war was fought. The "handling" of these questions creates every day's headlines in the American press; they remain fundamental social questions, on a new level, for the United States of the 1960's.

Their nature cannot be understood, however, without a comprehension of the great struggle waged in the United States from 1861 to 1865. That struggle was a momentous landmark in the effort to secure a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." The struggle continues on new and higher levels, in our time. The American people have not been found wanting in the decisive struggle in the past, and they will not be found wanting in our own new and challenging epoch.

Readers will be interested to know that a new Hungarian cultural magazine has made its appearance, in English, called *The New Hungarian Quarterly*. The first issue contains excellent short stories, several beautiful art reproductions, important new material on Haydn and additional contributions of consequence. The address is 12 Vacutca, Budapest, V, Hungary.

FOLKS ARE REAL FRIENDLY DOWN HERE

WILLIAM FAY

This dramatic sketch is based on the author's experience in Fayette County, Tenn., where Negroes have been evicted from their homes and forced to live in tents.

DID YOU notice that guy in the car signal as we passed.

Sure. He was just waiving to us. Folks are real friendly down here.

Don't look now. But I think we're being followed. And there are ve of them in the car.

Uhuh.

So, he was just waving to us. They're real friendly folks down here!

Cut it. What do we do now?

Stop and wait. We have no other choice. Couldn't outrun them if e tried.

What do you think . . . cops?

Everyone and his grandson thinks he's a cop down here. How far nce we left Memphis?

I see eighty miles on the speedometer.

Then we've hit Fayette. They're White Leaguers to keep us out of at tent city.

We better have a story all ready for them.

You mean I better have a story. You keep your Vermont brogue t of it.

I'll be still as a dead whipperwill.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Why didn't you all stop back yonder where we want you to.

Thought you were just waving to us friendly-like.

If you ain't stop you when you do stranger, them tires'd been all shot Goddamn by now, for sure.

Are you police?

Don't make you no nevermind what we is. Where you fellows thin you headin'?

Perhaps you can help us find what we are looking for?

And you lookin' for . . ?

Some one here who can sing us some good folk songs.

At five o'clock in the mornin'?

Show a folk song collector where he'll find good folk songs and he' come there in the middle of night!

That all you after? Songs?

What else?

You been liquorin you some?

No.

Then you must be teched in the head, planet struck or somethin'.

Why so. . . .

Nobody less'n he foolish in the head come lookin' to rouse folks t sing for him this time of night . . . or morning.

We'd wait. . . .

That's real nice of you. But you sure you ain't come here to roun you up some niggers?

That'd be alright too.

Alright too, huh? It's niggers you lookin' to find you here in th first place. . . .

If they can sing. . . .

There's whole parcel of niggers camping out hereabouts—throwe off white folks farms and you come special for no reason 'cept to fin them niggers! Ain't that so?

First I hear about them. Why were they thrown off the land? Wh did they do?

We just got too many of them in Fayette. They need thinning ou that's all.

Where are they going?

Ain't our affair none. Supreme Court sayin' how all niggers ca vote. And we just turnin' our niggers loose so they get 'em early sta trekkin' up North to find that there Supreme Court what goin 'low 'em to vote. Got you some say about that?

Oh no.

Cause if you has some say mister, we sure want to hear 'bout it.

What would you expect me to know of it?

Never can tell. We done has us some right smart Yankee newswriti fellows come here week or two back. They was busybodyin' 'roun lookin' to make us heap more trouble with our niggers than wh

we has us already. We catch up with 'em in no time at all. They keep yammerin' 'bout us is dirtin' their rights. And how they goin' to complain to Governor . . . and President maybe. As if that do 'em some good. We run 'em 'cross Sheldon line quicker'n express train. Yessir. And they ain't wantin' to come back no more, I reckon. And nobody else from up there if they know what good for 'em.

What's all that got to do with us? We're from North Carolina. It's SOUTH of here.

Niggers got the vote there?

Some have.

And pickaninnies go to white folks school?

Reckon they do.

And that's all right with you?

What is there I can do about it?

Well, we doin' all we can to stop 'em. Niggers hereabouts heap more'n white folks. If we allow 'em the vote ain't long before they's runnin' we uns right into the ground. And that's somethin' they ain't none of 'em goin' to live to see.

What's the next town ahead?

You ain't agoin' thataway. Ain't no call to tell you. You mighty lucky if we let you go back way you come. 'Course we ain't cotch you doin' nothin' out of the way . . . yet . . . for a fact. Sure God goin' to watch but you ain't agoin' to have you no chance to do no different. You there, driver, head you that car 'bout and . . . hey you deaf. He actin' like he sleep all the time. Playing possum! They got your picture pasted up in Post Office maybe for somethin' you done you some place . . ?

Nothing like that. He can't talk. He has a streptococci throat. You know what that is?

Sound like he been with the wrong kind of woman.

Could be that.

Leastwise he ain't goin' talk hisself into no trouble like you bound to do.

How's that?

You say you from North Carolina. Got you some papers what shows it?

Yes, here's a letter addressed to me.

Hmmm. And you sure ain't in newswritin' business neither, huh? And how I know for sure you ain't after stirrin' you up our niggers. You say you here catchin's butterflies . . . or songs or something. That the beatenest ever, mister, I hear all my born days. You sure whopper story teller, and that's a fact.

Take a look on the floor back of the car. That's my recording outfit It makes phonograph records. I take the songs down that way. Now d you believe me?

You can take you down nigger lyin' tales too, mister. . . .

Did those Northern newspaper fellows you told us about have machine like this?

We didn't give 'em time to show us. And I ain't got me no mor time to fool with you neither. You just head that car 'bout and see tha hard top road over on the left—you follow that 'till you can't find i no more. Then you is back in Tipton County. Maybe you like yo say, ain't come here to make us no trouble with our niggers. But the maybe you somethin' else again. And we can't stop now to find ou Come back here in two, three week time and you make yourself cro of songs, all you can, if that what you really after. That time we's goi to have us niggers livin' here, the only kind we can put up with. An if you talk you ownself black in the face you can't get you stirrin' e up to no mischief, no matter what.

You sure everythin' will clear up by then?

Don't you go worryin' you head none 'bout that. We tend to i In three week mos', less time maybe, everythin' hereabouts goin' b peaceful and quiet as a body please. Them smart niggers is chawi shoe leather and shiverin' in them tents right now. Our weather dow here ain't 'xactly tailored for no campin' out this time of year. The ain't goin' to jus set 'round in the cold with their mouth all stuck ou hungry-like much longer 'less'n outsiders bringin' 'em vittels and stirri 'em up to make us heap more trouble than what that there Suprem Court foolishness done make us already. No sir! Them niggers boun to pull stakes and be moverin' from here fast. Ain't nothin' or nobod goin' stop 'Em. . . .

TO HENRY WINSTON

DAVID EVANIER

They call my generation sick and beat
They say they don't understand it
While they produce the profitable missiles
    and train their children to fire them
    from the unseen submarines
    the bases the planes

Led by Nazi generals frigidly smiling
Who know our leaders better than they know themselves.
We are sick and beat yet

We don't want to destroy human life
We see suffering hypocrisy contempt of life
We don't want it that way that's nothing to live for
We're frightened confused we're searching
Children seeing society as a murderer.

Hiroshima!
Korea, Guatemala, South Africa, Spain, Cuba
The South, Algeria, the Philippines, Portugal
Stinking rotten prisons and doomed
They taught us capitalism is good at heart with faults
We learned capitalism is a machine gun a boot a whip

HENRY WINSTON WE'RE GROWING UP

Profit, profit, profit, profit, profit, we know now
What goes on behind those icy smiles icy voices
Why they say one thing and do another
Why they are dead to life to love to history
They see money, dream money, are money, no longer human
They have a responsibility to it *that's* what they mean when they preach
to us of responsibility

YOUR RESPONSIBILITY HAS MEANING

In the darkness of your cell
Blind
Paralyzed
Because of them
You are a symbol for our hatred

BUT WAIT — THE DAYS STILL PASS

We have spoken of ourselves but not of our parents our friends
The days pass they eat they sleep those who are free
They see movies, ice-skate, curse the subways, the weather
Even the system when they're particularly piqued

It is in the unspoken moments between drinks, between commercials,
between laughs
They cannot help but think of you
Understand them Henry Winston
They are better than they have been taught to be.

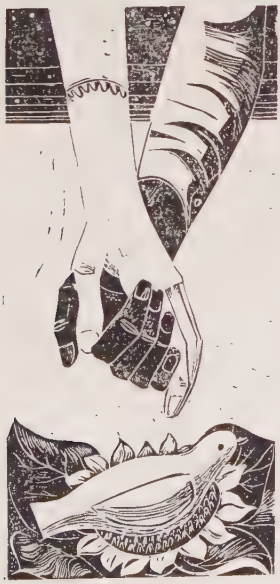
When their liberals call for atom bombs for freedom
And their poets turn from visions of a new life to a passive hatred
of the old
And their friends care more for comforts than ideals
They think of you, and they are refreshed.

YOUR VISION

We love you Henry Winston
Your vision is uncluttered contant like ours
To you words and deeds are one
Remember—we are young deceived battered hurt
After waking up looking around beaten as we have been
We will try to awaken the others.

We will tell them your vision
Of a very new world where life is sacred
Exploitation has ended peace is won
There is always bread on the table and
Men are not afraid to stand together.

We never met you, never knew you
Never heard you speak or grasped your hand
But we cherish you
You ennoble us our brothers
And our land.



FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

REV. WILLIAM HOWARD MELISH

This is part of an address given at the First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles, last August, by the Rev. William Howard Melish, New York representative of the Southern Conference Educational Fund. The complete text may be obtained, 10c a copy, by writing to the Church, 2936 West Eighth St., L.A., Calif. The address is based on Rev. Melish's experiences in the South, and we feel it will be of interest to our readers.

IN THE DAYS of Harriet Tubman, slaves determined to make thei bolt for freedom were instructed to travel by night and to us the stars as their guide. High overhead and instantly recognizable hun the Big Dipper, pointing towards the North Star. This unmistakabl beacon would lead them to the Ohio River, Canada and Freedom.

In their poor huts these slaves had few metal utensils. For holdin water they used hollow gourds. Hence, what we call the Big Dippe they knew as the Drinking Gourd. "Follow the Drinking Gourd!" wa their basic instruction. With it as guide, they made their amazin breaks for freedom.

Today we are witnessing a splendid new phase in this century-ol struggle for human dignity. I want to speak to you about several of i fascinating aspects, drawing upon personal experiences in recent month that I have been privileged to share.

FIRST, we are witnessing the emergence of a remarkable Negr leadership—diverse, widespread and dynamic. This phenomeno became apparent when the Montgomery Bus Protest ushered in th

present period of struggle. The initiator was E. D. Nixon, an organizor for the Brotherhood of Pullman Porters, whose trade union experience, coupled with devotion to his people provided the drive and the know-how for the start of a movement. Between weekly runs from Montgomery to Chicago on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, he labored indefatigably in the Negro community. His home was bombed. His life was threatened. Nonetheless, he helped conceive and set into motion what became the Montgomery Improvement Association.

Joined with him in this enterprise was one of the most remarkable young clergymen in the South, the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., educated son of an Atlanta minster,—vocal, articulate, well-read and traveled, whose pen has given expression to the philosophical and ethical doctrine, of *non-violet resistance* and made it, in terms of the American scene, a powerful instrument for effecting social change. Such men complemented each other, blending the intellectual and rhetorical with practical organizational skills. Together with those who accepted and rounded out their leadership, they began the movement that remains to this day a remarkable illustration of what determined and disciplined human beings can do.

The white community in Montgomery was incredulous at first. Many people sincerely believed that race relations in Montgomery were good. They lived under the paternalistic illusion that the Negroes in their midst were happy and contented. They did not recognize the possibility that Negroes, in order to protect their jobs and get along amicably with their employers, might dissemble or conceal their true feelings. When several thousand Negroes attempted to march peaceably in downtown Montgomery to hold a prayer service on the capitol steps, led by a Baptist minister, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy, and an Episcopalian, Father Duboise, they were met by police and firemen with hoses. One student, a girl, was struck on the head with a baseball bat, while officers of the law looked on. Such were the tensions and pressures that young Father Duboise, for all his faith and youthful vigor, suffered a nervous breakdown from which he is only now recovering.

In Montgomery occurred the most humiliating episode that has ever been brought to my attention. A number of women from various protestant churches, Negro and white, sensitive to the increasing community tensions, and wishing to bring something of their religious tradition of brotherhood to bear on the situation, undertook to meet together in private homes for prayer. They said, "At least we can pray together, and this may make for better understanding." Alabama state troopers took down the numbers on the license plates of the cars parked

in front of these homes. The Motor Vehicle Bureau made the names of the owners available to the White Citizens Council, which published a list of the businesses run by these women's husbands, advising the community to boycott their enterprises. Then occurred the incredible scene of these business men writing letters to the papers, and in some cases even putting in paid advertisements, disowning the participation of their wives in the prayer sessions and assuring the public that such would never happen again.

When the *New York Times* sent a veteran reporter, Harrison Salisbury, to write a series of articles on the Alabama scene, officials of both state and city brought suit against the paper for libel and defamation of character. When the Reverend Fred L. Shuttlesworth, pastor of the Bethel Baptist Church in Birmingham, and leader of the Alabama Christian Movement for Human Rights, courageously wrote the newspapers that Salisbury had reported only one-tenth of the actual facts, he was made a defendant in the proceedings. Today he is faced not only with a contempt citation, now being appealed, but with libel suits, according to a story in the *Afro-American*, totalling $4,000,000.

These suits, I presume, are not likely to be won, certainly not in the federal courts to which, on constitutional grounds, they will ultimately be appealed. But they serve the purposes of those who bring them. They involve this new Negro leadership in expensive litigation, and they warn all editors of national newspapers not to describe the situation in the South today, or be faced with costly libel actions.

Carl Braden and I visited the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth in his home in Birmingham, reputed to be the worst industrial city in the country in the matter of race relations, where the chief of police is the notorious "Bull" Conner.

Eight times there have been attempts to dynamite the Shuttlesworth home. Finally one was successful. Fred was asleep on a cot near the wall where the blast went off. When the dust had settled, the cot and the blankets had vanished, but Fred was unscathed. It seemed to him a veritable miracle. You haven't heard dramatic description until you have watched this Baptist preacher, his arms fluttering like wings, tell how the angels of the Lord preserved him from physical harm.

Where the parsonage stood, there is a vacant lot now. Though the church has been repaired, you can see where the damage was done. To prevent a recurrence, an eighteen-foot fence of poles and chicken wire has been erected behind the church, sufficiently high so that no object as heavy as sticks of dynamite can be tossed over it. The side of the church, which is on a through street, is illuminated at night by flood lights, so

that no one can approach it on foot unobserved, or car scream to a stop and dash on. There is now a new parsonage across the street from the empty lot where the old parsonage stood. The house on each side has been remodeled, with the owner's permission, so that steel casement windows have been installed providing an outlook. Behind the parsonage in the backyard is an unpainted, weathered, chicken-coop structure. In it have been placed a low-wattage night light, a hot plate for making coffee, and on the wall a loaded gun. In these three vantage points by night members of the congregation and the community keep watch.

I asked Fred if the police did not question the presence of a gun. "No," he said, "that is one of the strange paradoxes; the police will not protect us but they recognize our right to protect ourselves."

This is not the only Negro home in the South that I have seen similarly protected. For me it remains a symbol of the remarkable courage of this newly emergent Negro leadership, young, fearless, determined—men and women who understand in their hearts and repeat with their lips the proud words uttered a century ago in a similar era of struggle, by Harriet Tubman:

> There's two things I've got a right to and these are Death or Liberty. One or the other I mean to have. No one shall take me back alive; I shall fight for my liberty, and when the time has come for me to go, the Lord will let them kill me

SECOND, we are witnessing a remarkable militancy among the youth of the South. This became dramatically apparent on February 1, 1960, when four students at North Carolina Agricultural and Technical College in Greensboro took seats in an all-white lunch counter and set into motion a student revolution that has swept the region. As of this date, eating places have been opened to Negroes in at least 29 cities. Numerically, this may not seem impressive, but to those who know the South it has the proportions of a minor social revolution, and the end is far from within sight as yet.

This has happened so swiftly because it was long over-due, and because in many areas there had been persistent experimenting in a search for some way to create a break-through. In Tallahassee, for example, Carl Braden and I sat in on a meeting of the local CORE group as early as last November. Here we saw this searching process going on. We met some of these young people, both Negro and white, and talked with them. It was, in consequence, no surprise to us when

the sit-in movement, once begun in Greensboro, was immediately implemented in Tallahassee. Those arrested included those very young people whom we had observed. For sitting-in peacefully at a lunch counter in Woolworth's, they were arrested and thrown into the Leon County Jail.

I have not seen the Leon County Jail. I *have* seen the Merrimack County Jail in Boscawen, New Hampshire, where another American citizen of religious background and conviction, Dr. Willard Uphaus, is imprisoned similarly for a matter of conscience. I doubt if a Florida county jail is superior to one in New Hampshire. In Tallahassee these college girls were set to scrubbing floors. After a time they were taken in the Paddy Wagon to clean the halls and washrooms in some of Tallahassee's public buildings. As for the boys, they were put to work digging ditches. At a student gathering at New York University, later, I heard William Larkins confess that college hadn't prepared his hands for such manual labor and he found the going tough. But he added, "I took comfort. With every shovelful I told myself, *I am burying Jim Crow!*"

In Shreveport, Louisiana, my wife and I called on a Negro dentist who is leading the struggle for justice in the northern part of that troubled state. We found him in an optimistic mood. He told us the students were on the move. To prove it, he handed us some copies of a mimeographed paper put out by the Youth Division of the local NAACP. Its editorial page quoted these lines from Langston Hughes:

> Negroes,
> Sweet and docile,
> Meek, humble and kind:
> Beware the day
> They change their minds!

Then this student editor went on to write: "We would like to make it clear to all that this movement was not formed to bring economic suffering to the nation, but to bring to the realization of the citizens of the U.S. that the Negroes cannot and will not remain quiet and complacent and continue to accept such gross injustice from those who desire no change in old customs and traditions. It is time for us to be recognized and have a 'voice' in this nation of ours."

The effect of the student sit-ins upon the South has been profound. As I said earlier, many white people sincerely believed that race relations in their community were good. This illusion the sit-ins have irreparably destroyed. The result has been a mixture of surprise, shock, dismay, guilt, shame—and sometimes sympathy. It was a highly significant

thing for Governor Leroy Collins of Florida, whom we all watched as chairman of the Democratic National Convention, to state over the radio that he felt the participants in sit-in demonstrations had morality on their side—that in his opinion it was wrong for a merchant who solicited trade in all other departments of a store to refuse to sell to the same customer in one single department. Governor Collins is no integrationist. In saying this he was risking his political future in Florida, where it is said he has ambitions to be elected a United States Senator. That he took this public position indicates something of the effect of the student sit-ins on the consciences of the people of Florida.

This outbreak of student demonstrations is an extraordinary development; it is unprecedented and it confronts the students with the risk of jeopardizing their education and their future opportunities. The public authorities understand this well. That is why they have compelled Negro college presidents to discipline student demonstrators by expulsion and suspension. Convictions in court are becoming more numerous and sentences much more severe. In Little Rock, Mr. L. C. Bates told us that the group of students arrested recently there in connection with sit-ins had been sentenced to a $1,000 fine each and 7 months in jail. The purpose of this is intimidation—to frighten and dissuade students from further demonstrations. It is going to take real fortitude for young people to continue the sit-ins. Yet, as Harriet Tubman illustrated in her day, courage breeds courage. The probability remains that this student revolution has only begun.

THIRD, there is a crucial struggle taking place today between a die-hard South and those who would preserve the right to organize for social change.

Just before Christmas Carl Braden and I were in Florida. The newspapers were publicizing a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan to be held the coming Saturday night near Polk, a small town a few miles from Winter Haven. About four hundred cars with license plates from nine Florida counties converged on the announced spot. The Florida Chamber of Commerce would resent my telling you people this—but that night the thermometer plummeted. It got so cold that only 35 got out of their cars and donned their regalia. The rest sat, with heaters on if they had them, while the Grand Kleagle spoke. Since it was the pre-holiday season, the gathering concluded with the singing of Christmas carols, including "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

That same Saturday night, obviously by pre-arrangement and intended to serve as a warning, in at least five different cities as widely separated

as Miama, Tampa, St. Petersburg and Jacksonville, there were tossed on the lawns and porches of integrationists facsimile wooden rifles. Police reported next day that they had collected 120. These rifles were identical, mass-produced in some carpenter's shop with wood-turning machinery. To to stock of each rifle was attached a crude printed flier. It bears this warning:

DEATH
TO ALL
RACE MIXERS
KEEP WHITE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
WHITE
BY
MASSIVE ARMED FORCE!
BE A
PAUL REVERE
RALLY YOUR NEIGHBORS TO
ARMS — SHOOT
THE RACE-MIXING
INVADERS!

That same night in the Negro section of Miami a cross was burned on the lawn in front of the parsonage of the Reverend Edward Graham, a Baptist clergyman, a Negro, who heads the Miami branch of the NAACP. Sitting in the parsonage, he described the effect the burning of the cross had on the Negro community. Within five minutes, he declared, eleven or twelve hundred people were milling angrily in the street. "Thank God, no white person entered the block just then; so aroused were the feelings, I would not have wished to vouch for his safety."

I sat in the House of Representatives of the Legislature of the State of Mississippi and listened to a Mississippi Legislative Investigative Committee produce a series of professional paid witnesses who alleged that the NAACP, the Southern Regional Councils, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Southern Conference Education Fund were all "subversive." The logic employed was elementary. If you had taken any stand for racial justice, desegregation of the schools, or integration, you were branded as "communistic" and "subversive," the two adjectives being both interchangeable and identical insofar as the Committee was concerned. A long list of individuals, all of them prominent Southerners—editors, journalists, educators, professional people, even retired military men—were so named and identified. To accuse these people of being "communistic" and "subversive" was ridiculous. It was also frightening.

I believe that more and more people are seeing through this device. As a technique for preventing social change it is going to fail, but not before a great many people will have been smeared and a number of organizations declared illegal in the South.

THESE considerations bring me to the fourth aspect of the situation, which has to do with the worsening plight of the white liberal. It is important that Negroes appreciate what happens to those white people who do try to take a stand with them. I could cite many cases—a lawyer life Clifford Durr in Montgomery whose family has been socially ostracized and whose law practice has been curtailed, because he took a position for integration; or an Aubrey Williams who publishes the *Southern Farm and Home,* circulation of which has dropped from 1,300,000 to 300,000 because of the attacks upon him for the public positions he adopts.

The plight of the white liberal is much more difficult and isolated than that of the Negro leader. When Robert Williams, head of the NAACP in eastern North Carolina, was pressured out of one job after another until he found himself unable to earn a living, the national NAACP offered him an organizing job outside the state. His people said, "No; your place is here with us." They banded together to provide him with subsistence. They undertook to pay dues, 25c weekly, to keep Robert Williams among them. A militant and devoted Negro leader can gather that kind of grass roots support around him.

The white person who takes a position has no such backing. Social ostracism, telephone threats at night, hate letters, pillorying in the press, economic boycotting—may be all too real penalties. Ralph Magill wrote from the magazine section of the Sunday *Times* a definitive article entitled "The Plight of the Southern Minister." It tells a tragic story of frustration. I have had in my home the Reverend Dunbar H. Ogden, Jr., who headed the Ministerial Association in Little Rock and courageously accompanied the first group of Negro children who tried to enter Central High School when Governor Faubus called out the state militia. Within six months Mr. Ogden was forced out of his pastorate. One could cite many similar personal tragedies.

The remarkable thing is that notwithstanding all such tensions and pressures there are still hundreds of white persons today in the South who do take a public stand for integration, who appear at the side of Negroes arrested and brought into court, and who are trying persistently to bring their influence to bear upon their own communities. Nor must it be overlooked that in between the vocal racist minority on the one

hand and the vocal integrationist minority on the other, there is a multitude of silent people who never disclose their inner views and remain uncommitted. One dares to believe that among them are many who today are silent but tomorrow will welcome change, if and when such change does not include a threat to their personal security. Indeed, one of the reasons for the sharpness of the struggle today in the South may well be the suspicion of the segregationists that, once the bars go down, a flood tide of accomodation may be released. Since they know that change is inevitable, they are using their best brains to keep it to the minimum.

ONE WEEK my wife and I drove across Tennessee on the day of the state primary election. The main office at stake was that of United States Senator. The candidates were Senator Estes Kefauver, running for re-election, and Judge "Tip" Taylor. A great deal of money had been spent in behalf of Judge Taylor, as the banners in every town bore witness. The newspapers were predicting a close contest—many a Taylor victory. As we drove at night through the Great Smokies, we heard the returns over the radio. To our surprise, and every one else's, Senator Kefauver was re-elected two to one.

Next morning at Monteagle, while visiting the Highlander Folk School, I asked Miles Horton what the outcome of the primary meant. He said it indicated something that gave him considerable hope. Senator Kefauver's position, he pointed out, was well known throughout the state and he had campaigned persistently on his record—pro-labor, pro-farmer, pro-the-aged with respect to medical help and social security—and generally oriented towards people's needs. Judge Taylor had not dealt with such bread-and-butter issues; instead, not so much openly perhaps as by innuendo, he had stressed the race issue. "The interesting thing to me," remarked Miles Horon, "is that the people in the state of Tennessee, who do feel strongly on the race issue, subordinated their prejudices and voted for the man who represented their bread-and-butter interests. Had this primary gone the other way, it would have been a signal to reaction and racism throughout the South. Indeed, the election of Kefauver means that sanity and economic liberalism are in the ascendant. The importance of this can hardly be over-estimated."

The following day we drove into Brownsville in Haywood County. With some difficulty we found our way to the store of Mr. O'Dell Sanders, a leader of the Haywood County Civic Association that has been organizing Negoes to register and vote. It is a combination grocery store and soft drink parlor. The shelves were bare of merchandise. Though

a number of Negro patrons, adult and teenage, were sitting and socializing in the booths, there were no soft drinks for sale. Mr. Sanders, because of his activities, has been subjected to an almost complete economic boycott. He can buy nothing, wholesale or retail, in the county. Having sold his car, he cannot go elsewhere easily. When I asked how he was supporting himself, he replied that his wife ran a beauty parlor. A few of her customers had been advised by their white employers to cease patronizing her, but so far her income had not been seriously diminished.

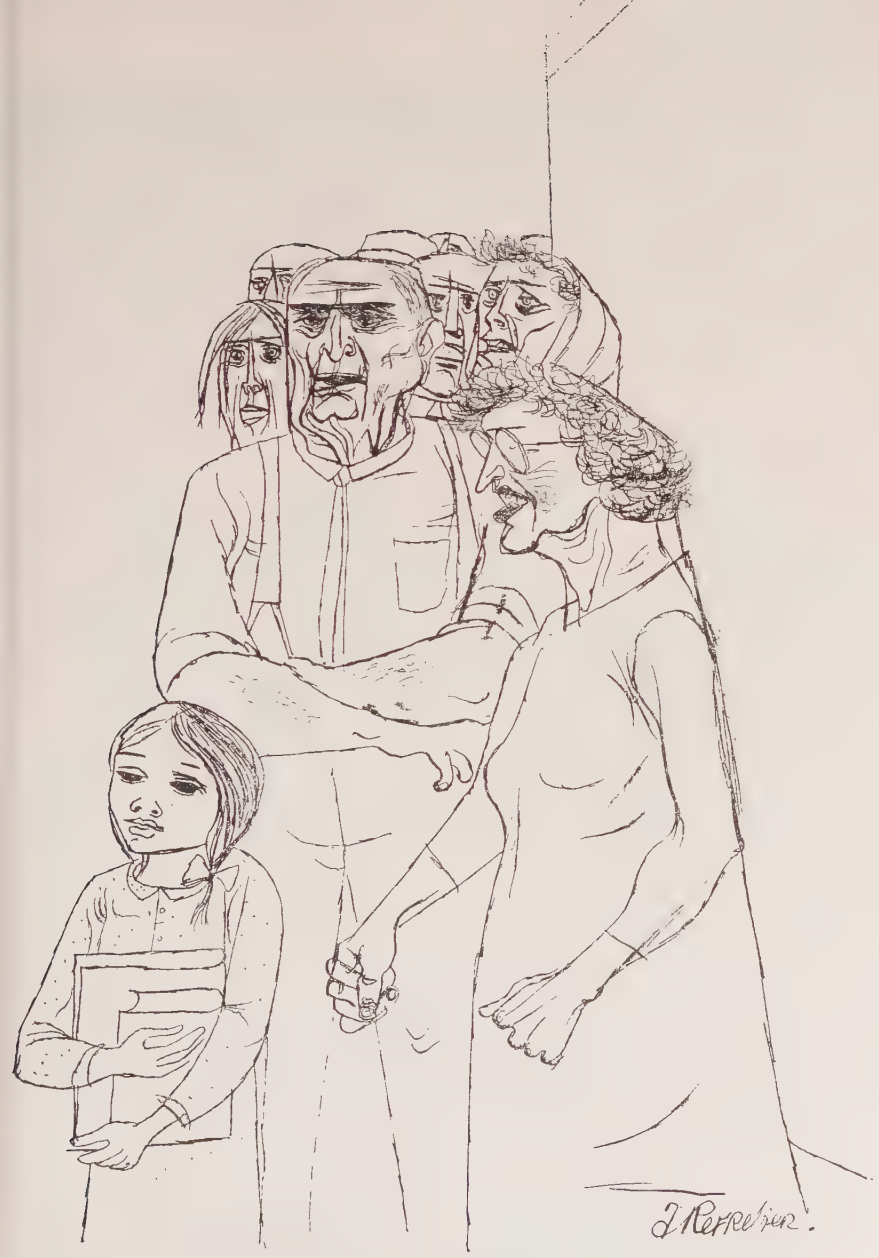
Not far from Brownsville was Somerville in Fayette County. We had been advised to look up the store and filling station of Mr. John McFerrin. It was not easy, for no Negroes would help us with directions —to them all whites seemed suspect, which was understandable enough. Nevertheless, we found our way to McFerrin's store. A great concourse of parked cars lined the road, and a considerable crowd was gathered outside. At first we thought there had been an accident, then that there had been a racial incident—but, as we moved among the people, it became evident that their mood, while excited, was not tragic but rather friendly and good-humored. The store was jam-packed with humanity. In the dim light, for a storm was lowering outside and the electricity was not turned on, it took a moment to grasp what was taking place. Finally we saw that the people were standing patiently in line until they passed a young man with a pad and pencil who checked their names. When we saw Mr. McFerrin, he explained. This was Saturday afternoon, when those families who were in need, after the weekly pay checks were received, came here for help. Fayette County had been parceled into fifty districts, each with a representative who sat on the central committee. This representative reported the families in need. The young man at the door had the total list of the families so certified. Each family that he checked received a package of basic staples and some used clothing.

The organization seemed highly developed and efficient. Though the people were poor they were not beaten and were in good spirit. Mr. McFerrin had been cheered by the first delivery of gasoline for his pumps in several months, due to the pressure of national publicity upon the oil companies that had consented to the boycott.

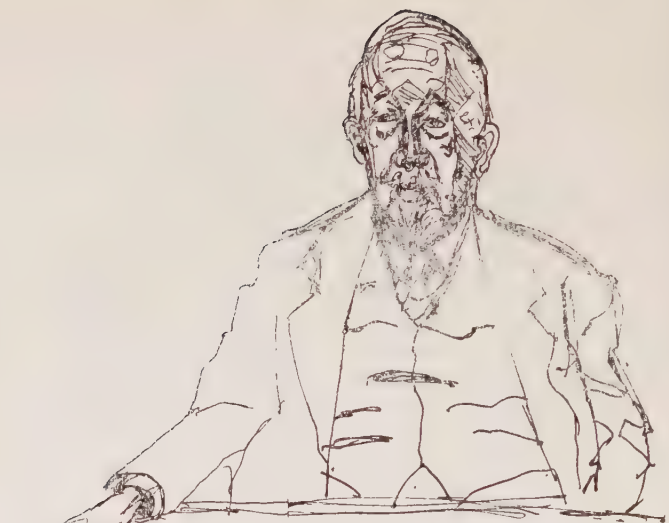
What was happening in these two counties was clear. In each, Negroes are in the majority. If they exercise the vote, they could dominate the political life. Therefore, the whites are turning to intimidation and the boycott to dissuade the Negroes from voting, and where they insist upon their rights, are trying to force them out, so that the whites will still be

in the majority when the ballots are counted. I had witnessed the same formula being applied in the Mississippi delta. There they told me that the White Citizens Councils had a ten-year plan designed to drive 500,000 Negroes out of Mississippi so that, when voting comes, as they know it must, the whites will still retain political control.

This voting issue is perhaps the basic one. It has infinite ramifications, but I content myself with a single illustration. James Eastland, because of the principle of seniority in the Senate, is chairman of the important Judiciary Committee, through which all civil rights legislation must pass. I have a copy of a letter in my possession which quotes a Washington despatch from a Mississippi source indicating that Senator Eastland forced the Attorney General of the United States to shelve a score of civil rights suits on denial of Negro voting in return for the clearance by his Judiciary Committee of the annual budget of the Department of Justice and the appointment of a member of the Civil Rights Commission that the Attorney General desired confirmed. Negro voting will help break the strangle hold upon the country of such Old Men of the Sea as James Eastland and many other Southern stalwarts. There is a fight to the death taking place in the South around this voting issue, and in it no quarter will be given.



A MORNING IN NEW ORLEANS: *Anton Refregier*



W. E. B. DU BOIS: *by Alice Neel*

THE COLOR OF ENGLAND

W. E. B. DU BOIS

This selection is from *Worlds of Color,* the third volume of Dr. Du Bois' Trilogy, *The Black Flame,* to be published in the spring of 1961 by Mainstream Publishers. In this section of the novel we find Mansart, President of a Negro State College in Georgia, visiting wealthy English hosts who are interested in various "charities." The year is 1936, and Mansart is traveling on a sabbatical in Europe, trying to increase his understanding, especially of the so-called Race Question.

Sir John Rivers, who had a lovely estate in Essex, was immensely intrigued by the prospect of his black visitor from America. Lady Rivers was a bit worried. After all, she had heard disturbing tales of these colored folk. But a generation removed from actual savagery, the poor

things could not of course be expected to have much culture; and fine as it was theoretically to make it pleasant for a deserving black teacher, she wished that Sir John had talked the matter over with her before actually committing himself. Three weeks! Good Lord! She discussed the situation carefully with Reeves and his wife, the butler and housekeeper. Her daughter, Sylvia, who taught at St. Hilda's, decided on a vacation in France during the time of Mansart's stay; and her grandmother, the dowager, would as usual spend most of her time in her own secluded apartment.

But Manuel proved disarming and quite charming. He was not loud like most Americans. He wore good clothes and clean linen and his table manners, though often strange, were never objectionable. Sir John was quite delighted. He was about Manuel's age and thoroughly British. He was big, red and healthy; he had never been obliged to earn a living but was broadly interested in life—that is, real life among people who were fortunate enough to have something of actual value to keep them busy. Sport interested but did not overwhelm him, and politics brought him into intimate contact with many people whom he decidedly disliked. For similar reasons, he never tried any of the professions, unless his efforts at farming and horticulture could be so denominated.

But he liked human beings in the abstract and certain concrete specimens attracted him greatly: This was particularly true of Negroes, especially those who were "rising"; that is, coming "up from slavery" to full freedom and manhood. He had journeyed to London in 1900 to meet Booker Washington, who was the guest of his friend, the Duke of Sutherland. He was gratified at Washington's modesty and solid manner, although a little disappointed at his silences.

For the first time in his life Manuel began to know just what a gracious and comfortable life could be. He breakfasted at nine when all his life he had been used to starting the day's work not later than seven. The breakfast was leisurely and individual, each dropping in as he chose. It was served usually out of doors on the terrace, with flowers near and a wide sweep of velvet grass guarded by noble trees. There was music from birds, and silent contemplation and carefree conversation and quiet, perfect service.

Indeed, all life here was leisurely, with time for thought and dreams; with no apprehension of ill or thought of lack of security. Without apparent plan or effort, the time was always filled in—wandering in the flower garden or through the solemn, lovely woods with little streams and a lake; there were the dogs and horses to visit, and one could descry the world from the hill or from the ancient tower built before America

was discovered. It was a beautiful and peaceful world, with thatched cottages, winding roads, flocks and pastures; and here and there in the distance, great and palatial estates.

Visitors dropped by casually during the day, all groomed and spotless, even when in apparent undress. Conversation never lagged; it was pleasant and gay with sharp but kindly thrust and counter-stroke, and sometimes interesting reminiscences and late news and comment. Then there was the library, always quiet and musty, with chairs and couches, lights and ladders and beautifully bound books in every language. There were pictures on the wall and in portfolios and periodicals from all the world.

Dinner in the great hall was a ceremony which for some time Manuel dreaded. There was the unfamiliar dress which a valet always appeared in his bedroom to arrange, despite Manuel's repeated assurance that he could dress himself. There were the stony, very respectful but all-seeing eyes of the servants—the haughty butler and the two pretty but unsmiling maids; there was the endless array of unfamiliar silver and glasses and the quick retrieving of anything dropped or misplaced. Above all, the family and guests. But these unobtrusively guided coversation, told appropriate reminiscences and distracted attention from awkward situations. After the first week Manuel found he could eat dinner and really enjoy it.

Of all the meals, Mansart liked afternoon tea the best, perhaps because it was so unusual at that time of day to stop everything and enjoy pleasant gossip and delightful tid-bits in the open or by the blazing hearth, in complete relaxation. Callers would drop in, dogs came in ingratiatingly and everybody would talk or keep happy silence. Manuel determined to have afternoon tea when he returned home. Of course, he never did.

Mansart from the first was fascinated by the servants; first by their number—the butler and housekeeper, the cook and her helpers, the maids and valets, the gardeners, chauffeurs and laborers. He counted fourteen for this family of four. Then there were their duties: they seemed so sure, so expert, and yet went about with so little effort. They accepted Manuel but, of course, without, in their unemotional way, showing any evidence. They sensed that he knew what work meant and sympathized with any hardship. He did things which would have occurred to no gentleman-born, and yet were in no sense ill-bred—like turning and carrying the dining-room maid's extra-heavy tray, and holding the door back for the laden butler. Sometimes Manuel asked questions which no one brought up in leisure would have thought of: their hours of work and their homes, and where they went to school, and —fancy!—if they liked their job! Now and then he volunteered his own experiences, for which naturally they were too well-bred to ask but eager

to hear about. They learned that he had worked with his hands and been a servant and taught school.

On the other side, Manuel's manners were, not only to the servants, but to the family, a matter of pleasant surprise. He was quite unconscious of this and never appeared anxious or strained; often when he made a *faux pas* he smiled and mentioned it, asking the correct way. He expressed no alarm or shame. In all this, his ten years as a college head had helped. He was used to being stared at by thousands of bright, intelligent and exploring eyes; he knew how to sit quietly and apparently unmoved while white men of wealth and power tried to insult him or draw him out or confuse him. He knew not only how to conceal his thoughts or conclusions but better, how to let his observers wonder if he had sensibilities or judgments.

Here, of course, most strangers were kind and sympathetic and the family almost overdid it until they realized that he was a man of thought and experience which had caked into good manners. Now and then ill-bred or careless persons appeared, like the haughty old countess who asked if any black women were chaste, or the child who rubbed Manuel's face to see if the color was fast. He answered simply that his daughter was chaste, and held his cheek still while the child rubbed hard.

His intercourse develped slowly and naturally. They were all, and especially Sir John, careful to appear not in the least way inquisitive or over-curious. They sensed that his color and race had always been so central in his life that their first duty was to make him forget. So at first the talk ran to generalities and even trivialities. The weather served its eternal duty and its contrast to Georgia made it often quite interesting; the trip across the sea; the travel by rail, the trees, birds and flowers. Then came the food, the question of interesting games, the day's news. When Manuel realized how much they were really interested in him as a human being, he began to relate little pieces of information—about his childhood, about his college and his students. He avoided the race problem as such but stressed the human side. They soon were hanging on his words. Quite naturally, Sir John began to compare experiences and was gratified to realize how alike human beings were even if they lived a thousand miles apart in distance and even further in cultural experience.

Sylvia had run down to pack for France and incidentally to appraise this wild black American. Lady Rivers asked, to keep up conversation:

"Mr. Mansart, what in England strikes you most?"

Manuel plunged: "Your idleness."

They were at tea. The flavor was rare, the scones were hot and delightful and the tea cakes unusual. The silent, efficient servants saw

that everyone had what they wanted just as they were aware of the need. A light rain was falling. The smooth, green lawn stretched richly to the magnificent woods.

"And don't you like it?"

"I love it, but it scares me. You see, I would not dare to rest so much while others work so hard. I suppose it is just a difference of what looks to some like duty."

"Or," said Lady Rivers, "perhaps it is only American rush and hurry which seems to us so unnecessary and even useless."

"Milady, you never picked cotton. You see, I was a child of workers. I was raised to work for what I wanted. You, if I may say so without offense, do not work."

Sylvia settled back in her chair, luxuriously. Sir John came to the rescue.

"I realize your implied criticism, Mr. Mansart. You see, the situation is complicated and historical. To many it is hard to grasp. For instance, my grandfather pioneered in the Niger delta, traded in gold and pepper and at last in tin. He got title to valuable tin mines. He raised capital in England to develop the mines, hired natives to work them, brought in British technicians to direct this work; from the results of this, I and my family live."

Mansart was silent, but Sylvia looked at him and said smiling: "We are waiting, Mr. Mansart!"

Mansart was uncomfortable, but replied, "I can see, Sir John, how your grandfather earned his income and how the natives must have been satisfied to work for him. But on my voyage over, I read a number of books which my assistant recommended. These have set me to thinking. My minds goes this way. Your grandfather's discovery of tin in Nigeria deserves reward. But not repeated reward, not continuous reward. Not extravagant reward. And reward for the discovery should go to the discoverer and not to his children. The tin belonged to Africa, not to England. After the discovery, it was certainly as much the property of the Africans as of the British. The British brought knowledge of extracting tin for use. This was of greatest importance. But this knowledge and technique was public property in Europe. Englishmen learning and using this knowledge deserved pay for their work. But not repeated and eternal pay. And this pay should go to the one who applied this skill for what he did and not to others who did nothing. And the machine and tools should be paid for, but paid for once, not continuously. Their repair should be paid for, but paid for once, not repeatedly. In other words, Sir, I can see clearly that your grandfather deserved pay for his

ork, for his effort in acquiring skill for materials imported and used d in their repair. But, pardon me, Sir, if I ask where do you come ? What effort are you being paid for? The black workers who served our grandfather got paid once; their descendants are being paid not for hat their fathers did, but for what they do now. Why this difference etween the pay of the European and the African? Both should be paid r their effort—should they not?—and for nothing else."

"There comes in there, dear Mr. Mansart, something called Property."

"Is this Property the result of effort?"

"It is the result of law."

"Who makes the law?"

"It is here that the great British institution, the Family, comes in r understanding."

Sylvia stretched out her long limbs and took another cup of tea. Daddy, do continue to tell Mr. Mansart," she said.

Sir John looked serious. "We Britishers believe in the Family—its ng life, its unity, its sacrifice, its ideals. We strive to hold it together, perpetuate it. Frankly, we do not believe in equality as you Americans ofess to do. I even venture to believe you do not really, and are here ecisely because you are superior, far superior to your fellow Americans, ack and white. Some people are born to rule, to hold superior positions, have leisure for thought, creation and enjoyment. By selection of a ling group the world advances and Empire spreads. Mistakes occur, be sure; faults and even crimes crop out. But what other way has manity yet discovered to advance but by way of aristocracy? I am st to admit that not all, not most, of the subjects of the British Empire e happy or content. But I sincerely believe that most of them are tting what they deserve and as much as their natural station in life titles them to."

Lady Rivers added: "You must admit two things, Mr. Mansart: first at our way of living is pleasant; and second, that no system of life uld provide such comfort for everybody, even granted everybody would nt it. Therefore, it comes down to this; on what basis shall we choose o shall have these amenities and comforts—by popular vote, by the g's grace or by the law of survival?"

"We have served well," interrupted the Dowager in her thin but gh-bred voice. She had today made one of her seldom appearances. She red at Mansart quite frankly. "We have served nobly as heroes and nquerors; as knights and earls; as warriors on land and sea, at Agin- rt, Flodden Field, Oudenarde, and," she choked a bit, "on Flanders ld!"

Sir John placed his hand gently on hers and said, "But, Madam, w must not boast; the world neither knows nor cares—that is, this worl that has replaced the real world." She lapsed into calm silence. Sir Joh continued: "We had the skill and courage; the persistence. We found th tin, bought the machinery and showed the natives how to dig it."

Manuel was a little irritated. "And you, Sir, what did you do th these mines and these miners should work for you?"

Sylvia chortled, "You inherited, dear Dad—no more, no less. Tha wasn't hard work!"

"If not I, someone else; and although I am all too unworthy, I an my family can have the pleasure of entertaining you, Mr. Mansart. Th world's best people should have wealth and authority. You, sir, are th exception among your folk. You have position and power. You shou have more, but your family has just begun the long trek. It would nev do to let the mass of American Negroes have power to do as they wish

Manuel was astonished to realize that Sir John was quite sincere. H hastened to add: "You can't realize, Sir John, by what narrow chance had the opportunity just to live, much less to grow healthy, go school and college and get this work. I was born, Sir, in my father blood as he was shot to bits by a mob. My mother worked her hands the bone to keep me in school. I cringed and crawled to keep my jo as a school teacher and to head this college. And while I was doing thi thousands of black boys and girls had no chance, no opportunity and sar to hunger and crime and shameful death because God forgot them.

"Sir John, I would not for a moment set my judgment against your But I have an experience which gives me a point of view which you c never understand. I know a nation and a land which talks as you about ten million people—they are wrong and I know it because I a one of those people. We are not happy. We are not content. We are n in the status which best suits us or is best for the welfare of our whi neighbors. The reason is that in deciding worth and ability, we a not consulted. Others judge what we deserve and what we can do a of just what worth we are. And Sir, while I have the deepest respe for your judgment, before agreeing with you I'd like to see African lab and hear what it says."

Said Sylvia, "You needn't go to Africa. Just listen to British worke and hear what they say of our leisure and the inborn superiority British aristocracy."

Lady Rivers said: "I am afraid, Mr. Mansart you do not realize j what my husband has done for his world: his breadth of sympathy wh arose from broad reading and hard thinking; the positions of influe

he has held, not eminent but so needed; his advice and wide individual acquaintanceship with high and low, rich and poor, peer and criminal. He has been rewarded graciously, I admit, but does this patrimony quite repay all that the Rivers family have given Britain, including—the life of my son?"

Mansart hastened to say: "I assure your ladyship that Sir John richly deserves what the world gives him. I only ask, and with humility, if Africa is today in a position to pay the debt, and if her bankruptcy is her fault, since surely it is not the fault of Sir John?"

Sylvia burst out: "Africa? Can even England pay? Look at London's East End."

Her Ladyship complained, "This is more of Sylvia's socialism. Why, considering our own home—what would our servants do if we did not hire them?"

Sylvia yawned and flung back, rising: "I've said it before our butler might enter Parliament and the maids could have babies, legitimate if possible."

Sir Jonh laughed and also arose. "I'm wondering if Mr. Mansart would not like to drive up to London tomorrow and lunch at my club?"

"Can I drop in, too?" asked Sylvia

"Delighted, my dear."

Copies of the January, 1960 *Mainstream* are needed to fill requests by libraries. Readers can help us meet these requests by kindly mailing the January 1960 issue to: *Mainstream Magazine,* 832 Broadway, New York 3, New York.

Correction: The author of *Ezra Pound, A Biography* was listed incorrectly at the end of "Ezra Pound's Apologists" in last month's issue. The author, as correctly stated in the article, is Charles Norman.

YOUTH OPPOSES THE UN-AMERICANS

ROBERT FORREY

IN the wee hours of the morning, early in January, 1961, over two hundred students of college and high-school age gathered on the corner of Times Square and 42nd Street in New York City. They were waiting in the early morning cold and darkness for chartered buses to take them to the capitol in Washington, D. C. Their itinerary was carefully outlined. Their objective was clear: the abolishment of the House Un-American Activities Committee. These students were not naive. They knew what they were getting into. A few nights before, their Anti-HUAC (Committee abreviation) rally, held at a hall in upper Manhattan, had been invaded by five thugs, reportedly Hungarian refugees. "Freedom fighters" would likely be on hand in Washington, too. But the students filing on the buses were worried mainly whether there would be seats to accomodate everybody. I arrived just as the buses were filling up. I stopped at a Nedick's across the street to take a couple of doughnuts for breakfast on the bus. There were six or seven men loitering—down-and-outers who had probably been up all night. They were arguing as I came in. A fat man, in his thirties, dirty and unshaven, was pointing a finger at the buses. A soild tie and unkept gabardine overcoat gave him the faintest pretension to respectability. "Those kid'll be the cause of a third world war," he said, "not Kennedy." He had evidently gone too far, for even the counter-man chipped in, "Cut it out, Charlie, for Chris' sake." The counterman's day replacement arrived, and the fat man said caustically. "Hurry up Ernie, Frank is going to miss the bus to Washington."

The four buses were filled quickly. There were as many girls as boys; the median age of the group was about twenty. Most of them carried school books. This day was the last of their vacation and they wanted to brush up on their studies during the long ride.

The overwhelming impression the group made was youthfulness. Mature and socially conscious youth. It was the thing that struck me, not so much older than them myself; it was the thing that struck almost every-

body else who came into contact with them on this trip, from the Washington policemen who escorted them in and through and out of the capitol, to Dr. Willard Uphaus, who spoke to them later in the day at Washington's All-Souls' Church. "Everywhere I go," Dr. Uphaus said later, "I hear the same thing. The young people are awakening."

A few miles out of Washington the buses were met by two police cars and motorcycle officers, who had been notified by the group in advance. I think the police were a little taken aback by the young faces. They probably expected something more menacing. So did many of the people in Washington, who have seen plenty of picketers in their time. Their notion that only bombthrowers and gangsters would oppose the Un-American Committee was seriously challenged by the young people who orderly filed out of the buses in Washington at about 11 o'clock.

THE first part of the program was picketing. The policed assigned the the students one corner of an intersection not far from Capitol Hill. Something was going on at the three other corners. On one a group of anti-Castro Cubans were picketing and shouting. On another corner a line of pickets of various ages noisily marched in support of the Un-American Committee. They were apparently purposely organized to counter the students' picket. When we arrived, they hooted and waved their placards and American flags. On the remaining corner, close to us, stood a church. As we began our march, the church bells chimed "God Bless America" and other patriotic songs.

Despite their youth, the students behaved admirably. They had made up their minds beforehand that there must be no violence. There were provocations against them that afternoon, but troublemakers found no takers. Three sneering boys, all about seventeen, leaned against a tree near the picket line. One of them kept on spitting in our direction. They called out as we passed, "Hey Jew Boy," "Hey kike." Hey nigger lover." I thought this was just Southern hospitality. While we met many as bad and worse than these boys, I learned not to take things for granted when, later, I saw the boys get into a convertible with Connecticut license plates and pull away with the screeching speed and smell of burned rubber that I knew so well from Hartford and New Haven.

Not everyone in our picket line was a youngster. There were pleasant-faced middle-aged and elderly supporters, including two old ladies who limped through the whole march. We walked by two's and I had the pleasure of accompanying a seventy-six-year-old Jewish man from New York. "So many young people, I never saw," he said. He had been to Washington to picket before. "I came many times for the Rosenbergs,"

he said. "But it did no good. They died anyhow. But so many young people here. This is good."

Under the coldly impersonal eyes of the police, the puzzled stares of passers-by, and the hostile glares of opposition groups, we picketed for almost two hours. We outlasted the pro-HUAC group on the far corner. When they broke up about sixteen men, about 25 to 30 years of age, in khaki pants and shirts, came marching up the street on the sidewalk across from us. They were pathetic with their pseudo-militarism. They were constantly out of step; their leader kept waving his arms at them to keep in step. They carried two huge flags, the Stars and Stripes and the nazi swastika. When they were abreast of us, they stopped briefly, perhaps as a show of strength. A line of police stood between our two groups. Many youngsters eyed these neo-Nazis incredulously. We had heard of Rockwell and his American Nazi Party. I have seen pictures of the White House with Negro slums in the foreground. Now I saw a swastika flapping in the breeze, only a stone's throw from the rotunda on Capitol Hill.

Our picket passed without incident. The police did their job well but the youngsters did theirs even better. To "tsks-tsks" from old ladies, snide remarks from drugstore cowboys, and jeers from the group supporting Walters and his Committee, the students said nothing. They let their placards speak for them: "Abolish the HUAC," "What is more Un-American than the HUAC," "Protect Civil Rights: Abolish HUAC," "Keep the HUAC Out of the South," and other signs quoting the *New York Times,* and other newspapers critical of the Committee's tactics.

AT about 2:15 we broke up into groups of five to attack the next objective of our program: presenting formal protests to congressmen and registering their reactions. We had less than an hour before we were due back at our buses for the last business of the day: a meeting at the All Souls' Church for an anti-HUAC rally and an address by Dr. Willard Uphaus. About 4 of the 8 Congressmen assigned to the group I was with were not in. We managed to personally present our objections to two congressmen, Avery of Kansas and Edmondson of Oklahoma. Avery said he was 100% for the Un-American Activities Committee and a personal friend of Mr. Walter. He said he was also a personal friend of "Jim" (James Roosevelt), too. But he thought this country needed the Committee. We made it clear to him that we thought the country needed the committee like it needed a hole in head. "That's the great thing about this country," he said. "We have the right to disagree on things like this. The right to disagree makes America tick." He was con-

nced, on the basis of "evidence" collected by Walter and J. Edgar oover, that the San Francisco demonstration against the Committee as an organized communist plot.

WHEN we arrived in Washington we learned that a letter had been circulated among the congressmen by Representative James Roosevelt of California. We had left New York with the idea of urging members of Congress to fight for the abolishment of the HUAC as early in he new session of Congress as possible. This tactic was unwise, or so ve were told by Edmondson of Oklahoma. What "Jim" had evidently decided to do instead, Edmondson told the few of us that spoke to him in his ffice, was to cut the appropriation and strangle instead of trying to bolish outright Walter's Committee (which Roosevelt had referred to s a "monstrous" committee). Edmondson was less platitudinous than very in his approach to the problem of the Committee; but he explained hat he was not for its abolishment, and more importantly, neither were he people from his part of the country. Like Avery, he was polite to us, nd listened to what we had to say.

The only other congressman the five or us were able to see was Farbein, the representative from Manhattan's lower east side. Although arbstein was in his office, there was some question as to whether he had me to see us. It was only after it was discovered that one us (myself) as a constituent of the congressman, and of voting age, that we managed get by his secretary. Representative Farbstein, the 19th Congressional istrict's long-time choice for the House, has supported liberal legislaon in his career; reflecting the prevailing liberal spirit of the 19th istrict, he came out in the last session in favor of progressive legislation housing, civil rights, and minimum wage. But he has not been one argue seriously with the cold-war policies of the Eisenhower adminisation. He is one of those "liberal" Democrats whose liberalism expresses elf in calls for more and more spending on missiles and military rength. But I assumed he would be a little more responsive to us than d been the congressmen from the mid-West. But such was not the se. He told us very bluntly, after we explained our position, that he d not want to say anything on the question of the House Un-American ctivities Committee. We asked him, if he was not willing to favor olishing the committee, wouldn't he at least be critical of the way the mmittee has misused its appropriations, and call for a cut or closer ntrol over future appropriations? He shook his head. He didn't want say anything. He didn't want to say anything, because, well because just wasn't wise to say anything. He sat there like a sphinx, and posly because we were so young, asked us to believe in Santa Claus. He

assured us he would look at both sides of the question and do what h thought was best. He said we had to have "faith" in him. I told him tha the gentlemen from the mid-West at least told us what they though and though we didn't agree with them they thanked us for coming dow from New York to see them. This was a discouraging experience in th "democratic process" for us, for we traveled hundreds of miles in a singl day and got little satisfaction from our congressmen, least of all fron the Democratic representative from Manhattan. Perhaps the visit wit congressmen was the least profitable part of our trip, or so it seeme Another group of students told me that one congresswoman to whon they spoke told them they were much too young to worry about suc things, and why didn't they just plant flowers instead of mixing in politic

The young people who had organized the trip to Washington ha evidently placed too precious a premium on the time to be spent ther to worry much about food, and no time was allotted for meals. Bu the visits with congressmen took less time than was expected. The polit cians were out of the capital for the holidays, and those that were in, th students gradually discovered, were not worth going hungry for. Man grabbed a snack before boarding a bus to go the All Souls' Church, couple of miles away. The omnipresent police were out in force, an motorcycles escorted us.

Dr. Uphaus was given a standing ovation at the church. He wa thrilled by the sight of so many young people. You could see it in h eyes. I heard a woman behind me say, "It's so good to see so many kid again." An old woman sitting next to me said: "You couldn't b lieve how bad it's been here in Washington for the last ten years. hope things are getting better." The theme of the talks at the churc were highly critical of the Committee; one of the students involved i the San Francisco "riots" described the falsifications in the film "Operatio Abolition," with which the Committee is trying to delude Americans. On of the speakers told of a Committee-sponsored showing in Mississipp at which no more than nine people came, including the politicians behin it. The old woman leaned over and whispered to me: "Like they gav government workers here a half day off to see slave owners like Hai Selassie and Saud of Arabia, and still nobody wants to see them."

AS we were about to leave the church for the buses and New Yor the head of the police in Washington asked to address us from th rostrum. It was an unusual procedure, but the circumstances called f it. He first complimented the students for the order with which the conducted themselves. The students cheered. He also took a little cred

for his own men, which was due them. Then he explained that a large group of disorderly people were waiting outside the church. He asked us, in effect, to get right to our buses and out of Washington as quickly as possible. He said he knew many of the people outside belonged to trouble-making organizations, and he wanted us to leave without incident.

We filed quickly out of the church. Across the street was a heavily cordoned mass of marching picketers, wildly shouting and whooping, obscene and ignorant in their remarks, and insane in appearance. It looked like a conglomeration of all the different groups who had demonstrated against us during the day, now collected into one irrational mob of people obsessed with a hatred and fear of socialism. So insistent was the shout of "Red," "Commie," "Nigger-loving, Jew-bastard communists," that students on my bus became aware of a polarity in the world that they had not noticed before. One of the students, who described himself as a "militant liberal," said that he now thought there was something to what communists say. The crowd waiting for us outside the church made no distinction between a communist and a 'militant liberal." Everything left of Chairman Walter was "red." It is my feeling there were few communists among the students, perhaps as few as 1%. But the students had "Red" shouted into their ears so loudly that afternoon that the name lost some of its stigma.

FIVE hundred miles and 18 hours later the 4 buses arrived back at Times Square, that neon jungle where "Teen-Age Werewolves" and "Sex Kittens Go to College" blinked from theater marquees. Puzzled faces on the street glanced briefly at the students piling out of the buses, thinking perhaps that just a load of hick kids had come to see the big, bright city. But these kids were an integral part of New York City, an integral part of America and the peace movement. The fat man in Nedick's, who thought they would start World War III, had it all wrong, as did some of the people in Washington. If anything, kids like these will help prevent a war by speaking out, whether against the House Un-American Activities Committee, the hydrogen bomb, or loyalty oaths. (They recently won their fight against school loyalty oaths in New York City.) "Everywhere I go, they tell me the same thing," Dr. Uphaus said. "The young people are awakening." The older generation, disturbed by the apparent indifference and frivolity of American youth, can take encouragement from the recent upsurge by students in this country and abroad. The poison which is pumped into our youth by TV, movies, and magazines—the red-baiting, racist line of the fifties—seems in for a real fight from youth in the sixties.

letters to the editor

Editors, Mainstream,

The following may be pertinent to the case of James V. Bennett, Director, Bureau of Prisons, Washington, D.C. vs. Benjamin J. Davis whose autobiography in manuscript form is still in Bennett's hands. (See *Mainstream,* Dec. '60).

The Disciplinary Barracks, as the military jail at Ft. Leavenworth is called, in 1918 held Negro and white prisoners. The 2,500 men embraced a variety of philosophies, Socialism, soon to be called Bolshevism, among them.

For two years a magazine, The Liberator, had been circulating through the land via the U.S. Mail. It carried articles on the Russian Revolution of course. It was critical of doings at home and of our courts and of conditions and treatment of prisoners in both the federal and military Leavenworth's.

Among the War Objectors a few made the Honor Wing after the first month's test in the "Fish Cells." The cells in the Honor Wing were minus bars. Here were a college professor, an ex-star Hearst reporter, the son of a Wisconsin judge, some writers and artists, surely a nucleus of "subversive influences" among a lot of plain Joes, as Mr. Bennett might say.

Freedom to circulate made for occasional crowded meetings in the Honor Wing cells of one or another of the interested group. There was no supervision or censorship.

One evening, a day or so before Xmas, a riot broke out in the mess hall because of a shortage of bread. Quickly all were marched back to the wings as machine guns were mounted in the rotunda. The next morning after breakfast, in the yard the shout "there aint no more" was heard as all 12 gangs refused to march to work.

Two days later via grapevine the five wings without communicating with each other, decided their real grievance was the outrageous sentences of 10 to 25 years for a variety of offenses—one a lumber worker C.O. from Mississippi drew 50 years.

Washington declared no general amnesty but a 5 year sentence was the longest served after that strike. And the ex-star reporter and professor were asked to be the prisoners' spokesmen.

In January 1919, one of the released C.O.'s. a 25 year old man, found among the effect's returned to him (please note Mr. Bennett) a bound volume of *The Liberator* for 1918 that was sent to him as a Christmas gift by Crystal Eastman, one of the editorial staff. The lucky man was,

Yours truly,
MAURICE BECKER

books in review

Heartening

R. LINCOLN RUNS FOR PRESIDENT, by Melvin L. Hayes. Citadel Press, New York. 352 pp. $5.00.

THIS is the detailed story of the highly principled election campaign of 1860, in which the Republican rty wrested from the slaveholders the ntrol of the United States governent. The watchword of the first Lin-ln campaign was an end to the pansion of slave territory—which eant, inevitably, the death of slavery elf. The book under review quotes a ntemporary New Orleans newspaper saying with considerable insight: lavery cannot long endure without s right of expansion."

In the decade before the Civil War, old political parties—how indesctable they had seemed!—were consed and split asunder. The Whig rty vanished from the scene. The mocratic Party was splintered into warring camps. And as the contest rose to a climax, a new political party came into being.

To the slaveholders, the new party declared in effect: You have marched the breadth of the continent; you have gained your aims by legislation, bribery, terror and war. This year marks the end of your triumph. From this day on, the unsettled lands of the nation belong to free men.

To tell the exciting story of the first Lincoln campaign, Melvin Hayes has studied hundreds of contemporary newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, books, and cartoons. He discusses the debates in 1858 between Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in which Lincoln hammered out the Republican platform; he takes us through the days in the Chicago "Wigwam," the structure of pine boards in which Lincoln's nomination took place; he examines the Democratic split which brought two Democratic nominees before the people.

The author recounts the participation in the campaign of the foreign-born, the working people, and the intellect-

uals, and devotes considerable space to the activities of the youth, organized into Young Republican Clubs and "Wide-Awake" marching groups. The story of Lincoln's trip from Springfield to the capital is included, to that hour when Lincoln stood in slaveholding Washington and declared in his inaugural address that "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it." Hayes records that "On Inauguration Day, some Government workers wore secession badges. Some men were caught posting recruiting signs for the South Carolina army."

There are, I feel, defects in Hayes' book. One receives the impression that, apart from one Negro "Wide-Awake" Club in Boston, the Negro people were passive and took no part in the campaign; this is far from the truth. Further, the Republican platform is presented as though it had been patched up out of a number of unrelated demands merely to catch votes; the fact is that the slavery issue fashioned not only the promise to end slavery expansion, but also the planks on the tariff, the Homestead Act, and the plans for international improvements such as railroads and canals. Again, a casual reader might get the idea that William L. Seward was a more consistent and more principled man than Lincoln; but Seward had already proved himself to be far less so, and coming events would show that the choice of Seward as President would have been a calamity. Above all—and this is my most severe criticism—this book, so rich in detail, lacks analysis. One who already understands the campaign will find his understanding reinforced by Hayes' painstaking scholarship; one who does not know the principles of slavery and anti-slavery that led to Lincoln's nomination and election, will not gain much understanding throu reading this book. The facts are he in abundance, but it is left to the read to supply his own interpretation.

Nevertheless, Hayes' book is a re contribution. And it is heartening this era of neo-Confederate propagan to find a publisher willing to fight the Union side, for the possibility the full realization of the promises Lincoln's day were never greater th they are now.

ELIZABETH LAWSO

With Profit and Pleasu

COMPOSER AND NATION, by Sidn Finkelstein. International Publishe N. Y. $4.00.

THERE are two basic problems musical theory today, upon whi musical theorists, composers and, rare cases, even performers take diametrically opposed positions.

Firstly, there is the question: is th an extra-musical content in music? is music purely a construction of ton developing solely within its own ter of reference and significant of nothi but its own inner laws? This lat position is stated in its most unco promising form by Igor Stravinsky, w at the age of 53, at a time when should have known his own mind, wr in his *Autobiography*:

> Music is by its very nature powerl to express anything at all, whether feeling, an attitude of mind, a psyc logical mood, a phenomenon of natu (P. 83.)

Thirteen years later in his "Poe of Music" he repeated this dictum slightly different words as follows:

Do we not, in truth, ask the impos-
lle of music when we expect it to
press feelings, to translate dramatic
uations, even to imitate nature?
.. 77.)

This formalist theory of music is not
dely held today. Apart from Stravinsky
iis propagated by a few avantgardists,
norant that they are merely parrotting
e Dadaists of 40 years ago; among
em could be cited Mr. John Cage, who
1957 informed the world that "Tones
ust be allowed to be tones. They must
longer carry an idea, or an associa-
n, or whatever." (My italics. D. B.)
hat particular event occurred in the
ar 1957 to evoke from Mr. Cage's lips
is categorical musical imperative for
e future remains obscure.

In general the opposite view is held.
ch composers as Schoenberg and Hin-
mith as well as Vaughan Williams
d Shostakovich create their music
the belief that it is concerned with
man feelings or the images of feel-
gs and this view has been supported
wn to the present day by marxist and
n-marxist theoreticians alike. Asaviev
d his followers among the marxists,
ryck Cooke in his "Language of
isic," recently published by the Ox-
d University Press, and even the
h-reactionary Theodor Adorno in his
hilosophie der neuen Musik," all sup-
t the theory that music has an extra-
sical content, expressive of the phe-
mena of human consciousness, and
dominantly those of emotion, as-
iated as these invariably are with
se impressions, memories or thoughts,
with a combination of all three.

The second basic problem is the
dealt with in the book under review.
"Composer and Nation: the Folk
itage of Music" Sidney Finkelstein
es the questions:

> Is the use of folk-music in composition a superficial affectation, or does it infuse music with a national character down to its very roots? If so, is this desirable? Is "national" music of any kind a provincialism, opposed to a truly great "universal" music?

and to these basic questions he adds the following:

> Is the use of folk-music simply a matter of quoting an actual folk-song, or is there a deeper approach, more creative, involving the living core of folk-music as a germ cell in musical growth? Can the folkmusic of a nation be married to traditional, existing forms, or should its use inspire new musical forms?

On these questions composers who are generally agreed that there is an extra-musical content in music find themselves in opposite camps. Thus Schoenberg and Hindemith believe that the future of music is along absolutist, supra-national lines (though their respective forms of absolutism are mutually contradictory on the problem of tonality, affirmed by Hindemith as an essential ingredient of musical art, but negated by Schoenberg in practice from the year 1911 and in principle from the year 1921). On the other hand Vaughan Williams and Shostakovich strive consciously to achieve a national style in principle for reasons which the former has set forth in books and the latter in a number of articles, especially in recent years.

The importance of the subject of Sidney Finkelstein's book is only equalled by the confused way in which other authors often treat it. In the Introduction to the book, Mr. Finkelstein quotes Alfred Einstein's "A Short History of Music," published in 1954, concerning the forces in the 19th Century which

the author believes to have caused the development of national music. He added: "And this brought into the swim those secondary musical people who had no part to play alongside the representatives—Italian, French and German —of the universal music of the 18th Century." (P. 191.) Mr. Finkelstein is too polite, other than by the use of quotation marks, to draw the attention of the reader to the senseless inanity of the expression "universal music." Only the low theoretical level of recent musical histories, however monumental their conglomerations of detail, could make it possible for so eminent a musical historian as Professor Alfred Einstein to use such a term, evidently as a matter of course, since he does not even trouble to define it.

Against this Mr. Finkelstein poses a quotation from the English composer, Vaughan Williams, who, already in 1935, had written in his "National Music":

> "If we look at a collection of German Volkslieder we are apt to be disappointed because the tunes look exactly like the simpler Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert tunes. The truth is of course the other way out. The tunes of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert are so very much like Volkslieder. . . . What we call the classical idiom is the Teutonic idiom, and it is absolutely as narrowly national as that of Grieg or Mussorgsky." (P. 85-86.)

In the first chapter on "Social Origins of Melody," reference is made to Bartok's division of folk-music into two styles, parlando rubato or speech-accented and tempo giusto or rhythm-controlled. Mr. Finkelstein applies these two basic principles of origin to the whole of musical literature, not only to the recitative and aria, but to J. S. Bach's use of the contrasted movements in his Dance Suites, where the Sarabandes deri from parlando rubato, the gigues fro tempo giusto. The importance of the two distinctions is underlined becaus as Mr. Finkelstein reminds us, th derive ultimately from the two origi of music, heightened speech, poet chanting, story telling on the one han and human movement, body rhythm labor and dance on the other. M Finkelstein might perhaps with adva tage have put tempo giusto first, as t co-ordination of primitive human lab must surely have preceded the telli of tales. Man must eat and prote himself from nature, and this he do in co-operation with his fellow me before he can sing of how this w done in former times.

Throughout the book Mr. Fink stein lets fall most interesting a sometimes unexpected observations, where he suggests an affinity betwe the Wagner of Tristan und Isolde a the Debussy of Pelléas et Mélisand the latter being the former's "stream consciousness music" in a rarefied for

In a book covering so wide a fi there are bound to be details whi one reader or another will feel to ha been inadequately dealt with. In opinion Mr. Finkelstein has done Han scant justice. Recent research, especia in the German Democratic Repub has shown beyond doubt that Han took sides for the relatively democra Britain of his day as against absolu France, while being fully conscious some of the contradictions in adopted country. The libretto of oratorio "Belshazzar," for which H del expressed in correspondence great enthusiasm, starts as follows:

> Vain, fluctuating state of human empire!

First, small and weak, it scarcely
rears its head,
Scarce stretching out its helpless
infant arms,
Implores protection of its neighbor
states,
Who nurse it to their hurt. Anon
it strives
For power and wealth, and spurns
at opposition.
Arrived to full maturity, it grasps
At all within its reach, o'er leaps all
bounds,
Robs, ravages and wastes the
frighted world.
At length grown old, and swell'd to
bulk enormous,
The monster in its proper bowels
feed
Pride, luxury, corruption, perfidy,
Contention—fell diseases of a state
That prey upon her vitals.

Moreover, in one of the longest and most musically developed choruses, a song of praise for Cyrus, the just and also the scientifically minded ruler, the final lines are:

The jar of nations soon would cease,
Sweet liberty, beatific peace
Would stretch their wings from
shore to shore,
And war and slavery be no more.

This was written at a time when Britain derived immense revenues from the transportation of slaves across the Atlantic Ocean.

Handel also composed a "Song made for the Gentlemen Volunteers of the City of London," a body of militia organised to protect the city at the time of the insurrection of 1745, led by Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender, a descendant of the Catholic Stuart Dynasty, which had been removed from the British throne for the second time in 1688.

In one detail, and as far as my studious reading of the book has disclosed, only in one has the author made a mistake of fact. On p. 220, writing of Paul Hindemith, he states: "The polytonality, or use of two keys at once, only serves to aggravate the emotional narrowness." This sentence shows a lack of understanding of Hindemith's musical standpoint. In the composer's "Craft of Musical Compositions," published in 1937, Hindemith reaffirms from a scientific basis the principle of tonality as an essential ingredient in musical art. On page 156 we read the following:

There is another catch-word that dates from the post-war period [here the world war of 1914-18 is meant]: polytonality. The game of letting two or more tonalities run along side by side and so achieving new harmonic effects is, to be sure, very entertaining for the composer, but the listener cannot follow the separate tonalities, for he relates every simultaneous combination of sounds to a root—and thus we see the futility of the game.

Hindemith's music may be "emotionally narrow," but his works, at any rate those written after 1930, are innocent of polytonality.

Such occasional inadequacies of treatment and a misunderstanding of one composer's method scarcely detract from the importance of Sidney Finkelstein's remarkable book. He touches upon very many past and present composers of importance, pointing to new and fruitful ways of considering their work. His chapters on Verdi and Wagner, his appreciation of Sibelius and Vaughan Williams and of less well known figures such as Charles Ives and Heitor Villa-Lobos, his discussion of Soviet composers and the problems of Soviet musical life on the one hand (and this chapter requires serious considera-

tion, for which there is no space here) and of jazz on the other (a subject which he has further illuminated in his article in *Mainstream,* November 1960), all these features of the book are informed by a depth of penetration which puts him into the very front rank of musical theoreticians today.

With its wide range of subject matter, its unfailing truthfulness, its contempt of fashion and novelty-mongering, above all its love for all musical art that is sincere and adequately expressed from whatever source it may come, "Composer and Nation" is a book to be read with profit and pleasure by composers, performers and music lovers alike, and for the good of their souls even by music critics.

ALAN BUSH

Chaplinesque

THE STORMY LIFE OF LASIK ROITSCHWANTZ, by Ilya Ehrenburg. Lyle Stewart Publishers. $5.95.

FROM 1923 to 1930 or so, Ehrenburg lived in Europe, one of his jobs being that of foreign correspondent for *Izvestia.* While he was sympathetic to the revolution (since 1921), he had many misgivings as well, and his writings of the period reflect this ambiguous attitude, as the Soviet Encyclopaedia points out. After Ehrenburg returned to the Soviet Union, his identification with the Revolution became gradually more complete, and his later work is more serious, more penetrating than the novels of the 20's (which are, however, with the exception of this one, available in the Soviet Union).

Lasik Roitschwantz, the underdog hero, is Jewish and so are most of the other characters; the book is steeped in Jewish tradition and humor, with many parallels to a writer like Sholem Aleichem. Lasik is a Chaplinesque character who is always picked on and who fights back as best he can. The satire is sometimes very funny, sometimes not so much so; as with Chaplin and Sholom Aleichem, there is a heavy use of pathos, especially towards the end. About half the book describes Lasik's adventures in Russia, the rest in various European countries, ending in Palestine where he dies.

Although the picture of Soviet society it contains is not the most idyllic, Ehrenburg makes it very clear that (a) capitalist society is worse, and (b) whatever its faults, Russia is the land of the future, the only hope in a sorry world. Ehrenburg's outlook is a kind of mixture of nihilism and schmalz sentimentalism, but it is not fundamentally hositle to the Soviet Union. And much of the satire is very much to the point; he attacks things like bureaucracy, pseudo-revolutionary heroics, etc., which come under atack in many works published in the Soviet Union.

R. F. SHAW

THOUGHTFUL CHILD

Ernest Crichlow