



Ephemera

BOOKS

ART

CINEMA

THEATRE

MISCELLANY



Notes on a Native Son by Eldridge Cleaver



INTRODUCTION

The first time Eldridge Cleaver was arrested, he was 12 years old. That was in 1947 and Cleaver lived in one of the Negro ghettos of Los Angeles. Since then, Cleaver has spent more time inside jail than out of it. By far.

Today Cleaver, a tall, handsome man in his early thirties, is in prison at Soledad, California, serving 1 to 14 years for assault with intent to murder. He is no longer a criminal, but a writer, intent only on perfecting his craft.

His first prison sentence as an adult was 2½ years at Soledad, for possession of marijuana, and that was when he started writing. "Or rather I dabbled at it, chaotically," Cleaver explains, "and wrote some poetry, but I never was able really to put anything together." When he left Soledad, he enrolled at Los Angeles City College to study economics, "because I thought that was the thing."

Cleaver has already done eight years on the assault charge for which he's in prison now. Parole has repeatedly been denied him, partly because of his record, partly, he feels, for other reasons. At San Quentin he had been a leader in the Black Muslims, now considered by some prison authorities to have a "constructive" effect on certain inmates. His prison file card still bears a Star-and-Crescent stamp, although he has since repudiated the black nationalist organization. When Malcolm X broke away from the Muslims, "there was a split in the prisons," Cleaver re-

calls, "and I went with the Malcolm faction. The prison officials regarded us with disfavor, to say the least, and I was the guy who took the most unpromising position."

After San Quentin, where he obtained his high school diploma, Cleaver was transferred once again to Soledad. He works in the lithography shop. When he's not working he puts in long sessions at his typewriter and attends meetings of the African culture class.

"I'm the historian of the class and I do some lecturing," he says. "It helps me with my writing. There was a white prison official who used to sit in on the class, and who tried to introduce a course in Swahili. Since then he has been fired, I suppose for being too liberal. What I liked about him was the patience with which he would put up with the anti-white diatribe of the prisoners, and his genuine interest in the subject."

While he was in solitary, Cleaver learned that a man's soul can grow and expand, no matter how cramped his physical surroundings or how little he was understood by those who had the legal power to censor his letters, screen the books he wanted to read and confiscate the manuscript he was writing.

The prison system can easily crush a man, even a man of spirit. Cleaver has shown how it is possible to overcome the terrible pressures of our penal laws. Another man might have given up when the authorities took away his typewriter and put him in solitary for having "contraband" magazines and books, including works by Simone de Beauvoir and Tillie Olsen.

Today, Cleaver is ready to be judged as a writer—not as a prison writer or a writer about prisons, but just a writer. He is an authentic voice, and a powerful one. We believe his voice is worth hearing and we believe, too, that some day it will be heard all over the land.

—Paul Jacobs

AFTER READING A COUPLE OF James Baldwin's books, I began experiencing that continuous delight one feels upon discovering a fascinating, brilliant talent on the scene, a talent capable of penetrating so profoundly into one's own little world that one knows oneself to have been unalterably changed and *liberated*, liberated from the frustrating grasp of whatever devils happen to possess one. Being a Negro, I have found this to be a rare and infrequent experience, for few of my black brothers and sisters here in America have achieved the power, which James Baldwin calls his revenge, which outlasts kingdoms: the power of doing whatever cats like Baldwin do when combining the alphabet with the volatile elements of his soul. (And, like it or not, a black man, unless he has become irretrievably "white minded," responds with an additional dimension of his being to the articulated experience of another black—in spite of the universality of human experience.)

I, as I imagine many others did and still do, lusted for anything that Baldwin had written. It would have been a gas for me to sit on a pillow beneath the womb of Baldwin's typewriter and catch each newborn page as it entered this world of ours. I was delighted that Baldwin, with those great big eyes of his, which one thought to be fixedly focused on the macrocosm, could also pierce the microcosm. And although he was so full of sound, he was not a noisy writer like Ralph Ellison. He placed so much of my own experience, which I thought I had understood, into new perspectives from which I derived new insights.

Gradually, however, I began to feel uncomfortable about something in Baldwin. I was disturbed upon becoming aware of an aversion in my heart to part of the song he sang. Why this was so, I was unable at first to say. And then I read *Another Country*, and I knew why my love for Baldwin's vision

had become ambivalent. Long before, I had become a student of Norman Mailer's *The White Negro*, which seemed to me to be prophetic and penetrating in its understanding of the psychology involved in the accelerating confrontation of black and white in America. I was therefore personally insulted by Baldwin's flippant, school-marmish dismissal of *The White Negro*. Baldwin committed a literary crime by his arrogant repudiation of one of the few gravely important expressions of our time. *The White Negro* may contain an excess of esoteric verbal husk, but one can forgive Mailer for that because of the solid kernel of truth he gave us. After all, it is the baby we want and not the blood of afterbirth. Mailer described, in that incisive essay, the first important chinks in the "mountain of white supremacy"—important because it shows the depth of ferment, on a personal level, in the white world: people who are feverishly, and at great psychic and social expense, seeking *fundamental and irrevocable liberation*—and, what is more important, *are succeeding in escaping*—from the big white lies that compose the monolithic myth of White Supremacy/Black Inferiority, a desperate attempt on the part of a new generation of white Americans to enter into the cosmopolitan egalitarian spirit of the 20th century. But let us examine the reasoning that lies behind Baldwin's attack on Mailer.

THERE IS IN James Baldwin the most grueling, agonizing, total hatred of the blacks, particularly of himself, and the most shameful, fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites that one can find in any black American writer of note in our time. This is an appalling contradiction and the implications of it are vast.

A rereading of *Nobody Knows My Name* cannot help but convince the most avid of Baldwin's admirers of his hatred for blacks. In the essay, "Princes and Powers," Baldwin's antipathy toward the black race is shockingly clear. The essay is Baldwin's interpretation of The Conference of Black Writers and Artists which met in Paris in September 1956. The portrait of Baldwin that comes through is of a vicious, malignant mind in unrelenting, intrepid opposition to the efforts of solemn, dedicated black men who have under-

taken the enormous task of rejuvenating and reclaiming the shattered psyches and culture of the black people, a people scattered over the continents of the world and the islands of the seas, where they exist in the mud of the floor of the foul dungeon into which the world has been transformed by the whites.

In his report of the conference, Baldwin, the reluctant black, dragging his feet at every step, could only ridicule the vision and efforts of these great men and heap scorn upon them, reserving his compliments—all of them left-handed—for the speakers at the conference who were themselves rejected and booed by the other conferees because of their reactionary, sycophantic views. Baldwin felt called upon to pop his cap pistol in a duel with Aimé Césaire, the big gun from Martinique. Indirectly, Baldwin was defending his first love—the white man. But the revulsion which Baldwin felt for the blacks at this conference, who were glorying in their blackness, seeking and showing their pride in Negritude and the African Personality, drives him to self-revealing sortie after sortie, so obvious in "Princes and Powers." Each successive sortie, however, becomes more expensive than the last one, because to score each time he has to go a little farther out on the limb, and it takes him a little longer each time to hustle back to the cover and camouflage of the perfumed smoke screen of his prose. Now and then we catch a glimpse of his little jive ass—his big eyes peering back over his shoulder in the mischievous retreat of a child sneak-thief from a cookie jar.

In the autobiographical notes of *Notes of a Native Son*, Baldwin is frank to confess that in growing into his version of manhood in Harlem, he discovered that since his African heritage had been wiped out and was not accessible to him, he would appropriate the white man's heritage and make it his own. This terrible reality, central to the psychic stance of all American Negroes, revealed to Baldwin that he hated and feared white people. And then he says: "This did not mean that I loved black people; on the contrary, I despised them, possibly because they failed to produce Rembrandt." The psychic distance between love and hate could be the mechanical difference be-

tween a smile and a sneer, or it could be the journey of a nervous impulse from the depths of one's brain to the tip of one's toe. But this impulse, in its path through North American nerves may, if it is honest, find the passage disputed: may find the leap from the fiber of hate to that of love too taxing on its meager store of energy—and so the long trip back may never be completed, may end in a reconnaissance, a compromise, and then a lie.

Self-hatred takes many forms; sometimes it can be detected by no one, not by the keenest observer, not by the self-hater himself, not by his most intimate friends. Ethnic self-hate is even more difficult to detect. But in American Negroes, this ethnic self-hatred often takes the bizarre form of a racial death-wish, with many and elusive manifestations. Ironically, it provides much of the impetus behind the motivations of integration. And the attempt to suppress or deny such drives in one's psyche leads many American Negroes to become ostentatious Separationists, Black Muslims, and Back-to-Africa advocates. It

**YOU
have a conscience!**

READ THE BOOK THAT HAS REOPENED
AMERICA'S MOST DEBATED CASE—

**invitation
to an inquest**

by Walter and Miriam Schneir

Published by
DOUBLEDAY

\$5.95 at bookshops
or autographed copies
from Sobell Committee

"No longer can ignore the possibility the Rosenbergs and Sobell were victims of a frame-up" *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

"It is unlikely the Rosenbergs and Sobell were guilty" *Washington Star*

"Devastating"—*Hartford Times*

"Disquieting"—*Newsweek*

New evidence charging prosecution forgery and perjury is being used in court by Morton Sobell to win freedom after 15 years in prison. You can help. Write to Attorney General, Washington, D.C. asking him to allow a hearing.

Sobell Committee, 150 5th Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011

Please send me _____ copy(s) of
INVITATION TO AN INQUEST @
\$5.95. Enclosed is payment of \$_____

(Please print)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

We are at war... yet our country is deeply divided ...why?

The problem today— our divided nation

Debate is our democratic way. During past wars, however, our people have rallied to our country's position. Not so today! "Hawks" and "Doves" symbolize the national agony of indecision about our course in Vietnam.

The debate rages not only among the so-called intellectual and emotional fringes but also in our political, military, scientific and economic mainstreams. Our Congress, our parties, our military experts—all are divided.

We are a divided nation: *Because we are not sure that Vietnam is the place to wage war, because we are not certain whether we are fighting Communism or Nationalism, because we know that the battle for men's hearts and minds is not won in blood, because we fear for the safety of this globe.*

The search for a peaceful world in the nuclear age

No nation in the world has developed greater military capability. *More than half of our entire national budget over the last two decades has been pumped into military preparedness.* Research and development on more sophisticated weaponry continues. Yet, we are not defended; we are not safe.

We Can't Go It Alone

Part of our search for peace has led us to develop strong cooperative efforts with friendly nations including bilateral and multilateral treaties of all kinds. Our allies depend heavily on us as protector and defender; but they express anxiety and disapproval over our Vietnam policy. So, we are alone even among our friends.

John F. Kennedy Said

"On the Presidential coat of arms, the American eagle holds in his right talon the olive branch, while in his left he holds a bundle of arrows. We intend to give equal attention to both." — January 30, 1961. That same year he proposed and Congress approved the creation of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. The nuclear test ban treaty in 1963 and the present vigorous efforts for a non-proliferation treaty are in large part due to its efforts.

The United Nations: The Great Experiment of the Century

During the last twenty years, the United Nations has moved disagreements among nations "from the battlefields and barricades into the chambers and corridors" in Israel, Kashmir, Indonesia, Korea, Suez, Lebanon,

Laos, Congo, West New Guinea, Yemen, Cyprus.

We have searched for peace through armed preparedness, friendly alliances, research and negotiations on arms control and disarmament, membership and support of the U.N. But, who believes this is effort enough to cope with the present crisis or with future Vietnams? We think in terms of narrow traditional solutions. We shy away from any *grand design of reason and foresight*, while our times demand imaginative solutions.

A new search endorsed by thousands of Americans

Today we have in our grasp the capacity to eliminate war—or ourselves—forever. We can't eliminate war by signing treaties and covenants. We won't eliminate war by an arms buildup. The simple *desire* for peace has never been enough to *keep* the peace. For peace is not merely the absence of war—rather, it is the presence of justice, of order, of liberty, of law.

Peace requires the substitution of the processes of law for armed conflict in settling disputes, as individuals have learned to do at home. *World peace demands a worldwide system of justice, law, and order.* The alternative is continued international anarchy.

We who are World Federalists believe that the only practical way to achieve just and lasting peace is to establish a world federal government, with only those powers necessary to establish and maintain law and order on a world level. We seek to convince the people and government of the United States that such a world federal government is essential to human survival, would preserve our basic freedoms, and can be achieved by orderly constitutional means. We are also aware that peace requires growing use of the world's resources—economic, scientific, and moral—to meet the problems of poverty, hunger, disease, population pressure, and ignorance.

We believe that the United Nations should be developed into a world federation; that the development of the United Nations into an effective federation will be hard, but in the face of the devastation and horror of modern war, that we must surmount the obstacles. We believe that the United States must exert leadership toward this goal. *We seek your help!*

What Must the U. S. Do Now?

1. We must encourage channeling world problems through the U.N. The United Nations will develop by evolution as it copes with crises which come before it. We urge that such evolution advance the cause

of world federal government within the scope of the U.N. Charter.

2. All nations, including our own, should accept as binding the rulings of the International Court of Justice on disarmament, on interpretation of the U.N. Charter and laws, and on international treaties. (The repeal of the Connally Amendment is an essential U.S. move toward this goal.)

3. We must recognize that the structure of a just and secure world peace will be composed of many related elements; elements that are indivisible. Those who seek practical first steps may find no one of them obtainable apart from the rest. Worldwide disarmament without a U.N. Police Force? A world police force not subject to world law means tyranny. World law without adequate enforcement will command neither respect nor compliance. Nations will not renounce the use of force unless international courts are given real authority to decide international disputes by peaceful means *with justice.*

What Can You Do?

You can help the move to peace *now*. Make yourself heard! Through United World Federalists you can help give a sounder United Nations stronger peacekeeping machinery. Through United World Federalists you can help to influence, to educate, to build understanding of the need for institutions of world law—to build world peace through world law! Find out what has already been done. The ears and minds of world statesmen are receptive as never before! There is still time if we act *now*. Join us!

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

- ☐ I would like to find out more about the organization working for peace under world law and a stronger United Nations, what they have accomplished so far and what their detailed plans are.
- ☐ I approve of this airing of views. Enclosed is my check for _____ to help defray the cost of this advertisement and future ones.
- ☐ Enroll me in the United World Federalists. I enclose ☐ \$10 Single . . . ☐ \$15 Couple Membership Dues.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



UNITED
WORLD FEDERALISTS, INC.
1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Branch offices in San Francisco • Chicago • Minneapolis • Cleveland • Pittsburgh • Philadelphia • New York

is no wonder that Elijah Muhammad could conceive of the process of controlled evolution whereby the white race was brought into being. According to Elijah, about 6300 years ago all the people on the earth were Original Blacks. Secluded on the island of Patmos, a mad black scientist by the name of Yacub set up the machinery for grafting whites out of blacks through the operation of a birth-control system. The population on this island of Patmos was 59,999 and whenever a couple on this island wanted to get married they were only allowed to do so if there was a difference in their color, so that by mating black with those in the population of a brownish color and brown with brown—but never black with black—all traces of the black were eventually eliminated; the process was repeated until all the brown was eliminated, leaving only men of the red race; the red was bleached out, leaving only yellow; then the yellow was bleached out, and only white was left. Thus Yacub, who was long since dead, because this whole process took hundreds of years, had finally succeeded in creating the white devil with the blue eyes of death.

This myth of the creation of the white race, called "Yacub's History," is an inversion of the racial death-wish of American Negroes. Yacub's plan is still being followed by many Negroes today. Quite simply, many Negroes believe, as the principle of assimilation into white America implies, that the race problem in America cannot be settled until all traces of the black race are eliminated. Toward this end, many Negroes loathe the very idea of two very dark Negroes mating. The children, they say, will come out ugly. What they mean is that the children are sure to be black, and this is not desirable. From the widespread use of cosmetics to bleach the black out of one's skin and other concoctions to take Africa out of one's hair, to the extreme, resorted to by more Negroes than one might wish to believe, of undergoing nose-thinning and lip-clipping operations, the racial death-wish of American Negroes—Yacub's goal—takes its terrible toll.

It seems that many Negro homosexuals, acquiescing in this racial death-wish, are outraged and frustrated because in their sickness they are unable to have a baby by a white man.

The cross they have to bear is that, already bending over and touching their toes for the white man, the fruit of their miscegenation is not the little half-white sibling of their dreams but an increase in the unwinding of their nerves—though they redouble their efforts and intake of the white man's spermatozooids.

The racial death-wish is the driving force in James Baldwin. His hatred for blacks, even as he pleads what he conceives as their cause, makes him the apotheosis of the dilemma in the ethos of the black bourgeoisie who have completely rejected their African heritage, consider the loss irrevocable, and refuse to look again in that direction. This is the root of Baldwin's violent repudiation of Mailer's *The White Negro*.

TO UNDERSTAND what is at stake here, and to understand it in terms of the life of this nation, is to know the central fact that the relationship between black and white in America is a power equation, a power struggle, and that this power struggle is not only manifested in the aggregate (civil rights, black nationalism, etc.) but also in the interpersonal relationships, actions, and reactions between blacks and whites where taken into account. When those "two lean cats," Baldwin and Mailer, met in a French living room, it was precisely this power equation that was at work.

It is fascinating to read (in *Nobody Knows My Name*) in what terms this power equation was manifested in Baldwin's immediate reaction to that meeting: "And here we were, suddenly, circling around each other. We liked each other at once, but each was frightened that the other would pull rank. He could have pulled rank on me because he was more famous and *had more money* and also *because he was white*; but I could have pulled rank on him precisely because I was black and knew more about that periphery he so helplessly maligns in *The White Negro* than he could ever hope to know." [Italics added.]

Pulling rank, it would seem, is a very dangerous business, especially when the troops have mutinied and the basis of one's authority, or rank, is devoid of that interdictive power and has become suspect. One would think that for Baldwin, of all people, these hues of

black and white were no longer armed with the power to intimidate—and if one thought this, one would be exceedingly wrong: for behind the structure of the thought of Baldwin's quoted above, there lurks the imp of Baldwin's unwinding, of his tension between love and hate—love of the white and hate of the black. And when we dig into this tension we will find that when those "two lean cats" crossed tracks in that French living room, one was a Pussy Cat, the other a Tiger. Baldwin's purr was transmitted magnificently in *The Fire Next Time*. But his work is the fruit of a tree with a poison root. Such succulent fruit, such a painful tree, what a malignant root!

It is ironic, but fascinating for what it reveals about the ferment in the North American soul in our time, that Norman Mailer, the white boy, and James Baldwin, the black boy, encountered each other in the eye of a social storm, traveling in opposite directions; the white boy, with knowledge of white Negroes, was traveling toward a confrontation with the black, with Africa; while the black boy, with a white mind, was on his way to Europe. Baldwin's

Bobbs-Merrill

RADICAL THEOLOGY and

the death of god

by **THOMAS J. J. ALTIZER**
and **WILLIAM HAMILTON**

*the ferment in
Protestant thinking*

at all bookstores
paperbound \$1.85 • cloth \$5.00

Bobbs-Merrill

nose, like the North-seeking needle on a compass, is forever pointed toward his adopted fatherland, Europe, his by intellectual osmosis and in Africa's stead. What he says of Aimé Césaire, one of the greatest black writers of the 20th century, and intending it as an ironic rebuke, that "he had penetrated into the heart of the great wilderness which was Europe and stolen the sacred fire . . . which . . . was . . . the assurance of his power," seems only too clearly to speak more about Peter than it does about Paul. What Baldwin seems to forget is that Césaire explains that fire, whether sacred or profane, burns. In Baldwin's case, though the fire could not burn the black off his face, it certainly did burn it out of his heart.



I am not interested in denying anything to Baldwin. I, like the entire nation, owe a great debt to him, but throughout the range of his work, from *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, through *Notes of A Native Son*, *Nobody Knows My Name*, *Another Country*, to *The Fire Next Time*, all of which I treasure, there is a decisive quirk in Baldwin's vision which corresponds to his relationship to black people and to masculinity. It was this same quirk, in my opinion, that compelled Baldwin to slander Rufus Scott in *Another Country*, venerate André Gide, repudiate *The White Negro*, and drive the blade of Brutus into the corpse of Richard Wright. As Baldwin has said in *Nobody Knows My Name*, "I think that I know something about the American masculinity which most men of my generation do not know because they have not been menaced by it in the way that I have been." O.K., Sugar, but isn't it true that Rufus Scott, the weak, craven

hearted ghost of *Another Country*, bears the same relation to Bigger Thomas of *Native Son*, the black rebel of the ghetto and a man, as you yourself bore to the fallen giant, Richard Wright, a rebel and a man?

C SOMEWHERE IN ONE of his books, Richard Wright describes an encounter between a ghost and several young Negroes. The young Negroes rejected the homosexual, and this was Wright alluding to a classic, if cruel, example of a ubiquitous phenomenon in the black ghettos of America: the practice by Negro youths of going "punk hunting." This practice of seeking out homosexuals on the prowl, rolling them, beating them up, seem-



ingly just to satisfy some savage impulse to inflict pain on the specific target selected, the "social outcast," seems to me to be not unrelated, in terms of the psychological mechanisms involved, to the ritualistic lynchings and castrations inflicted on Southern blacks by Southern whites. This was, as I recall, one of Wright's few comments on the subject of homosexuality.

I think it can safely be said that the men in Wright's books, albeit shackled with a form of impotence, were strongly heterosexual. Their heterosexuality was implied rather than laboriously stated or emphasized; it was taken for granted, as we all take men until something occurs to make us know otherwise. And Bigger Thomas, Wright's greatest creation, was a man in violent, though inept, rebellion against the stifling, murderous, totalitarian white world. There was no trace in Bigger of a Martin Luther King-type self-effacing love for his oppressors. For example, Bigger

would have been completely baffled, as most Negroes are today, at Baldwin's advice to his nephew (*The Fire Next Time*), concerning white people: "You must accept them *and accept them with love*. For these innocent people have no other hope." [Italics added.]

Rufus Scott, a pathetic wretch who indulged in the white man's pastime of committing suicide, who let a white bisexual homosexual fuck him in his ass, and who took a Southern Jezebel for his woman, with all that these tortured relationships imply, was the epitome of a black eunuch who has completely submitted to the white man. Yes, Rufus was a psychological freedom rider, turning the ultimate cheek, murmuring like a ghost, "*You took the best so why not take the rest*," which has absolutely nothing to do with the way Negroes have managed to survive here in the hells of North America! This all becomes very clear from what we learn of Erich, the arch-ghost of *Another Country*, of the depths of his alienation from his body and the source of his need: "And it had taken him almost until this very moment, on the eve of his departure, to begin to recog-

**A new approach to peace
in Asia based on hard facts
and nonpartisan sanity**

PEACE IN VIETNAM

**prepared for the American
Friends Service Committee**

by Bronson P. Clark, Woodruff J. Emlen,
Dorothy Hutchinson, George McT. Kahin,
Jonathan Mirsky, A. J. Muste,
W. Allyn Rickett, Clarence H. Yarrow.

**Just published
Paperback, 95¢
(Clothbound, \$3.00)**

At bookstores



HILL & WANG
141 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10010

nize that part of Rufus' great power over him had to do with the past which Erich had buried in some deep, dark place; was connected with himself, in Alabama, *when I wasn't nothing but a child*; with the cold white people and the warm black people, warm at least for him . . ."

So, too, who cannot wonder at the source of such audacious madness as moved Baldwin to make this startling remark about Richard Wright, in his ignoble essay, "Alas, Poor Richard": "In my own relations with him, I was always exasperated by his notions of society, politics, and history, for they seemed to me utterly fanciful. I never believed that he had any real sense of how a society is put together."

Richard Wright is dead and Baldwin is alive and with us. Baldwin says that Richard Wright held notions that were utterly fanciful, and Baldwin is an honorable man.

*"O judgment; thou art fled to
brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"*

Wright has no need, as Caesar did, of an outraged Antony to plead his cause: his life and his work are his shield against the mellow thrust of Brutus' blade. The good that he did, unlike Caesar's, will not be interred with his bones. It is, on the contrary, only the living who can be harmed by Brutus.

Baldwin says that in Wright's writings violence sits enthroned where sex should be. If this is so, then it is only because in the North American reality hate holds sway in love's true province. And it is only through a rank perversion that the artist, whose duty is to tell us the truth, can turn the two-dollar trick of wedding violence to love and sex to hate—if, to achieve this end, one has to basely transmute rebellion into lamblike submission—"You took the best," snivelled Rufus, "so why not take the rest?" Richard Wright was not ghost enough to achieve this cruel distortion. With him, sex, being not a spectator sport nor a panacea but the sacred vehicle of life and love, is itself sacred. And the America which Wright knew and which *is*, is not the Garden of Eden but its opposite. Baldwin, embodying in his art the self-flagellating policy of Martin Luther King, and giving out falsely the news that the Day of the Ghost has arrived, pulled it off

in *Another Country*.

But the fact remains that of all black American novelists, and indeed of any American novelist of any hue, Richard Wright yet reigns supreme for his profound political, economic, and social reference. Wright had the ability, like Dreiser, of harnessing the gigantic, overwhelming environmental forces and focusing them, with pin-point sharpness, on the individuals and their acts as they are caught up in the whirlwind of the savage, anarchistic sweep of life, love, death, and hate, pain, hope, pleasure and despair across the face of a nation and the world. But, ah! "O masters," it is Baldwin's work which is so void of a political, economic, or even a social reference. His characters all seem to be fucking and sucking in a vacuum. Baldwin has a superb touch when he speaks of human beings, when he is inside of them—especially his homosexuals—but he flounders when he looks beyond the skin, whereas Wright's forte, it seems to me, was in reflecting the intricate mechanisms of a social organization, its functioning as a unit.

BALDWIN DESPISED—not Richard Wright, but his masculinity. Having been relieved of his own balls he cannot confront the stud in others—except that he must either submit to it or destroy it. And he was not about to bow to a *black* man. Wright understood and lived the truth of what Norman Mailer meant when he said, "... for being a man is the continuing battle of one's life, and one loses a bit of manhood with every stale compromise to the authority of any power in which one does not believe." Baldwin, compromised beyond getting back by the white man's *power*, which is real and which has nothing to do with *authority*, but to which Baldwin has ultimately succumbed psychologically, is totally unable to extricate himself from that horrible pain. It is the scourge of his art, because the only way out for him is to embrace Africa psychologically, the land of his fathers, which he utterly refuses to do. He has instead resorted to a despicable underground guerrilla war against black masculinity, playing out the racial death-wish of Yacub, reaching, I think, a point where Mailer hits the spot: "Driven into defiance, it is natural if regrettable, that many homosexuals go to the direction

of assuming that there is something intrinsically superior in homosexuality, and carried far enough it is a viewpoint which is as stultifying, as ridiculous, and as anti-human as the heterosexual's prejudice!"

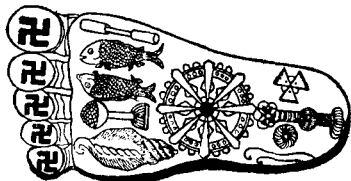
I, for one, do not think homosexuality is the latest advance over heterosexuality on the scale of human evolution. Homosexuality is a sickness, just as much as baby-rape or wanting to become the head of General Motors.

A grave danger faces this nation, of which we are as yet unaware. And it is precisely this danger which Baldwin's work conceals, indeed, leads us away from. In this, the deepest, the most fundamental revolution and reconstruction which men have ever been called upon to make in their lives, and which they absolutely cannot escape or avoid except at the peril of the very continued existence of human life on this planet. The time of the sham is over, and the cheek of the suffering saint must no longer be turned twice to the brute. The titillation of the guilt complexes of bored white liberals leads to doom. The grotesque hideousness of what is happening to us is reflected in this remark by Murray Kempton, quoted in *The Realist*: "When I was a boy Stepin Fetchit was the only Negro actor who worked regularly in the movies . . . The fashion changes, but I sometimes think that Malcolm X and, to a degree even James Baldwin, are *our* Stepin Fetchits."

Yes, the fashion does change. "Will the machinegunners please step forward," said Le Roi Jones in a poem. "The machine gun on the corner," wrote Richard Wright, "is the symbol of the 20th century." The embryonic spirit of kamikaze, real and alive, grows each day in the black man's heart and there are dreams of Nat Turner's legacy. And the ghost of John Brown is creeping through suburbia. And I wonder if James Chaney said, as Andrew Goodman and Michael Schwerner stood helplessly watching, as the grizzly dogs crushed his bones with savage blows of chains—did poor James say, after Rufus Scott—"You took the best, so why not take the rest?" Or did he turn to his white brothers, seeing their plight, and say, after Baldwin, "That's your problem, baby!"

I say, after Mailer, "There's a shit-storm coming!"

Sale



UNITED PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION OFFERS BOOKS
ON ALL SUBJECTS PRICED FOR THE DISCRIMINATING
READER AND BARGAIN HUNTER

SAVE FROM 20% UP TO 80% IF YOU ORDER NOW

473. WORD ORIGINS: The Romance of Language, Cecil Hunt. From Classical mythology to contemporary word-makers, this comprehensive, absorbing and instructive book covers the centuries; it will fascinate every book lover and prove an indispensable reference for all who write.
Published at \$4.75 **Sale \$1.00**

459. BOOK OF PROVERBS: Maxims from East and West, Paul Rosenzweig. Delightful, humorous, serious and sad — hundreds of proverbs from Spain, Italy, America, Russia, China, the Near East, and the Bible — from ancient times, the folklore of everyday life.
Published at \$3.00 **Sale \$1.00**

401. THE LITTLE FELLOW: The Life and Work of Charles Chaplin, Peter Cotes & Thelma Nikolaus; Fwd. by W. Somerset Maugham. Absorbing 2-part biography of the "little fellow" — Part 1: His youth, Hollywood success, marriages, divorces and experiences on and off screen; Part 2: Incisive analysis of his entire film career from the Keystone days to *Limelight*, and *A King in New York*, 55 screen photos.
Published at \$4.00 **Sale \$1.98**

405. Bertrand Russell: FACT AND FICTION. Immensely readable and exciting collection of short stories, essays, and autobiographical material, discussing topics such as: the great mathematicians, politics, education, peace and disarmament, and writers (Shelley, Turgenev, Ibsen, etc.).
Published at \$4.95 **Sale \$1.98**

404. SADISM IN THE MOVIES, George de Coulteray; Translated from the French. This complete and unexpurgated documentary of movie sadism is the first since the Marquis de Sade's writings to reveal so openly and graphically the practice of sadism. This shocking, bold book tells you with complete candor why the bloody beatings, painful deaths and bone-breaking brutality of Hollywood movies hold so strange a fascination in England, Japan, Italy, South America and elsewhere. 256 sadistic full-page movie stills — valid examples of torture, brutality, hate and erotic violence in the history of the movies (1903-1963) — give evidence of the unconscious hostilities in the producers, writers, directors, actors and audiences. 448 pages; handsome, sturdy binding.
Published at \$12.50 **Sale \$4.98**

414. MASTERPIECES OF GREEK SCULPTURE, A. Furtwangler. New edition of the long-out-of-print classic work on the golden age of Greek sculpture — over 350 handsome illustrations of the best in Greek art — plus an extensive text introducing the sculptors, their schools and works, and delineating the history and evolution of art styles during the Classical period. 9" x 12 1/4".
Published at \$20.00 **Sale \$9.98**

448. A TEXTBOOK OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY, Ernst Kretschmer, M.D., With an Introduction by E. B. Strauss. A new edition, translated from the 10th German Edition, of the famous work treating every aspect of psychological medicine and allied disciplines; systematically arranged to afford insight into the problems of human thought, feeling and conduct in health and disease.
Published at \$7.50 **Sale \$2.98**

421. CHINESE ART, Finlay MacKenzie. Illustrated with 48 magnificent color plates, pictures in the text, and a map, this handsome volume features a long introduction, essays on bronzes, pottery, porcelain, painting, and calligraphy; also a chronological table and notes on the plates.
Special Import \$2.98

485. The T. E. Lawrence of China: KIND-HEARTED TIGER, Gilbert Stuart, with Alan Levy. Brawny memoirs by a swashbuckling adventurer who became China's legendary WW II soldier and patriot, "Tz'u-hsin Hu," the Kind-Hearted Tiger, a guerrilla terror to the Japanese invaders, and later a mortal threat to the Manchurian Communists.
Published at \$5.95 **Sale \$2.98**

491. LIKE BIRDS, LIKE FISHES — And other Stories, R. Praver Jhabvala. Eleven penetrating, yet whimsical stories that mock human values tenderly but sharply in present-day New Delhi — each pointing up loss of tradition or conflicts of values in a rapidly changing, colorful society.
Published at \$3.95 **Sale \$1.00**

402. Bertrand Russell: HAS MAN A FUTURE? Trenchant examination of man's hope for survival in the nuclear age — with an outline of steps that could be taken now to reduce world tension and liberate mankind from the obsessive fear of nuclear war.
Published at \$3.00 **Sale \$1.00**

481. IN CRUSADER GREECE, Eric Forbes-Boyd. Fascinating account of a rarely touched era — the Greece of the Crusaders and the Crusaders' castles of the Morea — an era when French, Burgundian and Venetian barons ruled Athens, Sparta, Arcadia, and tournaments were held where once the Games were celebrated. 24 photos.
Published at \$5.50 **Sale \$2.98**

436. Henri Pirenne: A HISTORY OF EUROPE — From the Invasions to the XVI Century. Perhaps one of the most important historical works of this century, Pirenne examines the fall of Rome in terms of the expansion of Islam, with the subsequent inception of feudalism, and the formation of the capitalist class out of the feudal burghers, with the most important analysis of this subject since Marx. 640 pages.
Published at \$10.00 **Sale \$5.98**

419. RUSSIAN ICONS, Tamara Talbot Rice. Among Europe's great pictorial masterpieces, sacred "images," derived from Byzantine and Macedonian artists; illustrated in unsurpassed magnificent range from the 12th century Byzantine painting of the Virgin of Vladimir through the 16th and 18th centuries. 48 full-color reproductions, with individual commentary; 9 1/2" x 10 3/4".
Special Import \$2.98

440. MR. SEIDMAN AND THE GEISHA, Elick Moll, author of *Seidman and Son*. What happens when Morris Seidman, happy and middle-aged N. Y. garment manufacturer, is offered the "hospitality" of a beautiful, charming geisha, O-yuki? — a touching, sensitive comedy that will warm your heart.
Published at \$3.75 **Sale \$1.00**

GUARANTEE: If you are not satisfied for any reason at all you may return your purchase within two weeks and your payment will be refunded.

495. ESSAYS IN PHYSICS, Albert Einstein. The most relevant of Einstein's writings on physics and mechanics, all clearly set forth and fully illustrating his ability to reduce the complex to its bare essentials.
Published at \$3.00 **Sale \$1.00**

471. SHORT DICTIONARY OF MYTHOLOGY, P. G. Woodcock. Over 12,000 entries plus cross references — every name of importance in classical history and Norse, Greek, Roman, Hindu, Egyptian, and Near-Eastern mythology — an invaluable aid to the student and general reader.
Published at \$3.75 **Sale \$1.00**

462. The Drug World. LIGHT THROUGH DARKNESS, Henri Michaux. An extraordinarily beautiful, sometimes shocking, journey through the labyrinthine world of the narcotics-user, including a mescaline-inspired poem, by one of France's most distinguished painters and writers.
Published at \$5.00 **Sale \$1.98**

460. MATHEMATICAL PUZZLES — AND OTHER BRAIN TWISTERS, Anthony S. Filipiak. 100 puzzles that will challenge your ingenuity and skill in a productive and amusing manner — 100 "brain-twisters" from shifting blocks to geometric designs, plus instructions on how to make and solve them. Diagrams.
Published at \$3.95 **Sale \$1.98**

446. Lillian Ross: PORTRAIT OF HEMINGWAY. This classic New Yorker profile of Hemingway — a factual portrait in which, page after page, the living Hemingway is simply there, exuberantly, reflectively, always brilliantly.
Published at \$2.50 **Sale \$1.00**

483. THE GODSON, Clemence Dane. Buoyantly delightful novel of the life of Sir William Davenant, the 17th century poet, dramatist and theatre manager who was the first to introduce opera, and actresses, to the English stage — and we meet him in the company of his godfather, William Shakespeare.
Published at \$2.50 **Sale \$1.00**

438. EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS, Hjalmar R. Holand. The final and summarizing presentation of all the evidence — historic, linguistic, archaeological, geographical, and literary — that sheds light on Norse explorations in America before Columbus. Illus.
Published at \$6.00 **Sale \$2.98**

413. THE DRAWINGS OF LEONARDO AND MICHELANGELO. Particularly fine collection of 66 master drawings by the two towering geniuses of the Renaissance — includes Leonardo's "Self-Portrait," "Storm Over the Alps" and "Head of an Old Man," Michelangelo's "Study for the Libyan Sibyl," "Tityus" and many of his nude studies — beautifully reproduced on heavy vellum stock, with introduction and notes by J. Pecirka. 9" x 12".
Special Import \$9.98

408. Walter Kerr: THE DECLINE OF PLEASURE. Trenchant, telling analysis of contemporary unhappiness — presenting the paradox of the exhausting vacation, suggesting why the modern woman is more enervated than her unmechanized grandmother — an invitation to once more enjoy the pleasures of life and art, written in a way that makes these pleasures palpable.
Published at \$5.00 **Sale \$1.00**

489. A LITTLE LEARNING — The Early Years, Evelyn Waugh. First volume of Waugh's long-awaited autobiography, with perceptive observations on the fading institution of maiden aunts, the remnants of the plush gaslight era, Oxford revelry, and the start of Waugh's road to fame — by the author of *The Loved One*.
Published at \$5.00 **Sale \$1.98**

488. THE DIALOGUES OF ARCHIBALD MACLEISH AND MARK VAN DOREN, Ed. by W. V. Buh. Trenchant, informal dialogues that provide penetrating and personal insights into the minds of two of America's most articulate writers — touching on: art, love, poetry, friendship, God, the American dream, much more.
Published at \$5.95 **Sale \$2.98**

ORDER BY MAIL

UNITED PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
1615 HILLSIDE AVENUE
NEW HYDE PARK, NEW YORK 11040

Please send me the items
whose numbers I have entered below

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Check or Money Order enclosed. Sorry, no COD's.
(We pay postage and handling.) **RA-2**

where else could you find

The Other Germany: 1943 — Brecht

never before published

Securing Revolutions — Che Guevara

'Legal' Murder: Rosenberg-Sobell Case

District 65: Analysis — Walter Linder

New York Transit Strike — Frank Scott

PLP Community Work: East and West

...and much, much more

packed into one magazine?



newest and most exciting periodical on the American left; reflecting work among trade unionists, community workers, students and intellectuals...

Subscribe Now

\$2.50 yearly for the new bi-monthly

SPECIAL OFFER — \$6

All new readers subscribing to PL and the PLP New York bi-weekly newspaper Challenge (regular subscription \$4 yearly) will receive one of the following books (value from \$1 to \$6) free with each combination subscription.

Second Revolution in Cuba — JP Morray

Guerrilla Warfare — Che Guevara
U. S., Cuba and Castro — WA Williams

Selected Military Writings — Mao Tse-tung

Torture of Mothers — Truman Nelson

One Battle More — Hal Driggs

I enclose \$..... for.....sub(s)
for (PL and Challenge) (PL)
(Challenge)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

Gift Book (s)

Make checks payable to: *Progressive Labor*
G.P.O. Box 808, Brooklyn 1, N.Y. (NYR)

Books:



KINO AND THE CARTOGRAPHY OF NORTH-WESTERN NEW SPAIN by Ernest J. Burrus. S.J. Tucson: *Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society*. 104 pp. Printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy, San Francisco. \$22.50.

Reviewed by
Frederick C. Mitchell

THE LIFE OF Eusebio Kino, S.J., a missionary-explorer-geographer and cartographer of New Spain, was a full and vigorous one, from his birth in 1645 in northern Italy to his death in 1711 in northern Mexico. But it is the great contributions of Kino's career—his explorations and his maps—which form the focus of this close evaluation by Father Burrus.

It is a thin book of large format, with some 60 pages of text, 30 pages of notes and bibliography and 17 of Kino's most important maps and charts, designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy in an edition of 750 copies for a historical society in Arizona. You will find no *angst*, no ambiguities in these dense and detailed pages—only one man's work.

Father Burrus assumes that Kino was a worthy person, telling us that he was perhaps too energetic and impatient to suit his superiors in Mexico. But Burrus is not a hagiographer any more than Kino was a saint. Kino was a well-trained, highly skilled observer-scientist with a yen to see distant places, and his success is that he combined all of these things in drafting his reports, embellished in his own hand. And if he had been a nice Protestant boy befriended by the right kind of Pocahontas, mapping the headwaters of *our* Chesapeake Bay, perhaps he would have the kind of fame he deserves.

Father Burrus' chief contribution is in showing us the international community to which Kino belonged. It was as important to him that his sketches and maps get back to his old professors in Bavaria as that they reach his superiors in Mexico City. These people

were *hungry*. And once his works appeared in print in Europe, they were seized by the ranking cartographic pirates and made a part of the great atlases of the time. That he "proved" that Baja California was a peninsula and not an island is hardly more important than that it engaged men's minds the way it did.

As for the book itself, it is about ten by fourteen inches, in a regal rose cloth, with a large compass rose embossed on its cover. Otherwise it is not heavily ornamented. The pages are left to carry themselves, which they do beautifully without fleurons, borders or garlands. There is a fine calligraphic touch at the head of each chapter, enough for unity, and the maps are reproduced by photolithography. The book is understated, it is royal, and it is one of the best things that the Kennedys have done. Which does not mean that we have to like it and strew it around the living room. We don't have to like the reds and blues of the title page (something of a Kennedy trademark) or the lonely Kino coat of arms out there in front of the frontispiece, or even the very thought of the subject of the cartography of New Spain. But we do have to try to see what the totality of this book can mean to us.

A designer can, if given enough money, make a book on banana-frond paper, printed with batsblood inks, and if there is enough of the aura of handwork and rarity, some collectors will fight to have it, for reasons which obviously have nothing to do with what it is. The Kennedys are commercial printers, in and of our world. Designing and printing make them their living and keep them fed and clothed. They designed this book with their taste and talent, printed and bound it by machine. It is *for sale*.

What we have to get through our skulls is that while a book like this one is an article of trade and, by itself, a commodity, we cannot really own it. It belongs to the three principals, Kino, Burrus and the Kennedys, and after that point it is really just a part of our culture's natural resources, a by-product of the fusion of four minds. We should be as grateful for it as we are for the trees and streams which we can own but never possess. It's a very encouraging thing to think about.