

## On Either Side of Violence

***"The Long Shadow of Little Rock: A Memoir,"* by Daisy Bates** (McKay, 234 pp. \$4.75), and ***"The Desegregated Heart,"* by Sarah Patton Boyle** (Morrow, 364 pp. \$5), are the personal reports of two Southern women, one white and one Negro, on their stand on civil liberties and its consequences. John Howard Griffin is the author of *"Black Like Me."*

By JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN

TWO DISTINGUISHED women have added memoirs to the meager literature of the "Southern Experience" as it applies to our days. Both took stands for civil rights and both were devastated, not only by racist reprisals but, and more bitterly, by the equivocations of community leaders on whom they had counted for support.

Sarah Patton Boyle, scion of a Virginia family of venerable lineage, daughter of an eminent clergyman, grew up, like most of us in the South, unaware that the smiling yes-yes Negro (any other kind was not tolerated) for whom we felt such love had his secret life of bitter resentments. Under rigid segregation the lack of true communication between Negroes and whites sustained us in one of the master illusions of history—that our "System" was for the good of those whom it suppressed. Recognition of the hard truth—that we have defrauded a group of our citizens of rights that we consider sacrosanct for ourselves—came as a deep shock to Mrs. Boyle. It forced her to look into a quagmire where generations of broken and deprived lives revealed the extent of our error. "I saw a world in which the entire fabric of the white Southerner's thinking about Negroes, even down to his cherished tenderness, is all wrong," Mrs. Boyle writes. "In my own viscera I became sick at these injustices of which I had known nothing at all."

But though she was sickened by her discoveries, Mrs. Boyle believed that "people of quality" did not waste time toying with their guilts. She had faith in "golden man" and was certain that once he perceived the wrongs he had committed against his neighbor, he would act immediately to rectify them.

In 1950 Gregory Swanson, a Negro,

applied for admission to the University of Virginia. Mrs. Boyle investigated the mood of her fellow citizens. To her delight, the majority individually showed a willingness to accept Gregory Swanson into the university founded by Thomas Jefferson; but each was certain he was the exception and that the rest of the community were prejudiced. Mrs. Boyle's fears that an ugly situation might arise began to dissolve. She felt that the world, and all those well-disposed individuals who considered themselves alone, should know that the majority favored desegregation of graduate schools; that Virginia would not stand in the way of any man's education.

She presented her facts in a national magazine. At first her friends praised her; but the deluge of hate soon overwhelmed her and she saw her friends drop away. Racists indulged in the most vicious character assassination, until she became one of the South's untouchables. Golden man, with the battle for justice almost won, crayfished back into silence, leaving the field to the rabble-rousers.

This was the crushing disillusion for Mrs. Boyle. The "good whites"—civic officials, educators, ministers, business and professional leaders, men and women who had expressed strong and enlightened convictions to her in private—did not find the courage to stand beside her when the mob went for her. The newspapers blew with the prevailing wind. Mrs. Boyle writes movingly about the "aloneness" that comes

to those who speak for justice in today's South. She makes cruelly clear what we white southerners have done to people like Lillian Smith and P.D. East, how we have lynched our prophets because they tried to help us understand our condition.

Mrs. Boyle started down this path of bitter discovery late in her life. She documents all her mistakes, her prejudices and misconceptions. They have a familiar ring to any southerner, for we can all identify with these experiences and follow the author in her growing perception of the true situation.

Mrs. Daisy Bates, like most Southern Negroes, set out early on the bitter path. As a child, even before she had learned that there was a "difference" between her and the white children of her community, she discovered that her mother had been raped and murdered by three white men. Unlike Mrs. Boyle, she had no illusions about "golden man"; her great problem was to overcome her burning hatred for the whites. She hated them not only for what they had done to her mother, but for what they did every day to her friends and relatives. Her masterful recreation of the Negro's side of the "Southern Experience" reveals the immensity of the Southern white's incomprehension of what discrimination actually means to its victims.

The major portion of Mrs. Bates's memoir describes another and more famous struggle for civil rights in education. In 1957 the courts ordered nine young Negro students to attend Central High School in Little Rock. It could have gone well, and in fact it was going well; but at the last moment Governor Faubus decided to defy America for the good of the mob. As a result, Mrs. Bates and her husband and nine unbelievably courageous children lived through a year of almost unrelieved terror and violence.

The two memoirs reveal similar patterns: the patterns of the crisis community where the voices of decency are seldom heard and where the shouts of the mobs present to the world an image of us that must shrivel us with shame.

Mrs. Bates concludes her chronicle with the desolating question: "How long, how long . . . ?"

And an Oxford, Mississippi, barber observes: "You would think the White House would at least have the dignity to send white troops."



—U.P.I.

White students and adults jeer at Elizabeth Eckford, one of the "Little Rock Nine," outside Central High School.

# Cultural Exchange

Continued from page 20

and Mr. Zarubhin taking responsibility or the first, Ambassador Thompson and Mr. Zhukov for the second, and Ambassador Bohlen and Mr. Romanovsky for the third. The important point is that both sides must persist in seeking compromise. There are times when new negotiators may achieve that which the old ones failed to do.

As one who has argued for twenty years that a trickle of exchanges does only a trickle of good, I must report, unhappily, that everyone actively involved with Russian-American student exchanges agrees that, for the near future at least, such student exchanges must be numbered in the dozens, not in the thousands or even the hundreds. The United States today welcomes over 50,000 foreign students a year, but only one in 1500 is a Russian. "Gradualism" is the watchword of the Soviet-American negotiators. The Russians simply will not permit large numbers of their students to come here, our negotiators say; and American graduate students in large numbers will simply not go to Russia until the Soviets open to them the opportunity to study at their advanced research institutes.

There were thirty-six American students enrolled in Soviet universities for academic 1961-2, as against fifty authorized under the exchange agreement, and thirty-seven Soviet students in the U.S. Twenty of the American students were enrolled at the University of Moscow; nineteen for the humanities and one in mathematics. This proportion for the humanities surprises Ivan Petrovsky, rector of the University. He told me that the Soviet Union wished to send its advanced students to the United States to study the natural sciences. This of course we understand. From the U.S., the rector wants "very, very advanced" students to come to the Soviet Union. When I asked whether he would not like to increase the number of student exchanges, say to 500 students from each country, he replied that there were not 500 such "very advanced" students in the United States who want to come to Russia. He added, "Why send students to us to get training they can get at home?"

But Mr. Romanovsky and I agreed that if we didn't insist on Rector Petrovsky's "very, very advanced" criterion, many American students would like to spend a year studying in the USSR. Indeed, I came away with the feeling that Romanovsky disagreed with Rector Petrovsky that our American students need be "very advanced." Later Mrs. Benton and I lunched with

Mme. Khrushcheva. I feel Mme. Khrushcheva also disagreed with the Rector. Romanovsky implied that he has been trying to have the exchange quota raised above fifty and that the American negotiators were holding it down on the excuse the students didn't want to come. Romanovsky said that the Soviet Union sent a list of sixty prospective students to the United States to be checked for admission. The United States sent only a list of thirty-six. Why was this? I told him that our administrators had been frustrated as had our students. For example, letters had not been answered. Our students in the USSR had been isolated and deprived.

The Soviet Union takes the position that its students should come to the United States with full exposure to American university laboratories and libraries, where most of the theoretical research in the U.S. goes forward, and with access to meetings of learned societies to which any student is admitted. We agree. By contrast, the American students in the Soviet Union find themselves limited to the facilities of the Soviet universities, which are primarily institutions for training teachers. They are deprived of access to Soviet advanced research—including humanistic, social and historical research—which is largely the province of the institutes maintained by the Soviet Academy of Science.

Agreement was reached for exchanges between the Soviet and our own National Academy of Science and its humanistic equivalent, the American Council of Learned Societies. Thus some of our topmost scholars may have access to the Soviet research institutes. But our topmost graduate students are excluded from the institutes, while Soviet graduate students have access to our university research centers, which



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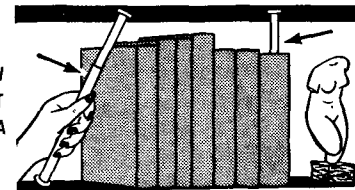
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are roughly equivalent to the Soviet institutes.

The exclusion of our American students from exposure to the creative scientists and laboratories in the Soviet research institutes prevails in economics, law, and literature as well as in the natural sciences. When Rector Petrovsky calls for "very advanced" American students, he must surely realize that the Soviet universities do not have the facilities to accommodate them at the American university level. Further, our students in the Soviet Union are systematically restricted. Requests for access to doctoral theses on file in the Lenin Library have often been denied in the last two years. Last year, for example, a Soviet faculty adviser suggested that one of his American post-doctoral students peruse thirty-five dissertations. After great difficulty, he was permitted to see only five.

There is a more flagrant example, this one involving no issue of "national security." An American student named George Siegel—now an assistant professor at Harvard—recently spent a year at Moscow University trying unsuccessfully to gain admission to the Gorky Institute of World Literature. He was confined to the University. This was not what he wanted or anticipated.

American students have generally been restricted to Moscow and Leningrad. Permission to travel from one of these cities to the other is normally denied or confined to a very few days—and this after an inordinate delay in responding to the request. Also denied have been requests for permission to travel to such historical centers as Novgorod or Suzdal.

In the United States, by contrast, Soviet students are treated fundamentally as are American students. They have ready access to our laboratories, libraries and archival collections—to what is being taught and to the research in progress. They are allowed to travel throughout the United States. These freedoms are in keeping with the American tradition.

NEVERTHELESS despite the conflicts, the Soviet-American cultural exchange program grows in importance. In my judgment every effort should be stepped up to advance it and at all levels and at an accelerating intensity. The most hopeful aspect is that more and more influential people on each side are learning—even though painfully slowly—better to understand the other side. There are people in the Soviet Union to whom distortion of American life is as distasteful as distortion of Soviet life is to many Americans. We must encourage the growth of this Soviet group. The most promising chance is

the exchange program. During the past four-year period, 3797 Americans have gone to the Soviet Union on 302 exchange projects, and only slightly fewer Soviet citizens have come on exchanges to the U.S. Let us vigorously promote an expansion of this interchange.

Perhaps the easiest first step is to begin at the undergraduate level by giving exchange students a year to perfect their Russian or English.

More significantly, I'd like to see renewed efforts to exchange books, motion pictures (particularly "informational" pictures), newspapers, magazines and broadcasts. Mr. Pierre Salinger has an excellent proposal for joint broadcasts by our President and Premier Khrushchev.

Further, I hope that President Kennedy will invite prominent Americans to study the interchange problem by visits to Russia, and to report to him—not as negotiators but with the co-operation of the State Department. Ideally, these prominent persons should be men or women who will help keep the problem and potentialities in perspective and who will help educate American and Soviet opinion.

The State Department's Soviet and East European Exchange Staff would like to double its present ten-man team. Is this not a good investment if we are properly to look after Soviet visitors here and to brief Americans going to Russia?

ON the cultural exchange front, who is winning? Is this indeed the right question? If it is, it cannot be judged on the short run. It can't be decided by Benny Goodman versus the Bolshoi, by the dollars earned, by the precise number of students exchanged, or even by the scientific data absorbed or stolen by one protagonist from the other. This is a contest for all mankind. If both sides fail to win, if this two-way contest does not pay off with two winners, then all mankind will be the loser.

There is indeed a "cultural cold war" between the United States and the Soviet Union. And I suggest that each side is winning. If we keep at it, each side will continue to win. I happen to think that the real and immediate enemy of the peoples of both nations is the Iron Curtain of misunderstanding. Lifting that curtain, slow and tiresome though the process may be, may be the best hope of each for avoiding total destruction. Measured against that goal, even though the U.S. must be firm and insist on concessions in the exchange agreement negotiations, the jockeying seems fundamentally trivial; the goal itself must be kept paramount.

## Fine Arts

*Continued from page 30*

works by Rembrandt, Leonardo, Raphael, Mantegna, Bruegel, Rubens, Durer, and Holbein. Closes November 25.

*Chinese Calligraphy and Painting in the Collection of John M. Crawford* at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York. An extraordinary private collection features Chinese scrolls from the tenth to the eighteenth centuries. The exhibition is accompanied by a superb publication, a 306-page catalogue magnificently illustrated and edited by Laurence Sickman. Closes November 24.

*Treasures of Versailles* at the Art Institute of Chicago. Paintings, sculpture, tapestries, and furniture cover 300 years of French history.

*Color in Prints* at the Yale University Art Gallery, New Haven, Connecticut. A loan exhibition of European and American color prints surveys the field from the year 1500 until today.

*M. and M. Karolik Collection* at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The exhibition focuses on American watercolors and drawings from 1800 to 1875.

## Found: A Slip of Almost White Paper

By Jeannette Nichols

IF we had lemon juice  
this white paper  
would be mysterious  
but there are no  
lemons growing  
in our garden.

The ink  
remains  
invisible,  
the message  
in tremendous  
code  
white on white  
paper.

Somewhere  
someone is keeping  
secrets.

Tomorrow  
we will plant  
lemon trees

just in case.





## Carlisle Floyd on the Blue and the Gray

ANY COMPOSER with so good a first opera as Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah" to his credit sounds a summons to attention when he produces another. As successor to his not too successful treatment of "Wuthering Heights" the City Center is now showing "The Passion of Jonathan Wade" (financed by a Ford Foundation grant) in which Floyd has returned to the South he knows well and for which he has so communicable a feeling.

But if the preceding chronology suggests that this is the third of his operas, what the public is actually seeing are the third and fourth: one interesting opera of emotions, one less interesting opera of ideas. They go on alternately through the evening and, to my taste, non-companionably. For this, composer Floyd has only librettist Floyd to blame (in the manner of some illustrious predecessors and the contemporary Menotti, Floyd does both).

For his time and place, Floyd has chosen Columbia, South Carolina, in the immediate period of occupation after the Uncivil War. For his people, Floyd has been chosen (as must be the case with any creator who really seeks an identity with his characters) by a Northern colonel, Suh, of the very best intentions and a fair flower of the South of the very best breeding. In the all too familiar operatic manner, Celia Townsend (Phyllis Curtin) hates Jonathan Wade (Theodor Uppman) from the first moment she sees him: and it will hardly surprise connoisseurs of the obvious that the marriage ceremony takes place midway in Act II. Whether this should have been the culmination of the opera, rather than an incident, it was of course, Floyd's choice to make: and he has chosen to make them allies in understanding each other's point of view even to falling in love. This enables Floyd to work the gifts of song, speech, and sense of word values which made his characters in "Susannah" absorbing, to ends assisted by the physical suitability of Uppman and Miss Curtin to their roles.

But it is also Floyd's purpose to depict Wade as a man pressed between the extremists of the South, who begrudge the freed slave any portion of privilege, and the extremists of the North, who seek to exploit that privilege to the utmost for political advantage; and here is where the interesting opera of emotions becomes entangled with the inept opera of ideas, posing as much of a problem for the composer

as the librettist invented for his hero.

Undoubtedly there were such victims of the extremists of the Left and the Right, and probably one of them married a Southern girl who thereby became anathema to her family and friends. And possibly the man was persecuted to the breaking point of fleeing his job (under Northern pressure) only to be shot down by Ku Kluxers (expressing traditional Southern courtesy). But the problem of making this operatically convincing calls for a good deal more dramatic skill and musical resource than Floyd commands.

Rather than depicting the involutions of the sub-plot by the indirect method of allusion, soliloquy, and conversational description (on-stage) of incidents off-stage, Floyd has chosen to move his narrative by "episodes" between the longer scenes. These peripheral activities are threaded through the main narrative as sketches "in one" (before a scrim), a method reminiscent of such a musical as "South Pacific." In addition to distracting attention from his principals, this technique is constantly lowering the emotional temperature from the warm life-and-blood characters of Wade and Celia to the non-dimensional impersonalities of the bully-boy leader of the "Rebs," the cardboard moralist from New England, and his schoolmarm wife. And there are stage "darkies," stage "carpetbaggers," Negroes in silk hats depicting senators "on the take," and, of course, the dignified Negro from the North who appears on the scene to relieve Judge Townsend (Celia's father) of his position on the bench.



There could be no possible complaint about Floyd's method if the music made it work. But his real, if restricted, gift is for the expression of emotion rather than the illumination of idea. The text gets wordy ("Insubordination!" thrice repeated is the climax of the northern extremist's announcement to the audience, ariawise, of how he will drive Wade from Columbia) and the music descends to melodrama that lets us, and the action, down.

When Floyd is following his own natural bent, there is a good deal of charming music in the pseudo-spirituals of the Negroes, in the love music of Wade and Celia, and especially in the wedding scene. This is graced by a kind of ceremony-in-spiritual delightfully sung by Miriam Burton, a family-retainer type. But then we get back to the "needs of the Radical party" and the illusion departs.

MANY of the values in the simple but effective production staged by Allen Fletcher against cutouts and flats designed by Will Steven Armstrong are ingenious and some of the devices, such as an equivalent of the movie "dissolve" to get from the scenes "in one" to the full stage, are genuinely creative. But Floyd has burdened himself with a cumbersome way of dealing with a complicated problem. After all, where would "Otello" be if Boito had required Verdi to pursue a similar course with Iago's baiting of the Moor?

Both Uppman and Miss Curtin were logical choices for their roles, and mostly successful singing actors. The demands of the writing for Celia sometimes pushed Miss Curtin's tones to shrillness, and she sometimes talked Southern while singing Northern, but it was an appealing picture she presented. Uppman had no such problem of dialect, which made all his impulses worthy ones. Quite the most expert of the principals was Norman Treigle, whose Judge Townsend was beautifully elaborated, up to the point where Floyd lost the touch of character. Likewise, Frank Porretta as the uncompromisingly rebellious "Reb" and Norman Kelley as his Northern counterpart were as good as their parts permitted them to be. Andrew Frierson was excellent in his brief role of the Negro judge, and Julius Rudel proved his devotion to Floyd with an impressive work of organization against cruel limitations of time and stage facilities.

My conclusion is that Floyd is conducting a search for identity which has led him into a kind of musical Everglades. What he needs is the vantage point of perspective from which one can chart the way out of such dilemmas, artistic as well as geographic.

—IRVING KOLODIN.