

flashing sharp camera angles: "Oh, that's just what I want; that's a beautiful angle! Roll me over quick. Hold me just like this. Hold me this way so I can shoot straight down."

Nonetheless, to my eyes the best pictures are from *You Have Seen Their Faces*, the book with which Bourke-White and her second husband, Erskine Caldwell, evoked the South of Tobacco Road. One portrait in that book, a close-up of the wife of a tenant farmer, is so eloquent that it obviates the caption: "I've done the best I knew how all my life, but it didn't amount to much in the end."

Throughout, the dedication of the artist is implicit. Determined early in her career to express the unique qualities that she saw in industry, Bourke-White spent months futilely shooting scenes inside a steel mill:

I was living entirely for the steel mills. The jobs I was able to keep going during the daytime just about paid for the films I shot up at night. And those same films, after exposure in the mills and processing in my kitchen sink, filled up my wastebasket—a gluey mass of sick, limping, unprintable negatives.

Ultimately her lens recorded the pulse of the mills—but other tests of her own steel were to follow.

Bourke-White's success as a *Fortune* photographer attracted lucrative advertising assignments, yet, she says now, their "real gift . . . to me was practice in precision." And at the moment when financial rewards were the greatest Margaret Bourke-White turned her back on Madison Avenue, refusing a job that would have brought her \$1,000 a picture.

During the rapturous period when I was discovering the beauty of industrial shapes, people were only incidental to me, and in retrospect I believe I had not much feeling for them in my earlier work. But suddenly it was the people who counted. . . . If I believed in piloting one's own life, then I should go ahead and pilot mine. Since photography was a craft I respected, let me treat it with respect. I made a resolution that from then on, for the rest of my life, I would undertake only those photographic assignments which I felt could be done in a creative and constructive way.

It should not be surprising that a personality so resolute met Parkinson's disease, with its paralyzing effects, head-on and publicly. Nor is it surprising that when Margaret Bourke-White sets down her experiences the result is perceptive, inspiring, and endlessly interesting to the reader.

## History Was Her Wedding Present

**My Darling Clementine: The Story of Lady Churchill**, by Jack Fishman (McKay, 384 pp. \$5.95), portrays the wife of Britain's great Prime Minister as a devoted, self-effacing spouse. Lewis Broad's biographies include a two-volume life of Sir Winston Churchill.

By LEWIS BROAD

**D**ESPITE its title, this book is but partially devoted to its ostensible subject. In its pages, as in life, the husband steals the show; and the book might better have been called "Winston and His Darling Clementine."

In the great tradition of the women of Downing Street, Lady Churchill has been the perfect helpmeet. A predecessor of hers once suffered without murmur the excruciating pain of a finger crushed in a carriage door, lest she disturb her husband who was about to deliver a speech in the House of Commons. We feel that Lady Churchill would have met this standard; but it would scarcely have been demanded of her, for Sir Winston, having expressed sympathy, would undoubtedly have made his speech unaffected by the accident, sustained by a concentration that even Hitler's legions failed to break.

Married at the age of twenty-three to the masterful and dominating WSC, then an up and coming politician, Lady Churchill has shown every sign of contentment with her lot as wife to the genius at whose side she shared in the arduous making of history. Nevertheless, one wonders whether a woman of her accomplishments, character, and personality could have found fulfillment through acting as the strength and stay of the man assigned to her in marriage. As I have looked on the poised, composed figure of Lady Churchill I have sometimes speculated about the woman behind the image. Has her husband, busy with the world's affairs, utterly absorbed her? Have there been no stirrings of her soul, no yearnings hidden and unsolaced?

It was with this in mind that I approached the book by Jack Fishman. With remarkable industry he set himself some years ago to gather all the information he could about his subject, furnished in part by those privileged



Lady and Sir Winston Churchill—"no yearnings hidden?"

to know her, in part by newspaper reports. The resulting 600,000-word file has been reduced to 200,000 words, lively and vivid.

Yet, for all its copiousness, Mr. Fishman's report fails to satisfy my curiosity. It conforms to the accepted public figure; it brings me no nearer to an understanding of the woman.

The author can be extremely tantalizing in what he chooses to tell and what he omits. For example, of the occasion during the first year of war when the Chamberlains dined at Admiralty House as guests of the Churchills (Neville Chamberlain being then Prime Minister and Churchill First Lord of the Admiralty), we read only that it was "quite an event because it was really the only friendly social conversation they had ever shared in . . . twenty years." How I wish Mr. Fishman had told us more of this party at which Churchill played host to the man who had deliberately excluded him from office during the appeasement years. What thoughts, I wonder, were concealed by those two wives beneath the light flow of jesting conversation? Did never a single barbed word escape them? I wish Mr. Fishman had been able to add a touch that would have brought to life this and other occasions that were "quite an event."

If there is not a chapter that is ex-  
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# As They Face the Future, They Recall the Past

*That the Negro, whose roots in this country parallel those of the Founding Fathers, should be denied participation in the American Dream is, to understate it, ironic. Three recent books telescope their odyssey: "Black Cargoes: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade," by Daniel P. Mannix with Malcolm Cowley (Viking, \$6.95); "The New World of Negro Americans," by Harold R. Isaacs (John Day, \$7.50), and "Soon, One Morning: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962," by Herbert Hill (Knopf, \$6.95).*

## 1. Sound of Their Masters' Voices

By SAUNDERS REDDING, author of *"The Lonesome Road"* and *"On Being Negro in America."*

WHILE W. E. B. DuBois's *The Suppression of the African Slave Trade* (1896) remains the definitive work on the general subject of slavery, there have been many excellent books subsequent to his. Most of these have been "studies"—a discouraging designation—treating particular aspects of the story with too much particularity and too little dramatic impact to arouse the interest of the popular reader. In short, they have been academic essays for scholars, who traditionally avoid or suppress even such excitement as may be innate in a theme.

Daniel Mannix and Malcolm Cowley are not academicians, but they know their subject; and if *Black Cargoes: A History of the Atlantic Slave Trade* breaks the tradition of academic dullness, it does no harm to the integrity of scholarship. The authors have permitted—rather, they have obliged—the dramatic excitement in the story of Negro slavery to stand. They have done something more: they have humanized a story that too many scholars have treated, except for the obtrusive horrors of the Middle Passage, as if it were merely a demographic index. The authors achieved these results by the simple device of allowing some of the people who were most directly involved with slavery to speak for themselves in anecdotes and explanations.

All the notable and notorious figures are here, from Queen Elizabeth and Bishop de Las Casas to the unprincipled African kings who sold their people to the slavers, and the dissolute Dutchman Vanbukeline, who corrupted mothers so that he might the more easily debauch their daughters.

It all began in seeming innocence, when the Portuguese took slaves "as a recompense from God" and in "the

name of Christ." It developed with amazing force and such cynicism that John Hartop, who was a member of Captain John Hawkins's third expedition, could report matter of factly that "seven thousand Negroes [were driven] into the sea at low tide, at the point of land, where they were all drowned in the ooze except five hundred which we took and carried thence for traffique to the West Indies." It eventually declined, and finally ended with the execution of Captain Nathaniel Gordon in 1862. Gordon was the first and last American slave runner to die for his crimes, which were the crimes of thousands, perpetrated for 350 years.

But the consequences of the slave

trade to America were not all bad. The authors, unlike the traditionalists, are not afraid to make judgments of value, either moral or historical. They remind us that the "nameless Dutch vessel which arrived a year before the *Mayflower* . . . carried the spirituals, jazz, the researches of such Negro scientists as George Washington Carver, the contributions to American culture of younger Negro musicians, statesmen, scholars, and writers; and also she carried, for this age of international struggles, the first link between the United States and Africa."

*Black Cargoes* is certainly not the final word on the subject of slavery; but it is a thorough book, and, for the reasons I've stated, it may very well prove to be the most popular.

## 2. Panelists Dissent on the Ascent

By JAMES M. NABRIT, JR., president of Howard University.

THE PERCEPTIVENESS that marked *Scratches on Our Minds: American Images of China and India*, which established Harold R. Isaac's reputation as interviewer, analyst, and writer, also appears in his *The New World of Negro Americans*, which is an even better book for it displays the author's understanding, insight, and sympathy regarding the colored man in our society.

Mr. Isaacs states that he is essentially concerned with the impact of world affairs on Negro Americans. More specifically, however, he focuses on the effect that the emergence of new African states has had upon racial segregation in the U.S. By 1957, he notes, it "had become common to hear about the effect of race problems upon American standing in the world, but much less common to give heed to . . . the way in which changes in the world are forcing changes in American society." He points out that during the

following three years he asked questions of many people relating to this reverse effect, and that, in particular, he directed these questions to a panel of 107 Negroes.

Conceding that those interviewed do not constitute a cross section of the Negro population, Mr. Isaacs says that they were chosen mainly because of their role as important communicators in society and because of their special experience in relation to Africa. They include writers, scholars, educators, businessmen, churchmen, editors, and persons holding key positions in significant organizations. Unfortunately, his sources were confined to the Negro middle and upper classes.

On the subject of Africa, the panel split into three categories, which Mr. Isaacs identifies as rejecters, inquirers, and affirmers. Most of the members, he found, reacted to their initial discovery of Africa "by trying in one way or another to undiscover it." They were indifferent to or unaware of Africa; in fact, many of them simply rejected any connection whatsoever with the continent. Mr. Isaacs regards