MASSES & MAINSTREAM

CAN SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISTS AGREE NOW?

G. D. H. COLE

THE SUICIDE OF FADAYEV

CHARLES HUMBOLDT

SOUTHERN ENCOUNTERS

LAWRENCE GELLERT

UCRETIUS, POET OF SCIENCE — Howard Selsam

EW WRITING FOR CHINA — Ralph Izard

OEMS — Jack Beeching, Lee Jenson, David Martin

RT — Fred Ellis

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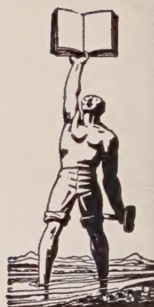

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July, 1956

Is There a Common Ground? — *G. D. H. Cole* — 1
Fadayev — *Charles Humboldt* — 7
Four On the XXth (*poems*) — *Jack Beeching* — 10
Art by Fred Ellis — 13
My Cotton Comes First — *Lawrence Gellert* — 18
Roll On You Vast and Mississippi Blues (*poem*) — *Lee Jenson* — 28
New Writing for China — *Ralph Izard* — 39
To My Daughter-in-Law, Unknown (*poem*) — *David Martin* — 49

Books in Review:

Like One of the Family by Alice Childress — *Helen Davis*
U S A Today by Helen and Scott Nearing — *Joseph North*
Montgomery, Alabama, Money, Mississippi and Other Places by Eve Merriam — *Augusta Strong*
The Education of John Reed Edited by John Stuart — *Michael Gold*

Letters from Readers — 60

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Is There a Common Ground?

By G. D. H. COLE

"SOCIALISM and Communism have nothing in common." These are the opening words of a statement issued last month by the Bureau of the ·ocialist International. What nonsense they are! Indeed, what nonsense ven those who approved the statement must know them to be! I do not lispute that there are immense and deep differences between the doctrines pheld by the Social Democratic and Labour Parties which form the Socialst International and those upheld by the Communist Parties which until nly the other day were united in the Cominform. But even between these wo groups—neither of which can be completely identified with "Socialism" r "Communism"—it is sheer nonsense to say that there is *nothing* in ommon. The differences between them may be wide and deep enough to tand formidably in the way of co-operation; but, even so, there are beyond uestion many ideas that are common to both. Fully as much as Roman Catholics and Protestants and Orthodox have in common that they are all Christian churches, Social Democrats and Communists of the late Cominorm brand, and also Yugoslav Communists, Nenni Socialists in Italy, and he Socialists of the Asian International are all Socialists, albeit of different kinds, and with different traditions.

What have they in common? First and most obviously, the belief that he essential instruments of production ought to be collectively owned and sed in the service of the whole society and its people and for furthering the ommon interests of all the peoples of the world. They are all against apitalism—that is against private exploitation of the world's resources, nd of those who work upon them, for the pursuit of private profit. They ay hold varying views about the most appropriate forms of collective r social ownership; but this is not an issue on which a sharp line can be rawn between Communist and Socialist views. It is not a matter on which ocial Democrats are in full agreement, or on which there is a single, niform Communist dogma applicable to all countries or to all branches of roduction or service.

Secondly, Communists and Socialists agree in seeking to establish for l peoples some sort of "welfare" state or society, in which great attention paid to providing the widest possible social and educational opportunies, a high degree of economic security, adequate conditions of living for

children and old people as well as for the working producers, good and generally available health services, and a host of other social services resting on a recognition of basic human claims. Here again, there is no sharp line between Communists and Social Democrats: there are differences in what is done and advocated under different conditions from one country to another; but there is no difference of fundamental principle in this wide field of social action.

Thirdly, it is a matter of agreement between Communists and Social Democrats that no one sound in body and mind has any good claim to live on the product of other men's labor, without contributing a fair quota of his own, and that accordingly the forms of unearned income which allow this ought to be swept away. There are differences concerning the means of bringing this about, and the speed at which it should be done; but there is, I think, no difference concerning the end in view; though there are differences both between Communists and Social Democrats and also within both groups about the extent of economic equality that is consistent with Socialist principles.

Fourthly, Social Democrats and Communists are at one in believing that the main responsibility for the building of the new society rests on the working-class, and that the organized working-class movement must supply the main driving force for its achievement. There are, indeed, deep differences about the ways in which the workers should organize themselves for this purpose, and about the methods they should use in order to carry off the victory. But there is a common belief in the creative function of the working class and about its historic mission to create the conditions requisite for a classless society.

THESE are four very large and important points of agreement between Socialists and Communists of every sort and kind, and they are so plain that it is evidently ridiculous to ignore them. Indeed, the leaders of the Socialist International cannot possibly be taken as meaning what they say: what they do mean is that, despite all that various forms of Socialism and Communism have in common, their points of difference with the "Cominform" parties are so deep and so important as to render any co-operation impossible.

Is this really the case? And if it is, where is the line to be drawn? Are the Yugoslav Communists to be put beyond the pale because they are Communists, though their deviations have been most vehemently denounced by the Cominform leaders—at any rate until the quite recent, post-Stalin change of front? Are the Chinese Communists, or only those of the Soviet

nion and its satellites, held to be untouchable? What is to be said about e major Italian Socialist party, headed by Nenni, which has co-operated th the Italian Communists, but has never accepted Communism? What the Asian Socialists who mistrust the Socialist International as failing show a sufficient hostility to colonialism and imperialism? Are they, too, be ostracized? And finally, what of the miscellaneous Socialist or Comunist groups that are usually dubbed "Trotskyites," and are certainly friends to the Communism practiced in the Soviet Union? Are they, o, beyond the pale, and, if so, is it because they are Communists, or ther because they are a nuisance to the main organizations of both ommunism and Social Democracy?

THESE questions are not easy to answer, as they no doubt would be if there were really two utterly different doctrines—Socialism and ommunism—each offering a coherent body of opinion plainly and cometely different from the other's. This however, is not the situation with hich we are actually faced. Social Democrats and Communists do differ eply, in ways that involve strong emotions as well as conflicting arguents; but they do not differ entirely—only in certain very important spects.

In the Socialist International's recent statement, as in the once-famous claration of the Second International in 1919, great emphasis is put the inseparable connection between Socialism and democracy. "We lieve in democracy," says the statement, "they do not." What is this emocracy," which is thus proclaimed to be the impassable dividing e? The statement does not say: it only adds that "without freedom there n be no Socialism," and that "Socialism can be achieved only through mocracy." It is, however, I think clear that "democracy" in this context eans a parliamentary system based on something near universal suffrage d rendering possible the advance to Socialism by legislative and execue action through a parliament so chosen and through an executive vernment responsible to parliament. These, I agree, are institutions of gh importance, and can be used, where they exist and are deeply rooted the popular consciousness, as instruments for the advance towards cialism and, potentially, as means of arriving at a Socialist society.

But what are Socialists expected to do where such instruments either not exist at all, or fall a long way short of being usable to bring out fundamental social change? Is it their task, in such circumstances, devote all their energies to agitating for a democratic system of resnsible parliamentary government and to postpone all attempt to estab-

lish Socialism until they have succeeded in establishing such a syster and in winning over a majority of electors and representatives to th Socialist cause? What are they to do if, when they attempt such agit tion, they are put in prison, or even executed, and their organizatior broken up and proscribed? What are they to do if the road to democrac is effectively barred by the ruling classes? Are they not justified, *in suc circumstances,* in making a revolution and using it to establish not onl democracy, as far as it is possible, but Socialism as well? And, if they d make a revolution in a society that has never experienced parliamentar government or any sort of democracy, is it to be expected that they wi be able, on the morrow of the revolution, suddenly to establish a full democratic parliamentary system, whereas it has taken the most advance countries centuries of effort to achieve much less than this? It is nonsens to lay down, for all the world, either that parliamentary democracy is th *only* road to Socialism or that, where the means of advance towards So cialism have been made open only by revolution, the victors in the rev lution must at once set up a complete system of parliamentary democrac whether or not the people are ready for such a system.

YET THIS is what the Socialist International appears to be calling c Socialists all over the world to do. I agree with it in disliking ir tensely the forms of one-party dictatorship that have been adopted i the Soviet Union and in countries that have followed the Soviet ro and in condemning, not merely the excesses of Stalinism, but also tl whole apparatus of Communist dictatorship, with its silencing of fr expression of conflicting opinions and its treatment of every divergen from the "party line" as treason calling for condign punishment. I agr that such methods poison Socialism and are deeply demoralizing to tho who use them or are drawn into participation in their use. I agree th terrible, horrible things have been done in the name of Socialism l those who have exalted such practices into virtues, and that it is nece sary to call upon those who have been responsible for such doings renounce them, and to amend their ways.

But, I am conscious of the enormous difficulties which have confront the would-be builders of Socialism in such countries as Russia and Chin I am not prepared to put such persons, or their parties, beyond the pa or to refuse to admit that they had valid reasons for not following tl parliamentary-democratic way, though I none the less take strong obje

n, on moral grounds as well as on grounds of Socialist expediency, to reat deal that they have done.

Thus, I do not see how the Russians could have made their revolution all, or upheld it against counter-revolution and foreign intervention, hout resorting to largely dictatorial methods. What is called "War mmunism" was, for the most part, an unavoidable consequence of il war and foreign attempts to destroy the revolution. But, when the nting was over, an attempt could have been made, and was not made, restore free speech, to allow a resumption, even if gradual, of party ivities, especially by rival Socialist groups, and to enlist the free-coopera- n of those who were prepared to serve the new Russia and to refrain m counter-revolutionary attempts. The rot set in when, instead of ancing, even cautiously, in this direction, the Bolsheviks both sub- uted the rule of their party for that of the Soviets and, within the ty, allowed democracy to be replaced by "monolithic" control by a row group of leaders, thus opening the road to Stalin's personal dic- orship through his control of the party machine.

HIS fundamentally wrong course arose out of the doctrine of Lenin himself. For Lenin, who directed his entire thought to the means of king the revolution rather than to what would need doing after it, s the begetter of the whole concept of party dictatorship, though not its subsequent perversion under Stalin's influence. Lenin did at least ieve in free discussion within the party, until a decision had been ched—not in the imposition of policy from above upon the party, ich would then impose it on everyone else. I am opposed to Lenin's ception of dictatorship, as well as to Stalin's. But there is a real dif- ence. A good deal of what Lenin insisted on was unavoidable under conditions of war and civil war: what Stalin and his chief collabora- s—many of whom he subsequently liquidated—set out to do was ong in any circumstances.

That is why I regard the recent repudiation of "Stalinism" as in- ving much more than a mere rejection of the "cult of personality," and it as leading on, whether its sponsors wish or not, towards a return democracy both within the Communist Party and, presently, over a ch wider field. I do not, however, see it as necessarily leading to the itution of parliamentary government on the western model. I do think that parliaments are necessarily superior to Soviets, or *vice ra.* There is more than one possible model of democratic government, the type that is to be preferred depends on the historic experience

and tradition of the people who are to accept it as their way of political life. There are, however, certain conditions that any humanly satisfactory system must be designed to meet.

It must allow wide freedom for the expression of divergent opinions, within limits that are bound to exist in any society and will vary according to the situation: it must allow freedom to organize for the furtherance of such opinions, within similar limits; and these freedoms must include personal security for those who advocate the various opinions against arbitrary arrest or liquidation. To this extent, it is true that "without freedom there can be no Socialism," or rather no Socialism it is legitimate to pursue, though in conditions of war, civil or international, or of immediate danger of war, the limits will unavoidably be narrower than in conditions of peace and relative security.

THUS, in the present situation, I not only welcome the signs of some appreciation of past misdeeds on the part of the leaders in the Soviet Union and other Communist countries, but also believe that Social Democrats must get ready to hold out the hand of friendship to men with whom, despite all their differences, they do have a great deal in common. I do not suggest that the time has come for "Cominform" Communists and Social Democrats to sink their differences; but I do hold (1) that it is time for friendly discussion between the parties of the Socialist International and such bodies as the Yugoslav Communists, the Nenni Socialists, and the Asian and African anti-imperialists, and (2) it is time, too, for the Social Democratic parties to ask themselves seriously whether they are doing their utmost to establish Socialism in their own countries, and if not, why not.

I also believe the time has come for individual Socialists and Communists to begin talking with one another, very seriously and with the least possible mutual recrimination, about the issues that divide them, in the hope that they may, even if only in the long run, succeed in building on what is agreed between them a basis for reuniting the world working-class movement for a common struggle against capitalism, imperialism and reaction. For, finally, what nonsense it is to suppose that a Socialist world can be built by Socialists (including Communists) who spend more time and energy in denouncing one another than in combating their common enemies!

G. D. H. Cole is the widely-known British Socialist writer and scholar. His article is reprinted from the New Statesmen and Nation with the kind permission of its editors.

Fadayev

By CHARLES HUMBOLDT

LL OF US have heard of men of pure metal who can stare disaster down with their stainless eyes. Others take one look at the world d give you the formula that holds it together forever or will destroy in three seconds. There are those to whom the death of a friend is no ore than the melting of snow; the calm side of nature has enchanted em.

Then come the lucky ones with the gift of camouflage. Trouble? ney puff up to it. Complexity? They take the shape of a maze. Sorrow? ot they are soft; the heavy heart is always bullet proof. They have gned a compact with the lions.

But to be neither lion nor fox, that is a different matter. To be asked roar when one's voice is not in it, to look grave when one used to ugh, to hunt when one wants to think, to strike when one would rather ve—a man should pause before he accepts this role.

They say Fadayev drank. A healthy confession. The script writer of e film *Moussorgsky* could not admit so much. What instructive example ould that provide—a great composer miserable enough to drink? But e will burst through the most compassionate lie. Moussorgsky drank. dayev drank. Look, we've said it; the worst is over. But is it? Fadayev lled himself. Why? He drank. What could not be said of the musician comes the writer's epitaph. So now we read a *Child's Life of Fadayev.*

REMEMBER him at the Peace Congress at the Waldorf only seven years ago. A man like a thick, hardwood tree, a soldier standing hands sped behind back and feet apart in the position called parade rest. gifted, so unbreakable. What happened to his gifts? Why did he eak? The wind of revelation did not uproot him, and yet the trunk apped. Could it be because, for all his bravery, he could not bend? nding, too, is wisdom for the tree.

What presumption, you may say, to waste time guessing why a man killed himself. Of course, it is presumptuous. And of course "This is it" is a fool's answer; any fool knows that. But is the possible to be a forbidden gate to us? Isn't art itself a kind of science of the possible and its history that of the trying out of a thousand keys? And to shun conjecture, isn't that more irresponsible than to venture it?

When we cannot understand a man's actions, it sometimes helps to ask: how does he picture himself? We know the kingly self-portraits of childhood: the savior of horses in a stable fire, a prince on the town in disguise, avenger of wrongs, courier of the gods. The blind desires of elders show in these images. They represent either the child's surrender or his resistance to wills not his own. When these imposed wills have been too strong for him, the child, now grown up, can neither rid himself of his false image nor keep it within bounds. A landscape of fantasy surrounds it, gardens, castles, realms. Still it grows like a sick cell, proliferates . . . and breaks down, and the scenery of life with it.

But Fadayev? There was a real man, who took no solace in anxiety. Then where are we to look for the image that doomed him? Was it forced upon him, and when? Or did he choose it, and why? Fate—others, the outside world—looms so large against the atom of choice. Can one balance them at all? To do so is almost unbearable; not to makes pathos of tragedy and puppets of us all.

HAD FADAYEV given up writing? (Organizing, criticizing, concretizing are not writing. Believe it or not, they are easier.) The question, if relevant, is secondary. What is pertinent is that he was persuaded—allowed himself to be—that, if writers were engineers of the soul, necessity had elected him to be a kind of chief engineer. In a concocted atmosphere of permanent crisis, which the facts did not warrant and the Soviet people at large did not feel, he was to be the sturdy sergeant of the cultural sector of the line. The dean of writers, the instrument of policy, the strategic tool in the construction of the new man. That was the image others planted in him, and for whose conduct he was to be responsible. Forthright as always, he embraced it consciously, though surely not aware of where the choice would lead. (Later to learn that strategy hid self-interest, that policy meant the power of persons, and that history explains much but does not justify everything.)

Henceforth, artists were to be told how far it was proper for their

insight to delve, and what it was safe to show a citizenry which had borne two world wars and accomplished the greatest revolution in history. The writer was to lead men through the forest of passions to the promised land of reason by hacking down the trees and erasing the footprints of the march. The instructions of Plato were revived: strangle instinct and perception and lie simply for the benefit of the perplexed. From this to silent discretion before the murder of one's own colleagues, the Yiddish writers, was a long, long step, more like an exile, but Fadayev, prisoner of his image, had to take it. And how many more! Could that have been where he began to die?

SO WE blame Fadayev. No, no. Do you peck at the protagonist of tragedy? Do you mock Othello from the middle rows? For, like that hero, Fadayev died enraged. He thought himself clothed in theory, to see himself in the end naked of fact. He was proud ("I have done the state some service"), and found himself alone. Out of loyalty, he allowed others to be his fate, only to realize what he, fighter and novelist, once knew: Fate is ourselves, too.

Four on the XXth

By JACK BEECHING

ON THE UNITY OF THEORY AND PRACTICE

Man's hands grow into all he does, like flowers
Leaping from fingers; but his cruel thoughts
Are hailstones dropping on the natural world
Knocking white blossom into dying stars.

Let but hands think, all will go bright at last,
For when men meet or lie beside their loves
Hands' words are breath reviving fruitful fire
Yet thoughts can lie within the lover's clasp,

Can lie as mind and memory direct,
And so like acid pour the scalding dew
Whence risen lovers sometimes bloom as one.
So lies have made a hangman's noose of sex.

As between man and man, the lies go mad,
Dumb messengers with blind, unspeaking eyes;
Only wise hands can ever penetrate
Another's wound another lie strikes dead.

So men are lustful liars running wild
And thoughts are lies in sex and politics
Unless man's hands grow into all he does,
Planting each thought like root or flowering child.

EPITAPH FOR FORTY JEWISH WRITERS

The gun is what they love, it has the knack
Of going bang and leaving something cold
For the dog or the burial party to bring back.

Given a gun, the coward can be bold.
Old impotent can show the way it went
On nights when it went right (just let him hold

The butt in his limp fingers). Very small
And timid men can thrill to see them tremble
When they are led in rows against a wall

With bandaged eyes for crimes we may dissemble
But daren't admit, like planning, planting, thinking.
(Guns must resent what they cannot resemble.)

Death when well done is over in a twinkling,
But making men takes more than one bright bang.
It's from tomorrow that the guns are shrinking.

Seeing the light can be a blinding pang
After long lifetimes climbing out of slime.
We must remember why these forty sang,

Erect in rhyme the motive for the crime:
Before this gun had raped their bodies cold
They made live children out of their good time.

ON NOT BEING ABLE TO STAND IT

Man in his box of iron or wood
Or sprayed with blood and sewed in skin
Has a good notion what is good,
Can pick and choose between sin and sin
When those outside try to get in.

Sin is the smell of a stone cell floor,
Soap and theological doubt;
Sin is the hard, denying door
Perjurer's oath and grip of the tout
(He's stuck inside and can't get out!)

Crossed and double-crossed before
I've been, so take away this cup.
Between this virgin and this whore
Tonight is appointed for me to sup
(As one goes down, the other comes up.)

Your clocks are running short of time:
No cross without a golden crown,
No crown without a golden crime.
Your dead saint is a dying clown.
Your virgins have all fallen down.

The tiger cannot change his skin
Nor can the tiger's timid prey
Flay his black skin, so hasten in
Your prison cell, and learn to pray,
And throw the sinful key away.

Death is something dark and strange;
We go to death by candlelight.
The shops are running short of change;
Your friends are running out of sight
So lock your box, and so goodnight.

SONG OF SINGLEMINDEDNESS

When friends in longing greet or part
Five words will light a certain heart.
So leave concordances behind—
Your single mind may touch mankind.

When that small fist, that phrase, goes right,
Each single mind brings into sight
Manifold modes of word or way
Golden and brave as a sun's ray.

Let now our speech of human kind
Lift their white hoods from off the blind.
Sweet friends, the sun by natural art
Dries tears. Speak then with certain heart.

FRED ELLIS

FRED ELLIS' trade was that of a sign painter. He has many a tale of that salty craft which in the old days of the 1920's was carried on by many a Mark Twainish character, the journeymen of the wandering wall artists. But Fred Ellis has never drawn a line in which to the pride of the craftsman was not added the outlook and sensitivity of the artist. Since the days back in 1919 when, as a result of a fall from a scaffold, he had started to do some cartoons for an A.F. of L. paper, Fred Ellis gave himself a goal, a vision—he wanted to bring to the political cartoon the special beauty of art, the beauty of line, of human insight, of form.

He has never theorized much about it; he has, in thousands of hours of toil over a cartoonist's desk, striven to accomplish it. And he has accomplished it, time and time again, in many a drawing and cartoon now in the files of the Daily Worker, the New Masses, and other publications.

When the young Chicago sign painter was recovering from his fall, Bob Minor and John Reed came to see him. From these men, he learned of the kind of art that a man like Daumier had created. For Daumier had brought the keenest subtleties of great art to the daily newspaper and weekly magazine. Daumier became a god to Ellis as did many another master who sought to combine the beauty of art with the beauty of social thought. We are giving in this issue but a mere sampling of the artistry of Fred Ellis, now past seventy, in the conviction that his work's vitality means much in these days.

THE EDITORS

FOUR DRAWINGS ➧

OVER
PRODUCTION

CROCODILE TEARS

THE FATAL BITE

My Cotton Comes First

By LAWRENCE GELLERT

Mr. Gellert has traveled many times throughout the South collecting Negro folk music, particularly songs of protest. The following dialogues are not imaginary encounters but re-creations of conversations overheard or told to the author.

THE EDITORS

1

I brought back them shoes, 'cause they's too tight.

How do you know they're too tight? Did you wear them?

No sir. I ain't wear 'em none. You can see they's spankin' clean—same's like you give 'em to me.

I told you when you first came in here, we can't take back into stock shoes you put on your feet.

But I didn't wear 'em none. And I can't use 'em nohow if they don't fit me.

Why not try to sell them to somebody else?

Mister, nobody give me hardly nothin' for 'em.

That's too bad.

But I needs me shoes I can wear.

I'll sell you another pair.

I ain't got me no more ready made cash money, white folks. I done give you all I had. Please take these here back in 'xchange.

I can't do that. If my regular customers found out I let n----rs walk around with my stock of shoes on their feet—how long you think I'd last in business here?

But I can't go 'round in my bare feet mister—and after paying you my last lovin' dime for pair of shoes. . . .

I can't help you. And don't park here. You've wasted a lot of my time already. . . .

2

I want to see the Postmaster, sir.

What about?

I'm not gettin' my mail regular, sir.

How do you know?

Well, sir, I wrote 'way back to Bellas Hess from catalogue and sent
n cash money to pay for some things my woman want and it ain't
me.

How long is it since you sent?

Reckon 'bout three weeks—

And your name?

Robert Dale sir.

Hey George, got somethin' back there for Robert Dale?

I remember it knockin' around here. Wait a minute. Yeah, I found
Here it is.

Uhuh! What did you say your name was?

Robert Dale, sir.

Well, this isn't for you.

Yes 'tis. There's my name—it's the very bundle my woman waitin'
r.

No, this ain't for you. Your name is Robert Dale. And it says on
is package MISTER Robert Dale. And that's why it didn't get deliv-
ed to you by R.F.D.

But please, sir. . . .

Shall we give it to him this once, George? Well, all right—save us
e trouble of sending it back. But don't you ever again dare get some-
dy send you anything addressed *Mister.* Understand?

Yessir, but how I goin' to stop 'em?

Next time you write for somethin' tell 'em you ain't no mister—
e. Or maybe go up there after it yourself and let 'em look at you
they'll know.

3

You been avoidin' me, Mose.

Nossir. I just ain't had me no chance to stop 'round—that's all.

Well, I can't spend me no time chasin' after you.

That all right, Mr. Graves. You don't has to chase 'round after me
ne.

You know I wouldn't if I didn't need you. And seem like you're
tin' biggity for your britches.

No sir.

Well, what I want you for is to clean up that growin' field near
e creek.

Can't now, Mr. Graves.

And why not? You goin' to get paid for it.

That's what you say me last time.

Oh, yes, I forgot I owe you somethin' for last year. But I'll pay you when you get through this time.

Oh, I ain't worryin' 'bout that, Mr. Graves. I got me my own crop to look after.

Ah hell, you ain't got you no stand of cotton 'longside of mine. And with rain bound to come along anytime now, I got to get that cotton stored.

That's 'zactly same reason why I got to get my own cotton in.

You think your cotton just as important as mine?

No sir, but . . .

Maybe you think you're just as good as white folks too. . . .?

No sir.

I done told you already, Mr. Graves, I can't——

If you want to hold on here, you got to be more cooperatin'.

Yessuh, but . . .

No buts about it. My cotton comes first. Yours can wait.

I done told you already, Mr. Graves, I can't——

It's settled. Tomorrow morning before sunup. And you Goddamn well better be there.

4

Hey there, you. . . .

You callin' me?

Damn right I am. . . . I've never seen you 'round here before.

No.

Say No Sir, n----r.

No sir.

Where are you from?

Why. . . .

You're from up North, aren't you?

No . . . sir.

Where then?

California.

Hell, that's north of here, ain't it?

Well some parts it, and some parts isn't.

Fresh n....r, aren't you?

No sir.

You expect to stay 'round these parts some?

Perhaps. . . .

Then you got to learn somethin. Else you won't live to stay here no eat long while. See them other n----rs walkin' along. You don't see n pass by no white folks just starin' in their eye like you done, without ilin' or sayin' Howdy white folks, or tippin' their hats. And 'nother ng—say you goddamn n----r stop clenchin' and unclenchin' that hand you'rn before I get whoppin' daylight out of you! Now thank me for rnin' you how to behave. . . . Say thank you.

Thank you.

Thank you, sir.

Thank you, sir.

All right, you can go and remember to act like you learn somethin' iat gonna do you good—if you expect to stay above ground 'round re for a spell.

5

I come to see you 'bout my taxes, Mr. Palmer.

Well, 'bout time you did. Hope you pay it now.

Well, no—it say here wrong.

I don't see nothing wrong with it.

How come I got to pay me more'n double what I pays last year?

That's the way 'tis.

But I ain't make me no more'n just 'bout half the crop I make me last ır—what with gully washin' rains and weevil. . . .

That's too bad, but it's got nothin' to do with the tax bill.

What got somethin' to do with it, then, white folks?

Did Mr. Gaines tell you he wants to buy your place?

Yeah, that so.

You going to sell?

My family needs 'em place to live.

Oh Mr. Gaines won't turn you loose. He keep you share croppin' e he do most of your people down here in the Bottoms.

He offer me hardly nothin' for my farm.

I can't help that. But your taxes will have to be paid.

Golly, how I gonna raise me all that hard, ready made cash money s time of year?

Won't do you no good even if you raise this year's taxes.

No—how come?

Next year it double. And if you get that money together, year after t it going to be double, double. . . .

What for I got to pay like that? Cause Mr. Gaines wantin' my place? Is that what for?

Well, well, you do catch on fast.

Do Mr. Gaines write my tax bill?

Your askin' too many questions for a n——r. Take my advice and sell out to Mr. Gaines. Go right over now—lose you no time. If you wait too long or make a fuss he might change his mind 'bout payin' you at all—and run you off and then where will you be?

6

What do you want here—you?

Well, I. . . .

Yes?

It's election day.

So?

I'm here to vote.

You don't say. You registered?

Yes sir.

What's the name?

Sam Collins.

Let me see now, Chalmers, Campton, Childress, Dillard. . . . You're sure you want to vote?

Yessir.

You take plenty of time to think about it?

Yessir.

. . . Frances, Gillard, Grumpton. . . .

You pass by my name. . . .

Oh I did? I asked you if you took plenty of time to think about voting.

I said I did.

Maybe you didn't. Want to think about it some more?

No sir. I can't. I've got to get back on the job.

Your Boss know you come here to vote?

Nossir.

What's his name?

That's got nothing to do with it. . . .

No, but I'm asking just the same.

You want to call him to say I'm here to vote.

Suppose I do?

Then I might lose my job. You've got no right to make me do that.
No right, huh? Guess we whites would have no rights of any kind nce we let you n———s vote and take over. Don't you agree?
No sir.
Well, anyway, I don't seem to find your name on the register.
It's there. I saw it. Let me show you.
Get away you n———r. Stand over there awhile I attend this gentle-nan.
I can't wait—I got to go back to work.
Who's keeping you! Get the hell out of here! And don't you dare ome back. . . .

7

Sorry Mr. Russel. I can't come to work last week.
You promise you would, didn't you? I was dependin' on you. . . .
Dat so, Mr. Russel. But I just can't make it. I was all used up like iece of soap after hard day's washin'—I was so weak I could hardly can' after that there beatin' I get.
Fightin' again?
No sir, that Mr. Sweetser, big white folks, he jump me last Monday. been in infirmy ever since.
You dare tangle with him?
No sir. I wasn't studyin' about doin' no tanglin' with nobody—no r. Not me. He just come and bust me. . . .
What for?
I dunno—he knock me cold before I could ask him.
Must be some reason.
Mebbe so, mebbe so. But I can't remember doin' nothin' to that white olks. I ain't hardly know 'em 'cept to say Good mawnin' suh and nice ays overhead suh. . . .
He just wouldn't do it for no reason. . . . You're sure you didn't do othin'. . . .
Nosuh.
If you're lyin' n....r, I knock you senseless myself.
I tell you gospel truth, Mr. Russel.
Well, I'm going to get to the bottom of this myself. Operator, get e 0371.
Mr. Sweetser, please. Is that you Sweetser? This is Russel. Bob Russel.

Say, I got a n....r of mine smashed up pretty bad. . . .

Yes? What he do?

Well, suppose he did tell one of your n----rs I'm payin' ten cents an hour more than you are. Only reason I'm doin' it I got me rush job. And now a n----r, the best I got on my payroll, crippled up so bad he won't be able to work for a month. Yeah, you keep your goddamn hands off my n----rs, see! Just let me hear that you lay a hand on another n----r of mine and I'll knock the bejesus out of every one of your n----rs I meet walking 'round town first chance I get——.

8

Say, one hundred and five dollars is a lot of money for you to have around to worry about. Let me keep it for you. Here's two dollars, you can go spend it for yourself now.

No sir. Mr. Roberts—that's Government money for my army service and I want it—all of it.

Your bound to get into trouble havin' all that monye on you. Might drink it up—give it to some woman—or meet up with the wrong kind of white folks. . . . You know Jackson, your money's safe with me.

But you done take my musterin' out money too—long time back and I ain't been able to draw on it hardly nothing at all.

That's 'cause there's been plenty of work to be had around here. You going to get that money when hard time comes again and it'll keep you off relief—that comes out of our taxes and we have to protect ourselves from shiftless no-account n----rs who run through what money they get and then expect the county to take care of 'em.

I wants that money just the same, Mr. Roberts. It's mine.

Look Jackson. I want to keep things pleasant—here, I'll give you five dollars and you can go and have you a time.

No sir. This time I wants it all.

Now I'm getting me a bit tired of your gimme, gimme talk. First thing you know you'll be getting me real mad. Better get along now, without no fuss. And don't forget to come in next month sometime and I'll give you a little more pocket money—that is if you show you done work hard all you could and don't laze 'round none in the sun.

9

Was there some third party present when you discussed the matter with him?

Can't say that I recollect. Oh yes. Now—sure—there was Jim Bailey there all the time.

Is this Jim Bailey related to you?

Hell no—he's a n - - - - r.

I'm asking about possible witnesses, not n - - - - rs.

But Bailey could be made to tell what took place.

You think a n - - - - rs word is as good in Court as Pratt's?

No—it's my word against Pratt's. But Jim would add just some extra weight to my word, that's all.

It would not. It would prejudice the case against you.

But Bailey wouldn't get mixed up in this of his own account. If you oblige him to come and tell what he heard, everybody in Court knows he wouldn't be sticking his neck into it less'n he knows for sure it were Gospel truth he sayin'.

And have the opposite attorney have a field day?

But why?

Why? With a n - - - - r on the witness stand, he'd make meat out of his story and have more fun out of doin' it than a kid with a lolly pop. No, my professional reputation round here wouldn't be worth a picayune if I let a n - - - - r climb into the witness box in any case of mine.

But what then?

Maybe I can find an angle that will stand up—and for love of Jesus forget about n - - - - rs. I've been 'round here with the Law now for more than forty years and I ain't yet see a side with n - - - - r weighin' it down ever win a civil action case.

10

Good morning, Governor.

Hey, how in hell did you get in here?

Have an appointment, sir. My name is ——.

And why didn't you tell me over the phone you were a Nigra?

I beg your pardon sir—I am *not* a Negro.

No? With that kinky hair and dark skin, what else could you be?

American.

Sure, sure, that's what all Nigras claim. But does that make 'em white? Of course not. But what were your people before they came to America. What country did they come from?

Poland, I believe.

Well, Polish are the same as other white people. So where did your people come from before they went to Poland?

I don't know. Perhaps a thousand years back, who would know?

What's their religion?

Jewish.

Didn't I say so? I could just tell from looking at you. Jews are Africans—same's Nigras. And I don't give a damn if they came from there a thousand years ago or yesterday. And now you get the hell out of my office. And don't ever call anyone white folks down here on the phone for an appointment without telling 'em you're African, understand?

11

Now Saul, this is what I asked you up to my office about.

What's that, Mr. Preston?

From the Parkside School—some Nigra had him the insolence to write to the Principal that since white folks had declared to admit Nigras to their school, he wanted the honor to be the first admitted, etc., etc. Now maybe they'll send brass band with banners flying to fetch him over to the school.

What all that got to do with me, Mr. Preston?

Well, that Nigra gives your name as nearest relative.

That's first I hears 'bout it.

How's he related to you?

Reckon 'bout a second cousin. But I hear tell 'bout him all the time. He smart boy with his schoolin'. Preacher Brown say one time he smartest boy in whole schoolhouse. Maybe 'twere Preacher Brown wants him to get him more schoolin'.

What in hell does he want to get the boy to waste his time for?

Schoolin' ain't no waste of time, Mr. Preston.

For whites no——

Well, suh, reckon Negro boy want to learn him somethin' too.

It just spoil him that's all.

No maybe improve him little bit.

Naw, it make him too biggity for the kind of job he can get. Do you think I'd have brief-case Nigra with eye glass and book in his hand hauling cases 'round here for me. And would he be happy doin' doin' it. Hell no.

Maybe he'll find 'nother kind of job.

Who'd let him take a white man's job? He better not try. Maybe you already know the story, how God more'n a million years ago called White man and Nigra before him. And say, 'I got me two bundles made up there, one for each of you—they've got useful things in 'em I want

you usin.' And one was a big bundle and the other was a little bundle. And God say to the Nigra, "You got first choice—I got my own reason for givin' it to you ahead of white folks—now pick whichever one you want." And Nigra with big greedy shiny eye grab for big bundle naturally as lightnin' bug shine. And then God tells white man the other bundle is yours. So when they opens up their bundles white man find him pen and ink and he bound to do the writ'n' in this World ever since. And what do you think Nigra find him in the big bundle. Nary a thing but pick axe and shovel. And God say to him 'Now remember you make your own choice—no one push it on you—so I want no grumblin out of you about all the pick and shovel work you got to do from now on. And don't you never get tryin' to change it none———to get out of it neither."

That's a sure 'nough good story, Mr. Preston. But I hear tell it mighty different . . . It was . . .

Never mind. I like it my way. And I like everythin' just the way it is. They need no changin'. And so long as each of us keeps his own place in the world the good Lord fix for us, we're bound to get along. Don't you think so?

Yessir, Mr. Preston.

So what you thinkin' to do 'about that trouble makin' Nigra cousin of yours?

What can I do?

He's your goddamn relative ain't he? Smack the Devil out of him. Wash his mouth out with Lysol. Drown him. Do anything you like. But stop up his biggity mouth before he really startin' somethin it'll take more than you or me or him to finish.

But I got no say 'bout it, Mr. Preston.

Your payin' his board and room at place where he stayin' at right now, I hear. It's my money you payin' that Nigra and I'm going to put me a stop to it. So if you want to keep working for me and spending my good money, you will see to it none of it go to that———And I want to hear no more of this Nigra foolishness—going to white folks school indeed? Next news they strew he'll be wantin' us to pay for him going to white folks college too—and why not—some white folks a million miles away decide to admit the Nigra to *our* colleges. . . . You know, if somebody told that loud enough down at the Cornwall Cemetery my poor old Dad buried nigh on to fifty years—he'd just sit up in his grave—but wouldn't be long before he'd drop dead again laughin' at the sight—Nigra's going to white folks college—ha, ha, ha, ha.

Roll On
You Vast and Mississippi Blues

Water that great solvent took the rosy tint
out the Tallahatchie crick and sadly swam to the south.
Gravely the waters fled, reddening the land,
making for the Mississippi channel to the sea.

How bloody the people saw that night the sun
glinting on the still flowing water and
how ruddy rose he up at dawn, rougeing the muddy flood,
sternly wheeling down the marks, down to Baton, to N'Orleans.

Over the maundering river boatmen stood amazed, Sam and Jim,
hearing the cornetted glory riff, the snared skins
drumming the sadness, angering, marching the saints.

Rumor of red spreads through the dreaming deltas. Long
at last the wading waters bury in ocean,
engulfed, solving nothing.

Now and when the sun
draws water and the wet winds hurry to Mississippi
all rains stain the damnéd spot young Emmett cries *no more*

—LEE JENSON

LUCRETIUS

By HOWARD SELSAM

FEW WOULD deny that in the modern world poetry and science have become completely dissociated. John Keats' immortal lines:

> *"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," that is all*
> *Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.*

were written not about scientific but poetic "truth," not about a new scientific outlook on the nature of the world but about a Grecian urn. Few would even think that it could be otherwise, for the poetic imagination is considered antithetical to the scientific temperament with its insistence on investigation and strict logical reasoning.

But it was not always so, and it is good to be reminded again that one of the world's greatest poems is at the same time one of the greatest scientific treatises of all time. A poem, we tend to think, is designed to inspire, not to instruct. Too often we forget that science is at once a creative human activity and the revelation of a world ever more wonderful than the poet recognized when he declared:

> *The Heavens declare the Glory of God*
> *And the Firmament showeth His handiwork.*

A DIDACTIC epic poem on the scientific world outlook might well seem to have two counts against it to begin with. Even Shelley expressed abhorrence of didactic poetry. To most persons, an English verse translation from the Latin would be regarded as having a third count to overcome. Yet Alban Winspear's new poetic translation of Lucretius' *On the Nature of Things** requires and incites us to read again the inspired Roman poet of science of the first century B.C.

Many are the translations of this unfinished work, of which only two tenth-century copies have come down to us—a half dozen or so in English

* *The Roman Poet of Science LUCRETIUS: De Rerum Natura.* Set in English verse by Alban Dewes Winspear N. Y., S. A. Russell, The Harbor Press, 1956. $5.

prose and several in verse, including the one by William Ellery Leonard many of us read in the nineteen-twenties. They say essentially the same thing. One can compare the texts and find that beneath all the variations of vocabulary and style the basic meaning remains the same. For more than half a century no English reader has needed to be at a loss, as to the essential content of Lucretius' immortal poem.

BUT Professor Winspear, well known for his challenging *Who Was Socrates?* (now unfortunately out of print) and his *The Genesis of Plato's Thought,* (now fortunately back in print) has given us here something altogether new. His translation is a work of extraordinary skill, beauty and power. It is obviously a product of years of thought and work, as well as immense feeling for Lucretius' profound unity of form and content, of scientific-philosophical meaning and emotional overtone. It is to be questioned whether any other philosopher besides Spinoza (essentially a materialist, too) felt so deeply the philosophy he sought to expound and was so concerned that the reader feel its emotional impact. Both seek to move the reader to a new way of life.

To some, it may seem strange to compare Spinoza's *Ethics* with *De Rerum Natura.* Spinoza demonstrated his beliefs in rigid geometric order, with definitions, postulates, axioms, propositions and corollaries. Lucretius expounds his in the poetic meter dactylic hexameter. He is a poet, and sings as a poet is expected to sing, not "of arms and the man," to be sure, but of how "No thing can come from nothing by divine decree." The point is that both are driven to move their readers' hearts as well as their minds by what to them is the profound beauty of a world ordered not by any whims of Gods but by Nature's laws. Both seek to free men from insatiable desire for wealth and power and pleasure of the senses, through raising their eyes to the eternal laws by which all things come about. Lucretius especially wants to remove from men the fears of the Gods taught by the rulers of Rome—the fear of the lightning flash, the fear that death holds untold horrors.

And so this darkened terror of the mind must be dispelled,
Not by the rays of sun or gleaming shafts of day,
But Nature's laws, by looking in her face.

I THINK these are some of the reasons which led Dr. Winspear to undertake this most difficult and well-nigh thankless task. He wants to share his own passion for Lucretius with those who cannot read the

Latin original. As he says in his Introduction: "For majesty of theme and subject matter, for sustained eloquence of exposition, for acuteness of philosophical insight and argumentation, for poetical imagery and musical cadence, and for the sheer enthusiasm of scientific passion, the Greeks . . . produced nothing to rival Lucretius. Indeed I am not sure that, as regards all these qualities, Lucretius is not the greatest poet that ever lived."

Winspear's translation now makes it possible for the English reader fully to understand, appreciate and love Lucretius. Leonard's translation was ponderous, often obscure, and always over-stuffed, despite his enormous desire to convey the original's quality to the reader. The prose translations have improved in clarity and directness over the years, and the best I think, by R. E. Latham, is available for 35c in a paper edition. But all are tedious, heavy, dull and uninspiring except to those who already know the immense significance of Lucretius' exposition of the materialist philosophy of Democritus and Epicurus.

LUCRETIUS was writing to convince his friend, Memmius, of the truth of the Epicurean philosophy. Winspear has captured the ease and informality of the argument with its almost conversational style. His is a work not only of translation but of popularization as well. In this respect it makes one think of so many other outstanding British popularizations of science. He uses verse forms to condense and to clarify, not to lull the reader into acceptance by vague metaphors. His one aim is that of presenting the spirit and emotion of Lucretius, together with the technical content of his work, as simply and clearly as possible for the contemporary English reader. Incidentally, his publishers, too, have risen to the occasion by presenting Winspear's translation in a truly beautiful and appropriate form, producing a physical book that is a pleasure to handle and to read.

Here Lucretius lives again. His passionate love for nature, for people and for a scientific picture of the world is created in rhythmic lines that convey the uniqueness of his vision. Winspear's verse carries Lucretius' inspiration—that of a Roman aristocrat who, forsaking his class's culture and mode of life, wrote like one possessed, not of mythology, of mistresses, of warriors of the classic past, but of the world as science conceives it, a world of atoms in eternal motion. No wonder he tells his reader:

> *A doctrine new and wonderful is struggling to penetrate your ears,*
> *A novel face of things to show itself.*

FOR HE is going to present the atomic theory of the universe, the theory that all things are the product of the coming together of tiny invisible units that themselves are uncreated and indestructible.

> *Come now, I will unfold and tell*
> *What movement of the atom stuff made things*
> *And broke them down again when made,*
> *And what compulsion's brought to bear on them,*
> *And what velocity's assigned to them,*
> *To fall through mighty void.*

Professor Winspear has a brief *Preface* in which he helps the new reader by selecting key and exciting Sections of the work to be read first. This is an unusual procedure, but he is sufficiently confident both in Lucretius and himself to know that after these sections nothing can stop the reader from wanting to proceed from beginning to end. There is also an *Introduction* on Lucretius' thought which lucidly analyzes some of his chief ideas and problems. One wishes for a full-length account of the Rome of Lucretius' period (99-55 B.C.), its class struggles and their ideological reflections, the opposition to Epicureanism as the plebeian philosophy (as opposed to the patrician philosophy of Platonism), the contrast between Lucretius and Cicero, and so on. Few scholars are as equipped as is Professor Winspear for such a task and have such a keen insight into the relation of class conflicts to ideological ones.

One can add here only a few things that may help the reader to understand better some of the issues involved in Lucretius' poem.

Why expound such matters in poetry rather than prose, the proper language for science? I have already sought to indicate one of these—Lucretius' desire to achieve an *emotional* effect in his exposition of a scientific world view that will be greater than that carried by traditional mythology. He wants to change people.

> *How many things can priests invent,*
> *Vain myths to sap a lifetime's reasoning*
> *And muddy fortune's every gift with fear.*
> *No wonder; for if men could see*
> *There is to misery a fixed ordainéd end,*
> *In some way they'd find strength*
> *To stand against religion and the threats of priests.*

It is to give men such strength that he writes his rich hexameter lines.

BUT THERE are other reasons for his verse. Contrary to popular belief, poetry precedes prose among many peoples. Much of the earlier Greek philosophy had been written in verse, including the poem Lucretius knew, *On Nature,* by Empedocles in the fifth century B.C. Philosophical prose was only being created in Latin during Lucretius' time, and he constantly complains of the limitations of the Latin tongue for the scientific thought of the Greeks he seeks to expound.

Another thing the reader needs to know to appreciate what this poem intends is that, although ancient materialism in general and Lucretius' own thought was derived from many sources—the early Ionians, Heraclitus, Anaxagoras, Empedocles, Leucippus and Democritus—, it had come to be identified with the name of its great Greek exponent, Epicurus. And it was in the name of Epicureanism that Lucretius was challenging in a poetic epic on science the whole fabric of Roman mythology.

We must remember, too, that many educated Romans did not believe the prevailing religious myths but they did regard them as socially necessary fictions. In the century prior to Lucretius, Polybius, the Greek historian of Rome, wrote:

> I will venture the assertion that what the rest of mankind deride is the foundation of Roman greatness, namely superstitions. . . . Many possibly will be at a loss to understand this: my view is that it has been done to impress the masses . . . (who) in every state are unstable, full of lawless desires, of irrational anger, and violent passion. All that can be done, then, is to hold them in check by fears of the unseen and similar shams. It was not for nothing, but with deliberate design, that the men of old introduced to the masses notions about the gods and views of the life to come. Theirs is the folly and recklessness who seek to dispel these illusions.

Now it was precisely the Epicureans who were seeking "to dispel these illusions" and its teachers were banned from Rome because their "folly and recklessness" threatened the whole structure of Roman power.

And a generation after Lucretius, the geographer Strabo tells how the masses can be controlled only if they are taught how terrible divine punishments are. Thus it is that mythology has come to have its recognized place "in the explanation of the nature of reality." Similarly, Lucretius' contemporary, Cicero, recommended superstition for political purposes.

THIS MAKES it clearer what Lucretius was doing. Nothing short of leading a slave revolt (this was the time of Spartacus) could have been more fearsome to the great Roman slave owners than teaching Epicureanism. It is ironic that this man, who through his writing was a leading participant in the struggles of his time, was the creator of the idea of "the ivory tower."

O sweet it is when on the mighty sea,
The wind stirs up great billows,
One's own foot firm on steady earth,
To watch another's troubles.
Not that we find delight in others' strugglings,
But that it's sweet to look on ills
From which oneself escapes. . . .
But far surpassing everything in bliss it is
To occupy the high, serene, embattled eminence,
The ivory tower. . . .

One might only wish that more thinkers would flee to such an "ivory tower" as that in which Lucretius studied and expounded a scientific materialist world outlook.

Lucretius has commonly been treated as a mere expositor and popularizer of earlier materialist teachings. The detraction is not strange if we remember that our English-speaking scholars have not been noted for their commitment to an uncompromisingly materialist philosophy. Far from presenting a "watered down" version of Greek materialist thought, Lucretius was an original and creative thinker.

That does not mean that he made up new notions out of whole cloth, but rather that he sifted materials from many sources, absorbed and digested them, and then proceeded to present as one whole all that had been developed in the way of a scientific materialist outlook on the world over a period of many centuries. On the subject of man's technological, social and cultural development he penetrates deeper than any of his predecessors or contemporaries. Further, he is not only a student and a keen observer of natural phenomena, but one of the master polemicists of all times. He thoroughly and painstakingly argues out the questions of the separability of soul and body, of divine creation of the world, of any providence guiding natural events and human destinies. It is hardly too much to say that one can find here the answer to every argument for God and the soul's immortality that spiritualists have ever thought

of. Winspear captures this polemical character by such expressions as: "Next point," "Again" "Then, too."

IT IS a tragedy that we know nothing of Lucretius' life, of what inspired him to use his fabulous talents in the unpopular cause of teaching materialism, what arguments he had with his friends, what his relations were with other prominent Romans. "Fame is the spur," he wrote, "that touched my heart with hope, And branded breast with burning love of muses." What fame did he think his materialism would bring him? He was unknown and forgotten for 1500 years. Yet he has complete confidence, for he writes:

My fame is this—I touch a mighty theme
And burst religion's bonds from human minds.

At the same time he could scarcely not have known that as Benjamin Farrington has said, he was recording, "the opinions of the defeated party in ancient philosophy."

FINALLY, the reader is almost certain to ask the wrong questions about the atomic theory so advanced by Lucretius; the infinite atoms in eternal motion, the conception of evolving and disintegrating earths and suns, the origin of life from non-living matter, the physical basis of sensation and thought, the evolution of species through natural selection of those best equipped to meet their life problems and reproduce. Nearly everyone asks: but how did they know this so long ago? And, when one adds to the rest Lucretius' superb account of the origin of civilization in Book V, wonder is indeed in order.

The answer to this question is twofold: First, they didn't *know* most of these things but figured out that all this is something like what must have happened. Their general conclusions about the nature of things were inevitable once they started with actual knowledge and observations of nature, and deduced the unseen from the seen, instead of the other way around, starting from the Gods and deducing the seen from the unseen.

In short, the ancient materialists starting from the premise that there are no Gods, developed imaginatively what would naturally follow from the assumptions of such a philosophy, and what might be expected to be learned by further use of scientific thinking based on the data of sense perception.

Second, the real problem is not how they got so far, but what stopped such speculation along scientific lines and held it back for approximately 1500 years. Here one is especially struck by the theories of biological and cultural evolution, neither of which returned to the level of Lucretius until the nineteenth century. The answer is to be found, of course, not in an *abstract* history of science but in an only too *concrete* history of exploiting society. Even in his time, Lucretius was a voice already crying in the wilderness. The slave system had choked off all possible paths of rational growth, leaving the way open for the triumph of a new mystical religion of an executed Son of God and man's redemption and resurrection through faith in Him.

THERE is no indication I know of that Lucretius recognized the salient fact that science and a world outlook built upon it was doomed by the economic structure of ancient society. He is perhaps not consciously fighting his class of Roman patricians, though there seems to be some evidence that they thought he was. He does see the ethical import of these materialist teachings and he explains thus why he follows Epicurus:

Into thick darkness came of old bright light.
You do I follow, you who brought the light
To show us what is good and bad in human life.

He believes that these scientific materialist teachings are the indispensable foundation for a rational human ethic. (His description in Winspear's translation of the neurotic behavior of members of his class is at once profound and hilarious.) He wants peace, not war; tranquility, not passion; calm serenity, not vacillation and fear. His society on the decline, Lucretius can only long for a return to better and simpler days.

Lucretius has no answer to the problems of his time. He deplores the rise of private property with its rule of wealth, comments on the growing impoverishment of the soil, deplores the giving by humankind of "all its mind to this grim task. Of bringing to perfection all the arts of war," but he does not understand the causes of the deterioration he sees around him. This is his limited, negative side, the product itself of the declining civilization of ancient slave society. And yet was ever the other side, the side of endless change and growth, more eloquently expressed than in these lines:

For time must change the nature of the universe—
A change of form and shape must come to everything.
Nothing abides unchanged, all things must move.
Nature is always changing things
Compelling them to turn themselves around.
And one thing rots away, grows weak with age,
Another grows to take its place,
Leaving its former low estate,
So time must change the nature of the universe
A change of form and shape must come on everything. . . .

No wonder Professor Winspear says he worked on this translation for one good reason—he wanted his favorite poet to be read. He rightly believes that Lucretius has a great deal to say to the men and women of our generation. For he is not only a materialist. He is a great humanist. He loves nature and he loves men, and he sees them as continuous. He hates war, and it is perhaps not amiss to interpret as meaningful to us of the atomic age what this apostle of the atomic theory has to say of man's headlong efforts to develop more dreadful instruments of destruction:

Perhaps men did all this
Not so much in hopes of victory
But despairing of themselves and of their cause
Outmatched in numbers, lacking arms,
They thought to give their foemen cause to mourn,
While going up themselves in one transcendent, glorious suicide.

新中國新文字

New Writing for China

By RALPH IZARD

CHINESE put the time needed to master their own written language at six to 10 years of constant study, most of it straight memory work, all of it skull-cracking. And they themselves have long held this to be a waste of man's precious time.

For these and other reasons, two conferences on the Chinese language were held in Peking late in 1955. Each weeklong session was devoted to standardization of the spoken language as a preliminary aim. Longer range, the conference dealt with two aspects of written Chinese:

First, the simplification of the existing store of ideographs, or "picture words" in which Chinese is now written. This work is now under way. Scholar's Chinese comprehends some 8,000 to 10,000 ideographs, each with its own meaning, but a knowledge of 2,000 ideographs is sufficient for literacy. Ultimately, after further study by Chinese linguistic scientists, decision is to be made upon an alphabet that will reproduce the sounds of spoken Chinese.

The great Chinese writer, Kuo Mo-jo, has long been known as an advocate of reform of written Chinese. He was a leading figure at both conferences, and told those attending the second:

"We are in an age of speed. We must move quickly in order to reach socialism. Just learning Chinese characters (ideographs) has become a heavy burden to us."

AS TO Chinese speech itself, contrary to popular notions spread in our country, China does have a national language. Western scholars, often historically prone to emphasize the divisive in Chinese life, refer to this national language as "the Mandarin dialect." But whatever they may call it—and historically it did have its origins in the speech acquired by the mandarins (government officials) in Peking—this national language is widely spoken and understood. The area of its common understanding extends from Chekiang province—"the Shanghai province," on the south to the Manchurian provinces in the Northeast; this broad swathe sweeps west to Tibet. Its southern limits curve down to China's southwestern borders.

Save for pockets of minority peoples, this area includes some 400-450 million people with a common language. And minorities such as the Hakka (originally *ho kuo,* "guest people"), Miao, Lo and other peoples have their own languages, which have either been alphabetized by now, or are in the process of being alphabetized.

Within this vast area, of course, local dialect differences exist, just as there are differences between the speech of New England and the Deep South. But in only two provinces in all China are speech differences so extreme as to make their speech unintelligible to those who speak the national language ("Mandarin dialect"). The first and largest is Kwangtung, southeasternmost province of China—the province that has supplied about 98 percent of all Chinese migrants to the United States. The dialect there is known as "Cantonese," from the name of Kwangtung's largest city (called Kwangchou in Mandarin), and utilizes a singsong, five tone scale.

Fukien, the other province lying outside the Chinese linguistic mainstream, likewise fronts on the South China Sea. Its northern borders are the southern borders of Chekiang. Fukien speech is a "relic language," Chinese as it was spoken in the remote past, understood today only by those who grew up in Fukien. (When I first flexed my Berlitz-acquired Chinese aboard a Canton-Peking train in 1950, one of those with whom I sought to talk said to his companions: "Sounds like a Fukien man. . . .")

That even these dialect differences still exist today is due, of course, to the cultural blight imposed by 100 years of foreign domination. If the gunboats of seven foreign nations had "internationalized" the harbors of Boston, New York, Charleston, New Orleans, San Francisco and Seattle, and guaranteed the backward rule of the slave owners from 1840 to

1940, would Alabama or Mississippi speech be intelligible to New Englanders today?

Now loudspeakers set in tens of thousands of Chinese village squares, rail lines snaking out into provinces that never knew them before, new highways, regular air transport, multiplied communications of all kinds, plus the movement of tens of millions of Chinese in the ferment attendant on building socialism—all these factors will speedily consolidate and extend the national language as spoken in Peking.

BUT replacing an ideographic form of writing whose origin dates back beyond the legendary *Huang Ti*—"the Yellow Emperor,"—with an alphabetic language is a tougher problem. That it is a necessity none can doubt who has ever watched a Chinese typist at work. The typist punches a key for the character she wants; a mechanical arm traverses the font below the machine, picks up the selected character, slots it into place. After all this, the typist can bang it against paper. Then he or she must wait again while the character is returned to its proper little box.

Or, consider the difficulties of classification by ideograph, as in a library's files, for instance. Here the radical (root) within the ideograph must first be identified. That done, the number of additional brush strokes that make up the complete ideograph are counted. Say we wish to consult a certain "How to" book in Chinese; the "heart" radical is a component of the word "how," which is composed of five other brush strokes. So we would consult that part of the files whose titles include five-stroke books, then go through the same process for the rest of the title.

Why did this ideographic form of writing, in which each word is a separate character, or combination of characters, with some characters requiring as many as 46 strokes, endure for so long? Why did it persist long after more or less phonetic alphabets had proved their greater utility and facility? A 19th century American missionary to China, quoted by John De Francis in his book, "Nationalism and Language Reform in China," gave a fairly complete answer to these questions:

> "Herein lies another serious indictment against the classical (written) character, namely that it develops a privileged class. Where the ability to read and write in any nation is confined to a literary caste, it follows as night the day, that members of this caste obtain and permanently hold the reins of government. Such a class of men would be something more than human if they did not fashion the government so that they would obtain all the political plums and enjoy every possible advantage at the expense of the ignorant and almost helpless masses.

"So China has a government of the literati, for the literati, and by the literati. Taxes are regulated by the simple rule of certain American railroad magnates regarding their freight tariffs. 'All the traffic will bear.'

"The all but universal corruption in the administration of public affairs is a legitimate fruit of this system of government by a privileged class. It may be modified and made less gross and palpable by a reform of the general government, but as long as human nature continues essentially the same, government by a privileged class will be corrupt and oppressive.

"The illiterate classes have opinions. They know they are oppressed. They resent it. But they cannot be heard, because they cannot speak through the press. . . ."

THE missionary, however, left out of his estimate the role played by the imperial Western powers in sustaining the corrupt rule of the decayed Manchu dynasty, of which he was writing. The T'aip'ing Rebellion (1850-65) was an outstanding example of a 19th century attempt by China's oppressed to make themselves heard, to express their resentment in the classical Chinese way. Had its noble and progressive aims—land to the peasants, full equality for women, among others—been achieved, a modern China of that era would have come into being.

Modernized transportation, communication and production would have compelled national literacy and therefore, earlier reform of the written language. But the gunboat nations could deal with a weak and corrupt —and, consequently compliant Manchu rule. They feared a national rising of the Chinese people that might bar such deals. So they propped up Manchu rule with a mercenary army officered from the top down to non-coms by "Europeans," a term also covering Americans, and paid out of the Manchu treasury. After a long struggle this army equipped with the modern weapons of that day was able to suppress the armies of the T'aip'ings, whose weapons were pikes, sickles, pitchforks. China was to be kept divided, weak and backward for another century. The corrupt rule of the upper class literati had been sustained by the West.

How highly and consciously these corrupt literati valued their monopoly of the written word had been indicated many centuries before the T'aip'ings rose by Cheng Ch'iao, a scholar of the Sung dynasty (960-1279 A.D.). Cheng studied written Sanskrit, the classical language of India brought to China by Buddhist missionaries. Cheng found this foreign script "very simple," since its loops, whorls and verticals below a running bar could represent a great variety of spoken sounds. But Cheng scorned this facile way of setting down speech.

"The world is of the opinion that people who know ideographs are wise and worthy, whereas those who do not know ideographs are simple and stupid," said the ideographic symbols that Cheng brushed in as comment on Sanskrit.

Cheng would be unhappy today, could he survey the progress already made in simplifying the ideographs which he had taken such pride in knowing. From his Hongkong listening post a correspondent reported to The New York Times on Jan. 8, 1956 that those directing the Chinese language reform had already simplified 798 ideographs by reducing the number of strokes necessary for each. Another 400 ideographic variants had been abolished; these were probably mere scholarly flourishes, attempts to create even more complex ideographic characters through combinations.

IF THE ideographic lore on which Cheng preened himself was denied most Chinese, "the world" of Great China to which he referred was also a closed book to most of the early Western missionaries. Indeed, in their attempts to install Christianity in a realm that had never embraced supernatural religion as official doctrine, the Jesuit scholar—priests of the 16th century operating out of Macao found that they too fell into Cheng's "simple and stupid" category.

These Jesuits therefore vaulted over the high hurdle presented by Chinese ideographs and translated the Cantonese dialect into a rough phonetic system. For this purpose they utilized their own Latin alphabet, with five tone indicators. This was as unlikely an amalgam as can be conceived, since many sounds of Cantonese speech find no echo in any combination of the letters in the Latin alphabet.

Protestant missionaries in turn broke their heads over written Chinese. Operating out of the treaty ports won by Britain in two wars fought to compel China to admit opium from India, these later missionaries likewise found themselves too "simple and stupid" to master written Chinese. So they turned in the same direction taken by the early Jesuits, apparently on the theory that it would be simpler to make the Chinese literate in the same alphabet they used than for the missionaries to learn to write Chinese.

This attempt at making the Chinese literate in a foreign alphabet never penetrated very deeply into Chinese life, possibly again because of the utter impossibility of reproducing certain sounds of Chinese speech in the letters of the Latin alphabet.

THE FIRST Chinese attempt to replace the ideographs with an alphabetic script seems to have been made in the late nineteenth century by Lu Kan-chang. Born near Amoy, a "treaty port" on the Fukien coast, in 1854, Lu's boyhood coincided with the great hopes roused in China by the rise of the T'aip'ings. The lessons that Lu learned from defeat of the T'aip'ings by the superior fire power of the Western nations were never forgotten.

In maturity, Lu devised an alphabet of 55 symbols for the sounds of Chinese speech. It was to be written horizontally and from left to right instead of in vertical columns from right to left. Linkages indicated two or more syllables that made up a single expression (which should dispose of the monosyllabic theory of Chinese speech), and there were signs to indicate the tone of each word so formed. That Lu needed 55 different symbols for his alphabet is accounted for by the fact that he originally intended it to be used in writing down the widely varying sounds of Cantonese or Fukienese or Mandarin. Later, however, Lu also advocated a national speech standard, at first favoring the Nanking Pronunciation, later Peking speech as the national standard. Lu expressed the reasoning behind his alphabet in words that clearly indicate that he understood the defeat of the T'aip'ings:

> "I say that the wealth of a country depends on science. The growth of science depends on everyone—men and women, young and old—having a love of learning and a knowledge of theory. Their ability to have a love of learning and a knowledge of theory depends on using a phonetic system of writing; then, once the alphabet and spelling have been mastered, everything can be read by itself without a teacher.
>
> "It depends on speech and writing being the same; then what is read by the mouth will be understood by the mind. It also depends on having a simple script; then the script will be easy to learn and easy to write. This will save more than 10 years' time.
>
> "If all this time is applied to the study of mathematics, the natural sciences, chemistry and all sorts of practical studies, how can there be any fear that our country will not be rich and strong?"

Lu Kan-chang was a delegate to the first national conference on language reform, held in Peking in 1913. The sessions went on for three months because of underlying political dissension and rivalry between various scholars, all of whom wanted to be remembered as "the father of the national language."

But at the end of those 90 days, through a one vote per province compromise evolved by Wang Chao, another language reformer, the predomi-

nant "Mandarin" provinces registered a majority for Chinese as pronounced in Peking as the national speech standard. An alphabet—again in the Chinese and not the Latin sense—was also agreed upon. This was limited to 39 symbols, sufficient for the sounds of Peking speech, and was given the name of "the national tone alphabet," or national phonetic alphabet.

ANOTHER attempt at reforming written Chinese seems to have been a lineal descendant of the earlier attempts by Western missionaries to fit Chinese speech to their own alphabets. Quite naturally, therefore, it was developed by a Chinese student in the United States, one Chao Yuan-jen. Called the "National Language Romanization" system (*Gwoyeu Romatzyh*), its Chinese center of support was Shanghai, where it became known as "GR." Chao's most original contribution was an approximation of the four tones of Peking speech through spelling variations rather than diacritical marks. Thus, in GR the four tones in which the syllable *fen* may be pronounced are indicated by these four spellings:

First tone, *fen;* second, *fern;* third, *feen,* and fourth, *fenn.*

ANOTHER simplified form of Chinese writing that used the Latin alphabet was christened Latinxua, with the "X" representing an "H" sound. When introduced in China it became widely known as "New Writing" (*hsin wenz*). Originally this New Writing was developed in the Soviet Union, during the same period that saw the rise of GR in the United States. New Writing was part of the great latinizing movement in the USSR during the 1920's that was the first direction taken in providing the analphabetic peoples of the Soviet Asian republics with scripts. It was devised so that all of the nearly 100,000 Soviet citizens of Chinese birth might achieve literacy.

Latinxua was originated by Ch'u Ch'iu-pai; his pioneering work was later supplemented and reinforced by Soviet linguistic scientists. Some 300 Chinese-speaking Soviet citizens were first trained to teach it to groups of 30 Chinese Soviet citizens; as soon as these 30 had mastered it, each of them took on the teaching of another 30, and so on until all 100,000 Soviet citizens of Chinese birth had become literate in New Writing within two years.

Within China some 17 titles had been published in New Writing by 1937; one was a brief biography of Henry Ford. Ch'u Ch'iu-pai did not live to witness the modest success of his attempt to reform written Chinese; one of Chiang Kai-shek's firing squads shot him in 1935.

Because of its origin in the most advanced society, a society that all colonial peoples see as a beacon of hope, Latinxua attracted passionate support from progressive intellectuals in the China of the 1930's. So in October 1936, when the great Chinese writer Lu Hsun died, Kuo Mo-jo eulogized his beloved "elder brother" with a scroll bearing these words:

"The greatest masterpiece in the world is his 'Story of Ah Q,'
But even greater in his life was his activity for Latinxua."

Latinxua versions reading from left to right were printed alongside the same story in ideographs reading vertically and from right to left in the handlettered newspapers issued daily in Yenan during the period when some of the forces of Chinese liberation were based there. But in Soviet Asia only four republics today retain the Latin alphabets devised for them in the 'Thirties. The others have shifted to the 35 symbols of the Cyrillic alphabet as more suitable to their needs.

And for some time the Cyrillic alphabet has also been used within the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region of China. Early in February 1956 a New York Times correspondent in Hongkong relayed the announcement by Radio Peking that by 1956 all IMAR publications would be issued in Cyrillic.

BUT EARLY in March the Peking People's Daily announced that a provisional alphabet had been agreed upon for use as a phonetic aid in learning Chinese, and to ". . . pave the way for . . . final Romanization of the Chinese language. This alphabet will be based upon the a-b-c's familiar to us all, but with a difference distinctly Chinese.

This Chinese alphabet will have no letter V, since V is a sound that does not occur in the Chinese language. And to the 25 remaining letters wil be added Chinese symbols for a soft G sound, and for the digraphs ZH, CH, SH and NG.

"At the present transitional stage the draft alphabet will not replace the Chinese written language, but will be used to phoneticize it," it was explained by Wu Yu-chang, chairman of the Committee to Reform the Chinese Language. "The alphabet will help to speed up the nation-wide campaign to wipe out illiteracy and thus benefit the whole country's socialist construction. At the same time it will facilitate telecommunication, cataloguing and indexing.

"The alphabet will help to popularize the standard Chinese spoken language, which is essential for the final Romanization of the Chinese language. It will also be used as a tool for experimentation on the prac-

ticability of Romanizing the Chinese language. During the course of experimentation the alphabetic script will be gradually improved and difficulties in adopting it solved."

Explaining the choice of Latin symbols for a Chinese alphabet, Wu pointed out that they were the world's most widely used speech symbols, utilized in the natural sciences, and to write down the languages of more than 60 countries, including the four Soviet republics previously mentioned, and eight People's Democracies. Further, their adoption will facilitate international cultural exchange, ending the linguistic isolation of Great China, once a world in itself, to which Kuo Mo-jo has called attention in the past.

IT WAS to be expected that the Old China Hands would raise anguished voices over reform of the Chinese language. Even now they are bewailing future relegation of the classical Chinese ideograph to the domain of scholars—where in fact it has always lain. And even Chinese scholars are uncertain of the exact meaning of ideographs no longer used that are found on ancient ceremonial urns, tombs, etc.

One of these anguished Old China Hands is James D. White, introduced by the Saturday Review for March '56 as a "long-time correspondent in China for the Associated Press." White is despondent that the long rule of a handful of Chinese scholars over the written word is now being broken. He is even fearful that those wily Communists who lead the Chinese people may force abandonment of a common ideograph —here brushed in for me by a Chinese friend, as are the others that accompany this article—the ideograph that signifies "good" (*hao*)

好

This would indeed take some doing; *hao* is as common to Chinese speech as OK is to American. The casual Chinese greeting is, "Good (or) not good?" (*Hao pu hao?*) In other words, "How are you?"

To which the reply may range from "Good!" (*Hao!*) through "Not very good," (*Pu hen hao*), to "Poorly," or "Not good" (*Pu hao*). *Hao*

has manifold uses and meanings that fit into nearly every aspect of Chinese life.

But the *hao* ideograph has White worried because it is made up—not of the "combined symbols for woman and child," as he says, but of one-half of each of those symbols, a common type of ideographic welding. This, he charitably admits, is because ". . . the most typical 'good' thing the Chinese could think of in the human cosmos was the relationship between a mother and her baby."

But those Chinese Communists! ". . . During the past six years they have devoted much time and energy to convincing mothers that part of their new equality consists of leaving their babies in day nurseries while they go off to work in field and factory." Obviously the mother-child relationship was better—*keng hao*—when the child had to be carried on the mother's back while she worked in the fields, or stashed away in a basket under a textile mill loom.

White also raises a phantom obstacle in the path of the great language reform when he comments that Chinese is ". . . incredibly homophonic," that is, has many words of the same sound but different meaning. But ever since men first grunted to one another, words have always been used within a context of meaning, and the Chinese have no more difficulties in understanding one another than any other people, despite these homophones.

Nor do Americans, although my *Webster's New International Dictionary* lists the simple word "right" four times—the first time with 12 meanings, the second with eight, the third with six, and the fourth with seven. Not to mention those other "right" homophones, "rite" and "write."

IN SELECTING a new written form for the sounds of Chinese speech, nothing will be lost of the extreme compression of meaning, easy flexibility, and down to earth poetry that the Chinese people have imparted to their spoken language in 4000 years of usage. Leaders of New China want a written language that follows the common speech, as it must in a society whose achievements are for the benefit of all, and in which all have a part.

It was early decided that the new Chinese written language was to follow the common speech of the Chinese people today—to conform to "common talk," *p'u-t'ung hua.* So written it will gleam with the polish of long usage, be dense with meaning, and possess a directness that can be claimed by few other languages.

What the Chinese call San Francisco—"Old Golden Mountain"

舊
金
山

—is a good example of this simplicity, directness and compression of meaning. San Francisco was not so named because some poetic Overseas Chinese glimpsed Mt. Tamalpais at sunset, or watched the sun-suffused fog pouring through the Golden Gate late on a summer afternoon.

In the 19th century, gold was first discovered in California, later in Australia. Consequently, San Francisco became known to the Chinese as "Old Golden Mountain," Melbourne as "New Golden Mountain."

新
金
山

To My Daughter-in-Law, Unknown

To think that somewhere, unbeknown,
A little girl, perhaps as I write this,
Puts out her doll under an apple tree
And tucks her in the grass, and with a kiss
Sends her to sleep . . .

And she one day will kiss my son to sleep,
And give him ease, and draw him to her breast,
My little son whose thumb can give him peace,
And who for ease has but to chew his vest.

How will they come together, he and she,
To make a husband out of my sweet loon,
A womanthing out of a girl cocoon?
And will they love each other truly, he and she?

Eat and play well, my unknown little girl,
Be kind to dolls and free with neighbor boys.
I hope your father tells you fairy tales:
One day a prince will come and break your toys.

Your husband, he is well provided for:
He rootles in the mud with an old spoon
And seeks your pity in his mother's arms.
I send his love, though it be much too soon.

DAVID MARTIN

David Martin is an Australian poet, the author of two volumes: Battlefields and Girls *and* From Life. *The poem we have reproduced above is taken from the latter volume. Martin is a veteran of the Spanish Civil War.*

books in review

Laughter and Anger

LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY by Alice Childress. *Independence Publishers.* Brooklyn, New York. $3.00.

IN ONE of the nightly conversations Mildred Johnson holds with her friend Marge in Alice Childress' warm, wise and witty vignettes written from the point of view of a Negro domestic worker, Mildred says: "I don't think I'd like bein' a celebrity at all if it meant giving up my speakin' place. Nobody could give me enough swimmin' pools or champagne cocktails or motor cars to make up for that. . . . As short as life is, I sure wouldn't want to go to my grave havin' missed my chance to put in a little comment about this old world."

Through the device of Mildred's chats Miss Childress has given this old world a vigorous going over, in the forthright manner of a thorough spring-cleaning. Mildred Johnson's dismay at the filth in which we live is a spur to her healthy urge to clean things up. "We gonna change *all* these laws 'till there ain't a piece or a smithereen of Jim Crow left. Yes, we're gonna go to the schools, ride the busses, eat in the restaurants, work on all kinds of jobs, sit in the railroad stations, and do all the things that free people are supposed to have the right to do. . . . One of these days this land is gonna be truly beautiful. Yes, mam, every square inch of it."

Mildred's conversations glisten with anger, warmth and humor, whether she is discussing desegregation, the perils of dating, television programs, Christmas shopping or her job. In the title piece, "Like One of the Family," Mildred deflates her employer's simpering comment that they do not think of her "as a servant but just like one of the family . . . after I have worked myself into a sweat cleaning the bathroom and the kitchen . . . making the beds . . . cooking the lunch . . . washing the dishes and ironing Carol's pinafores . . . I do not feel like no weekend house guest."

MISS CHILDRESS is a talented actress and playwright, and the present works could almost all be

resented unchanged as dramatic ionologues. Indeed, they would gain dditional life and color from the ersonality of a gifted actress.

But if these pieces are to rest pon the magic (or lack of it) which ne written word alone creates, the riter must then solve other probems. As a journalistic device, Milred is a perfect instrument to exnine lightly—but with depth of inght—many urgent current quesons. Formally placed between the ard covers of a book, Mildred has een ushered to the doorstep of literture, and we let her in with the sual critical question—how real are ou? Some part of her potential realy has been sacrificed to the urge cover a wider variety of topics an might usually fall within the nge of the apparently "simple" aracter the author has asked us to cept.

At the same time, all of the opinns are too much of a piece. One ngs for the shock (so often enuntered in life) of an unexpected ste or point of view. One longs also to penetrate beyond the "typical" view we are given of Mildred to the private agony and unique courage of such a woman. Miss Childress convinces us generally, but the details, saturated in the special flavor of Mildred's life, are not always sharp.

Sometimes, the details are beautifully sharp as in the very moving description of her grandmother "in her rockin' chair in the dark kitchen . . . and that old chair would weep sawdust tears as she rocked . . ." It is a pity to have spoiled the effectiveness of this piece with its final line. . . . "Stop that, Marge. . . . If I'd known you would cry, I wouldn't of told it." The writer may hope to move his reader to tears—but it is inept to presume such success.

Yet the fact is that Miss Childress, maintaining a light and charming tone, and the greatest readability, *does* move the reader—to tears and to laughter—but mostly to anger, the kind of anger which is the courage to change and fight against the ugliness surrounding us.

HELEN DAVIS

Thoughtful Travelers

USA TODAY: by Helen and Scott Nearing, *Social Science Institute,* Harborside, Maine. Cloth $3.50. Paper bound, $2.25.

THIS reviewer is moved to speculate upon De Tocqueville's reaction were that canny French observer to return to earth and read this account by two Americans who spent a great part of three years—from 1952 to 1955—studying their nation, traveling some 50,000 miles in 47 states, speaking to some 30,000 of their contemporaries.

It's a safe assumption that the Frenchman would be dismayed. There is no question that the two authors were. "Our native land was to us," they write, "an unknown country."

Here, briefly, is what they found: a frightened nation of people afraid to talk, afraid to meet, often afraid to express their innermost thoughts even within their own households. The Oligarchs, as they term the men in control, had succeeded, in large part, in suppressing the right to dissent. The strait-jacket of conformity had been thrust upon a nation, which believed—until after World War I—that the Constitution guaranteed it the right to disagree, to debate, to hold minority opinions. Even twenty years ago public meetings on any subject were held in thousands o[f] towns and cities. Not today.

Their journeys were carefully planned by these painstaking socia[l] thinkers who have chosen povert[y] rather than compromise, brave fol[k] who live in the tradition of Thoreau

THEY left their subsistence farm in their beloved Maine and began their Odyssey across the twelve lane highways to gauge the level o[f] their nation, to find out "how peopl[e] felt and thought." They had written to friends, re-established lapse[d] personal contacts, sent notices t[o] forums, to student organizations, t[o] trade-unions, liberal churches an[d] clubs; they mailed letters to selecte[d] subscribers of the *Newsletter o[f] World Events* which Scott Nearin[g] edits, and of *Monthly Review,* th[e] magazine for which he writes a column regularly.

The letters in response augured th[e] nation they would see. Characteristi[c] was this reply: "There is no use i[n] even sending me any literature. I[n] this community I could not distribute anything (and this includes th[e] Bible) without meeting with dea[d] silence." And "It is with much regre[t] and embarrassment that I am force[d] to decline the pleasure of your visi[t]

o my home. Due to very sharp deological differences between my-elf and my family, I am unable to ntertain friends and associates when here is any likelihood of liberal or rogressive views being expressed." ad letters, in the main.

The topics they chose for their ectures included: the urgency of eace, social engineering, civil lib-rties and academic freedom, the ses and abuses of power, building he new social order, and the Ameri-an way of life. Matters that go to he heart of our time.

Fear reduced the audiences to a inimum: some meetings were held n parlors, a few in public places, ne in a lovely church before elderly inisters and divinity students, the un's rays slanting through the ained windows. The figure of Christ n the cross stood before them, and e listeners were cold, angry, hos-le, bitter. Omnipresent was the ar of the Legion, the FBI, the hos-e press, snoopers of every descrip-on who could, with a word, impair e livelihood or reputation of any-ne present. "Six years of propa-anda (since Winston Churchill's ilton, Missouri speech started the old War) had tamed free-thinking, ee-talking Americans into coveys frightened quail, afraid of the ord 'social' let alone 'socialism' or ommunism.' Congressional commit-es were on the rampage. There were persecutions and spy trials, loyalty checks and a general fear of the omnipresent FBI." They found a nation, they say, "obsessed with anxiety and fears, gripped by ten-sions, baffled by contradictions and confusions, plagued by uncertainty and by a pervasive sense of insecur-ity." Most people lived, they report, on the level of survival, seeking only "comfort, satisfaction, stimulation and gratification." Yet all this took place amid a very high standard of living as judged by material accumu-lation. The nation, they comment, had reached senescence before it had reached maturity.

THIS THEY saw, this they des-scribe in their straightforward style. They noted the presence of brave Americans who constitute "the Resistance," who would not be crushed by the restraints; but these were relatively few and far between in our nation of 160,000,000, too few to summon a halt to the course of repression.

At the same time, the Nearings estimated during their trip, that the oligarchy which had done all this evil to America at home had come too late on the international scene to fulfill its dream of world domination. Henry Luce's "American Century," wherein U.S. Steel and the other giants would rule the globe, is des-

tined to failure. And they cite abundant proofs from recent history.

Referring to the incessant efforts of Washington's top-men to whip up the nation, they say "political promotion campaigns have failed as often as they have gained their end."

What the Nearings saw and describe with unflinching honesty—the ravages of Cold War propaganda based on the "red danger"—is undeniable. This indeed was the tragic truth and it is to their honor that they tell it so fearlessly.

BUT THE course of development in the United States, and in the world, prompts some afterthoughts. The fact is that the McCarthy-hounded Americans found their own ways and means of letting the powers-that-be know that they had dug in against submission to spreading the Korean "police action" into a world atomic war. The fact is that this people found its own way to balk the generals who were pressing, under cover of the same fraudulent "red danger," for a universal military training system of a kind never before seen in American life. The fact is that the Russian farmers received a wholesome, old-fashioned American welcome when they came to Iowa which nobody could have forecast, and which revealed the essential sanity of our folk who seemed to say "Live and let live."

These is more to the story: the fact is that the United States Supreme Court, under a variety of pressures that need to be studied, ruled that Negro children have the inalienable right to equal and integrated schooling and the wheel of American history here turned in that direction. The fact is that throughout the entire time the Nearings describe, the Negro tenth of our populace were pressing forward, consolidating their new-found economic and political strength, and winning allies from among the whites. The power and the meaning of events in Montgomery, Alabama, and the widespread sympathy for the embattled Negroes there, requires adequate consideration.

The existence of these tendencies I miss in this book. Were the facts that were seen, and described so honestly, understood too statistically by the splendid and fearless Nearings? Did they under-estimate, like so many of us did, this reviewer and many other Marxists, the perseverance of the American heritage—the democratic ideals of the Founding Fathers—that lived on in the heart of the people, and that begin to manifest themselves once the people see the issues clearly?

IT IS a truism that beneath any event or social fact new forces develop that are bound to collide with the old. I believe we are seeing that happening in the U.S.A. and that we will see more of it.

The vivid testimony of the Nearings is valuable in keeping before us the picture of what the un-Americans of big money tried to do to our country and how deeply they wounded it. But, as the authors saw, despite the fears and retreats, "the promotion campaigns" of the Oligarchs do not always succeed, or take deep root when they do. These campaigns cannot alter the national character so profoundly that only tragedy awaits us. The common man combining his forces, refuses to give way, for the fight which the Nearings and unwavering people like them, have always carried on, can, and will, be won. I think events will show that.

JOSEPH NORTH

Poetry for Headlines

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, MONEY, MISSISSIPPI AND OTHER PLACES. A PAMPHLET IN POETRY by Eve Merriam. *Cameron Associates—Liberty Book Club.* Cloth, $2.00. Paper bound, 25c.

THIS collection of poems was written, the publishers say, "in a flood of energy—over a period of sixteen days," inspired by the bus boycott in Montgomery. The poems, some narrative, some dramatic, some lyric, recount how the boycott came about, how it is being carried on, and how the people, black and white feel about it.

The volume is small; it can be read and reread in an hour; it tells us things we already know: our newspaper headlines, our politics, our struggles. Yet its effect lingers in the mind because the voice is fresh, and the human aspects of the struggle in the South—like the figures of Emmett Till and Autherine Lucy—widen into meanings large enough to encompass all peoples and nations.

Where is tomorrow born? How does the future start?
On a winter working day. In a Negro woman's heart,

says the poet, thinking of Mrs. Rosa Parks, who launched the boycott.

What is the sound the future makes?
Not a shout, not a sound.
Just—not a wheel spins around.
What is the road the future takes?
Footsteps ringing clear like a song,
Winter patriots marching along,

Ten, twenty, thirty,—fifty thousand strong!

Here is a poetry that is unafraid of issues and not too delicate for battlefields, verses for the chorus at a mass meeting. "Money, Mississippi," half ballad, half blues, may be sung for a long time to come when the freedom struggles of these last few years are remembered:

From Chicago to Mississippi
Young Emmett Till went down,
Down to visit some kinfolk
In a Mississippi town.
Now the name of that town is Money,
The name of that town is Money,
The name of that town is Money,
Dirty Money town . . .
Raise up the body of Emmett Till
From that muddy river town
Raise up the body of Justice
In that bloody Money town.

And there is also humor, irony, political thrusting. With her eyes on the liberation movement, Miss Merriam remembers the White Citizens' Council. Listening to Mrs. Rosa Parks, she hears Senator Eastland, too:

Now speak up Justice and state your case:
Are you now
or have you ever been
a member of
the human race?

While the trustees of Alabama University meet at "nightmare hour" to expel Autherine Lucy:

Their world is spinning, spinning out of hand;
hold on tight hold onto the darkness long past midnight.

another Southerner cries

Oh my country's guilt, let me go free. . . .
I take the only way to bear the heavy load.
I take my way with you. I take the sunrise road.

The volume's subtitle *A Pamphlet in Poetry* indicates both the virtues and some of the limitations of the verse. It is poetry that fervently favors a cause and tries to give voice to the feelings of a people's movement. In some of the poems, however, there is such a literal reporting translation of events that the effect is one of reportage and not poetry. Also, in striving to maintain utmost simplicity in form and language, Miss Merriam occasionally lapses into the commonplaces of prose, not unexpected in a work written, as this was, at such great speed.

I will argue none of this too strongly, for in the main, the essence of real poetry is certainly here, and the fact that such a volume appears at this time designed to be offered to a wide public is a cause for rejoicing.

AUGUSTA STRONG

Eagle Remembered

THE EDUCATION OF JOHN REED, edited by John Stuart. International Publishers. Paper, $1.75; cloth $3.00.

JOHN REED died at 33. His life was brief, yet achieved the glory of a full humanity. Before 30, he had become America's most famous reporter, a legendary figure like Richard Harding Davis, or Ernest Hemingway.

Then Reed deserted the fleshpots of success, the phony glamor, big money and publicity. He plunged into reality, the great strikes of his time. He reported the Mexican Revolution. He observed under fire, the mass murders by imperialism during the first World War.

It was never just the excitement and adventure of battles he reported, but the suffering and deepest hopes of his fellow beings. He was a great reporter who loved humanity. He was also a philosophic reporter, who could put the confused pieces of current reality together in a pattern that foretold the future.

In the Russian Revolution, John Reed found his transfiguration and death. He became its best interpreter, and his dispatches to the *Liberator* and *Masses* later formed the classic book, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* for which Lenin wrote an approving preface.

John Reed died of war-typhus in 1920. He is buried with the revolutionary heroes under the Kremlin wall. In Soviet history, his place is secure as a sort of American Lafayette; several biographies, many poems and at least one opera have been written around him there.

BUT IN HIS own country, I fear John Reed is almost forgotten. He was last alive in the Hungry Thirties, when the disinherited intellectuals joined the workers to fight for survival and social justice. They placed the name of John Reed symbolically on their banners. Dozens of fighting John Reed clubs across the nation created a vigorous movement of proletarian art which prepared the forms into which flowed much of the cultural revolution of the government art projects.

Well, prosperity returned forever, and American art is again a plump, neurotic, stupid bird in a golden cage. How could she remember the eagle flight of a John Reed? The present generation hears of him faintly, as well-fed passengers on a luxury liner hear a distant bell in a fog at sea.

So it's good to welcome a new and worthy anthology of John Reed's writing. John Stuart, its capable editor, has selected typical examples

that give one an idea of John Reed's art and progress. Stuart's introductory essay is a very fine and thoughtful appraisal of his value as historian and poet.

SUCH A VOLUME has been long needed. I hope some of our Left-wing youth will re-discover John Reed, and learn from him that socialist philosophy need not freeze up the human juices. The mechanical man is not Marxist man. John Reed's socialism expanded his horizons, brought the romantic young poet out of the abstract medievalism he had admired at Harvard, into the passion of reality. He grew immeasurably from the time he rode the Mexican deserts with Pancho Villa's peasant army, until he reported the epic battles of the Red Guards in Petrograd, the taking of the Winter Palace, the flight of the spouting, strutting Kerensky, the coming of Lenin and reality.

There were many eminent scholars of Marxism then who failed to recognize that socialism had finally been born into the world with the Bolshevik revolution. But John Reed saw it clearly because he was able to apply the American revolutionary tradition, which he knew so well, to new historical situations. He listened to the people. He knew they were the base of everything in the world, including Marxist theory. It was the needs and wishes of the Russian people that he studied and reported, honestly, and it was through the people he learned to understand Lenin and the Bolsheviks.

It was the same in Mexico. Reed's Mexican reports were the first strong socialist influence of my own youth and I can never forget them. They were harsh, vivid, beautiful, a blend of cruelty and war horror, the mighty Mexican landscape, vast deserts and mountains, and above all the beautiful people of Mexico. Reed makes one see it all with the skill of a passionate young artist. Though 27, and not yet a Marxist, he also made me understand the Mexican class struggle and class values. Thus he defended the peasant guerrilla Pancho Villa against slanders of upper-class elements like Carranza who had succeeded in persuading the labor movement to support him against the revolutionary peasants.

Some of John Reed's home reporting, like his interview with grand old Debs, and his report of the mass trial of the IWW in Chicago, are living documents, as well as art. Every future historian of the American people will have to study them. They give the precise feeling of the time, its class tensions and emotions, the character of the actors.

IN 1916, as correspondent of the *Metropolitan Magazine* and the

Masses, Reed attended the presidential nominating conventions of the Democratic, Republican and Progressive Parties. It was at the latter convention that he watched Theodore Roosevelt's betrayal of his followers, the third party Progressives.

"I looked down from the platform upon a turbulent sea of almost holy emotion," Reed writes, *"upon men and women from great cities and little farms, from the deserts and the mountains and the cattle ranches, wherever the wind had carried to the ears of the poor and oppressed that a healer and mighty warrior had risen up to champion the Square Deal. The love of Teddy filled those people. Blind and exalted they sang "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "We Will Follow, Follow Teddy." There was virility, youth and enthusiasm in that assembly; there were great fighters there, men who all their lives had given battle alone against frightful odds to right the wrongs of the sixty per cent of the people who own five per cent of the wealth.*

"These were not revolutionists; for the most part, they were people of little vision and no plan—merely ordinary men who were raw from the horrible injustice and oppression they saw on every side.

"Without a leader to express them, they were no good. We, the Socialists and revolutionists, laughed and sneered at the Progressives; we ridiculed their worship of personality; we derided their hysterical singing of revival hymns; but when I saw the Progressive convention, I realized that among those delegates lay the hope of this country's peaceful evolution, and the material for heroes of the people."

Prophetic words, and sensitive feelers toward the people's front that alone can save America. We have forgotten some of the socialist poetry that once lived in the hearts of great Americans like Gene Debs, Bill Haywood and John Reed. Now that the time has flowered for such humanism, it is good to welcome this John Reed anthology. May it help teach us to love our fellow-man in America and to listen to him again.

MICHAEL GOLD

Letters

Editors, *M&M*:

Aptheker's two pieces (Dec. 1955 and April, 1956) criticizing my poem, *Mississippi* (published in *M&M*, Oct. 1955) are a series of unfounded generalizations.

I wrote on the Emmett Till lynching; on Mississippi with its particular history; Mississippi as a southern state within the United States of democratic principles and the Bill of Rights.

Northern capital may today control the South, but *the southern rulers still rule.* They are fighting fiendishly to preserve southern "mores." And in Mississippi, as Abner Berry points out (M&M Apr. 1956), "The plantation system is still very much alive."

Mississippi, even for the South, is notorious for its treatment of Negroes. It leads the 48 states in lynchings—574 lynchings between 1882 and 1954 (Negroes lynched: 534). These are *officially acknowledged.*

Aptheker implies the Negro people are missing from my poem. If so, he cannot have read it. The poem *is* the Negro people. They are not missing from a syllable of it.

But what of white allies? All the facts cry out: *they were not there* fighting for justice in Mississippi alongside the outraged Negro people. The murder of the Negro boy deeply troubled some southerners, true; but at best their position was: 'We in the South have a job to do, but no outsiders have the right to tell us our duty, and we will do it in our own way in our own good time.'

For the South generally, where is organized white labor? The white worker there has plenty to do to pull himself out of the cesspool of race hate——

The pistol-packing, union card-carrying bus drivers of Montgomery; the big U.S. Steel local in that city (1500 strong), cutting off PAC contributions because the AFL-CIO is encouraging Negro voting; the important Birmingham ITU local, at least 75% of whose members belong to the White Citizens Councils; the secession move under way in the huge auto local in Birmingham (5800 members) because 'the southern worker is not considered except for the obtaining of dues which UAW leaders can spend to break down our traditions here'; Boris Shishkin's warning of a trend to 'abandon trade unionism for racism'; southern textile unionists, a heavy proportion of them WCC members, fighting desegregation tooth and nail——.*

These examples can't be written off as the doings of a few crackpots. They are facts to be faced.

Is it enough to admire the unparalleled fight of the American Negro in the South, to be deeply troubled, to sympathize . . . ?

"Men cannot die gradually. Bombs do not explode gradually. Mobs do not gather gradually. And Negroes are dying." (Abner Berry, Apr. M&M).

Let us not soothe ourselves with general declarations about positive forces that may arrive tomorrow or the next day, but that today are yet subterranean, small, weak unexpressed. Let us not paint rosy pictures that distort our thinking and cripple our work.

People can influence reality, but first they must know what reality is.

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* Sources: Federated Press, U.S. News & World Report, N. Y. Times.

The reality about people in a crisis—like that in the South—is what they do. To the dilemma of the white southern liberal I oppose the "dilemma" of the southern Negro whose blood cries out, *who is acting.*

MARTHA MILLET

Editors *M&M*:

As a student of history, I have been aware for some time of what can only be called "A Confederate tide" in the writing of American history. Without attempting to make any individual evaluations, I have gathered a list of the books written in recent years devoted to the subject of the Confederacy. For the most part, these are open apologies for the slave-holders' rebellion. Even less rabid apologists, or historians of the genteel school, by their mere preoccupation with the Confederacy, are adding fuel to the enemies of desegregation. Most of this Confederacy literature is coming from the university presses and the biggest publishing houses. I believe that your readers would be interested in the listing I have drawn up.

Douglas Southall Freeman, who died in 1953, was undoubtedly the father of contemporary Confederate history and biography. His *The South to Posterity: An Introduction to the Writings of Confederate History* (1939) plus his biographies of Robert E. Lee (4 vols.), Lee's lieutenants (3 vols., 1942-44) and Jefferson Davis set the tone for the current flood of Confederate writing though many Confederate books were published during the thirties as well. Despite the Herculean labors of Freeman, the Confederate historical output during the 1940's was a small stream compared to today. There were books like *I Rode with Stonewall* (1940), *Louisiana in the Confederacy* (1941), *Confederate Mississippi* (1943), *The Life of Johnny Reb* (1943), *The Plain People of the Confederacy* (1943), *Behind the Lines in the Southern Confederacy* (1944), *Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet* (1944), *War Years with Jeb Stuart* (1945), *Experiment in Rebellion* (1946), *Letters from Lee's Army* (1947), *The Private Journal of Henry William Ravenel,* 1859-1887 (1947), *Bride of Fortune* (novelized life of Mrs. Jefferson Davis) (1948), *Wade Hampton and the Negro* (1949), *Giant in Gray* (Wade Hampton, Confederate General) (1949) and *A Diary from Dixie* (reprinted) (1949).

But the deluge of books on the Confederacy has come in the 1950's. Beginning with *The Confederate States of America,* 1861-1865, *The Gallant Hood* (John B. Hood, Confederate General), *Confederate Leaders in the New South* and *Confederate Music in* 1950, there were *James Longstreet* (Confederate General) (1952), *Johnny Reb* (story of Wade Hampton) (1952), *When All Is Said and Done* (autobiography of Dolly Bount Lamar, life-long leader of the United Daughters of the Confederacy) (1952), *Family Letters of the Three Wade Hamptons,* 1782-1901 (mostly the third Wade Hampton, Confederate General) (1953), *Pardon and Amnesty under Lincoln and Johnson: The Restoration of the Confederates to their Rights and Privileges,* 1861-1898 (1953), *The Valiant Virginians* (fictional story of the Confederate army of the Shenandoah) (1953), *Pictures of the Confederacy* (1952), *Railroads of the Confederacy* (1952), *Ersatz in the Confederacy* (1953), *Proceedings of the First Confederate Congress, Fourth Session* (1953), *Confederate Georgia* (1953) and *The Lady of Arlington* (novelized life of Mrs. Robert E. Lee) (1953).

Nineteen hundred fifty-four, 1955 and 1956 have been banner years for the southern Confederates and their northern cohorts. During these two years there were *A History of the Southern Confederacy. The Freemantle Diary* (of the Confederacy at floodtide) (reprinted), *General Jo Shelby, Undefeated Rebel, Rebel Rose: Life of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, Confederate Spy, Smiling Rebel* (novel about Belle Boyd, Confederate spy), *Spies for the Blue and Gray, Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory, Heroines of Dixie: Confederate Women Tell their Story of the War, Destruction and Reconstruction* (reprinted), *Beauregard, Napoleon in Gray, Beauregard's Memoirs of the Mexican War, Stephen R. Mallory: Confederate Navy Chief, Confederate Letters of John W. Hagan, Robert E. Lee and the Road of Honor, Johnny Green of the Orphan Brigade: The Journal of a Confederate Soldier, Glory Riders: Jeb Stuart and his Men, The Statesmanship of the Civil War, Rebel Mail Runner, Texas in the Confederacy, Selected Writings of Robert Preston Brooks* (a Georgian on the Confederacy, etc.), *Columbus, Georgia, in the Confederacy, Confederate Finance, No Tears for Christmas* (Confederate novel about Tennessee), *New Confederate Short Stories, Henry Watterson: Reconstructed Rebel, Brokenburn: The Journal of Kate Stone,* 1861-68, *General Kirby Smith* (commander of Trans-Mississippi), *They Called Him Stonewall, Stonewall Jackson and the Old Stonewall Brigade, The Gray Captain, Fourteen Hundred and* 91 *Days in the Confederate Army* (reprinted), *Rebel Yell, Bright Sword* (novel about John B. Hood, Confederate general), *Beloved* (novel about Judah P. Benjamin, the Confederacy's Secretary of War and State), *The South Lives in History: Southern Historians and their Legacy, The Raiders* (Confederate novel), *Big Woods: The Hunting Stories of William Faulkner, The Vintage Mencken* (the calamity of Appomattox), *Civil War on the Western Border,* 1854-1865, *The Confederacy* (album of popular songs), *Jefferson Davis: American Patriot* (Vol. I), *As They Saw Forrest* (recollections of contemporaries of Confederate Gen. Nathan B. Forrest) and *The Land They Fought For: The Story of the South as the Confederacy,* 1832-1865. Other volumes are coming such as *Jefferson Davis: Confederate President* (Vol. II), *Robert E. Lee, Gray Fox* (life of Robert E. Lee), other biographies of Gen. de Beauregard and Wade Hampton and a book on the organization and administration of the Confederate Army. This is really the Confederacy at floodtide or torrent strength.

In addition there are many pro-slavery, anti-Union, anti-John Brown histories, biographies and novels such as *A History of the Old South* (1949), *The South, Old and New: A History,* 1820-1947 (1947), *A History of the South* (1953), *Bleeding Kansas* (1954), the ten-volume history of the South, the Southern Biography Series (C. Vann Woodward's book excepted), *The Political Theory of John C. Calhoun* (1952), *Calhoun: Basic Documents* (1953), *John C. Calhoun, Nationalist and Nullifier* (2 vols.) (1944, 1949), *John C. Calhoun, American Portrait* (1950), *Romanticism and Nationalism in the Old South* (1949), *Slavery in Alabama* (1951), *Reconstruction in Tennessee* (1950) and *Band of Angels* (pro-slavery novel) (1955). *American Heritage,* the "scholarly and popular" plush magazine of American history was started in 1954 with the editor the erstwhile liberal historian, *Nation* reporter and Pulitzer prize-winner Bruce Catton. The magazine turns out to be an organ glorifying the robber barons and business tycoons, vilifying

the period of Reconstruction after the Civil War and the Radical Republicans and stereotyping or ignoring completely the Negro.

All of this history of the Confederacy and slavery ties in very neatly with present-day segregation of the Negro. One is closely related to the other. Clifford Dowdey is the author of *Bugles Blow No More* (Confederate novel) (1937), *Experiment in Rebellion* (1946) and *The Land They Fought For: The Story of the South as the Confederacy,* 1832-1865 (1955), three books upholding and defending the Confederacy with a vengeance. *The Land They Fought For* is a volume in *The Mainstream of America* series edited by Lewis Gannett, a vice-president of the N.A.A.C.P. and a member of the Editorial Advisory Board of *Crisis* magazine, organ of the N.A.A.C.P. In an article in *The Saturday Review* (Oct. 9, 1954) entitled "A Southerner Looks at the Supreme Court," Clifford Dowdey defies the desegregation decision, insists that the South will maintain de facto segregation by evading the law, longs for the ante-bellum slave society, curses the period of Reconstruction, twists the Emancipation Proclamation, the Civil Rights Act of 1866 and the Fourteenth Amendment into their opposites, calls the Negro inferior and says a mixed race will be the result of the decision if carried out. (See also *The Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier* editor Thomas R. Waring's "The Southern Case against Desegregation," *Harper's Magazine,* Jan. 1956).

Dowdey's and Waring's views are of a piece with the vicious, stereotyped, anti-Negro writings pouring for the most part out of the South during the current period. Some of these are *Black Monday, You and Segregation, Hallelujah, Mississippi,* 500 *Years of Hate, The Cult of Equality, Take Your Choice: Separation or Mongrelization, Weep No More My Lady, Then My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night, A Negro Nation, My Kind: My Country, Only Blondes Are Angels, Mongrelization and Alien Minorities, The South's Political Plight, The Coming of the Glory, The Racial Integrity of the American Negro, The Hoax of Human Equality and Hypocrisy of Racial Equality the Cause of Racial Conflict, White Supremacy, Showers of Blessing, Whither Solid South? American Race Theorists, The Race Integration Cases* (American States Rights Assn.), *The Race Problem from the Standpoint of One Who Is Concerned about the Evils of Miscegenation* (American States Rights Assn.) and *Alimony: The American Tragedy* (against inter-marriage). In addition there are the anti-Negro southern novels and short stories such as *Sironia, Texas, This Crooked Way, The Black Prince, A Piece of Luck, Negro Sketches, End-men's Gags and Conundrums, Watching at the Window, A Good Man Is Hard to Find, Boysi Himself, Weddin' Trimmins, Cornbread Aristocrat* and *The Alexandrians.*

In the present period, *The Valiant Virginians* (the story of the Confederate Army of Shenandoah) is serialized in the *Saturday Evening Post, The Land They Fought For, Beloved, Smiling Rebel* and *Band of Angels* are on the best seller lists, stories of *A Piece of Luck* appear in *The New Yorker,* a huge picture of Robert E. Lee is toasted by an old Southern family in the recent Broadway comedy "Debut," *Band of Angels* is a strong contender for the National Book Award and *Beauregard: Napoleon in Gray* is recommended by Charles Poore of the New York Times for the Pulitzer prize. In such a cultural environment, good historical books like Ralph Korngold's *Two*

Friends of Man and *Thaddeus Stevens,* Fletcher Pratt's *Stanton* and Russell B. Nye's *William Lloyd Garrison and the Humanitarian Reformers* are sure to be few and far between.

JAMES CRAWFORD

EDITORIAL NOTES:

We have received a number of letters, as well as verbal expressions of reproach, about our comment appended to William Mandel's communication in the April issue of *Masses & Mainstream.* It was felt that, apart from the debatable character of its content, our note contained certain phrases which called into question Mr. Mandel's sincerity as well as his friendliness toward the Soviet Union. In the latter connection, we had employed the word, "apparent," which was, at best, ambiguous in implication.

We will not here recapitulate the details of Mr. Mandel's argument, nor our own addendum. We do admit, however, that the tone of complacency, with which we chose to reprove Mr. Mandel for his insistent—and still unanswered—questions relating to the recent disclosures and past tragic events in the Soviet Union, was, to say the least, in poor taste. It could easily give the impression that we thought we had a monopoly of concern and desire to learn from the hard lessons that are being brought home to us every day. If we did think so then, we do not now.

As for the expression, "apparent friendliness," we want to make it quite clear that we had not intended to cast any doubt upon Mr. Mandel's attitude toward the Soviet Union. He is the author of books and pamphlets: *The Soviet Far East and Central Asia* (1944), *A Guide to the Soviet Union* (1946), *Man Bites Dog* (1952), and *Mandel vs. McCarthy* (1953) which state his position far more fully than we are able to do in this apology to him.—*The Editors.*

•

Jack Beeching is an English poet and novelist, with two published volumes of poetry, *Personal and Partisan* and *Aspects of Love,* and a third, *Dead Reckoning Day,* to appear shortly. He is one of the directors of the British Left publishing house, Lawrence and Wishart.

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The second and concluding part of Robert MacAusland's survey of the Broadway theatre season has been delayed for reasons beyond our control. It will appear in a subsequent issue. We ask our reader's pardon for the postponement.

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